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THE

NEW-MIRROR

EDITED BY

G. P. MORRIS AND N. P. WILLIS.

NEW-YORK

Published by Morris & Willis

4 ANN ST.

1843

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THE

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS

OF

N. P. WILLIS.

"*Armado.* How hast thou purchased this experience?
Moth. By my penny of observation."
SHAKSPERE.

NEW YORK:
J. S. REDFIELD, CLINTON HALL.

1847.

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DASHES AT LIFE

WITH A FREE PENCIL.

PART I;

HIGH LIFE IN EUROPE,

AND

AMERICAN LIFE.

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PREFACE.

It has been with difficult submission to marketableness that the author has broken up his statues at the joints, and furnished each fragment with head and legs to walk alone. Continually accumulating material, with the desire to produce a work of fiction, he was as continually tempted by extravagant prices to shape these separate forms of society and character into tales for periodicals; and between two persuaders—the law of copyright, on the one hand, providing that American books at fair prices should compete with books to be had for nothing, and necessity on the other hand, pleading much more potently than the ambition for an adult stature in literary fame—he has gone on acquiring a habit of dashing off for a magazine any chance view of life that turned up to him, and selling in fragmentary chapters what should have been kept together and moulded into a proportionate work of imagination. So has gradually accumulated the large collection of tales which follow—literally *dashes at life with a free pencil*—each one, though a true copy of a part, conveying, of course, no portion of the meaning and moral of a *whole*. It is as a parcel of fragments—as a portfolio of sketches for a picture never painted—that he offers them to the public. Their lack of what an English critic cleverly calls the "ponderous goodness of a didactic purpose," must be balanced, if at all, by their truth to life, for they have been drawn mostly from impressions freshly made, and with no record of what they were a part of. In proportion to his power of imagination, the reader will supply the back-ground and adjuncts—some, no doubt (if the author may judge by himself), preferring the sketch to the finished picture.

A word explanatory of the character of Part I. Most of the stories in it are illustrative of the distinctions of English society. As a republican visiting a monarchical country for the first time, and traversing the barriers of different ranks with a stranger's privilege, the author's curiosity was most on the alert to know how nature's nobility held its own against nobility by inheritance, and how heart and judgment were modified in their action by the thin air at the summit of refinement. Circumstances in the career of men of genius now living, and feelings in titled and exclusive circles which the author had opportunities to study, furnished hints for the storied illustrations of the distinctions that interested him, and he has thought it worth while to present these together, as bearing upon those relations of aristocratic life which first interest republican curiosity abroad.

With these explanations, the author commits his book to the reader's kind allowance.

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HIGH LIFE IN EUROPE.

LEAVES FROM THE HEART-BOOK OF ERNEST CLAY

CHAPTER I.

In a small room, second floor, front, No. —— South Audley street, Grosvenor square, on one of the latter days of May, five or six years ago, there stood an inkstand, of which you may buy the like for three halfpence in most small shops in Soho. It was stuck in the centre of the table, like the largest of the Azores, on a schoolboy's amateur map—a large blot surrounded by innumerable smaller blotlings. On the top of a small leather portmanteau near by, stood two pair of varnished-leather boots of a sumptuous expensiveness, slender, elegant, and without spot, except the leaf of a crushed orange blossom clinging to one of the heels. Between the inkstand and the boots sat the young and then fashionable author of ——— ———, and the boots and the inkstand were tolerable exponents of his two opposite but closely woven existences.

It was two o'clock, P. M., and the author was stirring his tea. He had been stirring it with the same velocity three quarters of an hour—for when that cup should be drank, *inevitably* the next thing was to write the first sentence of an article for the New Month. Mag., and he was prolonging his breakfast, as a criminal his last prayer.

The "fatigued" sugar and milk were still flying round the edge of the cup in a whity blue concave, when the "maid of all work" of his landlord the baker, knocked at the door with a note.

"13 G—— M——— street.

"Dear Sir:

"Has there been any mistake in the two-penny post delivery, that I have not received your article for this month? If so, please send me the rough draught by the bearer (who waits), and the compositors will try to make it out. Yours, truly,

"———.

"P. S. If the tale is not finished, please send me the title and motto, that we may print the 'contents' during the delay."

The tea, which, for some minutes, had turned off a decreasing ripple from the edge of the arrested spoon, came to a standstill at the same moment, with the author's wits. He had seized his pen and commenced:—

"Dear Sir:

"The tale of this month will be called——"

As it was not yet conceived, he found a difficulty in baptizing it. His eyebrows descended like the bars of a knight's visor; his mouth, which had expressed only lassitude and melancholy, shut close, and curved downward, and he sat for some minutes dipping his pen in the ink, and, at each dip, adding a new shoal to the banks of the inky Azores.

A long sigh of relief, and an expansion of every line of his face into a look of brightening thought gave token presently that the incubation had been successful. The gilded note-paper was pushed aside, a broad and fair sheet of "foreign post" was hastily drawn from his blotting-book, and forgetful alike of the unachieved cup of tea, and the waiting "devil" of Marlborough street, the felicitous author dashed the first magic word on mid-page, and without title or motto, traced rapidly line after line, his face clearing of lassitude, and his eyes of their troubled languor, as the erasures became fewer, and his punctuations farther between.

"Any answer to the note, sir?" said the maid-servant, who had entered unnoticed, and stood close at his elbow, wondering at the flying velocity of his pen.

He was at the bottom of the fourth page, and in the middle of a sentence. Handing the wet and blotted sheet to the servant, with an order for the messenger to call the following morning for the remainder, he threw down his pen and abandoned himself to the most delicious of an author's pleasures—*revery in the mood of composition*. He forgot *work*. Work is to put such reveries into words. His imagination flew on like a horse without his rider—gloriously and exultingly, but to no goal. The very waste made his indolence sweeter—the very nearness of his task brightened his imaginative idleness. The ink dried upon his pen. Some capricious association soon drew back his thoughts to himself. His eye dulled. His lips resumed their mingled expression of pride and voluptuousness. He started to find himself idle, remembered that had sent off the sheet with a broken sentence, without retaining even the concluding word, and with a sigh more of relief than vexation, *he drew on his boots*. Presto!—the world of which his penny-half-penny inkstand was the immortal centre—the world of heaven-born imagination—melted from about him! He stood in patent leather—human, handsome, and liable to debt!

And thus fugitive and easy of decoy, thus compulsory, irresolute, and brief, is the unchastised toil of genius—the earning of the "fancy-bread" of poets!

It would be hard if a man who has "made himself a name" (beside being paternally christened), should want one in a story—so, if you please, I will name my hero in the next sentence. Ernest Clay was dressed to walk to Marlborough street to apply for his "guinea-a-page" in advance, and find out the concluding word of his *MS.*, when there was heard a footman's rap at the street door. The baker on the ground floor ran to pick up his penny loaves jarred from the shelves by the tremendous rat-a-tat-tat, and the maid ran herself out of her shoes to inform Mr Clay that Lady Mildred —— wished to speak with him. Neither maid nor baker were displeased at being put to inconvenience, nor was the baker's hysterica

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mother disposed to murmur at the outrageous clatter which shattered her nerves for a week. There is a spell to a Londoner in a coronetted carriage which changes the noise and impudence of the unwhipped varlets who ride behind it, into music and condescension.

"You were going out," said Lady Mildred; "can I take you anywhere?"

"You can *take* me," said Clay, spreading out his hands in an attitude of surrender, "when and where you please; but I was going to my publisher's."

The chariot-steps rattled down, and his foot was on the crimson carpet, when a plain family carriage suddenly turned out of Grosvenor square, and pulled up as near his own door as the obstruction permitted.

Ernest changed color slightly, and Lady Mildred, after a glance through the window behind her, stamped her little foot and said "Come!"

"One moment!" was his insufficient apology as he sprang to the window of the other carriage, and with a manner almost infantile in its cordial simplicity, expressed his delight at meeting the two ladies who sat within.

"Have you set up a chariot, Ernest?" said the younger, laying her hand upon the dark mass of curls on his temple, and pushing his head gently back that she might see what equipage stopped the way.

He hesitated a moment, but there was no escape from the truth.

"It is Lady Mildred, who has just——

"Is she alone?"

The question was asked by the elder lady with a look that expressed a painfully sad wish to hear him answer, "No."

While he hesitated, the more forgiving voice next him hurriedly broke the silence.

"We are forgetting our errand, Ernest. Can you come to Ashurst to-morrow?"

"With all my heart."

"Do not fail! My uncle wishes to see you. Stay—I have brought you a note from him. Good-by! Are you going to the rout at Mrs. Rothschild's to-night?"

"I *was* not—but if you are going, I will."

"Till this evening, then?"

The heavy vehicle rolled away, and Ernest crushed the note in his hand unread, and with a slower step than suited the impatience of Lady Mildred, returned to the chariot. The coachman, with that mysterious instinct that coachmen have, let fall his silk upon the backs of his spirited horses, and drove in time with his master's quickened pulses; and at the corner of Chesterfield street, as the family carriage rolled slowly on its way to Howell and James's (on an errand connected with bridal pearls), the lofty-stepping bays of Lady Mildred dashed by as if all the anger and scorn of a whole descent of coronets were breathing from their arched nostrils.

What a boon from nature to aristocracy was the pride of the horse!

* * * * * * *

Lady Mildred was a widow of two years' weeds, thirty-two, and of a certain kind of talent, which will be explained in the course of this story. She had no personal charms, except such as are indispensably necessary to lady-likeness—indispensably necessary, for that very reason, to any control over the fancy of a man of imagination. Her upper lip was short enough to express scorn, and her feet and hands were exquisitely small. Some men of fancy would exact these attractions and great many more. But without these, no woman ever secured even the most transient homage of a poet. She had one of those faces you never find yourself at leisure to criticise, or rather she had one of those siren voices, that, if you heard her speak before you had found leisure to look at her features, you had lost your opportunity for ever. Her voice expressed *the presence of beauty*, as much as a carol in a tree expresses the presence of a bird, and though you saw not the beauty, as you may not see the bird, it was impossible to doubt it was there. Yet with all this enchantment in her voice it was the most changeable music on earth—for hear it when you would, if she were in earnest, you might be sure it was the softened echo of the voice to which she was replying. She never spoke first. She never led the conversation. She had not (or never used) the talent which many very common-place women have, of giving a direction to the feelings and controlling even the course of thought of superior men who may admire them. *In everything she played a second.* She was silent through all your greetings, through all your compliments; smiled and listened, if it was for hours, till your lighter spirits were exhausted and you came down to the true under tone of your heart; and by the first-struck chord of feeling and earnest (and her skill in detecting it was an infallible instinct), she modulated her voice and took up the strain, and from the echo of your own soul and the flow of the most throbbing vein in your own heart, she drew your enchantment and intoxication. Her manners were a necessary part of such a character. Her limbs seemed always enchanted into stillness. When you gazed at her more earnestly, her eyes gradually drooped, and, again her enlarged orbs brightened and grew eager as your gaze retreated. With her slight forefinger laid upon her cheek, and her gloved hand supporting her arm, she sat stirless and rapt, and by an indescribable magnetism you felt that there was not a nerve in your eye, nor a flutter toward change in the expression of your face, that was not linked to hers, nerve for nerve, pulsation for pulsation. Whether this charm would work on common men it is difficult to say—for Lady Mildred's passions were invariably men of genius.

You may not have seen such a woman as Lady Mildred—but you have seen girls like Eve Gore. There are many lilies, though each one, new-found, seems to the finder the miracle of nature. She was a pure, serene-hearted, and very beautiful girl of seventeen. Her life had been hitherto the growth of love and care, as the lily she resembled is the growth of sunshine and dew; and, flower-like, all she had ever known or felt had turned to spotless loveliness. She had met the gifted author of her favorite romance at a country-house where they were guests together, and I could not, short of a chapter of metaphysics, tell you how natural it was for these two apparently uncongenial persons to mingle, like drops of dew. I will merely say now, that strongly marked as seems the character of every man of genius, his very capability of tracking the mazes of human nature, makes him the very chameleon and Proteus of his species, and that after he has assimilated himself by turns to every variety of mankind, his masks never fall off without disclosing the very soul and type of the most infantine simplicity. Other men's disguises, too, become a second nature. Those of genius are worn to their last day, as loosely as the mantles of the gods.

The kind of man called "a penetrating observer," if he had been in the habit of meeting Mr. Clay in London circles, and had afterward seen him rambling through the woods of —— Park with Eve Gore, natural, playful sometimes, and sometimes sad, his manner the reflex of hers, even his voice almost as feminine as hers, in his fine sympathy with her character and attractions—one of these shrewd people I say would have shaken his head and whispered, "poor girl, how little she understands him!" But of all the wise and worldly, gentle and simple, who had ever crossed the path of Ernest Clay, the same child-like girl was the only creature to whom he appeared utterly himself—for whom he wore no disguise—to whose

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plummet of simple truth he opened the seldom-sounded depths of his prodigal and passionate heart. Lady Mildred knew his weaknesses and his genius. Eve Gore knew his better and brighter nature. And both loved him.

And now, dear reader, having drawn you the portraits of my two heroines, I shall go on with a disembarrassed narrative to the end.

CHAPTER II.

Lady Mildred's bays panced proudly up Bond street, and kept on their way to the publisher's, at whose door they fretted and champed the bit—they and their high-born mistress in attendance upon the poor author who in this moment of despondency complained of the misappreciation of the world. Of the scores of people who knew him and his companion as London celebrities, and who followed the showy equipage with their eyes, how many, think you, looked on Mr. Ernest Clay as a misappreciated man? How many, had they known that the whole errand of this expensive turn out was to call on the publisher for the price of a single magazine paper, would have reckoned those sixteen guineas *and* the chariot of a noble lady to come for the payment—five hundred pounds for your romance, *and* a welcome to all the best houses and costliest entertainments of England—a hundred pounds for your poem *and* the attention of a thousand eager admirers—these are some of the "lengthening shadows" to the author's profits which the author does not reckon, but which the world does. To the rest of mankind these are "chattels" priced and paid for. Twenty thousand a year would hardly buy for Mr. Clay, simple and uncelebrated, what Mr. Clay, author, etc., has freely with five hundred. To whose credit shall the remaining nineteen thousand five hundred be set down? Common people who *pay* for these things are not believers in fairy gifts. They see the author in a station of society unattainable except by the wealthiest and best born, with all that profuse wealth could purchase as completely at his service as if the bills of cost were to be brought in to him at Christmas; and besides all this (once more "into the bargain") caressed and flattered as no "golden dulness" ever was or could be. To rate the revenue of such a pampered idol of fortune, what man in his senses would inquire merely into the profits of his book!

And in this lies the whole secret of the envy and malice which is the peculiar inheritance of genius. Generous-minded men, *all* women, the great and rich who are too high themselves to feel envy, and the poor and humble who are too low to feel aught but wonder and grateful admiration—these are the fosterers and flatterers, the paymasters of the real wealth and the receivers of the choicest fruits of genius. The aspiring mediocrity, the slighted and eclipsed pretenders to genius, are a large class, to whose eyes all brightness is black, and the great mass of men toil their lives and utmost energies away for the hundredth part of what the child of genius wins by his unseen pen—by the toil which neither hardens his hands nor trenches on his hours of pleasure. They see a man no comelier nor better born than they—idle apparently, as the most spoilt minion of wealth, vying with the best born in the favor of beautiful and proud women, using all the goods of fortune with a profuse carelessness, which the possession of the lamp of Aladdin could not more than inspire, and by bitter criticism, by ingenious slander, by continual depreciation, ridicule, and exaggeration of every pretty foible, they attempt to level the inequalities of fortune, and repair the flagrant injustice of the blind goddess to themselves. Upon the class generally, they are avenged. Their malice poisons the joy and cripples the fine-winged fancy of nineteen in the score. But the twentieth is born proud and elastic, and the shaft his scorn does not fling back, his light-heartedness eludes, and his is the destiny which, more than that of kings or saints, proves the wide inequality in human lot.

I trust, dear reader, that you have been more amused than Lady Mildred at this half hour's delay at the publisher's. While I have been condensing into a theory by scattered observations of London authors, her ladyship has been musing upon the apparition of the family carriage of the Gores at Mr. Clay's lodgings. Lady Mildred's position in society, though she had the *entree* to all the best houses in London, precluded an intimate acquaintance with any unmarried girl—but she had seen Eve Gore and knew and dreaded her loveliness. A match of mere interest would have given her no uneasiness, but she could see far enough into the nature of this beautiful and fresh-hearted girl to know that hers would be no divided empire. All women are conscious that a single-minded, concentrated, pure affection, melting the whole character into the heart, is omnipotent in perpetuating fidelity.

"Ernest," said Lady Mildred, as the chariot sped from the publisher's door, and took its way to the Park, "you are grown ceremonious. Am I so new a friend that you can not open a note in my presence?"

Clay placed the crushed letter in her hand.

"I will have no secrets from you, dear Lady Mildred. There is probably much in that note that will surprise you. Break the seal, however, and give me your advice. I will not promise to follow it."

The blood flushed to the temples of Lady Mildred as she read— but her lips, though pale and trembling, were compressed by a strong effort of self control. She turned back and read the note again in a murmuring undertone:—

"Dear Mr. Clay: From causes which you will probably understand, I have been induced to reconsider your proposal of marriage to my niece.—Imprudent as I must still consider your union, I find myself in such a situation that, should you persevere, I must decide in its favor, as the least of two evils. You will forgive my anxious care, however, if I exact of you, before taking any decided step, a full and fair statement of your pecuniary embarrassments (which I understand are considerable) and your present income and prospects. I think it proper to inform you that Miss Gore's expectations, beyond an annuity of £300 a year, are very distant, and that all your calculations should be confined to that amount. With this understanding, I should be pleased to see you at Ashurst to-morrow morning. Yours, truly,

"Thomas Gore."

"Hear me before you condemn, dear Lady Mildred," passionately exclaimed Ernest, as she clasped her hands over the letter and her tears fell fast upon them: "I was wrong to leave the discovery of this to chance—I should have dealt more frankly with you—indeed, if I had had the opportunity—"

Lady Mildred looked up, as if to reproach him for the evasion half uttered.

"I have seen you daily, it is true, but every hour is not an hour for confession like this, and besides, my new love was a surprise, and what I have to confess is a change in my feelings still more recent—a constantly brightening vision of a life (pardon me, Lady Mildred!) deeper a thousand fold, and a thousand times sweeter and more engrossing than ours."

"You are frank," said his pale listener, who had recovered her self-possession, and seemed bent now, as usual, only on listening and entering into his feelings.

"I would be so, indeed," he resumed; "but I have

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not yet come to my confession. Life is too short, Lady Mildred, and youth too vanishing, to waste feeling on delusion."

"Such as your love, do you mean, Ernest?"

"Pardon me! Were you my wife———"

Lady Mildred made a slight motion of impatience with her hand, and unconsciously raised the expressive arching of her lip.

"I must name this forbidden subject to be understood. See what a false position is mine! You are too proud to marry, but have not escaped loving me, and you wish me to be contented with a perfume on the breeze, to feel a property in a bird in the sky. It was very sweet to begin to love you, to win and join step by step, to have food for hope in what was refused me. But I am checked, and you are still free. I stand at an impassable barrier, and you demand that I should feel united to you."

"You are ungrateful, Ernest!"

"If I were your slave, I am, for you load me with favors—but as your lover, no! It does not fill my heart to open your house to me, to devote to me your dining hours, your horses and servants, to let the world know that you love me, to make me your romance—yet have all the common interests of life apart, have a station in society apart, and ambition not mine, a name not mine, and hearth not mine. You share my wild passions, and my fashionable negations, not my homely feelings and everyday sorrows. I have a whole existence into which you never enter. I am something besides a fashionable author—but not to you. I have a common human heart—a pillow upon which lies down no fancy—a morning which is not spent in sleep or listlessness, but in the earning of my bread—I have dulness and taciturnity and caprice—and in all these you have no share. I am a butterfly and an earth-worm, by turns, and you know me only on the wing. You do not answer me!"

Lady Mildred, as I have said before, was an admirer of genius, and though Ernest was excusing an infidelity to herself, the novelty of his distinctions opened to her a new chapter in the book of love, and she was interested far beyond resentment. He was talking from his heart, too, and every one who has listened to a murmur of affection, knows what sweetness the breathings of those deeper veins of feeling infuse into the voice. To a palled Sybarite like Lady Mildred, there was a wild-flower freshness in all this that was irresistibly captivating. A smile stole through her lips instead of the reproach and anger that he expected.

"I do not answer you, my dear Ernest, for the same reason I would not tear a leaf out of one of your books unread. I quite enter into your feelings. I wish I could hear you talk of them hours longer. Their simplicity and truth enchant me—but I confess I can not see what you propose to yourself. Do you think to reconcile and blend all these contradictory moods by an imprudent marriage? Or do you mean to vow your butterfly to celibacy, and marry your worm-fly alone, and grovel in sympathy rather than take love with you when you soar, and keep your grovelling to yourself."

"I think Eve Gore would love me, soaring or creeping, Lady Mildred! She would be happier sitting by my table while I wrote, than driving in this gay crowd with her chariot. She would lose the light of her life in absence from me, like a cloud receding from the moon, whatever stars sparkled around her. She would be with me at all hours of the day and the night, sharing every thought that could spring to my lips, and reflecting my own soul for ever. You will forgive me for finding out this want, this void, while you loved me. But I have felt it sickeningly in your bright rooms, with music and perfume, and the touch of your hand all conspiring to enchant me. In the very hours when most men on earth would have envied me, I have felt the humbler chambers of my heart ache with loneliness. I have longed for some still and dark retreat, where the beating of my pulse would be protestation enough, and where she who loved me was blest to overflowing with my presence only. Affection is a glow-worm light, dear Lady Mildred! It pales amid splendor."

"But you should have a glow-worm's habits to relish it, my dear poet. You can not live on a blade of grass, nor shine brightest out of doors in the rain. Let us look at it without these Claude Lorraine glasses, and see the truth. Mr. Thomas Gore offers you £300 a year with his neice. Your own income, the moment you marry, is converted from pocket-money into subsistence—from the purchase of gloves and Hungary water into butcher's meat and groceries. You retire to a small house in one of the cheaper streets. You have been accustomed to drive out continually, and for several years you have not only been free from the trouble and expense of your own dinner, but you have pampered your taste with the varied *chefs d'œuvre* of all the best cooks of London. You dine at home now, feeding several mouths beside your own, on what is called a family dinner—say, as a good specimen, a beefsteak and potatoes, with a Yorkshire pudding. Instead of retiring after your coffee to a brilliantly lighted drawning-room, where collision with some portion of the most gifted society of London disciplines your intellect and polishes your wit and fancy, you sit down by your wife's work-table, and grow sleepy over your plans of economy, sigh for the gay scenes you once moved in, and go to bed to be rid of your regrets."

"But why should I be exiled from society, my dear Lady Mildred? What circle in London would not take a new grace from the presence of such a woman as Eve Gore?"

"Oh, marvellous simplicity! If men kept the gates of society, *a la bonne heure!*—for then a party would consist of one man (the host), and a hundred pretty women. But the "free list" of society, you know, as well as I, my love-blind friend, is exclusively masculine. Woman keeps the door, and easy as turns the hinge to the other sex, it swings reluctant to her own. You may name a hundred men in your circle whose return for the hospitality of fashionable houses it would be impossible to guess at, but you can not point me out one married woman, whose price of admission is not as well known and as rigidly exacted, as the cost of an opera-box.—Those who do not give sumptuous parties in their turn (and even these must be well bred and born people), are in the first place very ornamental; but, besides being pretty, they must either sing or flirt. There are but two classes of women in fashionable society—the leaders or party-givers, and the decoys to young men. There is the pretty Mrs. ———, for example, whose habitation nobody knows but as a card with an address; and why is she everywhere? Simply, because she *draws* four or five fashionable young men, who would find no inducement to come if she were not there. Then there is Mrs. ———, who sings enchantingly, and Mrs. ———, who is pretty, and a linguist, and entertains stupid foreigners, and Mrs. ———, who is clever at *charades*, and plays quadrilles, and what would Mrs. Clay do? Is she musical?"

"She is beautiful!"

"Well—she must flirt. With three or four fashionable lovers——"

"Lady Mildred!"

"Pardon me, I was thinking aloud. Well—I will suppose you an exception to this Mede-and-Persian law of the *beau monde*, and allow for a moment that Mrs. Clay, with an income of five or six hundred a year, with no eyes for anybody but her husband, poor, pretty, and innocent (what a marvel it would be

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in May Fair, by-the-way!), becomes as indispensable to a *partie fine* as was Mr. Clay while in unmarried celebrity. Mind, I am not talking of routs and balls, where anybody can go, because there must be a crowd, but of *petits soupers*, select dinners, and entertainments where every guest is invited as an ingredient to a well-studied cup of pleasure. I will suppose for an instant, that a connubial and happy pair could be desirable in such circles. What part of your income of five or six hundred a year, do you suppose, would dress and jewel your wife, keep carriage and servants, and pay for your concert-tickets and opera-boxes—all absolutely indispensable to people who go out? Why, my dear Ernest, your whole income would not suffice for the half. You must 'live shy,' go about in hackney-coaches, dress economically (which is execrable in a woman), and endure the neglects and mortifications which our pampered servants inevitably inflict on shabby people. Your life would be one succession of bitter mortifications, difficulties, and heart-burnings. Believe me, there is no creature on earth so exquisitely wretched as a man with a fashionable wife and small means."

Lady Mildred had been too much accustomed to the management of men, not to leave Ernest, after this homily, to his own thoughts. A woman of less knowledge and tact would have followed up this argument with an appeal to his feelings. But beside that, she wished the seed she had thus thrown into his mind to germinate with thought. She knew that it was a wise principle in the art of love to be cold by daylight. Ernest sat silent, with his eyes cast musingly down to the corner of the chariot, where the smallest foot and prettiest chaussure conceivable was playing with the tassel of the window-pull; and reserving her more effective game of feeling for the evening, when they were to meet at Mrs. R——'s, she set him down at his clubhouse with a calm and cold adieu, and drove home to bathe, dine alone, sleep, and refresh body and spirit for the struggle against love and Eve Gore.

CHAPTER III.

Genius is lord of the world. Men labor at the foundation of society, while the lowly lark, unseen and little prized, sits, hard by, in his nest on the earth, gathering strength to bear his song up to the sun. Slowly rise basement and monumental aisle, column and architrave, dome and lofty tower; and when the cloud-piercing spire is burnished with gold, and the fabric stands perfect and wondrous, up springs the forgotten lark, with airy wheel to the pinnacle, and standing poised and unwondering on his giddy perch, he pours out his celestial music till his bright footing trembles with harmony. And when the song is done, and mounting thence, he soars away to fill his exhausted heart at the fountains of the sun, the dwellers in the towers below look up to the gilded spire and shout—not to the burnished shaft, but to the lark—lost from it in the sky.

"Mr. Clay!" repeated the last footman on Mrs. K's flower-laden staircase.

I have let you down as gently as possible, dear reader; but here we are in one of the most fashionable houses in May Fair.

Pardon me a moment! Did I say I *had let you down?* What pyramid of the Nile is piled up like the gradations between complete insignificance and the effect of that footman's announcement? On the heels of Ernest, and named with the next breath of the menial's lips, came the bearer of a title laden with the emblazoned honors of descent. Had he entered a hall of statuary, he could not have been less regarded. All eyes were on the pale forehead and calm lips that had entered before him; and the blood of the warrior who made the name, and of the statesmen and nobles who had borne it, and the accumulated honor and renown of centuries of unsullied distinctions—all these concentrated glories in the midst of the most polished and discriminating circle on earth, paled before the lamp of yesterday, burning in the eye of genius. Where is distinction felt? In secret, amid splendor? No! In the street and the vulgar gaze? No! In the bosom of love? *She* only remembers it. Where, then, is the intoxicating cup of homage—the delirious draught for which brain, soul, and nerve, are tasked, tortured, and spent—where is it lifted to the lips? The answer brings me back. Eyes shining from amid jewels, voices softened with gentle breeding, smiles awakening beneath costly lamps—an atmosphere of perfume, splendor, and courtesy—these form the poet's Hebe, and the hero's Ganymede. These pour for ambition the draught that slakes his fever—these hold the cup to lips, drinking eagerly, that would turn away in solitude, from the ambrosia of the gods!

Clay's walk through the sumptuous rooms of Mrs. R—— was like a Roman triumph. He was borne on from lip to lip—those before him anticipating his greeting, and those he left, still sending their bright and kind words after him. He breathed incense.

Suddenly, behind him, he heard the voice of Eve Gore. She was making the tour of the rooms on the arm of a friend, and following Ernest, had insensibly tried to get nearer to him, and had become flushed and troubled in the effort. They had never before met in a large party, and her pride, in the universal attention he attracted, still more flushed her eyelids and injured her beauty. She gave him her hand as he turned; but the greeting that sprang to her lips was checked by a sudden consciousness that many eyes were on her, and she hesitated, murmured some broken words, and was silent. The immediate attention that Clay had given to her, interrupted at the same moment the undertoned murmur around him, and there was a minute's silence, in which the inevitable thought flashed across his mind that he had overrated her loveliness. Still the trembling and clinging clasp of her hand, and the appealing earnestness of her look, told him what was in her heart—and when was ever genius ungrateful for love! He made a strong effort to reason down his disappointment, and had the embarrassed girl resumed instantly her natural ease and playfulness, his sensitive imagination would have been conquered, and its recoil forgotten. But love, that lends us words, smiles, tears, all we want, in solitude, robs us in the gay crowd of everything but what we can not use—tears! As the man she worshipped led her on through those bright rooms, Eve Gore, though she knew not why, felt the large drops ache behind her eyes. She would have sobbed if she had tried to speak. Clay had given her his arm, and resumed his barter of compliment with the crowd, and with it a manner she had never before seen. He had been a boy, fresh, frank, ardent, and unsuspicious, at Annesley Park. She saw him now in the cold and polished armor of a man who has been wounded as well as flattered by the world, and who presents his shield even to a smile. Impossible as it was that he should play the lover now, she felt wronged and hurt by his addressing the same tone of elegant trifling and raillery which was the key of the conversation around them. She knew, too, that she herself was appearing to disadvantage; and before a brief hour had elapsed, she had become a prey to another feeling—the bitter avarice which is the curse of all affection for the gifted or the beautiful—an avarice that makes every smile given back for admiration.

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a germ torn from us—every word, even of thanks for courtesy, a life-drop of our hearts drank away.

"The moon looks
On many brooks,
The brook can see no moon but this,"

contains the mordent secret of most hearts vowed to the love of remarkable genius or beauty.

The supper-rooms had been some time open; from these and the dancing hall, the half-weary guests were coming back to the deep fauteuils, the fresher air, and the graver society of the library, which had served as an apartment of reception. With a clouded brow, thoughtful and silent, Eve Gore sat with her mother in a recess near the entrance, and Clay, who had kept near them, though their conversation had long since languished, stood in the centre of a small group of fashionable men, much more brilliant and far louder in his gayety than he would have been with a heart at ease. It was one of those nights of declining May, when the new foliage of the season seems to have exhausted the air, and though it was near morning, there came through the open windows neither coolness nor vitality. Fans, faded wreaths, and flushed faces, were universal.

A footman stood suddenly in the vacant door.

"Lady Mildred ———!"

The announcements had been over for hours, and every eye was turned on the apparition of so late a comer.

Quietly, but with a step as elastic as the nod of a water-lily, Lady Mildred glided into the room, and the high tones and unharmonized voices of the different groups suddenly ceased, and were succeeded by a low and sustained murmur of admiration. A white dress of faultless freshness of fold, a snowy turban, from which hung on either temple a cluster of crimson camelias still wet with the night dew; long raven curls of undisturbed grace falling on shoulders of that undescribable and dewy coolness which follows a morning bath, giving the skin the texture and the opaque whiteness of the lily; lips and skin redolent of the repose and purity, and the downcast but wakeful eye so expressive of recent solitude, and so peculiar to one who has not spoken since she slept. These were attractions which, in contrast with the paled glories around, elevated Lady Mildred at once into the predominant star of the night.

"What news from the bottom of the sea, most adorable Venus?" said a celebrated artist, standing out from the group and drawing a line through the air with his finger as if he were sketching the flowing outline of her form.

Lady Mildred laid her small hand on Clay's, and with a smile, but no greeting else, passed on. The bantering question of the great painter told her that her spell worked to a miracle, and she was too shrewd an enchantress to dissolve it by the utterance of a word. She glided on like a spirit of coolness, calm, silent, and graceful, and, standing a moment on the threshold of the apartment beyond, disappeared, with every eye fixed on her vanishing form in wondering admiration. *Purity* was the effect she had produced—purity in contrast with the flowers in the room—purity (Ernest Clay felt and wondered at it), even in contrast with Eve Gore! There was silence in the library for an instant, and then, one by one, the gay group around our hero followed in search of the new star of the hour, and he was left standing alone. He turned to speak to his silent friends, but the manner of Mrs. Gore was restrained, and Eve sat pale and tearful within the curtain of the recess, and looked as if her heart was breaking.

"I should like—I should like to go home, mother!" she said presently, with a difficult articulation. "I think I am not well. Mr. Clay—Ernest—will see, perhaps, if our carriage is here."

"You will find us in the shawl-room," said Mrs. Gore, following him to the staircase, and looking after him with troubled eyes.

The carriage was at the end of the line, and could not come up for an hour. Day was dawning, and Ernest had need of solitude and thought. He crossed to the park, and strode off through the wet grass, bathing his forehead with handfuls of dew. Alas! the fevered eyes and pallid lips he had last seen were less in harmony with the calm stillness of the dawn than the vision his conscience whispered him was charmed for his destruction. As the cool air brought back his reason, he remembered Eve's embarrassed address and his wearisome and vain efforts to amuse her. He remembered her mother's reproving eye, her own colder utterance of his name, and then in powerful relief came up the pictures he had brooded on since his conversation in the chariot with Lady Mildred, visions of self-denial and loss of caste opposed to the enchantments of passion without restraint or calculation, and his head and heart became wild with conflicting emotions. One thing was certain. He must decide *now*. He must speak to Eve Gore before parting, and in the tone of his voice, if it were but a word, there must be that which her love would interpret as a bright promise or a farewell. He turned back. At the gate of the park stood one of the guilty wanderers of the streets, who seized him by the sleeve and implored charity.

"Who are you?" exclaimed Clay, scarce knowing what he uttered.

"As good as *she* is," screamed the woman, pointing to Lady Mildred's carriage, "only not so rich! Oh, we could change places, if all's true."

Ernest stood still as if his better angel had spoken through those painted lips. He gasped with the weight that rose slowly from his heart; and purchasing his release from the unfortunate wretch who had arrested his steps, he crossed slowly to the door crowded with the menials of the gay throng within.

"Lady Mildred's carriage stops the way!" shouted a footman, as he entered. He crossed the hall, and at the door of the shawl-room he was met by Lady Mildred herself, descending from the hall, surrounded with a troop of admirers. Clay drew back to let her pass; but while he looked into her face, it became radiant with the happiness of meeting him, and the temptation to join her seemed irresistible. She entered the room, followed by her gay suite, and last of all by Ernest, who saw with the first glance at the Gores that he was believed to have been with her during the half-hour that had elapsed. He approached Eve; but the sense of an injustice he could not immediately remove, checked the warm impulse with which he was coming to pour out his heart, and against every wish and feeling of his soul, he was constrained and cold.

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Lady Mildred, her voice suddenly becoming audible, "I shall set down Mr. Clay, whose door I pass. Lord George, ask Mr. Clay if he is ready."

Eve Gore suddenly laid her hand on his arm, as if a spirit had whispered that her last chance for happiness was poised on that moment's lapse.

"Ernest," she said, in a voice so unnaturally low that it made his veins creep with the fear that her reason was unseated, "I am lost if you go with her. Stay, dear Ernest! She can not love you as I do! I implore you remember that my life—my life——"

"Beg pardon," said Lord George, laying his hand familiarly on Clay's shoulder, and drawing him away, "Lady Mildred waits for you!"

"I will return in an instant, dearest Eve," he said, springing again to her side, "I will apologize and be with you. One instant—only one——"

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"Thank God!" said the poor girl, sinking into a chair and bursting into tears.

Lady Mildred sat in her chariot, but her head drooped on her breast, and her arm hung lifeless at her side.

"She is surely ill," said Lord George; "jump in, Clay, my fine fellow. Get her home. Shut the door, Thomas! Go on, coachman!" And away sped the fleet horses of Lady Mildred, but not homeward. Clay lifted her head and spoke to her, but receiving no answer, he busied himself chafing her hands, and the carriage-blinds being drawn, he thought momently he should be rid of his charge by their arrival in Grosvenor square. But the minutes elapsed, and still the carriage sped on; and surprised at last into suspicion, he raised his hand to the checkstring, but the small fingers he had been chafing so earnestly arrested his arm.

"No, no!" said Lady Mildred, rising from his shoulder, and throwing her arms passionately around his neck, "you must go blindfold, and go with me! Ernest! Ernest!" she continued, as he struggled an instant to reach the string; but he felt her tears on his breast, and his better angel ceased to contend with him. He sank back in the chariot with those fragile arms wound around him, and, with fever in his brain, and leaden sadness at his heart, suffered that swift chariot to speed on its guilty way.

In a small *maison de plaisance*, which he well knew, in one of the most romantic dells of Devon, built with exquisite taste by Lady Mildred, and filled with all that art and wealth could minister to luxury, Ernest Clay passed the remainder of the summer, forgetful of everything beyond his prison of pleasure, except a voice full of bitter remorse, which sometimes, in the midst of his abandonment, whispered the name of Eve Gore.

CHAPTER IV.

The rain poured in torrents from the broad leads and Gothic battlements of ——— Castle, and the dull and plashing echoes, sent up with steady reverberation from the stone pavement of the terrace and courts, lulled to a late sleep one of most gay and fashionable parties assembled out of London. It was verging toward noon, and, startled from a dream of music, by the entrance of a servant, Ernest Clay drew back the heavy bed-curtains and looked irresolutely around his luxurious chamber. The coals in the bright fire widened their smoking cracks and parted with an indolent effort, the well-trained menial glided stealthily about, arranging the preparations for the author's toilet, the gray daylight came in grayer and softer through the draped folds which fell over the windows, and if there was temptation to get up, it extended no farther than to the deeply cushioned and spacious chair, over which was flung a dressing-gown of the loose and flowing fashion, and gorgeous stuff of the Orient.

"Thomas, what stars are visible to the naked eye this morning?" said the couchant poet, with a heavy yawn.

"Sir!"

"I asked if Lady Grace was at breakfast?"

"Her ladyship took breakfast in her own room, I believe, sir!"

"'*Qualis rex, talis grex.*' Bring mine!"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"I said I would have an egg and a spatchcock, Thomas! And, Thomas, see if the duke has done with the Morning Post."

"I could have been unusually agreeable to Lady Grace," soliloquized the author, as he completed his toilet; "I feel both gregarious and brilliant this morning and should have breakfasted below. Strange that one feels so dexterous-minded sometimes after a hard drink!—Bacchus waking like Aurora! Thomas, you forgot the claret! I could coin this efflux of soul, now, into 'burning words,' and I will. What is the cook's name, Thomas? Gone? So has the builder of this glorious spatchcock narrowly escaped immortality! Fairest Lady Grace, the sonnet shall be yours at the rebound! A sonnet? N—n—no! But I could write *such* a love-letter this morning! Morning Post. '*Died at Brighton Mr. William Brown.*' Brown—Brown—what was that pretty girl's name that married a Brown—a rich William Brown. Beverley was her name—Julia Beverley—a flower for the garden of Epicurus—a mate for Leontium! I loved her till I was stopped by Mr. Brown—loved her? by Jove, I loved her—as well as I loved anybody that year. Suppose she were now the widow Brown? If I thought so, faith! I would write her such a teminiscent epistle—Why not as it is—on the supposition? Egad, if it is not *her* William Brown, it is no fault of mine. Here goes at a venture!

"*To her who was* Julia Beverley—

"Your dark eye rests on this once familiar handwriting. If your pulse could articulate at this moment, it would murmur *he loved me well!* He who writes to you now, after years of silence, parted from you with your tears upon his lips—parted from you as the last shadow parts from the sun, with a darkness that must deepen till morn again. I begin boldly, but the usage of the world is based upon forgetfulness in absence, and I have not forgotten. Yet this is not to be a love-letter.

"I am turning back a leaf in my heart. Turn to it in yours! On a night in June, within the shadow of the cypress by the fountain of Ceres, in the ducal gardens of Florence, at the *festa* of the duke's birthnight, I first whispered to you of love. Is it so writ in your tablet? Or were those broken words, and those dark tresses drooped on my breast, mockeries of a night—flung from remembrance with the flowers you wore? Flowers, said I? Oh, Heaven! how beautiful you were with those lotus-stems braided in your hair, and the white chalices gleaming through your ringlets as if pouring their perfume over your shoulders! How rosy-pale, like light through alabaster, showed the cheek that shrank from me beneath the betraying brightness of the moon! How musical above the murmur of the fountain rose the trembling wonder at my avowal, and the few faint syllables of forgiveness and love. I strained you wildly to my heart! Oh, can that be forgotten!

"With the news that your husband was dead, rushed back these memories in a whirlwind. For one brief, one delirious moment, I fancied you might yet be mine. I write because the delirium is over. Had it not been, I should be now weeping at your feet—my life upon your lips!

"I will try to explain to you, calmly, a feeling that I have. We met in the aisle of Santa Croce—strangers. There was a winged lightness in your step, and a lithe wave in the outline of your form, as you moved through the sombre light, which thrilled me like the awakening to life of some piece of aerial sculpture. I watched you to your carriage, and returned to trace that shadowy aisle for hours, breathing the same air, and trying to conjure up to my imagination the radiant vision lost to me, I feared, for ever. That night your necklace parted and fell at my feet, in the crowd at the Pitti, and as I returned the warm jewel to your hand, I recognised the haunting features which I seemed to live but to see again. By the first syllable of acknowledgment I *knew you*—for in your voice there was that profound sweetness that comes

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only from a heart *thought-saddened*, and therefore careless of the cold fashion of the world. In the embayed window looking out on the moonlit terrace of the garden, I joined you with the confidence of a familiar friend, and in the low undertone of earnest and sincerity we talked of the thousand themes with which the walls of that palace of pilgrimage breathe and kindle. Chance-guided and ignorant even of each other's names, we met on the galleries of art, in the gardens of noble palaces, in the thronged resorts open to all in that land of the sun, and my heart expanded to you like a flower, and love entered it with the fulness of light. Again, I say, we dwelt but upon themes of intellect, and I had not breathed to you of the passion that grew hour by hour.

"We met for the last time on the night of the duke's festa—in that same glorious palace where we had first blended thought and imagination, or the wondrous miracles of art. You were sad and lower-voiced than even your wont, and when I drew you from the crowd, and wandering with you through the flowering alleys of the garden, stood at last by that murmuring fountain, and ceased suddenly to speak—*there* was the threshold of love. Did you forbid me to enter? You fell on my bosom and wept!

"Had I brought you to this by love-making? Did I flatter or plead my way into your heart? Were you wooed or importuned? It is true your presence drew my better angel closer to my side, but I was myself—such as your brother might be to you—such as you would have found me through life; and for this—for being what I was—with no art or effort to win affection, you drew the veil from between us—you tempted from my bosom the bird that comes never back—you suffered me to love you, helplessly and wildly, when you knew that love such as mine impoverishes life for ever. The only illimitable trust, the only boundless belief on earth, is first love! What had I done to be robbed of this irrecoverable gem—to be sent wandering through the world, a hopeless infidel in woman?

"I have become a celebrity since we parted, and perhaps you have looked into my books, thinking I might have woven into some one of my many-colored woofs the bright thread you broke so suddenly. You found no trace of it, and you thought, perhaps, that all memory of those simpler hours was drowned in the intoxicating cup of fame. I have accounted in this way for your never writing to cheer or congratulate me. But if this conjecture be true, how little you know the heart you threw away—how little you know of the thrice-locked, light-shining, care-hidden casket in which is treasured up the refused gold of a first love. What else is there on earth worth hiding and brooding over? Should I wing such treasures with words and lose them?

"And now you ask, why, after years of healing silence, I open this wound afresh, and write to you. Is it to prove to you that I love you?—to prepare the way to see you again, to woo and win you? No—though I was worthy of you once! No—though I feel living in my soul a passion that with long silence and imprisonment has become well-nigh uncontrollable. I am not worthy of you now! My nature is soiled and world-polluted. I am prosperous and famous, and could give you the station you never won, though you trod on my heart to reach it—but the lamp is out on my altar of truth—I love by my lips—I mock at faith—I marvel at belief in vows or fidelity—I would not trust you, no, if you were mine, I would not trust you though I held every vein of your bosom like a hound's leash. Till you can rebuke whim, till you can chain imagination, till you can fetter blood, I will not believe in woman. *Yet this is your work!*

"Would you know why I write to you? Why has God given us the instinct of outcry in agony, but to inflict on those who wound us a portion of our pain? I would tell you that the fire you kindled so wantonly burns on—that after years of distracting ambition, fame, and pleasure, I still taste the bitterness you threw into my cup—that in secret when musing on my triumphs, in the crowd when sick with adulation, in this lordly castle when lapt in luxury and regard—in all hours and phazes of a life brilliant and exciting above that of most men, I mourn over that betrayed affection, I see that averted face, I worship in bitter despair that surpassing loveliness which should have been mine in its glory and flower.

"I have made my moan. I have given voice to my agony. Farewell!"

When Mr. Clay had concluded this "airing of his vocabulary," he enclosed it in a hasty note to his friend, the secretary of legation at the court of Tuscany, requesting him to call on "two abominable old maids, by the name of Buggins or Bridgins," who represented the *scan. mag.* of Florence, and could doubtless tell him how to forward his letter to "the Browns;" and the castle-bell sounding as he achieved the superscription, he descended to lunch, very much lightened of his *ennui*, but with no more memory of the "faithless Julia," than of the claret which had supplied some of the "intensity" of his style. The letter—began as a mystification, or, if it had an object beyond the amusement of an idle hour, intended as a whimsical revenge for Miss Beverley's preference of a rich husband to her then undistinguished admirer—had, in the heat of composition, and quite unconsciously to Clay, enlisted real feelings, totally disconnected with the fair Julia, but not the less easily fused into shape and probability by the facile alchymy of genius. The reader will see at once that the feelings expressed in it could never be the work of imagination. Truth and bitter suffering show through every line, and all its falsehood or fancy lay in its capricious address to a woman who had really not the slightest share in contributing to its material. The irreparable mischief it occasioned, will be seen in the sequel.

CHAPTER V.

While the ambassador's bag is steadily posting over the hills of Burgundy with Mr. Clay's letter to Julia Beverley, the reader must be content to gain a little upon her majesty's courier and look in upon a family party assembled in the terraced front of a villa in the neighborhood of Fiesole. The evening was Italian and autumnal, of a ripe, golden glory, and the air was tempered to the blood, as daylight is to the eye—so fitly as to be a forgotten blessing.

A well-made, well-dressed, robust gentleman, who might be forty-five, or a well-preserved sixty, sat at a stone table on the westward edge of the terrace. The London Times lay on his lap, and a bottle of sherry and a single glass stood at his right hand, and he was dozing quietly after his dinner. Near a fountain below, two fair English children played with clusters of ripe grapes. An Italian nurse, forgetting her charge, stood with folded arms leaning against a rough garden statue, and looked vacantly at the sunset sky, while up and down a level and flowering alley in the slope of the garden, paced slowly and gracefully Mrs. William Brown, the mother of these children, the wife of the gentleman sleeping over his newspaper, and the heroine of this story.

Julia Beverley had been married five years, and for three years at least she had relinquished the habit of dressing her fine person to advantage. Yet in that untransparent sleeve was hidden an arm of statuary roundness and polish, and in those carelessly fitted

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shoes were disguised feet of a plump diminutiveness and arched instep worthy to be the theme of a new *Cenerentola*. The voluptuous chisel of the Greek never moulded shoulders and bust of more exquisite beauty, yet if she had not become unconscious of the possession of these charms altogether, she had so far lost the vanity of her girlhood that the prudery of a quakeress would not have altered a fold of her cashmere. Her bonnet, as she walked, had fallen back, and, holding it by one string over her shoulder, she put away behind her "pearl-round ear" the dark and heavy ringlet it had tangled in its fall, and, with its fellow shading her cheek and shoulder in broken masses of auburn, she presented a picture of luxurious and yet neglected beauty such as the undress pencil of Grenze would have revelled in portraying. The care of such silken fringes as veiled her indolent eyes is not left to mortals, and the covert loves who curve these soft cradles and sleep in them, had kept Julia Beverley's with the fidelity of fairy culture.

The Beverleys had married their daughter to Mr. Brown with the usual parental care as to his fortune, and the usual parental forgetfulness of everything else. There was a better chance for happiness, it is true, than in most matches of convenience, for the bridegroom, though past his meridian, was a sensible and very presentable sort of man, and the bride was naturally indolent, and therefore likely to travel the road shaped out for her by the very marked hedges of expectation and duty. What she had felt for Mr. Clay during their casual and brief intimacy, will be seen by-and-by, but it had made no barrier to her union with Mr. Brown. With a luxurious house, fine horses, and her own way, the stream of life, for the first year of marriage, ran smoothly off. The second year was chequered with misgivings that she had thrown herself away, and nights of bitter weeping over a destiny in which no one of her bright dreams of love seemed possible to be realized, and still habit riveted its thousand chains, her children grew attractive and attaching, and by the time at which our story commences, the warm images of a life of passionate devotion had ceased to haunt her dreams, sleeping or waking, and she bade fair to live and die one of the happy many about whom "there is no story to tell."

Mr. Brown at this period occupied a villa in the neighborhood of Florence, and on the arrival of Mr. Clay's letter at English Embassy, it was at once forwarded to Fiesole, where it intruded like the serpent of old on the domestic paradise to which the reader has been introduced.

Weak and ill-regulated as was the mind of Mrs. Brown, her first feeling after reading the ardent epistle of Mr. Clay, was unmingled resentment at its freedom. Her husband's back was turned to her as he sat on the terrace, and, ascending the garden steps, she threw the letter on the table.

"Here is a letter of condolence on your death," she said, the blood mantling in her cheek, and her lips arched into an expression of wounded pride and indignation.

Alas for the slight pivot on which turns the balance of destiny—her husband slept!

"William!" she said again, but the tone was fainter and the hand she raised to touch him, stayed suspended above the fated letter.

Waiting one instant more for an answer, and bending over her husband to be sure that his sleep was real, she hastily placed the letter in her bosom, and, with pale brow and limbs trembling beneath her, fled to her chamber. Memory had required but an instant to call up the past, and in that instant, too, the honeyed flatteries she had glanced over in such haste, had burnt into her imagination, effacing all else, even the object for which he had written, and the reproaches he had lavished on her unfaithfulness. With locked doors, and curtains dropped between her and the glowing twilight, she reperused the worshipping picture of herself, drawn so covertly under the semblance of complaint, and the feeling of conscious beauty so long forgotten, stole back into her veins like the reincarnation of a departed spirit. With a flashing glance at the tall mirror before her, she stood up, arching her white neck and threading her fingers through the loosened masses of her hair. She felt that she was beautiful—still superbly beautiful. She advanced to the mirror.

Her bright lips, her pliant motion, the smooth transparence of her skin, the fulness of vein and limb, all mingled in one assurance of youth, in a wild desire for admiration, in a strange, restless, feverish impatience to be away where she could be seen and loved—away to fulfil that destiny of the heart which seemed now the one object of life, though for years so unaccountably forgotten!

"I was born to be loved!" she wildly exclaimed, pacing her chamber, and wondering at her own beauty as the mirror gave back her kindling features and animated grace of movement; "How could I have forgotten that I was beautiful?" But at that instant her husband's voice, cold, harsh, and unimaginative, forced its way to her ear, and, convulsed with a tumultuous misery, she could neither struggle with nor define, she threw herself on her bed and abandoned herself to an uncontrolled agony of tears.

Let those smile at this paroxysm of feeling whose "dream has come to pass!" Let those wonder who have never been startled from their common-place existence with the heart's bitter question—*Is this all!*

Reader! are you loved?—loved as you dreamed in youth you might and must be—loved by the matchless creature you painted in your imagination, lofty-hearted, confiding, and radiantly fair? Have you spent your treasure? Have you lavished the boundless wealth of your affection? Have you beggared heart and soul by the wild abandonment to love, of which you once felt capable?

Lady! of you I ask: Is the golden flow of *your* youth coined as it melts away? Are your truth and fervor, your delicacy and devotedness, your unutterable depths of tenderness and tears—are they named on another's lips?—are they made the incense to Heaven of another's nightly prayer?—Your beauty is in its pride and flower. Who lays back with idolatrous caress the soft parting of your hair? Who smiles when your cheek mantles, and shudders when it is pale?—Who sits with your slender fingers clasped in his, —— dumb because there are bounds to language, and trembling because death will divide you? Oh, the ray of light wasted on the ocean, and the ray caught and made priceless in a king's diamond—the wild-flower perishing in the woods, and its sister culled for culture in the garden of a poet—are not wider apart in their destiny than the loved and the neglected! —"Blessed are the beloved," should read a new beatitude—"for theirs is the foretaste of Paradise!"

CHAPTER VI.

The autumn following found Mr. Clay a pilgrim for health to the shores of the Mediterranean. Exhausted, body and soul, with the life of alternate gayety and passion into which his celebrity had drawn him, he had accepted, with a sense of exquisite relief, the offer of a cruise among the Greek Isles in a friend's yacht, and in the pure stillness of those bright seas, with a single companion and his books, he idled away the summer in a luxury of repose and enjoyment such as only the pleasure-weary can understand. Recruited in health, and with a mind beginning to yearn once

more for the long foregone stimulus of society, he landed at Naples in the beginning of October.

"We are not very gay just now," said the English minister with whom he hastened to renew an acquaintance commenced in his former travels, "but the prettiest woman in the world is 'at home' to-night, and if you are as susceptible as most of the cavaliers of the Chiaja, you will find Naples attractive enough after you have seen her."

"English?"

"Yes—but you can not have known her, for I think she was never heard of till she came to Naples."

"Her name?"

"Why, you should hear that after seeing her. Call her Queen Giovanna and she will come nearer your prepossession. By-the-by, what have you to do this morning?"

"I am at your excellency's disposal,"

"Come with me to the *atelier* of a very clever artist then, and I will show you her picture. It should be the man's *chef-d'œuvre*, for he has lost his wits in painting it."

"Literally, do you mean?"

"It would seem so—for though the picture was finished some months since, he has never taken it off his easel, and is generally found looking at it. Besides, he has neither cleaned pallet nor brush since the last day she sat to him."

"If he were young and handsome———"

"So he is—and so are scores of the lady's devoted admirers; but she is either prudent or cold to a degree that effectually repels hope, and the painter pines with the rest."

A few minutes walk brought them to a large room near the Corso, tenanted by the Venetian artist, Ippolito Incontri. The minister presented his friend, and Clay forgot their errand in admiration of the magnificent brigand face and figure of the painter, who, after a cold salutation, retreated into the darkest corner of the point of view, and stood gazing past them at his easel, silent and unconscious of observation.

"I have seen your wonder," said Clay, turning to the picture with a smile, and at the first glance only remarking its resemblance to a face that should be familiar to him. "I am surprised that I can not name her at once, for I am sure I know her well. But, stay!—the light grows on my eye—no!—with that expression, certainly not—I am sure, now, that I have not seen her. Wonderful beauty! Yet there was a superficial likeness! Have you ever remarked, Signor Incontri, that, through very intellectual faces, such as this, you can sometimes see what the countenance would have been in other circumstances—without the advantages of education, I mean?"

No answer. The painter was absorbed in his picture, and Clay turned to the ambassador.

"I have seen somewhere a face, and a very lovely one, too, that was strangely like these features; yet, not only without the soul that is here, but incapable, I should think, of acquiring it by any discipline, either of thought or feeling."

"Perhaps it was the original of this, and the painter has given the soul!"

"He could as soon warm a statue into life as do it. Invent that look! Oh, he would be a god, not a painter! Raphael copied, and this man copies; but nature did the original of this, as he did of Raphael's immortal beauties; and the departure of the most vanishing shadow from the truth would be a blot irremediable."

Clay lost himself in the picture and was silent. Veil after veil fell away from the expression as he gazed, and the woman seemed melting out from the canvass into life. The *pose* and drapery were nothing. It was the portrait of a female standing still—perhaps looking idly out on the sea—lost in revery perhaps—perhaps just feeling the breath of a coming thought, the stirring of some lost memory that would presently awake. The lips were slightly unclosed. The heavy eyelashes were wakeful yet couchant in their expression. The large dark orbs lustrous and suffused, looked of the depth and intense stillness of the midnight sky close to the silver rim of a moon high in heaven. The coloring was warm and Italian, but every vein of the transparent temple was steeped in calmness; and even through the bright pomegranate richness of a mouth full of the capability of passion, there seemed to breathe the slumberous fragrance of a flower motionless under its night-burthen of dew. It portrayed no rank in life. The drapery might have been a queen's or a contadina's. It was a woman stolen to the canvass from her inmost cell of privacy, with her soul unstartled by a human look, and mere life and freedom from pain or care expressed in her form and countenance—yet, with all this, a radiance of beauty, and a sustained loftiness of feeling, as apparent as the altitude of the stars. It was a matchless woman incomparably painted; and though not a man to fall in love with a semblance, Clay felt and struggled in vain against the feeling, that the creature drawn in that portrait controlled the next and perhaps the most eventful revolution of his many-sphered existence.

The next five hours have (for this tale) no history.

"I have perplexed myself in vain since I left you," Clay said to the ambassador, as they rolled on their way to the palace of the fair Englishwoman; "but when I yield to the secret conviction that I have seen the adorable original of the picture, I am lost in a greater mystery—how I ever could have forgotten her. The coming five minutes will undo the Sphinx's riddle for me."

"My life on it you have never seen her," said his friend, as the carriage turned through a reverberating archway, and rapidly making the circuit of a large court, stopped at the door of a palace blazing with light.

An opening was made through the crowd, as the ambassador's name was announced, and Clay followed him through the brilliant rooms with an agitation to which he had long been a stranger. Taste, as well as sumptuous expensiveness, was stamped on everything around, and there was that indefinable expression in the assembly, which no one could detect or appreciate better than Clay, and which is composed, among other things, of a perfect conviction on the part of the guests, that their time, presence, and approbation, are well bestowed where they are.

At the curtained door of a small boudoir, draped like a tent, a Neapolitan noble of high rank turned smiling to the ambassador and placed his finger on his lip. The silken pavilion was crowded, and only uniforms and heads, fixed in attention, could be seen by those without; but from the arching folds of the curtain came a female voice of the deepest and sweetest melodiousness, reading in low and finely-measured cadence from an English poem.

"Do you know the voice?" asked the ambassador, as Clay stood like a man fixed to marble, eagerly listening.

"Perfectly! I implore you tell me who reads!"

"No!—though your twofold recognisance is singular. You shall see her before you hear her name. What is she reading?"

"My own poetry, by Heaven! and yet I can not name her! This passes belief. I have heard that voice sob—sob convulsively, and with accents of love—I have heard it whisper and entreat—you look incredulous, but it is true. If she do not know me—nay, if she has not——" he would have said "loved me"—but the look of scrutiny and surprise on the countenance of the ambassador checked the imprudent

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avowal, and he became aware that he was on dangerous ground. He relapsed into silence, and crowding close to the tent, heard the numbers he had long ago linked and forgotten, breathing in music from those mysterious lips, and, possessed as he was by suspense and curiosity, he could have wished that sweet moment to have lasted for ever. I call upon the poet, if there be one who reads this idle tale, to tell me if there is a flattery more exquisite on earth, if there is a deeper-sinking plummet of pride ever dropped into the profound bosom of the bard, than the listening to thoughts born in pain and silence, articulate in the honeyed accents of woman! Answer me, poet! Answer me, women beloved of poets, who have breathed their worshipping incense, and know by what its bright censor was kindled!

The voice ceased, and there was one moment of stillness, and then the rooms echoed with acclamation. "Crown her!" cried a tall old man, who stood near the entrance covered with military orders. "Crown her!" repeated every tongue; and from a vase that hung suspended in the centre of the pavilion, the fresh flowers were snatched by eager hands and wreathed into a chaplet. But those without became clamorous to see the imposition of the crown; and, clearing a way through the entrance, the old man took the chaplet from the busy hands that had entwined it, and crying out with Italian enthusiasm, "A triumph! a triumph!" led forth the majestic Corinna to the crowd.

The ambassador looked at Clay. He had shrunk behind the statue of a winged cupid, and though his eyes were fixed with a gaze of stone on the magnificent creature who was the centre of all regards, he seemed by his open lips and heaving chest, to be gasping with some powerful emotion.

"Give me the chaplet!" suddenly exclaimed the magnificent idol of the crowd. And with no apparent emotion, except a glowing spot in her temples, and a quicker throb in the snowy curve of her neck and bosom, she waved back the throng upon her right, and advanced with majestic steps to the statue of Love.

"Welcome, Ernest!" she said in a low voice, taking him by the hand, and losing, for a scarce perceptible moment, the smile from her lips. "Here, my friends!" she exclaimed, turning again, and leading him from his concealment, "honor to whom honor is due! A crown for the poet of my country, Ernest Clay!"

"Clay, the poet!" "The English poet!" "The author of the poem!" were explanations that ran quickly through the room, and as the crowd pressed closer around, murmuring the enthusiasm native to that southern clime, Julia Beverley sprang upon an ottoman, and standing in her magnificent beauty conspicuous above all, she placed the crown upon Clay's head, and bending gracefully and smilingly over him, impressed a kiss on his forehead, and said, "*This for the poet!*"

And of the many lovers of this superb woman who saw that kiss, not one showed a frown or turned away, so natural to the warm impulse of the hour did it seem—so pure an expression of admiration of genius—so mere a tribute of welcome from Italy to the bard, by an inspiration born of its sunny air. Surrounded with eager claimants for his acquaintance, intoxicated with flattery, giddy with indefinable emotions of love and pleasure, Ernest Clay lost sight for a moment of the face that had beamed on him, and in that moment she had made an apology of fatigue and retired, leaving her guests to their pleasures.

CHAPTER VII.

"*Un amour rechauffe ne vaut jamais rien*," is one of those common-places in the book of love, which are true only of the common-place and unimaginative. The rich gifts of affection, which surfeit the cold bosom of the dull, fall upon the fiery heart of genius like spice-wood and incense, and long after the giver's prodigality has ceased, the mouldering embers lie warm beneath the ashes of silence, and a breath will uncover and rekindle them. The love of common men is a world without moon or stars. When the meridian is passed, the shadows lengthen, and the light departs, and the night that follows is dark indeed. But as the twilight closes on the bright and warm passion of the poet, memory lights her pale lamp, like the moon, and brightens as the darkness deepens; and the warm sacrifices made in love's noon and eve, go up to their places like stars, and with the light treasured from that fervid day, shine in the still heaven of the past, steadfast though silent. If there is a feature of the human soul in which more than in all others, the fiend is manifest, it is the masculine *ingratitude for love*. What wrongs, what agonies, what unutterable sorrows are the reward of lavished affection, of generous self-abandonment, of unhesitating and idolatrous trust! Yet who are the ungrateful? Men lacking the imagination which can reclose the faded form in its youthful beauty! Men dead to the past—with no perception but sight and touch—to whom woman is a flower and no more—fair to look on and sweet to pluck in her pride and perfume but scarce possessed ere trampled on and forgotten! Genius alone treasures the perishing flower and remembers its dew and fragrance, and so, immemorially and well, poets have been beloved of women.

I am recording the passions of genius. Let me say to *you*, lady! (reading this tale understandingly, for you have been beloved by a poet), trust neither absence, nor silence, nor untoward circumstances! He has loved you once. Let not your eye rest on him when you meet—and if you speak, speak coldly! For, with a passion strengthened and embellished tenfold by a memory all imagination, he will love you again! The hours you passed with him—the caresses you gave him, the tears you shed, and the beauty with which you bewildered him, have been hallowed in poetry, and glorified in revery and dream, and he will come back to you as he would spring into paradise were it so lost and recovered!

But to my story!

Clay's memory had now become the home of an all-absorbing passion. By a succession of mischances, or by management so adroit as never to alarm his pride, a week passed over, and he had found no opportunity of speaking alone to the object of his adoration. She favored him in public, talked to him at the opera, leaned on his arm in the crowd, caressed his genius with exquisite flattery, and seemed at moments to escape narrowly from a phrase too tender or a subject that would lead to the past—yet without a violation of the most palpable tact, love was still an impossible topic. That he could have held her hand in his, unforbidden—that he could have pressed her to his bosom while she wept—that she could have loved him ever, though but for an hour—seemed to him sometimes an incredible dream, sometimes a most passionate happiness only to believe. He left her at night to pace the sands of the bay till morning, remembering—for ever remembering—the scene by the fountain at Florence; and he passed his day between her palace and the picture of poor Incontri, who loved her more hopelessly than himself, but found a sympathy in the growing melancholy of the poet.

"She has no heart," said the painter; but Clay had felt it beat against his own, and he fed his love in silence on that remembrance.

They sat upon the rocks by the gate of the Villa Real. The sun was just setting and as the waves formed near the shore and rode in upon the glassy

swell of the bay, there seemed to writhe on each wavy back a golden serpent, who broke on the sands at their feet in sparkles of fire. At a little distance lay the swallow-like yacht, in which Clay had threaded the Archipelago, and as the wish to feel the little craft bounding once more beneath him, was checked by the anchor-like heaviness of his heart, an equestrian party stopped suddenly on the chiaja.

"There is Mr. Clay!" said the thrilling voice of Julia Beverley, "perhaps he will take us over in the yacht. Sorrento looks so blue and tempting in the distance."

Without waiting for a repetition of the wish he had overheard, Clay sprang upon a rock, and made signal for the boat, and before the crimson of the departing day had faded from the sky, the fair Julia and her party of cavaliers, were standing on the deck of the swift vessel, bound on a moonlight voyage to Sorrento, and watching on their lee the reddening ribs and lurid eruption of the volcano. The night was Neapolitan, and the air was the food of love.

It was a voyage of silence, for the sweetness of life in such an atmosphere and in the midst of that matchless bay, lay like a voluptuous burthen in the heart, and the ripple under the clearing prow was language enough for all. Incontri leaned against the mast, watching the moonlit features of the signora with his melancholy but idolizing gaze, and Clay lay on the deck at her feet, trying with pressed-down lids to recall the tearful eyes of the Julia Beverley he had loved at the fountain.

It was midnight when the breath of the orange groves of Sorrento, stealing seaward, slackened the way of the little craft, and running in close under the rocky foundations of the house of Tasso, Clay dropped his anchor, and landed his silent party at their haven. Incontri was sent forward to the inn to prepare their apartments, and leaning on Clay's arm and her husband's, the superb Englishwoman ascended to the overhanging balcony of the dwelling of the Italian bard, and in a few words of eloquent sympathy in the homage paid by the world to these shrines of genius, added to the overflowing heart of her gifted lover one more intoxicating drop of flattery and fascination. They strolled onward to the inn, and he bade her good night at the gate, for he could no longer endure the fetter of another's presence, and the emotion stifled in his heart and lips.

I have forgotten the name of that pleasant inn at Sorrento, built against the side of its mountain shore, with terraced orange-groves piled above its roof, and the golden fruit nodding in at its windows. From the principal floor, you will remember, projects a broad verandah, jutting upon one of these fruit-darkened alleys. If you have ever slept there after a scramble over Scaricatoja, you have risen, even from your fatigued slumber, to go out and pace awhile that overhanging garden, oppressed with the heavy perfume of the orange flowers. Strange that I should forget the name of that inn! I thought, when the busy part of my life should be well over, I should go back and die there.

The sea had long closed over the orbed forehead of the moon, and still Clay restlessly hovered around the garden of the inn. Mounting at last to the alley on a level with the principal chambers of the house, he saw outlined in shadow upon the curtain of a long window, a female figure holding a book, with her cheek resting on her hand. He threw himself on the grass and gazed steadily. The hand moved from the cheek, and raised a pencil from the table, and wrote upon the margin of the volume, and then the pencil was laid down, and the slender fingers raised the masses of fallen hair from the shoulder, and threaded the wavy ringlets indolently as she read: From the slightest motion of that statuary hand, from the most fragmented outline of that bird-like neck, Clay would have known Julia Beverley; and as he watched her graceful shadow, the repressed and pent-up feelings of that evening of restraint, fed as they had been by every voluptuous influence known beneath the moon, rose to a height that absorbed brain and soul in one wild tumult of emotion. He sprang to his feet to rush into her presence, but at that instant a footstep started from the darkness of a tree, at the extremity of the alley. He paused and the shadow arose, and laying aside the book, leaned back, and lifted the tapering arms, and wound up the long masses of fallen hair, and then kneeling, remained a few minutes motionless, with the face buried in the hands.

Clay trembled and felt rebuked.

Once more the flowing drapery swept across the curtain, the light was extinguished, and the window thrown open to the night air; and then all was still.

Clay walked to and fro in an agitation bordering on delirium. "I must speak to her!" he said, murmuring audibly, and advancing toward the window. But hurried footsteps started again from the shadow of the pine, and he stopped to listen. All was silent, and he stood a moment pressing his hands on his brow, and trying to struggle with the wild impulse in his brain. His closed eyes brought back instantly the unfading picture of Julia Beverley, weeping on his breast at the fountain, and with one rapid movement he divided the curtains and stood breathless in her chamber.

The heavy breathing of the unconscious husband fell like music on his ear.

"Julia!" he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, "I am here—Ernest Clay!"

"You are frantic, Ernest!" said a voice so calm that it fell on his ear like an assurance of despair. "I have no feeling for you that answers to this freedom. Leave my chamber!"

"No!" said Clay, dropping the curtain behind him, and advancing into the room, "wake your husband if you will—this is the only spot on earth where I can breathe, and if you are relentless, here will I die! Was it false when you said you loved me? Speak, Julia!"

"Ernest!" she said, in a less assured tone, "I have done wrong not to check this wild passion earlier, and I have that to say to you which, perhaps, had better be said now. I will come to you in the garden."

"My vessel waits, and in an hour——"

"Nay, nay, you mistake me. But go! I will follow instantly!"

Vesuvius was burning with an almost smokeless flame when Clay stood again in the night-air, and every object was illuminated with the clearness of a conflagration. At the first glance around, he fancied he saw figures gliding behind the lurid body of a pine opposite the window, but in the next moment the curtain again parted, and Julia Beverley, wrapped in a cloak, stood beside him on the verandah.

"Stand back!" she said, as he endeavored to put his arm around her, "I have more than one defender within call, and I must speak to you where I am. Will you listen to me, Ernest?"

Clay's breast heaved; but he folded his arms and leaned against the slender column of the verandah in silence.

"Were it any other person who had so far forgotten himself," she continued, "it would be sufficient to say, 'I can never love you,' and leave my privacy to be defended by my natural protector. But I wish to show to you, Ernest, not only that you can have no hope in loving me, but that you have made me the mischievous woman I have become. From an humble wife to a dangerous coquette, the change may well seem startling—but it is of your working."

"Mine, madam!" said Clay, whose pride was

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aroused with the calm self-possession and repulse of her tone and manner.

"I have never answered the letter you wrote me."

"Pardon and spare me!" said Clay, who remembered at the instant only the whim under which it was written.

"It awoke me to a new existence," she continued, without heeding his confusion, "for it first made me aware that I could ever be the theme of eloquent admiration. I had never been praised but in idle compliment, and by those whose intellect I despised; and though as a girl I had a vague feeling that I was slighted and unappreciated, I yielded gradually to the conviction that the world was right, and that women sung by poets and described in the glowing language of romance, were of another mould, I scarce reasoned upon it. I remember, on first arriving in Italy, drawing a comparison favorable to myself between my own beauty and the Fornarina's, and the portraits of Laura and Leonora D'Este; but as I was loved by neither painters nor poets, I accused myself of presumption, and with a sigh, returned to my humility. My life seemed more vacant than it should be, and I sometimes wept from an unhappiness I could not define; and I once or twice met persons who seemed to have begun to love me, and appreciate my beauty as I wished, and in this lies the history of my heart up to the time of your writing to me. That letter, Ernest——"

"You believed that I loved you then!" passionately interrupted her listener, "you know now that I loved you! Tell me so, I implore you!"

"My dear poet," said the self-possessed beauty, with a smile expressive of as much mischief as frankness, "let us be honest. You never loved me! I never believed it but for one silly hour! Stay!—stay!—you shall not answer me! I have not left my bed at this unseasonable hour to listen to protestations. At least, let me first conclude the history of my metempsychosis! I can tell it to nobody else, and like the Ancient Mariner's, it is a tale that must be told. *Revenons!* Your very brilliant letter awoke me from the most profound lethargy by which beauty such as mine was ever overtaken. A moment's inventory of my attractions satisfied me that your exquisite description (written, I have since suspected, to amuse an idle hour, but done, nevertheless, with the fine memory and graphic power of genius) was neither fanciful nor over-colored, and for the first time in my life I *felt beautiful*. You are an anatomist of the heart, and I may say to you that I looked at my own dark eyes and fine features and person with the admiration and wonder of a blind beauty restored to sight and beholding herself in a mirror. You will think, perhaps, that love for the writer of this magic letter should have been the inevitable sequel. But I am here to avert the consequences of my coquetry, and I will be frank with you. *I forgot you in a day!* In the almost insane desire to be seen and appreciated, painted, sung, and loved, which took possession of me when the tumult of my first feeling had passed away, your self-controlled and manageable passion seemed to me frivolous and shallow."

"Have you been better loved?" coldly asked Clay.

"I will answer that question before we part. I did not suffer myself to think of a love that could be returned—for I had husband and children—and though I felt that a mutual passion such as I could imagine, would have absorbed, under happier circumstances, every energy of my soul, I had no disposition to make a wreck of another's happiness and honor, whatever the temptation. Still I must be loved—I must come out from my obscurity and shine—I must be the idol of some gifted circle—I must control the painter's pencil and the poet's pen and the statesman's scheme—I must sun my beauty in men's eyes, and be caressed and conspicuous—I must use my gift and fulfil my destiny! I told my husband this. He secured my devotion to his peace and honor for ever, by giving me unlimited control over his fortune and himself. We came to Naples, and my star, hitherto clouded in its own humility, sprang at once to the ascendant. The "attraction of unconscious beauty" is a poet's fiction, believe me! Set it down in your books, Ernest—we are our own nomenclators—the belle as well as the hero! I claimed to be beautiful, and queened it to the top of my bent—and all Naples is at my feet! Oh, Ernest! it is a delicious power to hold human happiness in your control—to be the loadstar of eminent men and bright intellects! Perhaps a woman who is absorbed in one passion, finds in her lover's character and fame room enough for her pride and her thirst for influence; but to me, giving nothing in return but the light of my eyes, there seems scarce in the world celebrity, rank, genius enough, to limit my ambition. I would be Helen! I would be Mary of Scots! I would have my beauty as undisputed and renowned as the Apollo's! Am I insane or heartless?"

Clay smiled at the abrupt *naiveté* of the question, but his eyes were full of visible admiration of the glowing pictures before him.

"You are beautiful!" was his answer.

"Am I not! Shall I be celebrated hereafter, Ernest? I should be willing to grow old, if my beauty were 'in amber'—if by some burning line in your book, some wondrous touch of the pencil, some bold novelty in sculpture, my beauty would live on men's lips for ever! Incontri's picture is beautiful and like, but it is not, if you understand, a conception—it is not a memoir of the woman as the Cenci's is—it does not embody a complete fame in itself, like the 'Bella' of Titian, or the 'Wife of Giorgione.' If *you* loved me, Ernest——"

"If you loved *me*, Julia!" echoed Clay, with a tone rather of mockery than sincerity.

"Ah, but you threw me away; and even with my own consent, I could never be recovered! Believe me, Ernest, there never was a coquette, who, in some one of her earlier preferences, had not made a desperate and single venture of her whole heart's devotion. That wrecked, she was lost to love. I embarked with you, soul and heart, and you left to the mercy of the chance wind a freight that no tide could bring to port again!"

"You forget the obstacles."

"A poet! and talk of obstacles in love! Did you even ask me to run away with you, Ernest! I would have gone! Ay—coldly as I talk to you now, I would have followed you to a hovel—for it was first love to me. Had it been first love to both of us, I should now be your wife—sharer of your fame! And oh, how jealous!"

"With your beauty, jealous?"

"Not of flesh-and-blood women, Ernest! With a wife's opportunities, I could outcharm, with half my beauty, the whole troop of Circe. I was thinking of the favors of your pen! Who would I let you describe! What eyes, what hair, what form but mine—what character, what name, would I even suffer you to make immortal! Paul Veronese had a wife with my avarice. In his hundred pictures there is the same blue-eyed, golden-haired woman, as much linked to his fame as Laura to Petrarch's. If he had drawn her but once, she would have been known as the woman Paul Veronese *painted!* She is known now as the woman he *loved*. Delicious immortality!"

"Yet she could not have exacted it. That would have required an intellect which looked abroad—and poets love no women who are not like birds, content with the summer around them, and with every thought in their nest. Paul Veronese's *Bionda*, with her soft

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mild eyes and fair hair, is the very type of such a woman, and she would not have foregone a caress for twenty immortalities."

"May I ask what was my attraction, then?" said the proud beauty, with a tone of pique.

"Julia Beverley, unconscious and unintellectual!" answered Clay, drawing on his gloves with the air of a man who has got through with an interview. "You have explained your 'metempsychosis,' but I was in love with the form you have cast off. The night grows chill. Sweet dreams to you!"

"Stay, Mr. Clay! You asked me if I had been 'better loved,' and I promised you an answer. What think you of a lover who has forgotten the occupation that gave him bread, abandoned his ambition, and at all hours of the night is an unrewarded and hopeless watcher beneath my window?"

"To-night excepted," said Clay, looking around.

"Incontri!" called Mrs. Brown, without raising her voice.

Clay started and frowned, as the painter sprang from the shadow of the pine-tree which had before attracted his attention. Falling on his knee, the unhappy lover kissed the jewelled fingers extended to him, and giving Clay his hand in rising, the poet sprang back, for he had clapsed the handle of a stiletto!

"Fear not—she does not love you!" said Incontri, remarking his surprise, and concealing the weapon in his sleeve.

"I was destined to be cured of my love, either way," said Clay, bowing himself off the verandah with half a shudder and half a smile.

The curtain closed at the same moment over the retreating form of Julia Beverley, and so turned another leaf of Clay's voluminous book of love.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLAY threw the volume aside, in which he had been reading, and taking up "the red book," looked for the county address of Sir Harry Freer, the exponent (only) of Lady Fanny Freer, who, though the "nicest possible creature," is *not* the heroine of this story. Sir Harry's ancestral domain turned out to be a portion of the earth's surface in that county of England where the old gentry look down upon very famous lords as *too new*, and proportionately upon all other families that have not degenerated since William the conqueror.

Sir Harry had married an earl's daughter; but as the earldom was not only the fruit of two generations of public and political eminence, Sir Harry was not considered in Cheshire as having made more than a tolerable match; and if *she* passed for a "Cheshire cheese" in London, he passed for but the *rind* in the county. In the county therefore there was a lord paramount of Freer Hall, and in town, a lady paramount of Brook-street; and it was under the town dynasty that Miss Blanch Beaufin was invited up from Cheshire to pass a first winter in London—Miss Beaufin being the daughter of a descendant of a Norman retainer of the first Sir Harry, and the relative position of the families having been rigidly kept up to the existing epoch.

The address found in the red book was described upon the following letter:—

"DEAR LADY FANNY: If you have anything beside the ghost-room vacant at Freer Hall, I will run down to you. Should you, by chance, be alone, ask up the curate for a week to keep Sir Harry off my hands; and, as you don't flirt, provide me with somebody more pretty than yourself for our mutual security. As my autograph sells for eighteen pence, you will excuse the brevity of Yours truly,

"ERNEST CLAY.

"N. B. Tell me in your answer if Blanch Beaufin is within a morning's ride."

Lady Fanny was a warm-hearted, extravagant beautiful creature of impulse, a passionate friend of Clay's (for such women there are), without a spice of flirtation. She was a perennial belle in London; and he had begun his acquaintance with her by throwing himself at her head in the approved fashion—in love to the degree of rose-asking and sonnet-writing. As she did not laugh when he sighed, however, but only told him very seriously that she was not a bit in love with him, and thought he was throwing away his time, he easily forgave her insensibility, and they became very warm allies. Spoiled favorite as he was of London society, Clay had qualities for a very sincere friendship; and Lady Fanny, full of irregular talent, had also a strong vein of common sense, and perfectly understood him. This explanation to the reader. It would have saved some trouble and pain if it had been made by some good angel to Sir Harry Freer.

As the London coach rattled under the bridged gate of the gloomy old town of Chester, Lady Fanny's dashing ponies were almost on their haunches with her impetuous pull-up at the hotel; and returning with a nod the coachman's respectful bow, she put her long whip in at the coach window to shake hands with Clay, and in a few minutes they were again off the pavements, and taking the road at her ladyship's usual speed.

"Steady, Flash! steady!" (she ran on, talking to Clay, and her ponies in the same breath). "doleful ride down, isn't it?—(keep up, Tom, you villain!)—very good of you to come, I'm sure, dear Ernest, and you'll stay; how long will you stay? (down, Flash!)—Oh, Miss Beaufin! I've something to say to you about Blanch Beaufin! I didn't answer your *Nota Bene*—(go along, Tom! that pony wants blooding)—because to tell the truth, it's a delicate subject at Freer Hall, and I would rather talk than write about it. You see—(will you be done, Flash!)—the Beaufins, though very nice people, and Blanch quite a love—(go along, lazy Tom!)—the Beaufins, I say, are rated rather crockery in Cheshire. And I am ashamed to own, really quite ashamed, I have not been near them in a month. Shameful, isn't it? There's good action, Ernest! Look at that nigh pony; not a blemish in him; and such a goer in single harness! Well, I'll go around by the Beaufins now."

"Pray consider, Lady Fanny!" interrupted Clay deprecatingly, "eighteen hours in a coach."

"Not to go in! oh, not to go in! Blanch is very ill, and sees nobody;—and (come, Tom! come!)—I only heard of it this morning—(there's for your laziness, you stupid horse!,—We'll, just call and ask how she is, though Sir Harry——"

"Is she very ill, then?" asked Clay, with a concern which made Lady Fanny turn her eyes from her ponies' ears to look at him.

"They say, very! Of course, Sir Harry can't forbid a visit to the sick."

"Surely he does not forbid you to call on Blanch Beaufin!"

"Not 'forbid' precisely; that wouldn't do—(gently, sweet Flash! now, Tom! now, lazy! trot fair through the hollow!)—but I invited her to pass the winter with me without consulting him, and he liked it well enough, till he got back among his stupid neighbors—(well done, Flash! plague take that bothering whipple-tree!)—and they and their awkward daughters, whom I might have invited—(whoa! Flash!)—if I

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had wanted a menagerie. set him to looking into her pedigree. There's the house; the old house with the vines over it yonder! So then, Sir Harry—such a sweet girl, too—set his face against the acquaintance. Here we are!—(Whoa, bays! whoa!) Hold the reins a moment while I run in!"

More to quell a vague and apprehensive feeling of remorse than to wile away idle time, Clay passed the reins back to the stripling in gray livery behind, and walked round Lady Fanny's ponies, expressing his admiration of them and the turnout altogether.

"Yes, sir," said the lad, who seemed to have caught some of the cleverness of his mistress, for he scarce looked fourteen, "they're a touch above anything in Cheshire! Look at the forehand of that nigh 'un, sir!—arm and withers like a greyhound, and yet what a quarter for trotting, sir! Quite the right thing all over! Carries his flag that way quite natural; never was nicked, sir! Did you take notice, begging your pardon, sir, how milady put through that hollow? Wasn't it fine, sir? Tother's a goodish nag, too, but, nothing to Flash; can't spread, somehow; that's Sir Harry's picking up, and never was a match; no blood in Tom, sir! Look at his fetlock: underbred, but a jimpy nag for a roadster, if a man wanted work out on him. See how he blows, sir, and Flash as still as a stopped wheel!"

Lady Fanny's reappearance at the door of the house interrupted her page's eulogy on the bays; and with a very altered expression of countenance she resumed the reins, and drove slowly homeward.

"She is very ill, very ill! but she wishes to see you, and you must go there; but not to-morrow. She is passing a crisis now, and her physician says, will be easier if not better, after to-morrow. Poor girl! dear Blanch! Ah, Clay! but no—no matter; I shall talk about it with more composure by-and-by—poor Blanch!"

Lady Fanny's tears rained upon her two hands as she let out her impatient horses to be sooner at home. and, in half an hour, Clay was alone in his luxurious quarters, under Sir Harry's roof, with two hours to dinner, and more than thoughts enough, and very sad ones, to make him glad of time and solitude.

Freer Hall was full of company—Sir Harry's company—and Clay, with the quiet assurance of a London star, used to the dominant, took his station by Lady Fanny on entering the drawing-room, and when dinner was announced, gave her his arm, without troubling himself to remember that there was a baronet who had claim to the honor, and of whom he must simply make a mortal enemy. At table, the conversation ran mainly in Sir Harry's vein, hunting, and Clay did not even take the listener's part; but, in a low tone, talked of London to Lady Fanny—her ladyship (unaccountably to her husband and his friends, who were used to furnish her more merriment than revery) pensive and out of spirits. With the announcement of coffee in the drawing-room, Clay disappeared with her, and their evening was *tête-a-tête*, for Sir Harry and his friends were three-bottle men, and commonly bade good-night to ladies when the ladies left the table. If there had been a second thought in the convivial squirearchy, they would have troubled their heads less about a man who did not exhibit the first symptom of love for the wife—civility to the husband. But this is a hand-to-mouth world in the way of knowledge, and nothing is stored but experiences, lifetime by lifetime.

Another day passed and another, and mystery seemed the ruling spirit of the hour, for there were enigmas for all. Regularly, morning and afternoon, the high stepping ponies were ordered round, and Lady Fanny (with Mr. Clay for company to the gate) visited the Beaufins, now against positive orders from the irate Sir Harry, and daily, Clay's reserve with his beautiful hostess increased, and his distress of mind with it, for both he and she were alarmed with the one piece of unexplained intelligence between them—Miss Beaufin would see Mr. Clay when she should be dying! Not before—for worlds not before—and of the physician constantly in attendance (Lady Fanny often present), Clay knew that the poor girl besought with an eagerness, to the last degree touching and earnest, to know when hope could be given over. She was indulged, unquestioned, as a dying daughter; and, whatever might be her secret, Lady Fanny promised that at the turning hour, come what would of distressing and painful, she would herself come with Mr. Clay to her death-bed.

Sir Harry and his friends were in the billiard-room, and Lady Fanny and Clay breakfasting together, when a note was brought in by one of the footmen, who waited for an answer.

"Say that I will come," said Lady Fanny, "and stay, George! See that my ponies are harnessed immediately; put the head of the phaeton up, and let it stand in the coach-house. And, Timson!" she added to the butler who stood at the side-table, "if Sir Harry inquires for me, say that I am gone to visit a sick friend."

Lady Fanny walked to the window. It rained in torrents. There was no need of explanation to Clay; he understood the note and its meaning.

"The offices connect with the stables by a covered way," she said, "and we will get in there. Shall you be ready in a few minutes?"

"Quite, dear Lady Fanny! I am ready now."

"The rain is rather fortunate than otherwise," she added, in going out, "for Sir Harry will not see us go; and he might throw an obstacle in the way, and make it difficult to manage. Wrap well up, Ernest!"

The butler looked inquisitively at Clay and his mistress, but both were preoccupied, and in ten minutes the rapid phaeton was on its way, the ponies pressing on the bit as if the eagerness of the two hearts beating behind them was communicated through the reins, and Lady Fanny, contrary to her wont, driving in unencouraging silence. The three or four miles between Freer Hall and their destination were soon traversed, and under the small *porte-cochere* of the ancient mansion the ponies stood panting and sheltered.

"Kind Lady Fanny! God bless you!" said a tall, dark man, of a very striking exterior, coming out to the phaeton. "And you, sir, are welcome!"

They followed him into the little parlor, where Clay was presented by Lady Fanny to the mother of Miss Beaufin, a singularly yet sadly sweet woman in voice, person, and address; to the old, white-haired vicar, and to the physician, who returned his bow with a cold and very formal salute.

"There is no time to be lost," said he, "and at the request of Miss Beaufin, Lady Fanny and this gentleman will please go to her chamber without us. I can trust your ladyship to see that her remainder of life is not shortened nor harassed by needless agitation."

Clay's heart beat violently. At the extremity of the long and dimly-lighted passage thrown open by the father to Lady Fanny, he saw a while curtained bed—the death-bed, he knew, of the gay and fair flower of a London season, the wonder and idol of difficult fashion, and unadmiring rank. Blanch Beaufin had appeared like a marvel in the brilliant circles of Lady Fanny's acquaintance, a distinguished, unconscious, dazzling girl, of whom her fair introductress (either in mischief or good nature) would say nothing but that she was her neighbor in Cheshire, though all that nature could lavish on one human creature seemed hers, with all that high birth could stamp on mien, countenance, and manners. Clay paid her his tribute with the rest—the hundred who flattered and followed her.; but she was a proud girl, and though

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he seized every opportunity of being near her, nothing in her manner betrayed to him that he was not counted among the hundred. A London season fleets fast, and, taken by surprise with Lady Fanny's early departure for the country, her farewells were written on the corners of cards, and with a secret deep buried in the heart, she was brought back to the retirement of home.

Brief history of the breaking of a heart!

Lady Fanny started slightly on entering the chamber. The sick girl sat propped in an arm chair, dressed in snowy white; even her slight foot appearing beneath the edge of her dress in a slipper of white satin. Her brown hair fell in profuse ringlets over her shoulders; but it was gathered behind into a knot, and from it depended a white veil, the diamonds which fastened it, pressing to the glossy curve of her head, a slender stem of orange-flowers. Her features were of that slight mould which shows sickness by little except higher transparency of the blue veins, and brighter redness in the lips, and as she smiled with suffused cheek, and held out her gloved hand to Clay, with a vain effort to articulate, he passed his hands across his eyes and looked inquiringly at his friend. He had expected, though he had never realized, that she would be altered. She looked almost as he had left her. He remembered her only as he had oftenest seen her—dressed for ball or party, and but for the solemnity of the preparation he had gone through, he might have thought his feelings had been played upon only; that Blanch Beaufin was well—still beautiful and well; that he should again see her in the brilliant circles of London; still love her as he secretly did, and receive what he now felt would be under any circumstances a gift of Heaven, the assurance of a return. This and a world of confused emotion, tumultuously and in an instant, rushed through his heart; for there are moments in which we live lives of feeling and thought; moments, glances, which supply years of secret or bitter memory.

This is but a sketch—but an outline of a tale ever true. Were there space, were there time to follow out the traverse thread of its mere mournful incidents, we might write the reverse side of a leaf of life ever read partially and wrong—the life of the gay and unlamenting. Sickness and death had here broken down a wall of adamant between two creatures, every way formed for each other. In health and ordinary regularity of circumstances, they would have loved as truly and deeply as those in humbler or in more fortunate relative positions; but they probably would never have been united. It is the system, the necessary system of the class to which Clay belonged, to turn adroitly and gayly off every shaft to the heart; to take advantage of no opening to affection; to smother all preference that would lead to an interchange of hallowed vows; to profess insensibility equally polished and hardened on the subject of pure love; to forswear marriage, and make of it a mock and an impossibility. And whose handiwork is this unnatural order of society? Was it established by the fortunate and joyous—by the wealthy and untrammelled, at liberty to range the world if they liked, and marry where they chose, but preferring gayety to happiness, and lawless liberty to virtuous love? No, indeed! not by these! Show me one such man, and I will show you a rare perversion of common feeling—a man who under any circumstances would have been cold and eccentric. It is not to those able to marry where they will, that the class of London gay men owe their system of mocking opinions. But it is to the *companions* of fortunate men—gifted like them, in all but fortune, and holding their caste by the tenure of forsworn ties—abiding in the paradise of aristocracy, with pure love for the forbidden fruit! Are such men insensible to love? Has this forbidden joy—this one thing hallowed in a bad world; has it no temptation for the gay man? Is his better nature quite dead within him? Is he never ill and sad where gayety can not reach him? Does he envy the rich young lord (his friend), everything but his blushing and pure bride? Is he poet or wit, or the mirror of taste and elegance, yet incapable of discerning the qualities of a true love; the celestial refinement of a maiden passion, lawful and fearless, devoted because spotless, and enduring because made up half of prayer and gratitude to her Maker? Does he not know distinctions of feeling, as he knows character in a play? Does he not discriminate between purity and guilt in love, as he does in his nice judgment of honor and taste? Is he gayly dead to the deepest and most elevated cravings of nature—*love*, passionate, single-hearted, and holy? Trust me, there is a bitterness whose depths we can only fathom by refinement! To move among creatures embellished and elevated to the last point of human attainment, lovely and unsullied, and know yourself (as to all but gazing on and appreciating them) a pariah and an outcast! to breathe their air, and be the companion and apparent equal of those for whose bliss they are created, and to whom they are offered for choice, with the profusion of flowers in a garden—(the chooser and possessor of the brightest your inferior in all else)—to live thus; to suffer thus, and still smile and call it choice and your own way to happiness—this is mockery indeed! He who now stood in the death-room of Blanch Beaufin, had felt it in its bitterest intensity!

"Mr. Clay!—Ernest!" said the now pale creature, breaking the silence with a strong effort, for he had dropped on his knee at her side in ungovernable emotion, and, as yet, had but articulated her name—"Ernest! I have but little time for anything—least of all for disguise or ceremony. I am assured that I am dying. I am convinced," she added firmly, taking up the watch that lay beside her, "that I have been told the truth, and that when this hourhand comes round again, I shall be dead. I will conceal nothing. They have given me cordials that will support me one hour, and for that hour—and for eternity—I wish—if I may be so blest—if God will permit—to be your wife!"

Lady Fanny Freer rose and came to her with rapid steps, and Clay sprang to his feet, and in a passion of tears exclaimed, "Oh God! can this be true!"

"Answer me quickly!" she continued, in a voice raised, but breaking through sobs, "an hour is short—oh *how* short, when it is the last! I can not stay with you long, were you a thousand times mine. Tell me, Ernest!—shall it be?—shall I be wedded ere I die?—wedded now?"

A passionate gesture to Lady Fanny was all the answer Clay could make, and in another moment the aged vicar was in the chamber, with her parents and the physician, to all of whom a few words explained a mystery which her bridal attire had already half unravelled.

Blanch spoke quickly—"Shall he proceed, Ernest?"

Her prayer-book was open on her knee, and Clay gave it to the vicar, who, with a quick sense of sympathy, and with but a glance at the weeping and silent parents, read without delay the hallowed ceremonial.

Clay's countenance elevated and cleared as he proceeded, and Blanch, with her large suffused eyes fixed on his, listened with a smile, serene, but expressive of unspeakable rapture. Her beauty had never been so radiant, so angelic. In heaven, on her bridal night, beatified spirit as she was, she could not have been more beautiful!

One instant of embarrassment occurred, unobserved by the dying bride, but, with the thoughtfulness of womanly generosity, Lady Fanny had foreseen it, and,

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drawing off her own wedding-ring, she passed it into Ernest's hand ere the interruption became apparent. Alas! the emaciated hand ungloved to receive it! That wasted finger pointed indeed to heaven! Till then, Clay had felt almost in a dream. But here was suffering—sickness—death! This told what the hectic brightness and the faultless features would fain deny—what the fragrant and still unwithering flowers upon her temples would seem to mock! But the hectic was already fading, and the flowers outlived the light in the dark eyes they shaded!

The vicar joined their hands with the solemn adjuration, "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder;" and Clay rose from his knees, and pressing his first kiss upon her lips, strained her passionately to his heart.

"Mine in heaven!" she cried, giving way at last to her tears, as she closed her slight arms over his neck; "mine in heaven! Is it not so, mother! father! is he not mine now? There is no giving in marriage in heaven, but the ties, hallowed here, are not forgotten there! Tell me they are not! Speak to me, my husband! Press me to your heart, Ernest! Your wife—oh, I thank God!"

The physician sprang forward and laid his hand upon her pulse. She fell back upon her pillows, and with a smile upon her lips, and the tears still wet upon her long and drooping lashes, lay dead.

Lady Fanny took the mother by the arm, and with a gesture to the father and the physician to follow, they retired and left the bridegroom alone.

* * * * * * *

Life is full of sudden transitions; and the next event in that of Ernest Clay, was a duel with Sir Harry Freer—if the Morning Post was to be believed—"occasioned by the indiscretion of Lady Fanny, who, in a giddy moment, it appears, had given to her admirer, Sir Harry's opponent, her wedding-ring!"

CHAPTER IX.

Late one night in June two gentlemen arrived at the Villa Hotel of the Baths of Lucca. They stopped the low britzka in which they travelled, and, leaving a servant to make arrangements for their lodging, linked arms and strolled up the road toward the banks of the Lima. The moon was chequered at the moment with the poised leaf of a treetop, and as it passed from her face, she arose and stood alone in the steel-blue of the unclouded heavens—a luminous and tremulous plate of gold. And you know how beautiful must have been the night, a June night in Italy, with a moon at the full!

A lady, with a servant following her at a little distance, passed the travellers on the bridge of the Lima. She dropped her veil and went by in silence. But the Freyherr felt the arm of his friend tremble within his own.

"Do you know her, then?" asked Von Leisten.

"By the thrill in my veins we have met before," said Clay; "but whether this involuntary sensation was pleasurable or painful, I have not yet decided. There are none I care to meet—none who can be here." He added the last few words after a moment's pause, and sadly.

They walked on in silence to the base of the mountain, busy each with such coloring as the moonlight threw on their thoughts, but neither of them was happy.

Clay was humane, and a lover of nature—a poet, that is to say—and, in a world so beautiful, could never be a prey to disgust; but he was satiated with the common emotions of life. His heart, for ever overflowing, had filled many a cup with love, but with strange tenacity he turned back for ever to the first. He was weary of the beginnings of love—weary of its probations and changes. He had passed the period of life when inconstancy was tempting. He longed now for an affection that would continue into another world—holy and pure enough to pass a gate guarded by angels. And his first love—recklessly as he had thrown it away—was now the thirst of his existence.

It was two o'clock at night. The moon lay broad upon the southern balconies of the hotel, and every casement was open to its luminous and fragrant stillness. Clay and the Freyherr Von Leisten, each in his apartment, were awake, unwilling to lose the luxury of the night. And there was one other under that roof waking, with her eyes fixed on the moon.

As Clay leaned his head on his hand, and looked outward to the sky, his heart began to be troubled. There was a point in the path of the moon's rays where his spirit turned back. There was an influence abroad in the dissolving moonlight around him which resistlessly awakened the past—the sealed but unforgotten past. He could not single out the emotion. He knew not whether it was fear or hope—pain or pleasure. He called, through the open window, to Von Leisten.

The Freyherr, like himself, and like all who have outlived the effervescence of life, was enamored of the night. A moment of unfathomable moonlight was dearer to him than hours disenchanted with the sun. He, too, had been looking outward and upward—but with no trouble at his heart.

"The night is inconceivably sweet," he said, as he entered, "and your voice called in my thought and sense from the intoxication of a revel. What would you, my friend?"

"I am restless, Von Leisten! There is some one near us whose glances cross mine on the moonlight, and agitate and perplex me. Yet there was but one on earth deep enough in the life-blood of my being to move me thus—even were she here! And she is not here!"

His voice trembled and softened, and the last word was scarce audible on his closing lips, for the Freyherr had passed his hands over him while he spoke, and he had fallen into the trance of the spirit-world.

Clay and Von Leisten had retired from the active passions of life together, and had met and mingled at that moment of void and thirst when each supplied the want of the other. The Freyherr was a German noble, of a character passionately poetic, and of singular acquirement in the mystic fields of knowledge. Too wealthy to need labor, and too proud to submit his thoughts or his attainments to the criticism or judgment of the world, he lavished on his own life, and on those linked to him in friendship, the strange powers he had acquired, and the prodigal overthrow of his daily thought and feeling. Clay was his superior, perhaps, in genius, and necessity had driven him to develop the type of his inner soul, and leave its impress on the time. But he was inferior to Von Leisten in the power of will, and he lay in his control like a child in its mother's. Four years they had passed together, much of it in the secluded castle of Von Leisten, busied with the occult studies to which the Freyherr was secretly devoted; but travelling down to Italy to meet the luxurious summer, and dividing their lives between the enjoyment of nature and the ideal world they had unlocked. Von Leisten had lost, by death, the human altar on which his heart could alone burn the incense of love; and Clay had flung aside in an hour of intoxicating passion the one pure affection in which his happiness was sealed—and both were desolate. But in the world of the past, Von Leisten, though more irrevocably lonely, was more tranquilly blest.

The Freyherr released he entranced spirit of his

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friend, and bade him follow back the rays of the moon to the source of his agitation.

A smile crept slowly over the speaker's lips.

In an apartment flooded with the silver lustre of the night, reclined, in an invalid's chair, propped with pillows, a woman of singular, though most fragile beauty. Books and music lay strewn around, and a lamp, subdued to the tone of the moonlight by an orb of alabaster, burned beside her. She lay bathing her blue eyes in the round chalice of the moon. A profusion of brown ringlets fell over the white dress that enveloped her, and her oval cheek lay supported on the palm of her hand, and her bright red lips were parted. The pure, yet passionate spell of that soft night possessed her.

Over her leaned the disembodied spirit of him who had once loved her—praying to God that his soul might be so purified as to mingle unstartingly, unrepulsively, in hallowed harmony with hers. And presently he felt the coming of angels toward him, breathing into the deepest abysses of his existence a tearful and purifying sadness. And with a trembling aspiration of grateful humility to his Maker, he stooped to her forehead, and with his impalpable lips impressed upon its snowy tablet a kiss.

It seemed to Eve Gore a thought of the past that brought the blood suddenly to her cheek. She started from her reclining position, and, removing the obscuring shade from her lamp, arose and crossed her hands upon her wrists, and paced thoughtfully to and fro. Her lips murmured inarticulately. But the thought, painfully though it came, changed unaccountably to melancholy sweetness; and, subduing her lamp again, she resumed her steadfast gaze upon the moon.

Ernest knelt beside her, and with his invisible brow bowed upon her hand, poured forth, in the voiceless language of the soul, his memories of the past, his hope, his repentance, his pure and passionate adoration at the present hour.

And thinking she had been in a sweet dream, yet wondering at its truthfulness and power, Eve wept, silently and long. As the morning touched the east, slumber weighed upon her moistened eyelids, and kneeling by her bedside she murmured her gratitude to God for a heart relieved of a burden long borne, and so went peacefully to her sleep. * * *

It was in the following year, and in the beginning of May. The gay world of England was concentrated in London, and at the entertainments of noble houses there were many beautiful women and many marked men. The Freyherr Von Leisten, after years of absence, had appeared again, his mysterious and undeniable superiority of mien and influence again yielded to, as before, and again bringing to his feet the homage and deference of the crowd he moved among. To his inscrutable power the game of society was easy, and he walked where he would through its barriers of form.

He stood one night looking on at a dance. A lady of a noble air was near him, and both were watching the movements of the loveliest woman present, a creature in radiant health, apparently about twenty-three, and of matchless fascination of person and manner. Von Leisten turned to the lady near him to inquire her name, but his attention was arrested by the resemblance between her and the object of his admiring curiosity, and he was silent.

The lady had bowed before he withdrew his gaze, however.

"I think we have met before!" she said; but at the next instant a slight flush of displeasure came to her cheek, and she seemed regretting that she had spoken.

"Pardon me!" said Von Leisten, "but—if the question be not rude—do you remember where?"

She hesitated a moment.

"I have recalled it since I have spoken," she continued; "but as the remembrance of the person who accompanied you always gives me pain, I would willingly have unsaid it. One evening of last year, crossing the bridge of the Lima, you were walking with Mr. Clay. Pardon me—but, though I left Lucca with my daughter on the following morning, and saw you no more, the association, or your appearance, had imprinted the circumstance on my mind."

"And is that Eve Gore?" said Von Leisten, musingly, gazing on the beautiful creature now gliding with light step to her mother's side.

But the Freyherr's heart was gone to his friend.

As the burst of the waltz broke in upon the closing of the quadrille, he offered his hand to the fair girl, and as they moved round to the entrancing music, he murmured in her ear, "He who came to you in the moonlight of Italy will be with you again, if you are alone, at the rising of to-night's late moon. Believe the voice that then speaks to you!" * * *

It was with implacable determination that Mrs. Gore refused, to the entreaties of Von Leisten, a renewal of Clay's acquaintance with her daughter. Resentment for the apparent recklessness with which he had once sacrificed her maiden love for an unlawful passion—scornful unbelief of any change in his character—distrust of the future tendency of the powers of his genius—all mingled together in a hostility proof against persuasion. She had expressed this with all the positiveness of language, when her daughter suddenly entered the room. It was the morning after the ball, and she had risen late. But though subdued and pensive in her air, Von Leisten saw at a glance that she was happy.

"Can you bring him to me?" said Eve, letting her hand remain in Von Leisten's, and bending her deep blue eyes inquiringly on his.

And with no argument but tears and caresses, and an unexplained assurance of her conviction of the repentant purity and love of him to whom her heart was once given, the confiding and strong-hearted girl bent, at last, the stern will that forbade her happiness. Her mother unclasped the slight arms from her neck, and gave her hand in silent consent to Von Leisten.

The Freyherr stood a moment with his eyes fixed on the ground. The color fled from his cheeks, and his brow moistened.

"I have called him," he said—"he will be here!"

An hour elapsed, and Clay entered the house. He had risen from a bed of sickness, and came, pale and in terror—for the spirit-summons was powerful. But Von Leisten welcomed him at the door with a smile, and withdrew the mother from the room, and left Ernest alone with his future bride—the first union, save in spirit, after years of separation.

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THE MARQUIS IN PETTICOATS.

(THE OUTLINE FROM A FRENCH MEMOIR.)

I INTRODUCE you at once to the Marquis de la Chetardie—a diplomatist who figured largely in the gay age of Louis XV.—and the story is but one of the illuminated pages of the dark book of diplomacy.

Charles de la Chetardie appeared for the first time to the eyes of the king at a masquerade ball, given at Versailles, under the auspices of *la belle* Pompadour. He was dressed as a young lady of high rank, making her *début:* and, so perfect was his acting, and the deception altogether, that Louis became enamored of the disguised marquis, and violently excited the jealousy of "Madame," by his amorous attentions. An *eclaircissement*, of course, took place, and the result was a great partiality for the marquis's society, and his subsequent employment, in and out of petticoats, in many a scheme of state diplomacy and royal amusement.

La Chetardie was at this time just eighteen. He was very slight, and had remarkably small hands and feet, and the radiant fairness of his skin and the luxuriant softness of his profuse chestnut curls, might justly have been the envy of the most delicate woman. He was, at first, subjected to some ridicule for his effeminacy, but the merry courtiers were soon made aware, that, under this velvet fragility lay concealed the strength and ferocity of the tiger. The grasp of his small hand was like an iron vice, and his singular activity, and the cool courage which afterward gave him a brilliant career on the battle-field, established him, in a very short time, as the most formidable swordsman of the court. His ferocity, however, lay deeply concealed in his character, and, unprovoked, he was the gayest and most brilliant of merry companions.

This was the age of occult and treacherous diplomacy, and the court of Russia, where Louis would fain have exercised an influence (private as well as political in its results), was guarded by an implacable Argus, in the person of the prime minister, Bestucheff. Aided by Sir Hambury Williams, the English ambassador, one of the craftiest men of that crafty period, he had succeeded for some years in defeating every attempt at access to the imperial ear by the secret emissaries of France. The sudden appearance of La Chetardie, his cool self-command, and his successful personation of a female, suggested a new hope to the king, however; and, called to Versailles by royal mandate, the young marquis was taken into cabinet confidence, and a secret mission to St. Petersburgh, in petticoats, proposed to him and accepted.

With his instructions and secret despatches stitched into his corsets, and under the ostensible protection of a scientific man, who was to present him to the tzarine as a Mademoiselle de Beaumont, desirous of entering the service of Elizabeth, the marquis reached St. Petersburg without accident or adventure. The young lady's guardian requested an audience through Bestucheff, and having delivered the open letters recommending her for her accomplishments to the imperial protection, he begged leave to continue on his scientific tour to the central regions of Russia.

Congé was immediately granted, and on the disappearance of the *savant*, and before the departure of Bestucheff, the tzarine threw off all ceremony, and pinching the cheeks and imprinting a kiss on the forehead of the beautiful stranger, appointed her, by one of those sudden whims of preference against which her ministers had so much trouble to guard, *lectrice intime et particulière*—in short, confidential personal attendant. The blushes of the confused marquis, who was unprepared for so affectionate a reception, served rather to heighten the disguise, and old Bestucheff bowed himself out with a compliment to the beauty of Mademoiselle de Beaumont, veiled in a diplomatic congratulation to her imperial mistress.

Elizabeth was forty and a little *passée*, but she still had pretensions, and was particularly fond of beauty in her attendants, female as well as male. Her favorite, of her personal *suite*, at the time of the arrival of the marquis, was an exquisite little creature who had been sent to her, as a compliment to this particular taste, by the Dutchess of Mecklenberg-Strelitz—a kind of German "Fenella," or "Mignon," by the name of Nadége Stein. Not much below the middle size, Nadége was a model of symmetrical proportion, and of very extraordinary beauty. She had been carefully educated for her present situation, and was highly accomplished; a fine reader, and a singularly sweet musician and dancer. The tzarine's passion for this lovely attendant was excessive, and the arrival of a new favorite of the same sex was looked upon with some pleasure by the eclipsed remainder of the palace idlers.

Elizabeth summoned Nadége, and committed Mademoiselle de Beaumont temporarily to her charge; but the same mysterious magnetism which had reached the heart of the tzarine, seemed to kindle, quite as promptly, the affections of her attendant. Nadége was no sooner alone with her new friend, than she jumped to her neck, smothered her with kisses, called her by every endearing epithet, and overwhelmed her with questions, mingled with the most childlike exclamations of wonder at her own inexplicable love for a stranger. In an hour, she had shown to the new demoiselle all the contents of the little boudoir in which she lived; talked to her of her loves and hates at the Russian court; of her home in Mecklenberg, and her present situation—in short, poured out her heart with the *naif abandon* of a child. The young marquis had never seen so lovely a creature; and, responsibly as he felt his difficult and delicate situation, he returned the affection so innocently lavished upon him, and by the end of this first fatal hour, was irrecoverably in love. And, gay as his life had been at the French court, it was the first, and subsequently proved to be the deepest, passion of his life.

On the tzarine's return to her private apartment, she summoned her new favorite, and superintended, with condescending solicitude, the arrangements for her palace lodging. Nadége inhabited a small tower adjoining the bedroom of her mistress, and above this was an unoccupied room, which, at the present suggestion of the fairy little attendant, was allotted to the new-comer. The staircase opened by one door into the private gardens, and by the opposite, into the corridor leading immediately to the imperial chamber. The marquis's delicacy would fain have made some objection to this very intimate location; but he could hazard nothing against the interests of his sovereign, and he trusted to a speedy termination of his disguise

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with the attainment of his object. Meantime, the close neighborhood of the fair Nadége was not the most intolerable of necessities.

The marquis's task was a very difficult one. He was instructed, before abandoning his disguise and delivering his secret despatches, to awaken the interest of the tzarine on the two subjects to which the documents had reference: viz., a former partiality of her majesty for Louis, and a formerly discussed project of seating the Prince de Conti on the throne of Poland. Bestucheff had so long succeeded in cutting off all approach of these topics to the ear of the tzarine, that her majesty had probably forgotten them altogether.

Weeks passed, and the opportunities to broach these delicate subjects had been inauspiciously rare. Mademoiselle de Beaumont, it is true, had completely eclipsed the favorite Nadége; and Elizabeth, in her hours of relaxation from state affairs, exacted the constant attendance of the new favorite in her private apartments. But the almost constant presence of some other of the maids of honor, opposed continual obstacles and interruptions, and the tzarine herself was not always disposed to talk of matters more serious than the current trifles of the hour. She was extremely indolent in her personal habits; and often reclining at length upon cushions on the floor of her boudoir, she laid her imperial head in the lap of the embarrassed demoiselle, and was soothed to sleep by reading and the bathing of her temples. And during this period, she exacted frequently of the marquis, with a kind of instinctive mistrust, promises of continuance for life in her personal service.

But there were sweeter hours for the enamored La Chetardie than those passed in the presence of his partial and imperial mistress. Encircled by sentinels, and guarded from all intrusion of other eyes, in the inviolable sanctuary of royalty, the beautiful Nadége, impassioned she knew not why, in her love for her new companion, was ever within call, and happy in devoting to him all her faculties of caressing endearment. He had not yet dared to risk the interests of his sovereign by a disclosure of his sex, even in the confidence of love. He could not trust Nadége to play so difficult a part as that of possessor of so embarrassing a secret in the presence of the shrewd and observing tzarine. A betrayal, too, would at once put an end to his happiness. With the slight arm of the fair and relying creature about his waist, and her head pressed close against his breast, they passed the balmy nights of the Russian summer in pacing the flowery alleys of the imperial garden, discoursing, with but one reserve, on every subject that floated to their lips. It required, however, all the self-control of La Chetardie, and all the favoring darkness of the night, to conceal his smiles at the *naive* confessions of the unconscious girl, and her wonderings at the peculiarity of her feelings. She had thought, hitherto, that there were affections in her nature which could only be called forth by a lover. Yet now, the thought of caressing another than her friend—of repeating to any human ear, least of all to a man, those new-born vows of love—filled her with alarm and horror. She felt that she had given her heart irrevocably away—and to a woman! Ah, with what delirious, though silent passion, La Chetardie drew her to his bosom, and, with the pressure of his lips upon hers, interrupted those sweet confessions!

Yet the time at last drew near for the waking from this celestial dream. The disguised diplomatist had found his opportunity, and had successfully awakened in Elizabeth's mind both curiosity and interest as to the subjects of the despatches still sewed safely in his corsets. There remained nothing for him now but to seize a favorable opportunity, and, with the delivery of his missives, to declare his sex to the tzarine. There was risk to life and liberty in this, but the marquis knew not fear, and he thought but of its consequences to his love.

In La Chetardie's last interview with the *savant* who conducted him to Russia, his male attire had been successfully transferred from one portmanteau to the other, and it was now in his possession, ready for the moment of need. With his plans brought to within a single night of the *dénouement*, he parted from the tzarine, having asked the imperial permission for an hour's private interview on the morrow, and, with gentle force excluding Nadége from his apartment, he dressed himself in his proper costume, and cut open the warm envelope of his despatches. This done, he threw his cloak over him, and, with a dark lantern in his hand, sought Nadége in the garden. He had determined to disclose himself to her, renew his vows of love in his proper guise, and arrange, while he had access and opportunity, some means for uniting their destinies hereafter.

As he opened the door of the turret, Nadége flew up the stair to meet him, and observing the cloak in the faint glimmer of the stars, she playfully endeavored to envelope herself in it. But, seizing her hands, La Chetardie turned and glided backward, drawing her after him toward a small pavilion in the remoter part of the garden. Here they had never been interrupted, the empress alone having the power to intrude upon them, and La Chetardie felt safe in devoting this place and time to the double disclosure of his secret and his suppressed passion.

Persuading her with difficulty to desist from putting her arms about him and sit down without a caress, he retreated a few steps, and in the darkness of the pavilion, shook down his imprisoned locks to their masculine *abandon*, threw off his cloak, and drew up the blind of his lantern. The scream of surprise, which instantly parted from the lips of Nadége, made him regret his imprudence in not having prepared her for the transformation, but her second thought was mirth, for she could believe it of course to be nothing but a playful masquerade; and with delighted laughter she sprang to his neck, and overwhelmed him with her kisses—another voice, however, joining very unexpectedly in the laughter!

The empress stood before them!

For an instant, with all his self-possession, La Chetardie was confounded and dismayed. Siberia, the knout, the scaffold, flitted before his eyes, and Nadége was the sufferer! But a glance at the face of the tzarine reassured him. She, too, took it for a girlish masquerade!

But the empress, unfortunately, was not disposed to have a partner in her enjoyment of the society of this new apparition of "hose and doublet." She ordered Nadége to her turret, with one of those petulant commands which her attendants understood to admit of no delay, and while the eclipsed favorite disappeared with the tears of unwilling submission in her soft eyes, La Chetardie looked after her with the anguish of eternal separation at his heart, for a presentiment crowded irresistibly upon him that he should never see her more!

The empress was in slippers and *robe de nuit*, and, as if fate had determined that this well-kept secret should not survive the hour, her majesty laid her arm within that of her supposed masquerader, and led the way to the palace. She was wakeful, and wished to be read to sleep. And, with many a compliment to the beauty of her favorite in male attire, and many a playful caress, she arrived at the door of her chamber.

But the marquis could go no farther. He had hitherto been spared the embarrassment of passing this sacred threshold, for the *passée* empress had secrets of toilet for the embellishment of her person, which she trusted only to the eyes of an antiquated attendant. La Chetardie had never passed beyond the bou-

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doir which was between the antechamber and the bedroom, and the time had come for the disclosure of his secret. He fell on his knees and announced himself a man!

Fortunately they were alone. Incredulous at first, the empress listened to his asseverations, however, with more amusement than displeasure, and the immediate delivery of the despatches, with the commendations of the disguised ambassador by his royal master to the forgiveness and kindness of the empress, amply secured his pardon. But it was on condition that he should resume his disguise and remain in her service.

Alone in his tower (for Nadége had disappeared, and he knew enough of the cruelty of Elizabeth to dread the consequences to the poor girl of venturing on direct inquiries as to her fate), La Chetardie after a few weeks fell ill; and fortunate, even at this price, to escape from the silken fetters of the enamored tzarine, he departed under the care of the imperial physician, for the more genial climate of France—not without reiterated promises of return, however, and offers, in that event, of unlimited wealth and advancement.

But, as the marquis made his way slowly toward Vienna, a gleam of light dawned on his sadness. The Princess Sophia Charlotte was newly affianced to George the Third of England, and this daughter of the house of Mecklenberg had been the playmate of Nadége Stein, from infancy till the time when Nadége was sent to the tzarine by the Dutchess of Mecklenberg. Making a confidant of the kind physician who accompanied him, La Chetardie was confirmed, by the good man's better experience and knowledge, in the belief that Nadége had shared the same fate of every female of the court who had ever awakened the jealousy of the empress. She was doubtless exiled to Siberia; but, as she had committed no voluntary fault, it was probably without other punishment; and, with a playmate on the throne of England, she might be demanded and recovered ere long, in all her freshness and beauty. Yet the recent fate of the fair Eudoxie Lapoukin, who, for an offence but little more distasteful to the tzarine, had been pierced through the tongue with hot iron, whipped with the knout, and exiled for life to Siberia, hung like a cloud of evil augury over his mind.

The marquis suddenly determined that he would see the affianced princess, and plead with her for her friend, before the splendors of a throne should make her inaccessible. The excitement of this hope had given him new life, and he easily persuaded his attendant, as they entered the gates of Vienna, that he required his attendance no farther. Alone with his own servants, he resumed his female attire, and directed his course to Mecklenberg-Strelitz.

The princess had maintained an intimate correspondence with her playmate up to the time of her betrothal, and the name of Mademoiselle de Beaumont was passport enough. La Chetardie had sent forward his servant, on arriving at the town, in the neighborhood of the ducal residence, and the reply to his missive was brought back by one of the officers in attendance, with orders to conduct the demoiselle to apartments in the castle. He was received with all honor at the palace-gate by a chamberlain in waiting, who led the way to a suite of rooms adjoining those of the princess, where, after being left alone for a few minutes, he was familiarly visited by the betrothed girl, and overwhelmed, as formerly by her friend, with most embarrassing caresses. In the next moment, however, the door was hastily flung open, and Nadége, like a stream of light, fled through the room, hung upon the neck of the speechless and overjoyed marquis, and ended with convulsions of mingled tears and laughter. The moment that he could disengage himself from her arms, La Chetardie requested to be left for a moment alone. He felt the danger and impropriety of longer maintaining his disguise. He closed his door on the unwilling demoiselles, hastily changed his dress, and, with his sword at his side, entered the adjoining reception-room of the princess, where Mademoiselle de Beaumont was impatiently awaited.

The scene which followed, the mingled confusion and joy of Nadége, the subsequent hilarity and masquerading at the castle, and the particulars of the marriage of the Marquis de la Chetardie to his fair fellow maid-of-honor, must be left to the reader's imagination. We have room only to explain the reappearance of Nadége at Mecklenberg.

Nadége retired to her turret at the imperative command of the empress, sad and troubled; but waited wakefully and anxiously for the re-entrance of her disguised companion. In the course of an hour, however, the sound of a sentinel's musket, set down at her door, informed her that she was a prisoner. She knew Elizabeth, and the Dutchess of Mecklenberg, with an equal knowledge of the tzarine's character, had provided her with a resource against the imperial cruelty, should she have occasion to use it. She crept to the battlements of the tower, and fastened a handkerchief to the side looking over the public square.

The following morning, at daylight, Nadége was summoned to prepare for a journey, and, in an hour, she was led between soldiers to a carriage at the palace-gate, and departed by the northern egress of the city, with a guard of three mounted cossacks. In two hours from that time, the carriage was overtaken, the guard overpowered, and the horses' heads turned in the direction of Moscow. After many difficulties and dangers, during which she found herself under the charge of a Mecklenbergian officer in the service of the tzarine, she reached Vienna in safety, and was immediately concealed by her friends in the neighborhood of the palace at Mecklenberg, to remain hidden till inquiry should be over. The arrival of Mademoiselle de Beaumont, for the loss of whose life or liberty she had incessantly wept with dread and apprehension, was joyfully communicated to her by her friends; and so the reader knows some of the passages in the early life of the far-famed beauty in the French court in the time of Louis XV.—the Marchioness de la Chetardie.

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"BEAUTY AND THE BEAST;"

OR, HANDSOME MRS. TITTON AND HER PLAIN HUSBAND.

"That man i' the world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in naught be trusted
For speaking false in that."—*Henry VIII.*

I HAVE always been very fond of the society of portrait-painters. Whether it is, that the pursuit of a beautiful and liberal art softens their natural qualities, or that, from the habit of conversing while engrossed with the pencil, they like best that touch-and-go talk which takes care of itself; or, more probably still, whether the freedom with which they are admitted behind the curtains of vanity and affection gives a certain freshness and truth to their views of things around them—certain it is, that, in all countries, their rooms are the most agreeable of haunts, and they themselves most enjoyable of cronies.

I had chanced in Italy to make the acquaintance of S———, an English artist of considerable cleverness in his profession, but more remarkable for his frank good breeding and his abundant good nature. Four years after, I had the pleasure of renewing my intercourse with him in London, where he was flourishing, quite up to his deserving, as a portrait-painter. His rooms were hard by one of the principal thoroughfares, and, from making an occasional visit, I grew to frequenting them daily, often joining him at his early breakfast, and often taking him out with me to drive whenever we changed to tire of our twilight stroll. While rambling in Hyde Park, one evening, I mentioned for the twentieth time, a singularly ill-assorted couple I had once or twice met at his room—a woman of superb beauty attended by a very inferior-looking and ill-dressed man. S——— had, previously, with a smile at my speculations, dismissed the subject rather crisply; but, on this occasion, I went into some surmises as to the probable results of such "pairing without matching," and he either felt called upon to defend the lady, or made my misapprehension of her character an excuse for telling me what he knew about her. He began the story in the Park, and ended it over a bottle of wine in the Haymarket—of course with many interruptions and digressions. Let me see if I can tie his broken threads together.

"That lady is Mrs. Fortescue Titton, and the gentleman you so much disparage is, if you please, the incumbrance to ten thousand a year—the money as much at her service as the husband by whom she gets it. Whether he could have won her had he been

"Bereft and gelded of his patrimony,"

I will not assert, especially to one who looks on them as 'Beauty and the Beast;' but that she loves him, or at least prefers to him no handsomer man, I may say I have been brought to believe, in the way of my profession."

"You have painted her, then?" I asked rather eagerly, thinking I might get a sketch of her face to take with me to another country.

"No, but I have painted *him*—and for her—and it is not a case of Titania and Bottom, either. She is quite aware he is a monster, and wanted his picture for a reason you would never divine. But I must begin at the beginning.

"After you left me in Italy, I was employed by the earl of ———, to copy one or two of his favorite pictures in the Vatican, and that brought me rather well acquainted with his son. Lord George was a gay youth, and a very 'look-and-die' style of fellow, and, as much from admiration of his beauty as anything else, I asked him to sit to me, on our return to London. I painted him very fantastically in an Albanian cap and oriental morning-gown and slippers, smoking a narghile—the room in which he sat, by the way, being a correct portrait of his own den, a perfect museum of costly luxury. It was a pretty gorgeous turn-out in the way of color, and was severely criticised, but still a good deal noticed—for I sent it to the exhibition.

"I was one day going into Somerset-house, when Lord George hailed me from his cab. He wished to suggest some alteration in his picture, or to tell me of some criticism upon it, I forget exactly what; but we went up together. Directly before the portrait, gazing at it with marked abstraction, stood a beautiful woman, quite alone; and as she occupied the only point where the light was favorable, we waited a moment till she should pass on—Lord George, of course, rather disposed to shrink from being recognised as the original. The woman's interest in the picture seemed rather to increase, however, and what with variations of the posture of her head, and pulling at her glove fingers, and other female indications of restlessness and enthusiasm, I thought I was doing her no injustice by turning to my companion with a congratulatory smile.

"'It *seems* a case, by Jove!' said Lord George, trying to look as if it was a matter of very simple occurrence; 'and she's as fine a creature as I've seen this season! Eh, old boy? we must run her down, and see where she burrows—and there's nobody with her, by good luck!'

"A party entered just then, and passed between her and the picture. She looked annoyed, I thought, but started forward and borrowed a catalogue of a little girl, and we could see that she turned to the last page, on which the portrait was numbered, with, of course, the name and address of the painter. She made a memorandum on one of her cards, and left the house. Lord George followed, and I too, as far as the door, where I saw her get into a very stylishly appointed carriage and drive away, followed closely by the cab of my friend, whom I had declined to accompany.

"You wouldn't have given very heavy odds against his chance, would you?" said S———, after a moment pause.

"No, indeed!" I answered quite sincerely.

"Well, I was at work, the next morning, glazing a picture I had just finished, when the servant brought up the card of Mrs. Fortescue Titton. I chanced to be alone, so the lady was shown at once into my painting room, and lo! the *incognita* of Somerset-House. The plot thickens, thought I! She sat down in my 'subject' chair, and, faith! her beauty quite dazzled me! Her first smile—but you have seen her, so I'll not bore you with a description.

"Mrs. Titton blushed on opening her errand to me, first inquiring if I was the painter of 'No 403' in the exhibition, and saying some very civil things about the

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picture. I mentioned that it was a portrait of Lord George ——— (for his name was not in the catalogue), and I thought she blushed still more confusedly—but that, I think now, was fancy, or at any rate had nothing to do with feeling for his lordship. It was natural enough for me to be mistaken, for she was very particular in her inquiries as to the costume, furniture, and little belongings of the picture, and asked me among other things, whether it was a flattered likeness;—this last question very pointedly, too!

"She arose to go. Was I at leisure, and could I sketch a head for her, and when?

"I appointed the next day, expecting of course that the subject was the lady herself, and scarcely slept with thinking of it, and starved myself at breakfast to have a clear eye, and a hand wide awake. And at ten she came, with her Mr. Fortescue Titton! I was sorry to see that she had a husband, for I had indulged myself with a vague presentiment that she was a widow; but I begged him to take a chair, and prepared the platform for my beautiful subject.

"'Will you take your seat?' I asked, with all my suavity, when my palette was ready.

"'My dear,' said she, turning to her husband, and pointing to the chair, 'Mr. S——— is ready for you.'

"I begged pardon for a moment, crossed over to Verey's and bolted a beef-steak! A cup of coffee, and a glass of Curaçoa, and a little walk round Hanover-square, and I recovered from the shock a little. It went very hard, I give you my word.

"I returned, and took a look, for the first time, at Mr. Titton. You have seen him, and have some idea of what his portrait might be, considered as a pleasure to the artist—what it might promise, I should rather say, for, after all, I ultimately enjoyed working at it, quite aside from the presence of Mrs. Titton. It was the ugliest face in the world, but full of good-nature; and, as I looked closer into it, I saw, among its coarse features, lines of almost feminine delicacy, and capabilities of enthusiasm of which the man himself was probably unconscious. Then a certain helpless style of dress was a wet blanket to him. Rich from his cradle, I suppose his qualities had never been needed on the surface. His wife knew them.

"From time to time, as I worked, Mrs. Titton came and looked over my shoulder. With a natural desire to please her, I, here and there, softened a harsh line, and was going on to flatter the likeness—not as successful as I could wish, however, for it is much easier to get a faithful likeness than to flatter without destroying it.

"'Mr. S———,' said she, laying her hand on my arm as I thinned away the lumpy rim of his nostril, 'I want, first, a literal copy of my husband's features. Suppose, with this idea, you take a fresh canvass?'

"Thoroughly mystified by the whole business, I did as she requested; and, in two sittings, made a likeness of Titton which would have given you a face-ache. He shrugged his shoulders at it, and seemed very glad when the bore of sitting was over; but they seemed to understand each other very well, or, if not, he reserved his questions till there could be no restraint upon the answer. He seemed a capital fellow, and I liked him exceedingly.

"I asked if I should frame the picture and send it home? No! I was to do neither. If I would be kind enough not to show it, nor to mention it to any one, and come the next day and dine with them *en famille*, Mrs. Titton would feel very much obliged to me. And this dinner was followed up by breakfasts and lunches and suppers, and, for a fortnight, I really lived with the Tittons—and pleasanter people to live with, by Jove, you haven't seen in your travels, though you *are* 'a picked man of countries!'

"I should mention, by the way, that I was always placed opposite Titton at table, and that he was a good deal with me, one way and another, taking me out, as you do, for a stroll, calling and sitting with me when I was at work, etc. And as to Mrs. Titton—if I did not mistrust your *arriere pensé*, I would enlarge a little on my intimacy with Mrs. Titton!—But, believe me when I tell you, that, without a ray of flirtation, we became as cozily intimate as brother and sister."

"And what of Lord George, all this time?" I asked.

"Oh, Lord George!—Well, Lord George of course had no difficulty in making Mrs. Titton's acquaintance, though they were not quite in the same circle, and he had been presented to her, and had seen her at a party or two, where he managed to be invited on purpose—but of this, for a while, I heard nothing. She had not yet seen him at her own house, and I had not chanced to encounter him. But let me go on with my story.

"Mrs. Titton sent for me to come to her, one morning rather early. I found her in her boudoir, in a *negligé* morning-dress, and looking adorably beautiful, and as pure as beautiful, you smiling villain! She seemed to have something on her mind about which she was a little embarrassed, but I knew her too well to lay any unction to my soul. We chatted about the weather a few moments, and she came to the point. You will see that she was a woman of some talent, *mon ami!*

"'Have you looked at my husband's portrait since you finished it?' she asked.

"'No, indeed!' I replied rather hastily—but immediately apologized.

"'Oh, if I had not been certain you would not,' she said with a smile, 'I should have requested it, for I wished you to forget it, as far as possible. And now let me tell you what I want of you! You have got, on canvass, a likeness of Fortescue as the world sees him. Since taking it, however, you have seen him more intimately, and—and—like his face better, do you not?'

"'Certainly! certainly!' I exclaimed, in all sincerity.

"'Thank you! If I mistake not, then, you do not, when thinking of him, call up to your mind the features in your portrait, but a face formed rather of his good qualities, as you have learned to trace them in his expression.'

"'True,' I said, 'very true!'

"'Now, then,' she continued, leaning over to me very earnestly, 'I want you to paint a new picture, and without departing from the real likeness, which you will have to guide you, breathe into it the expression you have in your ideal likeness. Add, to what the world sees, what I see, what you see, what all who love him see, in his plain features. Idealize it, spiritualize it—and without lessening the resemblance. Can this be done?'

"I thought it could. I promised to do my utmost.

"'I shall call and see you as you progress in it,' she said, 'and now, if you have nothing better to do, stay to lunch, and come out with me in the carriage. I want a little of your foreign taste in the selection of some pretty nothings for a gentleman's toilet.'

"We passed the morning in making what I should consider very extravagent purchases for anybody but a prince royal, winding up with some delicious cabinet pictures and some gems of statuary—all suited only, I should say, to the apartments of a fastidious luxuriast. I was not yet at the bottom of her secret.

"I went to work upon the new picture with the zeal always given to an artist by an appreciative and confiding employer. She called every day and made important suggestions, and at last I finished it to her satisfaction and mine; and, without speaking of it as a work of art, I may give you my opinion that Titton will scarcely be more embellished in the other world—that is, if it be true, as the divines tell us, that our mortal likeness will be so far preserved, though improved upon, that we shall be recognisable by our friends. Still I was to paint a third picture—a cabinet

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full length—and for this the other two were but studies, and so intended by Mrs. Fortescue Titton. It was to be an improvement upon Lord George's portrait (which of course had given her the idea), and was to represent her husband in a very costly, and an exceedingly *recherché* morning costume—dressing-gown, slippers, waistcoat, and neckcloth, worn with perfect elegance, and representing a Titton with a faultless attitude (in a *fauteuil*, reading), a faultless exterior, and around him the most sumptuous appliances of dressing-room luxury. This picture cost me a great deal of vexation and labor, for it was emphatically a *fancy* picture—poor Titton never having appeared in that character, even 'by particular desire.' I finished it however, and again, to her satisfaction. I afterward added some finishing touches to the other two, and sent them home, appropriately framed according to very minute instructions."

"How long ago was this?" I asked.

"Three years," replied S——, musing over his wine.

"Well—the sequel?" said I, a little impatient.

"I was thinking how I should let it break upon you, as it took effect upon her acquaintances—for, understand, Mrs. Titton is too much of a diplomatist to do anything obviously dramatic in this age of ridicule. She knows very well that any sudden 'flare-up' of her husband's consequence—any new light on his character obviously calling for attention—would awaken speculation and set to work the watchful anatomizers of the body fashionable. Let me see! I will tell you what I should have known about it, had I been only an ordinary acquaintance—not in the secret, and not the painter of the pictures.

"Some six months after the finishing of the last portrait, I was at a large ball at their house. Mrs. Titton's beauty, I should have told you, and the style in which they lived, and very possibly a little of Lord George's good will, had elevated them from the wealthy and respectable level of society to the fashionable and exclusive. All the best people went there. As I was going in, I overtook, at the head of the stairs, a very clever little widow, an acquaintance of mine, and she honored me by taking my arm and keeping it for a promenade through the rooms. We made our bow to Mrs. Titton and strolled across the reception room, where the most conspicuous object, dead facing us, with a flood of light upon it, was my first veracious portrait of Titton! As I was not known as the artist, I indulged myself in some commonplace exclamations of horror.

"'Do not look at that,' said the widow, 'you will distress poor Mrs. Titton. What a quiz that clever husband of hers must be to insist on exposing such a caricature!'

"'How insist upon it?' I asked.

"'Why, have you never seen the one in her boudoir? Come with me!'

"We made our way through the apartments to the little retreat lined with silk, which the morning lounge of the fair mistress of the house. There was but one picture, with a curtain drawn carefully across it—my second portrait! We sat down on the luxurious cushions, and the widow went off into a discussion of it and the original, pronouncing it a perfect likeness, not at all flattered, and very soon begging me to redraw the curtain, lest we should be surprised by Mr. Titton himself.

"'And suppose we were?' said I.

"'Why, he is such an oddity!' replied the widow lowering her tone. 'They say that in this very house he has a suite of apartments entirely to himself, furnished with a taste and luxury really wonderful! There are *two* Mr. Tittons, my dear friend!—one a perfect Sybarite, very elegant in his dress when he chooses to be, excessively accomplished and fastidious, and brilliant and fascinating to a degree!—(and in this character they say he won that superb creature for a wife), and the other Mr. Titton is just the slovenly monster that everybody sees! Isn't it odd!'

"'Queer enough!' said I, affecting great astonishment; 'pray, have you ever been into these mysterious apartments?'

"'No!—they say only his wife and himself and one confidential servant ever pass the threshold. Mrs. Titton don't like to talk about it—though one would think she could scarcely object to her husband's being thought better of. It's pride on his part—sheer pride—and I can understand the feeling very well! He's a very superior man, and he has made up his mind that the world thinks him very awkward and ugly, and he takes a pleasure in showing the world that he don't care a rush for its opinion, and has resources quite sufficient within himself. That's the reason that atrocious portrait is hung up in the best room, and this good-looking one covered up with a curtain! I suppose *this* wouldn't be here if he could have his own way, and if his wife wasn't so much in love with him!'

"This, I assure you," said S——, "is the impression throughout their circle of acquaintances. The Tittons themselves maintain a complete silence on the subject. Mr. Fortescue Titton is considered a very accomplished man, with a very proud and very secret contempt for the opinions of the world—dressing badly on purpose, silent and simple by design, and only caring to show himself in his real character to his beautiful wife, who is thought to be completely in love with him, and quite excusable for it! What do you think of the woman's diplomatic talents?"

"I think I should like to know her," said I; "but what says Lord George to all this?"

"I had a call from Lord George not long ago," replied S——, "and for the first time since our chat at Somerset-House, the conversation turned upon the Tittons.

"'Devilish sly of you!' said his lordship, turning to me half angry, 'why did you pretend not to know the woman at Somerset-House? You might have saved me lots of trouble and money, for I was a month or two finding out what sort of people they were—feeing the servants and getting them called on and invited here and there—all with the idea that it was a rich donkey with a fine toy that didn't belong to him!"

"'Well!' exclaimed I—

"'*Well!*—not at all well! I made a great ninny of myself, with that satirical slyboots, old Titton, laughing at me all the time, when you, that had painted him in his proper character and knew what a deep devil he was, might have saved me with but half a hint!'

"'You have been in the lady's boudoir then!'

"'Yes, and in the gentleman's *sanctum sanctorum!* Mrs. Titton sent for me about some trumpery thing or other, and when I called, the servant showed me in there by mistake. There was a great row in the house about it, but I was there long enough to see what a monstrous nice time the fellow has of it, all to himself, and to see your picture of him in his private character. The picture you made of *me* was only a copy of that, you sly traitor! And I suppose Mrs. Titton didn't like your stealing from hers, did she—for, I take it that was what ailed her at the exhibition, when you allowed me to be so humbugged!'

"I had a good laugh, but it was as much at the quiet success of Mrs. Titton's tactics as at Lord George's discomfiture. Of course, I could not undeceive him. And now," continued S——, very good-naturedly, "just ring for a pen and ink, and I'll write a note to Mrs. Titton, asking leave to bring you there this evening, for it's her 'night at home,' and *she's* worth seeing, if my pictures, which you will see there, are not."

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BROWN'S DAY WITH THE MIMPSONS.

We got down from an omnibus in Charing-Cross.

"Sovereign or ha'penny?" said the cad, rubbing the coin between his thumb and finger.

"Sovereign, of course!" said B——— confidently, pocketing the change which the man had ready for the emergency in a bit of brown paper.

It was a muggy, misty, London twilight. I was coming up to town from Blackheath, and in the crowded vehicle had chanced to encounter my compatriot B——— (call it Brown), who had been lionizing the Thames tunnel. In the course of conversation, it came out that we were both on the town for our dinner, and as we were both guests at the Traveller's Club, we had pulled the omnibus-string at the nearest point, and, after the brief dialogue recorded above, strolled together down Pall Mall.

As we sat waiting for our fish, one of us made a remark as to the difference of *feel* between gold and copper coin, and Brown, fishing in his pocket for money to try the experiment, discovered that the doubt of the cad was well founded, for he had unconsciously passed a halfpenny for a sovereign.

"People are very apt to take your coin at your own valuation!" said Brown, with a smile of some meaning, "and when they are in the dark as to your original coinage (as the English are with regard to Americans abroad), it is as easy to pass for gold as for copper. Indeed, you may pass for both in a day, as I have lately had experience. Remind me presently to tell you how. Here comes the fried sole, and it's troublesome talking when there are bones to fight shy of—the '*flow of sole*' to the contrary notwithstanding."

I will take advantage of the *hiatus* to give the reader a slight idea of my friend, as a preparation for his story.

Brown was the "mirror of courtesy." He was also the mirror of vulgarity. And he was the *mirror* of everything else. He had that facility of adaptation to the society he was in, which made him seem born for that society, and that only; and, without calculation or forethought—by an unconscious instinct, indeed—he cleverly reflected the man and manners before him. The result was a popularity of a most varied quality. Brown was a man of moderate fortune and no profession. He had travelled for some years on the continent, and had encountered all classes of Englishmen, from peers to green-grocers, and as he had a visit to England in prospect, he seldom parted from the most chance acquaintance without a volunteer of letters of introduction, exchange of addresses, and similar tokens of having "pricked through his castle wall." When he did arrive in London, at last, it was with a budget like the postman's on Valentine's day, and he had only to deliver one letter in a score to be put on velvet in any street or square within the bills of mortality. Sagacious enough to know that the gradations of English society have the facility of a cat's back (smooth enough from the head downward), he began with a most noble duke, and at the date of his introduction to the reader, was on the dinner-list of most of the patricians of May Fair.

Presuming that you see your man, dear reader, let us come at once to the removal of the cloth.

"As I was calling myself to account, the other day, over my breakfast," said Brown, filling his glass and pushing the bottle, "it occurred to me that my round of engagements required some little variation. There's a '*toujours perdrix*,' even among lords and ladies, particularly when you belong as much to their sphere, and are as likely to become a part of it, as the fly revolving in aristocratic dust on the wheel of my lord's carriage. I thought, perhaps, I had better see some other sort of people.

"I had, under a *presse papier* on the table, about a hundred letters of introduction—the condemned remainder, after the selection, by advice, of four or five only. I determined to cut this heap like a pack of cards, and follow up the trump.

"'*John Mimpson, Esq., House of Mimpson and Phipps, Mark's Lane, London.*'

"The gods had devoted me to the acquaintance of Mr. (and probably Mrs.) John Mimpson. After turning over a deal of rubbish in my mind, I remembered that the letter had been given me five years before by an American merchant—probably the correspondent of the firm in Mark's Lane. It was a sealed letter, and said in brackets on the back, '*Introducing Mr. Brown.*' I had a mind to give it up and cut again, for I could not guess on what footing I was introduced, nor did I know what had become of the writer—nor had I a very clear idea how long a letter of recommendation will hold its virtue. It struck me again that these difficulties rather gave it a zest, and I would abide by the oracle. I dressed, and, as the day was fine, started to stroll leisurely through the Strand and Fleet street, and look into the shop-windows on my way—assuring myself, at least, thus much of diversion in my adventure.

"Somewhere about two o'clock, I left daylight behind, and plunged into Mark's Lane. Up one side and down the other—'Mimpson and Co.' at last, on a small brass plate, set in a green baize door. With my unbuttoned coat nearly wiped off my shoulder by the strength of the pulley, I shoved through, and emerged in a large room, with twenty or thirty clerks perched on high stools, like monkeys in a menagerie.

"'First door right!' said the nearest man, without raising his eyes from the desk, in reply to my inquiry for Mr. Mimpson.

"I entered a closet, lighted by a slanting skylight, in which sat my man.

"'Mr. John Mimpson?'

"'Mr. John Mimpson!'

"After this brief dialogue of accost, I produced my letter, and had a second's leisure to examine my new friend while he ran his eye over the contents. He was a rosy, well-conditioned, tight-skinned little man, with black hair, and looked like a pear on a chair. (Hang the bothering rhymes!) His legs were completely hid under the desk, so that the ascending eye began with his equatory line, and whether he had no shoulders or no neck, I could not well decide—but it was a tolerably smooth plane from his seat to the top curl of his sinciput. He was scrupulously well dressed, and had that highly washed look which marks the city man in London—bent on not betraying his 'diggins' by his complexion.

"I answered Mr. Mimpson's inquiries about our mutual friend with rather a hazardous particularity, and assured him he was quite well (I have since discovered that he has been dead three years), and conversation warmed between us for ten minutes, till we

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were ready to part sworn friends. I rose to go, and the merchant seemed very much perplexed.

"'To-morrow,' said he, rubbing the two great business bumps over his eyebrows—'no—yes—that is to say, Mrs. Mimpson—well, it *shall* be to-morrow! Can you come out to Rose Lodge, and spend the day to-morrow?'

"'With great pleasure,' said I, for I was determined to follow my trump letter to extremities.

"'Mrs. Mimpson,' he next went on to say, as he wrote down the geography of Rose Lodge—'Mrs. Mimpson expects some friends to-morrow—indeed, some of her very choice friends. If you come early, you will see more of her than if you just save your dinner. Bring your carpetbag, of course, and stay over night. Lunch at two—dine at seven. I can't be there to receive you myself, but I will prepare Mrs. Mimpson to save you all trouble of introduction. Hampstead road. Good morning, my dear sir.'

"So, I am in for a suburban bucolic, thought I, as I regained daylight in the neighborhood of the Mansion House.

"It turned out a beautiful day, sunny and warm; and had I been sure of my navigation, and sure of my disposition to stay all night, I should have gone out by the Hampstead coach, and made the best of my way, carpetbag in hand. I went into Newman's for a postchaise, however, and on showing him the written address, was agreeably surprised to find he knew Rose Lodge. His boys had all been there.

"Away I went through the Regent's park, behind the blood-posters, blue jacket and white hat, and, somewhere about one o'clock, mounted Hampstead Hill, and in ten minutes thence was at my destination. The postboy was about driving in at the open gate, but I dismounted and sent him back to the inn to leave his horses, and then depositing my bag at the porter's lodge, walked up the avenue. It was a much finer place, altogether, than I expected to see.

"Mrs. Mimpson was in the garden. The dashing footman who gave me the information, led me through a superb drawing-room and out at a glass door upon the lawn, and left me to make my own way to the lady's presence.

"It was a delicious spot, and I should have been very glad to ramble about by myself till dinner, but, at a turn in the grand-walk, I came suddenly upon two ladies.

"I made my bow, and begged leave to introduce myself as 'Mr. Brown.'

"With a very slight inclination of the head, and no smile whatever, one of the ladies asked me if I had walked from town, and begged her companion (without introducing me to her) to show me in to lunch. The spokester was a stout and tall woman, who had rather an aristocratic nose, and was not handsome, but, to give her her due, she had made a narrow escape of it. She was dressed very showily, and evidently had great pretensions; but, that she was not at all glad to see Mr. Brown, was as apparent as was at all necessary. As the other, and younger lady, who was to accompany me, however, was very pretty, though dressed very plainly, and had, withal, a look in her eye which assured me she was amused with my unwelcome apparition, I determined, as I should not otherwise have done, to stay it out, and accepted her convoy with submissive civility—very much inclined, however, to be impudent to somebody, somehow.

"The lunch was on a tray in a side-room, and I rang the bell and ordered a bottle of champagne. The servant looked surprised, but brought it, and meantime I was getting through the weather and the other commonplaces, and the lady saying little, was watching me very calmly. I liked her looks, however, and was sure she was not a Mimpson.

"'Hand this to Miss Armstrong!' said I to the footman, pouring out a glass of champagne.

"'Miss Bellamy, you mean, sir.'

"I rose and bowed, and, with as grave a courtesy as I could command, expressed my pleasure at my first introduction to Miss Bellamy—through Thomas, the footman! Miss Bellamy burst into a laugh, and was pleased to compliment my American manners, and in ten minutes we were a very merry pair of friends, and she accepted my arm for a stroll through the grounds, carefully avoiding the frigid neighborhood of Mrs. Mimpson.

"Of course I set about picking Miss Bellamy's brains for what information I wanted. She turned out quite the nicest creature I had seen in England—fresh, joyous, natural, and clever; and as I was delivered over to her bodily, by her keeper and feeder, she made no scruple of promenading me through the grounds till the dressing-bell—four of the most agreeable hours I have to record in my travels.

"By Miss Bellamy's account, my advent that day was looked upon by Mrs. Mimpson as an enraging calamity. Mrs. Mimpson was, herself, fourth cousin to a Scotch lord, and the plague of her life was the drawback to the gentility of her parties in Mimpson's mercantile acquaintance. She had married the little man for his money, and had thought, by living out of town, to choose her own society, with her husband for her only incumbrance; but Mimpson vowed that he should be ruined in Mark's Lane, if he did not house and dine his mercantile fraternity and their envoys at Rose Lodge, and they had at last compromised the matter. No Yankee clerk, or German agent, or person of any description, defiled by trade, was to be invited to the Lodge without a three days' premonition to Mrs. Mimpson, and no additions were to be made, whatever, by Mr. M., to *Mrs.* M's dinners, soirées, matinees, archery parties, suppers, dejeuners, tableaux, or private theatricals. This holy treaty, Mrs. Mimpson presumed, was written 'with a gad of steel on a leaf of brass'—inviolable as her cousin's coat-of-arms.

"But there was still 'Ossa on Pelion.' The dinner of that day had a diplomatic aim. Miss Mimpson (whom I had not yet seen) was ready to 'come out,' and her mother had embarked her whole soul in the enterprise of bringing about that *debut* at Almack's. Her best card was a certain Lady S——, who chanced to be passing a few days in the neighborhood, and this dinner was in *her* honor—the company chosen to impress *her* with the exclusiveness of the Mimpsons, and the prayer for her ladyship's influence (to procure vouchers from one of the patronesses) was to be made, when she was 'dieted to their request.' And all had hitherto worked to a charm. Lady S—— had accepted—Ude had sent his best cook from Crockford's—the Belgian *chargé* and a Swedish *attaché* were coming—the day was beautiful, and the Lodge was sitting for its picture; and on the very morning, when every chair at the table was ticketed and devoted, what should Mr. Mimpson do, but send back a special messenger from the city, to say that he had forgotten to mention to Mrs. M. at breakfast, that he had invited Mr. Brown! Of course he had *forgotten* it, though it would have been as much as his eyes were worth to mention it in person to Mrs. Mimpson.

"To this information, which I give you in a lump, but which came to light in the course of rather a desultory conversation, Miss Bellamy thought I had some title, from the rudeness of my reception. It was given in the shape of a very clever banter, it is true, but she was evidently interested to set me right with regard to Mr. Mimpson's good intentions in my behalf, and, as far as that and her own civilities would do it, to apologise for the inhospitality of Rose Lodge.

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Very kind of the girl—for I was passing, recollect, at a most ha'penny valuation.

"I had made some casual remark touching the absurdity of Almack's aspirations in general, and Mrs. Mimpson's in particular, and my fair friend, who of course fancied an Almack's ticket as much out of Mr. Brown's reach as the horn of the new moon, took up the defence of Mrs. Mimpson on that point, and undertook to dazzle my untutored imagination by a picture of this seventh heaven—as she had heard it described—for to herself, she freely confessed, it was not even within the limits of dream-land. I knew this was true of herself, and thousands of highly-educated and charming girls in England; but still, looking at her while she spoke, and seeing what an ornament she would be to any ballroom in the world, I realized, with more repugnance than I had ever felt before, the arbitrary barriers of fashion and aristocracy. As accident had placed me in a position to 'look on the reverse of the shield,' I determined, if possible, to let Miss Bellamy judge of its color with the same advantage. It is not often that a plebeian like myself has the authority to

> "'Bid the pebbles on the hungry beach
> Fillip the stars.'

"We were near the open window of the library, and I stepped in and wrote a note to Lady ——— (one of the lady patronesses, and the kindest friend I have in England), asking for three vouchers for the next ball. I had had occasion once or twice before to apply for similar favors, for the countrywomen of my own, passing through London on their travels, and I knew that her ladyship thought no more of granting them than of returning bows in Hyde Park. I did not name the ladies for whom the three tickets were intended, wishing to reserve the privilege of handing one to Miss Mimpson, should she turn out civil and presentable. The third, of course, was to Miss Bellamy's chaperon, whoever that might be, and the party *might* be extended to a quartette by the 'Monsieur De Trop' of the hour—*cela selon.* Quite a dramatic plot—wasn't it?

"I knew that Lady ——— was not very well, and would be found at home by the messenger (my postboy), and there was time enough between soup and coffee to go to London and back, even without the spur in his pocket.

"The bell rang, and Miss Bellamy took herself off to dress. I went to my carpetbag in the bachelor quarters of the house, and through a discreet *entretien* with the maid who brought me hot water, became somewhat informed as to my fair friend's position in the family. She was the daughter of a gentleman who had seen better days. They lived in a retired cottage in the neighborhood; and, as Miss Bellamy and a younger sister were both very highly accomplished, they were usually asked to the Lodge, whenever there was company to be entertained with their music.

"I was early in the drawing-room, and found there Mrs. Mimpson and a tall dragoon of a young lady I presumed to be her daughter. She did not introduce me. I had hardly achieved my salutary *salaam* when Miss Bellamy came in opportunely, and took me off their hands, and as they addressed no conversation to us, we turned over music, and chatted in the corner while the people came in. It was twilight in the reception-room, and I hoped, by getting on the same side of the table with Lady S——— (whom I had the honor of knowing), to escape recognizance till we joined the ladies in the drawing-room after dinner. As the guests arrived, they were formally introduced to Miss Mimpson by the mother, and everybody but myself was formally presented to Lady S———, the exception not noticeable, of course, among thirty people. Mr. Mimpson came late from the city, possibly anxious to avoid a skirmish on the subject of his friend Brown, and he entered the room barely in time to hand Lady S——— in to dinner.

"My tactics were ably seconded by my unconscious ally. I placed myself in such a position at table, that, by a little management, I kept Miss Bellamy's head between me and Lady S———, and my name was not so remarkable as to draw attention to me when called on to take wine with the peccant spouse of the Scotch lord's cousin. Meantime I was very charmingly entertained—Miss Bellamy not having, at all, the fear of Mrs. Mimpson before her eyes, and apparently finding the Yankee supercargo, or cotton clerk, or whatever he might be, quite worth trying her hand upon. The provender was good, and the wine was enough to verify the apocrypha—at least for the night—'a man remembering neither sorrow nor debt' with such glorious claret.

"As I was *vis-a-vis* to Miss Mimpson, and only two plates removed from her mother, I was within reach of some syllable or some civility, and one would have thought that good-breeding might exact some slight notice for the devil himself, under one's own roof by invitation; but the large eyes of Miss Aurelia and her mamma passed over me as if I had on the invisible ring of Gyges. I wonder, by-the-way, whether the ambitious youths who go to London and Paris with samples, and come back and sport 'the complete varnish of a man' acquired in foreign society—I wonder whether they take these rubs to be part of their polishing!

"The ladies rose and left us, and as I had no more occasion to dodge heads, or trouble myself with humility, I took Lady S———'s place at old Mimpson's right hand, and was immediately recognised with great *empressement* by the Belgian *chargé*, who had met me 'very often, in very agreeable society.' Mimpson stared, and evidently took it for a bit of flummery or a mistake; but he presently stared again, for the butler came in with a coronetted note on his silver tray, and the seal side up, and presented it to me with a most deferential bend of his white coat. I felt the vouchers within, and pocketed it without opening, and we soon after rose and went to the drawing-room for our coffee.

"Lady S——— sat with her back to the door, besieged by Mrs. Mimpson; and at the piano, beside Miss Bellamy, who was preparing to play, stood one of the loveliest young creatures possibly to fancy. A pale and high-bred looking lady in widow's weeds sat near them, and I had no difficulty in making out who were the after-dinner additions to the party. I joined them, and was immediately introduced by Miss Bellamy to her mother and sister, with whom (after a brilliant duet by the sisters) I strolled out upon the lawn for an hour—for it was a clear night, and the moon and soft air almost took me back to Italy. And (perhaps by a hint from Miss Bellamy) I was allowed to get on very expeditiously in my acquaintance with her mother and sister.

"My new friends returned to the drawing-room, and as the adjoining library was lighted, I went in and filled up the blank vouchers with the names of Mrs. Bellamy and her daughters. I listened a moment to the conversation in the next room. The subject was Almack's, and was discussed with great animation. Lady S———, who seemed to me trying to escape the trap they had baited for her, was quietly setting forth the difficulties of procuring vouchers, and recommending to Mrs. Mimpson not to subject herself to the mortification of a refusal. Old Mimpson backed up this advice with a stout approval, and this brought Mrs. Mimpson out 'horse and foot,' and she declared that she would submit to anything. do anything, give anything, rather than fail in this darling object of her ambition. She would feel under eternal

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inexpressible obligations to any friend who would procure, for herself and daughter, admission for but one night to Almack's.

"And then came in the sweet voice of Miss Bellamy, who 'knew it was both wrong and silly, but she would give ten years of her life to go to one of Almack's balls, and in a long conversation she had had with Mr. Brown on the subject that morning——'

"'Ah!' interrupted Lady S———, 'if it had been *the* Mr. Brown, you would have had very little trouble about it.'

"'And who is *the* Mr. Brown?' asked Mrs. Mimpson.

"'The pet and *protegé* of the only lady patroness I do not visit,' said Lady S———, 'and unluckily, too, the only one who thinks the vouchers great rubbish, and gives them away without thought or scruple.'

"At that moment I entered the room.

"'Good heavens!' screamed Lady S———, 'is that his ghost? Why, Mr. Brown!' she gasped, giving me her hand very cautiously, 'do you appear when you are talked of like—like—like——'

"'Like the devil? No! But I am here in the body, and very much at your ladyship's service,' said I, 'for of course you are going to the duke's to-night, and so am I. Will you take me with you, or shall my *po-chay* follow where I belong—in your train?"

"'I'll take you, of course,' said her ladyship, rising, 'but first about these vouchers. You have just come, and didn't hear our discussion. Mrs. Mimpson is extremely anxious that her daughter should come out at Almack's, and as I happened to say, the moment before you entered, that you were the very person to procure the tickets from Lady ———. How *very* odd that you should come in just then! But tell us—can you?'

"A dead silence followed the question. Mrs. Mimpson sat with her eyes on the floor, the picture of dismay and mortification. Miss Mimpson blushed and twisted her handkerchief, and Miss Bellamy looked at her hostess, half amused and half distressed.

"I handed the three vouchers to Miss Bellamy, and begged her acceptance of them, and then turning to Lady S———, without waiting for a reply, regretted that, not having had the pleasure of being presented to Mrs. Mimpson, I had not felt authorized to include her in my effort to oblige Miss Bellamy.

"And what with old Mimpson's astonishment, and Lady S———'s immediate tact in covering, by the bustle of departure, what she did not quite understand, though she knew it was some awkward *contre temps* or other, I found time to receive Miss Bellamy's thanks, and get permission from the mother to call and arrange this unexpected party, and in ten minutes I was on my way to London with Lady S———, amusing her almost into fits with my explanations of the Mimpson mystery.

"Lady S——— was to be still at Hampstead for a few days, and, at my request, she called with me on the Bellamys, and invited the girls up to town. Rose Bellamy, the younger, is at this moment one of the new stars of the season accordingly, and Miss Bellamy and I carry on the war, weekly, at Almack's, and nightly at some waxlight paradise or other, and Lady S——— has fallen in love with them both, and treats them like daughters.

"So you see, though I passed for a ha'penny with the Mimpsons, I turned out a sovereign to the Bellamys.

"Pass the bottle!"

MR. AND MRS. FOLLETT;

OR, THE DANGERS OF MEDDLING WITH MARRIED PEOPLE.

THERE are two commodities, much used by gentlemen, neither of which will bear tinkering or tampering with—matrimony and patent leather. Their necessities are fair weather and untroubled wear and tear. Ponder on the following melancholy example!

My friend Follett married a lady contrary to my advice. I gave the advice contrary to my wont and against my will. He would have it. The lady was a tolerably pretty woman, on whose original destiny it was never written that she should be a belle. How she became one is not much matter; but nature being thoroughly taken by surprise with her success, had neglected to provide the counterpoise. I say it is no great matter how she became a belle—nor is it—for if such things were to be accounted for to the satisfaction of the sex, the world have little time for other speculations; but I will devote a single paragraph to the elucidation of this one of many mysteries, for a reason I have. *Fœnam habet in cornu.*

Poets are the least fastidious, and the least discriminating of men, in their admiration of women (*vide Byron*), partly because their imagination, like sunshine, glorifies all that turns to it, and partly because the voluptuous heart, without which they were not poets, is both indolent and imperial, from both causes waiting always *to be sought*. In some circles, bards are rather comets than stars, and the one whose orbit for a few days intersected that of Miss Adele Burnham, was the exclusive marvel of the hour. Like other poets, the one of which I speak was concentrative in his attentions, and he chose (*why*, the gods knew better than the belles of the season) to have neither eyes nor ears, flowers, flatteries, nor verses, for any other than Miss Burnham. He went on his way, but the incense, in which he had enveloped the blest Adele, lingered like a magic atmosphere about her, and Tom Follett and all his tribe breathed it in blind adoration. I trust the fair reader has here nodded her head, in evidence that this history of the belleship of Miss Burnham is no less brief than natural and satisfactory.

When Follett came to me with the astounding information that he intended to propose to Miss Burnham (he had already proposed and been accepted, the traitor)! my fancy at once took the prophetic stride so natural on the first breaking of such news, and in the five minutes which I took for reflection, I had travelled far into that land of few delusions—holy matrimony. Before me, in all the changeful variety of a magic mirror, came and went the many phases of which that multiform creature, woman, is susceptible. I saw her in diamonds and satin, and in kitchen-apron and curl-papers; in delight, and in the dumps; in supplication, and in resistance; shod like a fairy in French shoes, and slip-shod (as perhaps fairies are, too, in their bedrooms and dairies). I saw her approaching the climacteric of age, and receding from it—a mother, a nurse, an invalid—mum over her breakfast, chatty over her tea—doing the honors at Tom's table, and mend-

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ing with sober diligence Tom's straps and suspenders. The kaleidoscope of fancy exhausted its combinations.

"Tom!" said I (looking up affectionately, for he was one of my weaknesses, was Tom, and I indulged myself in loving him without a reason), "Miss Burnham is in the best light where she is. If she cease to be a belle, as of course she will, should she marry ———"

"Of course!" interrupted Tom very gravely.

"Well, in that case, she lays off the goddess, trust me! You will like her to dress plainly ———"

"Quite plain!"

"And stripped of her plumage, your bird of paradise would be nothing but a very indifferent hen—with the disadvantage of remembering that she had been a bird of paradise."

"But it was not her dress that attracted the brilliant author of ———"

Possibly not. But as the false gods of mythology are only known by their insignia, Jupiter by his thunderbolt, and Mercury by his talaria and caduceus, so a woman, worshipped by accident, will find a change of exterior nothing less than a laying aside of her divinity. That's a didactic sentence, but you will know what I mean, when I tell you that I myself can not see a pair of coral ear-rings without a sickness of the heart, though the woman who once wore them, and who slighted me twenty years ago, sits before me in church, without diverting a thought from the sermon. Don't marry her, Tom!"

Six weeks after this conversation, I was at the wedding, and the reader will please pass to the rear the six succeeding months—short time as it seems—to record a change in the bland sky of matrimony. It was an ellipse in our friendship as well; for advice (contrary to our wishes and intentions) is apt to be resented, and I fancied, from the northerly bows I received from Mrs. Follett, that my friend had made a merit to her of having married contrary to my counsel. At the end of this period Tom called on me.

Follett, I should have said, was a man of that undecided exterior which is perfectly at the mercy of a cravat or waistcoat. He looked "snob" or "nob," according to the care with which he had made his toilet. While a bachelor, of course, he could never afford in public a negligence or a mistake, and was invariably an elegant man, harmonious and "pin-point" from straps to whiskers. But alas! the security of wedded life! When Tom entered my room, I perused him as a walking homily. His coat, still made on the old measure, was buttoned only at the top, the waist being rather snug, and his waistcoat pockets loaded with the copper which in his gayer days he always left on the counter. His satin cravat was frayed and brownish, with the tie slipped almost under his ear. The heel of his right boot (he trod straight on the other foot) almost looked him in the face. His pantaloons (the one article of dress in which there are no gradations—nothing, if not perfect) were bulged and strained. He wore a frightfully new hat, no gloves, and carried a baggy brown umbrella, which was, in itself, a most expressive portrait of "gone to seed." Tom entered with his usual uppish carriage, and, through the how-d'ye-dos, and the getting into his chair, carried off the old manner to a charm. In talking of the weather, a moment after, his eye fell on his stumpy umbrella, which, with an unconscious memory of an old affectation with his cane, he was balancing on the toe of his boot, and the married look slid over him like a mist. Down went his head between his shoulders, and down went the corners of his mouth—down the inflation of his chest like a collapsed balloon; and down, in its youth and expression it seemed to me, every muscle of his face. He had assumed in a minute the style and countenance of a man ten years older.

I smiled. How could I but smile!

"Then you have heard of it!" exclaimed Tom, suddenly starting to his feet, and flushing purple to the roots of his hair.

"Heard of what?"

My look of surprise evidently took him aback; and, seating himself again with confused apologies, Tom proceeded to "make a clean breast," on a subject which I had not anticipated.

It seemed that, far from moulting her feathers after marriage, according to my prediction, Mrs. Follett clearly thought that she had not yet "strutted her hour," and, though everything Tom could wish behind the curtain, in society she had flaunted and flirted, not merely with no diminution of zest from the wedding-day, but, her husband was of opinion, with a ratio alarmingly increasing. Her present alliance was with a certain Count Hautenbas, the lion of the moment, and though doubtless one in which vanity alone was active, Tom's sense of connubial propriety was at its last gasp. He could stand it no longer. He wished my advice in the choice between two courses. Should he call out the Frenchman, or should he take advantage of the law's construction of "moral insanity," and shut her up in a mad-house.

My advice had been of so little avail in the first instance, that I shrank from troubling Tom with any more of it, and certainly should have evaded it altogether, but for an experiment I wished to make, as much for my own satisfaction as for the benefit of that large class, the unhappy married.

"Your wife is out every night, I suppose, Tom?"

"Every night when she has no party at home."

"Do you go with her always?"

"I go *for* her usually—but the truth is, that since I married, parties bore me, and after seeing my wife off, I commonly smoke and snooze, or read, or run into Bob Thomas's and 'talk horse,' till I have just time to be in at the death."

"And when you get there, you don't dance?"

"Not I, faith! I haven't danced since I was married!"

"But you used to be the best waltzer of the day."

"Well, the music sometimes gets into my heels now, but, when I remember I am married, the fit cools off. The deuce take it! a married man shouldn't be seen whirling round the room with a girl in his arms!"

"I presume that were you still single, you would fancy your chance to be as good for ladies' favors as any French count's that ever came over?"

"Ehem! why—yes!"

Tom pulled up his collar.

"And if you had access to her society all day and all night, and the Frenchman only an hour or two in the evening, any given lady being the object, you would bet freely on your own head?"

"I see your drift," said Tom, with a melancholy smile, "but it won't do!"

"No, indeed—it is what *would* have done. You had at the start a much better chance with your wife than Count Hautenbas; but husbands and lovers are the 'hare and the tortoise' of the fable. We must resort now to other means. Will you *follow* my advice, as well as *take* it, should I be willing again to burn my fingers in your affairs?"

The eagerness of Tom's protestations quite made the *amende* to my mortified self-complacency, and I entered zealousy into my little plot for his happiness. At this moment I heartily wish I had sent him and his affairs to the devil, and (lest I should forget it at the close of this tale) I here caution all men, single and double, against "meddling or making," marring or mending, in matrimonial matters. The alliteration may, perhaps, impress this salutary counsel on the mind of the reader.

I passed the remainder of the day in repairing the damage of Tom's person. I had his whiskers curled

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and trimmed even (his left whisker was an inch nearer his nose than the right), and his teeth looked to by the dentist. I stood by, to be sure that there was no carelessness in his selection of patent leathers, and on his assuring me that he was otherwise well provided, I suffered him to go home to dress, engaging him to dine with me at seven.

He was punctual to the hour. By Jove, I could scarce believe it was the same man. The consciousness of being well dressed seemed to have brightened his eyes and lips, as it certainly changed altogether his address and movements. He had a narrow escape of being handsome. After all, it is only a "man of mark," or an Apollo, who can well afford to neglect the outer man; and a judicious negligence, or a judicious plainness, is probably worth the attention of both the man of mark and the Apollo. Tom was quite another order of creature—a butterfly that was just now a worm—and would have been treated with more consideration in consequence, even by those least tolerant of "the pomps and vanities." We dined temperately, and I superseded the bottle by a cup of strong green tea, at an early moment after the removal of the cloth, determined to have Tom's wits in as full dress as his person. Without being at all a brilliant man, he was—the next best thing—a steady absorbent; and as most women are more fond of giving than receiving in all things, but particularly in conversation, I was not uneasy as to his power of making himself agreeable. Nor was *he*, faith!

The ball of the night was at the house of an old friend of my own, and Mr. and Mrs. Follett were but newly introduced to the circle. I had the company very clearly in my eye, therefore, while casting about for *dramatis personæ*, and fixing upon Mrs. Beverly Fairlie, for the prominent character, I assured success, though being very much in love with that coquettish widow myself, I had occasion for some self-denial in the matter. Of Mrs. Fairlie's weak points (on which it seemed necessary that I should enlighten Tom), I had information not to be acquired short of summering and wintering her, and with my eye solely directed to its effect upon Mrs. Follett, I put the clues into my friend's hands in a long after-dinner conversation. As he seemed impatient to open the campaign after getting these definite and valuable instructions, I augured well for his success, and we entered the ball-room in high spirits.

It was quite enough to say to the mischievous widow that another woman was to be piqued by any attentions she might choose to pay Mr. Follett. Having said thus much, and presented Tom, I sought out Mrs. Follett myself, with the double purpose of breaking up the monopoly of Mons. Hautenbas, and of directing her attention, should it be necessary, to the suavities between Tom and the widow.

It was a superb ball, and the music, as Tom said, went to the heels. The thing he did well was waltzing, and after taking a turn or two with Mrs. Fairlie, the *rustic* dame ran up to Mrs. Follett with the most innocent air imaginable, and begged the loan of her husband for the rest of the evening! I did not half like the look of earnest with which she entered into the affair, indeed, and there was little need of my taking much trouble to enlighten Mrs. Follett; for a woman so surprised with a six months' husband I never saw. They were so capitally matched, Tom and the widow, in size, motion, style of waltzing, and all, that not we only, but the whole party, were occupied with observing and admiring them. Mrs. Follett and I (for a secret sympathy, somehow, drew us together, as the thing went on) kept up a broken conversation, in which the count was even less interested than we; and after a few ineffectual attempts to draw her into the tea-room, the Frenchman left us in pique, and we gave ourselves up to the observation of the couple who (we presumed) severally belonged to us. They carried on the war famously, to be sure! Mrs. Fairlie was a woman who could do as she liked, because she *would*; and she cared not a straw for the very *pronouncé* demonstration of engrossing one man for all the quadrilles, waltzes, and galopades, beside being with him to supper. Once or twice I tried to find an excuse for leaving Mrs. Follett, to put in an oar for myself; but the little woman clung to me as if she had not the courage to undertake another person's amusement, and, new and sudden as the feeling must have been, she was pale and wretched, with a jealousy more bitter probably than mine. Tom never gave me a look after the first waltz; and as to the widow, she played her part with rather more zeal than we set down for her. I passed altogether an uncomfortable night, for a gay one, and it was a great relief to me when Mrs. Follett asked me to send Tom for the carriage.

"Be so kind as to send a servant for it," said Follett, very coolly, "and say to Mrs. Follett, that I will join her at home. I am going to sup, or rather breakfast, with Mrs. Beverly Fairlie!"

Here was a mess!

"Shall I send the count for your shawl?" I asked, after giving this message, and wishing to know whether she was this side of pride in her unhappiness.

The little woman burst into tears.

"I will sit in the cloak-room till my husband is ready," she said; "go to him, if you please, and implore him to come and speak to me."

As I said before, I wished the whole plot to the devil. We had achieved our object, it is true—and so did the man who knocked the breath out of his friend's body, in killing a fly on his back. Tom is now (this was years ago) a married flirt of some celebrity, for after coming out of the widow's hands with a three months' education, he had quite forgot to be troubled about Mrs. Follett; and instead of neglecting his dress, which was his only sin when I took him in hand, he now neglects his wife, who sees him, as women are apt to see their husbands, through other women's eyes. I presume they are doomed to quite as much unhappiness as would have fallen to their lot, had I let them alone—had Mrs. Follett ran away with the Frenchman, and had Tom died a divorced sloven. But when I think that, beside achieving little for them, I was the direct means of spoiling Mrs. Beverly Fairlie for myself, I think I may write myself down as a warning to *meddlers in matrimony*.

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THE COUNTESS NYSCHRIEM,

AND THE HANDSOME ARTIST.

THAT favored portion of the light of one summer's morning that was destined to be the transparent bath of the master-pieces on the walls of the Pitti, was pouring in a languishing flood through the massive windows of the palace. The ghosts of the painters (who, ministering to the eye only, walk the world from cock-crowing to sunset) were haunting invisibly the sumptuous rooms made famous by their pictures; and the pictures themselves, conscious of the presence of the fountain of soul from which gushed the soul that is in them, glowed with intoxicated mellowness and splendor, and amazed the living students of the gallery with effects of light and color till that moment undiscovered.

[And now, dear reader, having paid you the compliment of commencing my story in *your* vein (poetical), let me come down to a little every-day brick-and-mortar, and build up a fair and square common-sense foundation.]

Graeme McDonald was a young highlander from Rob Roy's country, come to Florence to study the old masters. He was an athletic, wholesome, handsome fellow, who had probably made a narrow escape of being simply a fine animal; and, as it was, you never would have picked him from a crowd as anything but a hussar out of uniform, or a brigand perverted to honest life. His peculiarity was (and this I foresee is to be an ugly sentence), that he had peculiarities which did not seem peculiar. He was full of genius for his art, but the canvass which served him him as a vent, gave him no more anxiety than his pocket-handkerchief. He painted in the palace, or wiped his forehead on a warm day with equally small care, to all appearance, and he had brought his mother and two sisters to Italy, and supported them by a most heroic economy and industry—all the while looking as if the "*silver* moon" and all the small change of the stars would scarce serve him for a day's pocket-money. Indeed, the more I knew of McDonald, the more I became convinced that there was another man built over him. The painter was inside. And if he had free thoroughfare and use of the outer man's windows and ivory door, he was at any rate barred from hanging out the smallest sign or indication of being at any time "within." Think as hard as he would—devise, combine, study, or glow with enthusiasm—the proprietor of the front door exhibited the same careless and smiling bravery of mien, behaving invariably as if he had the whole tenement to himself, and was neither proud of, nor interested in the doings of his more spiritual inmate—leading you to suppose, almost, that the latter, though billeted upon him, had not been properly *introduced*. The thatch of this common tenement was of jetty black hair, curling in most opulent prodigality, and, altogether, it was a house that Hadad, the fallen spirit, might have chosen, when becoming incarnate to tempt the sister of Absalom.

Perhaps you have been in Florence, dear reader, and know by what royal liberality artists are permitted to bring their easels into the splendid apartments of the palace, and copy from the priceless pictures on the walls. At the time I have my eye upon (some few years ago), McDonald was making a beginning of a copy of Titian's Bella, and near him stood the easel of a female artist who was copying from the glorious picture of "Judith and Holofernes," in the same apartment. Mademoiselle Folie (so she was called by the elderly lady who always accompanied her) was a small and very gracefully-formed creature, with the plainest face in which attraction could possibly reside. She was a passionate student of her art, pouring upon it apparently the entire fulness of her life, and as unconsciously forgetful of her personal impressions on those around her, as if she wore the invisible ring of Gyges. The deference with which she was treated by her staid companion drew some notice upon her, however, and her progress, in the copy she was making, occasionally gathered the artists about her easel; and, altogether, her position among the silent and patient company at work in the different halls of the palace, was one of affectionate and tacit respect. McDonald was her nearest neighbor, and they frequently looked over each other's pictures, but, as they were both foreigners in Florence (she of Polish birth, as he understood), their conversation was in French or Italian, neither of which languages were fluently familiar to Graeme, and it was limited generally to expressions of courtesy or brief criticism of each other's labors.

As I said before, it was a "proof-impression" of a celestial summer's morning, and the thermometer stood at heavenly idleness. McDonald sat with his maul-stick across his knees, drinking from Titian's picture. An artist, who had lounged in from the next room, had hung himself by the crook of his arm over a high peg, in his comrade's easel, and every now and then he volunteered an observation to which he expected no particular answer.

"When I remember how little beauty I have seen in the world," said Ingarde (this artist), "I am inclined to believe with Saturninus, that there is no resurrection of bodies, and that only the spirits of the good return into the body of the Godhead—for what is ugliness to do in heaven!"

McDonald only said, "hm—hm!"

"Or rather," said Ingarde again, "I should like to fashion a creed for myself, and believe that nothing was immortal but what was heavenly, and that the good among men and the beautiful among women would be the only reproductions hereafter. How will this little plain woman look in the streets of the New Jerusalem, for example? Yet she expects, as we all do, to be recognisable by her friends in Heaven, and, of course, to have the same irredeemably plain face! (Does she understand English, by the way—for she might not be altogether pleased with my theory!")

"I have spoken to her very often," said McDonald, "and I think English is Hebrew to her—but my theory of beauty crosses at least one corner of your argument, my friend! I believe that the original type of every human face is beautiful, and that every human being could be made beautiful, without, in any essential particular, destroying the visible identity. The likeness preserved in the faces of a family through several generations is modified by the bad mental qualities, and the bad health of those who hand is down. Remove these modifications, and, without destroying the family likeness, you would take away all that mars the

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beauty of its particular type. An individual countenance is an integral work of God's making, and God 'saw that it was good' when he made it. *Ugliness*, as you phrase it, is the damage that type of countenance has received from the sin and suffering of life. But the type can be restored, and will be, doubtless, in Heaven!"

"And you think that little woman's face could be made beautiful?"

"I know it."

"Try it, then! Here is your copy of Titian's 'Bella,' all finished but the face. Make an *apotheosis* portrait of your neighbor, and while it harmonizes with the body of Titian's beauty, still leave it recognisable as her portrait, and I'll give in to your theory—believing in all other miracles, if you like, at the same time!"

Ingarde laughed, as he went back to his own picture, and McDonald, after sitting a few minutes lost in revery, turned his easel so as to get a painter's view of his female neighbor. He thought she colored slightly as he fixed his eyes upon her; but, if so, she apparently became very soon unconscious of his gaze, and he was soon absorbed himself in the task to which his friend had so mockingly challenged him.

II.

[Excuse me, dear reader, while with two epistles I build a bridge over which you can cross a chasm of a month in my story.]

"To Graeme McDonald.

"Sir: I am intrusted with a delicate commission, which I know not how to broach to you, except by simple proposal. Will you forgive my abrupt brevity, if I inform you, without further preface, that the Countess Nyschriem, a Polish lady of high birth and ample fortune, does you the honor to propose for your hand. If you are disengaged, and your affections are not irrevocably given to another, I can conceive no sufficient obstacle to your acceptance of this brilliant connexion. The countess is twenty-two, and not beautiful, it must in fairness be said; but she has high qualities of head and heart, and is worthy of any man's respect and affection. She has seen you, of course, and conceived a passion for you, of which this is the result. I am directed to add, that should you consent, the following conditions are imposed—that you marry her within four days, making no inquiry except as to her age, rank, and property, and that, without previous interview, she come veiled to the altar.

"An answer is requested in the course of to-morrow, addressed to 'The Count Hanswald, minister of his majesty the king of Prussia.'

"I have the honor, &c., &c. "Hanswald."

McDonald's answer was as follows:—

"To his Excellency, Hanswald, &c., &c.

"You will pardon me that I have taken two days to consider the extraordinary proposition made me in your letter. The subject, since it is to be entertained a moment, requires, perhaps, still further reflection—but my reply shall be definite, and as prompt as I can bring myself to be, in a matter so important.

"My first *impulse* was to return your letter, declining the honor you would do me, and thanking the lady for the compliment of her choice. My first *reflection* was the relief and happiness which an independence would bring to a mother and two sisters dependant, now, on the precarious profits of my pencil. And I first consented to ponder the matter with this view, and I now consent to marry (frankly) for this advantage. But still I have a condition to propose.

"In the studies I have had the opportunity to make of the happiness of imaginative men in matrimony, I have observed that their two worlds of fact and fancy were seldom under the control of one mistress. It must be a very extraordinary woman of course, who, with the sweet domestic qualities needful for common life, possesses at the same time the elevation and spirituality requisite for the ideal of the poet and painter. And I am not certain, in any case, whether the romance of some secret passion, fed and pursued in the imagination only, be not the inseparable necessity of a poetical nature. For the imagination is incapable of being chained, and it is at once disenchanted and set roaming by the very possession and certainty, which are the charms of matrimony. Whether exclusive devotion of all the faculties of mind and body be the fidelity exacted in marriage, is a question every woman should consider before making a husband of an imaginative man. As I have not seen the countess, I can generalize on the subject without offence, and she is the best judge whether she can chain my fancy as well as my affections, or yield to an imaginative mistress the devotion of so predominant a quality of my nature. I can only promise her the constancy of a husband.

"Still—if this were taken for only vague speculation—she might be deceived. I must declare, frankly, that I am, at present, completely possessed with an imaginative passion. The object of it is probably as poor as I, and I could never marry her were I to continue free. Probably, too, the high-born countess would be but little jealous of her rival, for she has no pretensions to beauty, and is an humble artist. But, in painting this lady's portrait—(a chance experiment, to try whether so plain a face could be made lovely)—I have penetrated to so beautiful an *inner* countenance (so to speak)—I have found charms of impression so subtly masked to the common eye—I have traced such exquisite lineament of soul and feeling, visible, for the present, I believe, to my eye only—that, while I live. I shall do irresistible homage to her as the embodiment of my fancy's want, the very spirit and essence suitable to rule over my unseen world of imagination. Marry whom I will, and be true to her as I shall, this lady will (perhaps unknown to herself) be my mistress in dream-land and revery.

"This inevitable license allowed—my ideal world and its devotions, that is to say, left entirely to myself—I am ready to accept the honor of the countess's hand. If, at the altar, she should hear me murmur another name *with* her own—(for the bride of my fancy must be present when I wed, and I shall link the vows to both in one ceremony)—let her not fear for my constancy to herself, but let her remember that it is not to offend her hereafter, if the name of the other come to my lip in dreams.

"Your excellency may command my time and presence. With high consideration, &c.

"Graeme McDonald."

Rather agitated than surprised seemed Mademoiselle Folie, when, the next day, as she arranged her brushes upon the shelf of her easel, her handsome neighbor commenced, in the most fluent Italian he could command, to invite her to his wedding. Very much surprised was McDonald when she interrupted him in English, and begged him to use his native tongue, as madame, her attendant, would not then understand him. He went on delightedly in his own honest language, and explained to her his imaginative admiration, though he felt compunctious, somewhat, that so unreal a sentiment should bring the blood into her cheek. She thanked him—drew the cloth from the upper part of her own picture, and showed him an admirable portrait of his handsome features, substituted for the masculine head of Judith in the original from which she copied—and promised to be at his wedding,

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and to listen sharply for her murmured name in his vow at the altar. He chanced to wear at the moment a ring of red cornelian, and he agreed with her that she should stand where he could see her, and, at the moment of his putting the marriage ring upon the bride's fingers, that she should put on this, and for ever after wear it, as a token of having received his spiritual vows of devotion.

The day came, and the splendid equipage of the countess dashed into the square of Santa Maria, with a veiled bride and a cold bridegroom, and deposited them at the steps of the church. And they were followed by other coroneted equipages, and gayly dressed from each—the mother and sisters of the bridegroom gayly dressed, among them, but looking pale with incertitude and dread.

The veiled bride was small, but she moved gracefully up the aisle, and met her future husband at the altar with a low courtesy, and made a sign to the priest to proceed with the ceremony. McDonald was colorless, but firm, and indeed showed little interest, except by an anxious look now and then among the crowd of spectators at the sides of the altar. He pronounced with a steady voice, but when the ring was to be put on, he looked around for an instant, and then suddenly, and to the great scandal of the church, clasped his bride with a passionate ejaculation to his bosom. *The cornelian ring was on her finger*—and the Countess Nyscbriem and Mademoiselle Folie—his bride and his fancy queen—were one.

This curious event happened in Florence some eight years since—as all people then there will remember—and it was prophesied of the countess that she would have but a short lease of her handsome and gay husband. But time does not say so. A more constant husband than McDonald to his plain and titled wife, and one more continuously in love, does not travel and buy pictures, and patronize artists—though few except yourself and I, dear reader, know the philosophy of it!

MY ONE ADVENTURE AS A BRIGAND.

I was standing in a hostelry, at Geneva, making a bargain with an Italian for a place in a return carriage to Florence, when an Englishman, who had been in the same steamer with me on Lake Leman, the day before, came in and stood listening to the conversation. We had been the only two passengers on board, but had passed six hours in each other's company without speaking. The road to an Englishman's friendship is to have shown yourself perfectly indifferent to his acquaintance, and, as I liked him from the first, we were now ready to be conscious of each other's existence.

"I beg pardon," said he, advancing in a pause of the vetturino's oration, "will you allow me to engage a place with you? I am going to Florence, and, if agreeable to you, we will take the carriage to ourselves."

I agreed very willingly, and in two hours we were free of the gates of Geneva, and keeping along the edge of the lake in the cool twilight of one of the loveliest of heaven's summer evenings. The carriage was spaciously contrived for four; and, with the curtains up all around, our feet on the forward seat, my companion smoking, and conversation bubbling up to please itself, we rolled over the smooth road, gliding into the first chapter of our acquaintance as tranquilly as Geoffrey Crayon and his reader into the first chapter of anything he has written.

My companion (Mr. St. John Elmslie, as put down in his passport) seemed to have something to think of beside propitiating my good will, but he was considerate and winning, from evident high breeding, and quite open, himself, to my most scrutinizing study. He was about thirty, and, without any definite beauty, was a fine specimen of a man. Probably most persons would have called him handsome. I liked him better, probably, from the subdued melancholy with which he brooded on his secret thought, whatever it might be—sad men, in this world of boisterous gayety or selfish ill-humor, interesting me always.

From that something, on which his memory fed in quiet but constant revery, nothing aroused my companion except the passing of a travelling carriage, going in the other direction, on our own arrival at an inn. I began to suspect, indeed, after a little while, that Elmslie had some understanding with our vetturino, for, on the approach of any vehicle of pleasure, our horses became restiff, and, with a sudden pull-up, stood directly across the way. Out jumped my friend to assist in controlling the restiff animals, and, in the five minutes during which the strangers were obliged to wait, we generally saw their heads once or twice thrust inquiringly from the carriage window. This done, our own vehicle was again wheeled about, and the travellers allowed to proceed.

We had arrived at Bologna with but one interruption to the quiet friendliness of our intercourse. Apropos of some vein of speculation, I had asked my companion if he were married. He was silent for a moment, and then, in a jocose tone of voice, which was new to me, replied, "I believe I have a wife—somewhere in Scotland." But though Elmslie had determined to show me that he was neither annoyed nor offended at my inquisitiveness, his manner changed. He grew ceremonious. For the remainder of that day, I felt uncomfortable, I scarce knew why; and I silently determined that if my friend continued so exceedingly well-bred in his manner for another day, I should find an excuse for leaving him at Bologna.

But we had left Bologna, and, at sunset of a warm day, were slowly toiling up the Apennines. The inn to which we were bound was in sight, a mile or two above us, and, as the vetturino stopped to breathe his horses, Elmslie jumped from the carriage and started to walk on. I took advantage of his absence to stretch myself over the vacated cushions, and, on our arrival at the inn, was soundly asleep.

My friend's voice, in an unusual tone, awoke me, and, by his face, as he looked in at the carriage window, I saw that he was under some extraordinary excitement. This I observed by the light of the stable-lantern—for the hostelry, Italian fashion, occupied the lower story of the inn, and our carriage was driven under the archway, where the faint light from without made but little impression on the darkness. I followed Elmslie's beckoning finger, and climbing after him up the stairway of stone, stood in a large refectory occupying the whole of the second story of the building.

At the first glance I saw that there was an English party in the house. An Italian inn of the lower order has no provision for private parties, and few, except English travellers, object to joining the common even-

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ing meal. The hall was dark with the twilight, but a large curtain was suspended across the farther extremity, and, by the glimmer of lights, and an occasional sound of a knife, a party was within supping in silence.

"If you speak, speak in Italian," whispered Elmslie, taking me by the arm, and leading me on tiptoe to one of the corners of the curtain.

I looked in and saw two persons seated at a table—a bold and soldierly-looking man of fifty, and a young lady, evidently his daughter. The beauty of the last-mentioned person was so extraordinary that I nearly committed the indiscretion of an exclamation in English. She was slight, but of full and well-rounded proportions, and she sat and moved with an eminent grace and ladylikeness altogether captivating. Though her face expressed a settled sadness, it was of unworn and faultless youth and loveliness, and while her heavily-fringed eyes would have done, in their expression, for a Niobe, Hebe's lips were not more ripe, nor Juno's arched more proudly. She was a blonde, with eyes and eyelashes darker than her hair—a kind of beauty almost peculiar to England.

The passing in of a tall footman, in a plain livery of gray, interrupted my gaze, and Elmslie drew me away by the arm, and led me into the road in front of the locanda. The night had now fallen, and we strolled up and down in the glimmer of the starlight. My companion was evidently much disturbed, and we made several turns after I had seen very plainly that he was making up his mind to communicate to me the secret.

"I have a request to make of you," he said, at last; "a service to exact, rather, to which there were no hope that you would listen for a moment if I did not first tell you a very singular story. Have a little patience with me, and I will make it as brief as I can—the briefer, that I have no little pain in recalling it with the distinctness of description."

I expressed my interest in all that concerned my new friend, and begged him to go on.

"Hardly six years ago," said Elmslie, pressing my arm gently in acknowledgment of my sympathy, "I left college and joined my regiment, for the first time, in Scotland. By the way, I should re-introduce myself to you as Viscount S——, of the title of which, then, I was in prospect. My story hinges somewhat upon the fact that, as an honorable captain, a nobleman in expectancy, I was an object of some extraneous interest to the ladies who did the flirting for the garrison. God forgive me for speaking lightly on the subject!

"A few evenings after my arrival, we had been dining rather freely at mess, and the major announced to us that we were invited to take tea with a linen-draper, whose house was a popular resort of the officers of the regiment. The man had three or four daughters, who, as the phrase goes, 'gave you a great deal for your money,' and, for romping and frolicking, they had good looks and spirit enough. The youngest was really very pretty, but the eldest, to whom I was exclusively presented by the major, as a sort of quiz on a new-comer, was a sharp and sneering old maid, red-headed, freckled, and somewhat lame. Not to be outdone in frolic by my persecutor, I commenced making love to Miss Jacky in mock heroics, and we were soon marching up and down the room, to the infinite entertainment of my brother officers, lavishing on each other every possible term of endearment.

"In the midst of this, the major came up to me with rather a serious face.

"'Whatever you do,' said he, 'for God's sake don't call the old girl your wife. The joke might be serious.'

"It was quite enough that I was desired not to do anything in the reign of misrule then prevailing. I immediately assumed a connubial air, to the best of my dramatic ability, begged Miss Jacky to join me in the frolic, and made the rounds of the room, introducing the old girl as Mrs. Elmslie, and receiving from her quite as many tendernesses as were bearable by myself or the company present. I observed that the lynx-eyed linen-draper watched this piece of fun very closely, and my friend, the major, seemed distressed and grave about it. But we carried it out till the party broke up, and the next day the regiment was ordered over to Ireland, and I thought no more, for awhile, either of Miss Jacky or my own absurdity.

"Two years afterward, I was, at a drawing-room at St. James's, presented, for the first time, by the name which I bear. It was not a very agreeable event to me, as our family fortunes were inadequate to the proper support of the title, and on the generosity of a maternal uncle, who had been at mortal variance with my father, depended our hopes of restoration to prosperity. From the mood of bitter melancholy in which I had gone through the ceremony of an introduction, I was aroused by the murmur in the crowd at the approach of a young girl just presented to the king. She was following a lady whom I slightly knew, and had evidently been presented by her; and, before I had begun to recover from my astonishment at her beauty, I was requested by this lady to give her *protegé* an arm and follow to a less crowded apartment of the palace.

"Ah, my friend! the exquisite beauty of Lady Melicent—but you have seen her. She is here, and I must fold her in my arms to-night, or perish in the attempt.

"Pardon me!" he added, as I was about to interrupt him with an explanation. "She has been—she is—my wife! She loved me and married me, making life a heaven of constant ecstacy—for I worshipped her with every fibre of my existence."

He paused and gave me his story brokenly, and I waited for him to go on without questioning.

"We had lived together in absolute and unclouded happiness for eight months, in lover-like seclusion at her father's house, and I was looking forward to the birth of my child with anxiety and transport, when the death of my uncle left me heir to his immense fortune, and I parted from my greater treasure to go and pay the fitting respect at his burial.

"I returned, after a week's absence, with an impatience and ardor almost intolerable, and found the door closed against me.

"There were two letters for me at the porter's lodge—one from Lord A——, my wife's father, informing me that the Lady Melicent had miscarried and was dangerously ill, and enjoining upon me as a man of honor and delicacy, never to attempt to see her again; and another from Scotland, claiming a fitting support for my lawful wife, the daughter of the linen-draper. The proofs of the marriage, duly sworn to and certified by the witnesses of my fatal frolic, were enclosed, and on my recovery, six weeks after, from the delirium into which these multiplied horrors precipitated me, I found that, by the Scotch law, the first marriage was valid, and my ruin was irrevocable."

"And how long since was this?" I inquired, breaking in upon his narration for the first time.

"A year and a month—and till to-night I have not seen her. But I must break through this dreadful separation now—and I must speak to her, and press her to my breast—and you will aid me?"

"To the last drop of my blood, assuredly. But how?"

"Come to the inn! You have not supped, and we will devise as you eat. And you must lend me your invention, for my heart and brain seem to me going wild."

Two hours after, with a pair of loaded pistols in my breast, we went to the chamber of the host, and bound

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him and his wife to the posts of their beds. There was but one man about the house, the hostler, and we had made him intoxicated with our travelling flask of brandy. Lord A—— and his daughter were still sitting up, and she, at her chamber window, was watching the just risen moon, over which the clouds were drifting very rapidly. Our business was, now, only with them, as, in their footman, my companion had found an attached creature, who remembered him, and willingly agreed to offer no interruption.

After taking a pull at the brandy-flask myself (for, in spite of my blackened face and the slouched hat of the hostler, I required some fortification of the muscles of my face before doing violence to an English nobleman), I opened the door of the chamber which must be passed to gain access to that of Lady Melicent. It was Lord A——'s sleeping-room, and, though the light was extinguished, I could see that he was still up, and sitting at the window. Turning my lantern inward, I entered the room and set it down, and, to my relief, Lord A—— soliloquized in English, that it was the host with a hint that it was time to go to bed. My friend was at the door, according to my arrangement, ready to assist me should I find any difficulty; but, from the dread of premature discovery of the person, he was to let me manage it alone if possible.

Lord A—— sat unsuspectingly in his chair, with his head turned half way over his shoulders to see why the officious host did not depart. I sprung suddenly upon him, drew him backward and threw him on his face, and, with my hand over his mouth, threatened him with death, in my choicest Italian, if he did not remain passive till his portmanteau had been looked into. I thought he might submit, with the idea that it was only a robbery, and so it proved. He allowed me, after a short struggle, to tie his hands behind him, and march him down to his carriage, before the muzzle of my pistol. The hostelry was still as death, and, shutting his carriage door upon his lordship, I mounted guard.

The night seemed to me very long, but morning dawned, and, with the earliest gray, the postillions came knocking at the outer door of the locanda. My friend went out to them, while I marched back Lord A—— to his chamber, and, by immense bribing, the horses were all put to our carriage a half hour after, and the outraged nobleman was left without the means of pursuit till their return. We reached Florence in safety, and pushed on immediately to Leghorn, where we took the steamer for Marseilles and eluded arrest, very much to my most agreeable surprise.

By a Providence that does not always indulge mortals with removing those they wish in another world, Lord S—— has lately been freed from his harrowing chain by the death of his so-called lady; and, having re-married Lady Melicent, their happiness is renewed and perfect. In his letter to me, announcing it, he gives me liberty to tell the story, as the secret was divulged to Lord A—— on the day of his second nuptials. He said nothing, however, of his lordship's forgiveness for my rude handling of his person, and, in ceasing to be considered a brigand, possibly I am responsible as a gentleman.

WIGWAM versus ALMACK'S.

CHAPTER I.

In one of the years not long since passed to your account and mine by the recording angel, gentle reader, I was taking my fill of a delicious American June, as Ducrow takes his bottle of wine, on the back of a beloved horse. In the expressive language of the raftsmen on the streams of the West, I was "following" the Chemung—a river whose wild and peculiar loveliness is destined to be told in undying song, whenever America can find leisure to look up her poets. Such bathing of the feet of precipices, such kissing of flowery slopes, such winding in and out of the bosoms of round meadows, such frowning amid broken rocks, and smiling through smooth valleys, you would never believe could go in this out-of-doors world, unvisited and uncelebrated.

Not far from the ruins of a fortification, said to have been built by the Spaniards before the settlement of New-England by the English, the road along the Chemung dwindles into a mere ledge at the foot of a precipice, the river wearing into the rock at this spot by a black and deep eddy. At the height of your lip above the carriage track, there gushes from the rock a stream of the size and steady clearness of a glass rod, and all around it in the small rocky lap which it has worn away, there grows a bed of fragrant mint, kept by the shade and moisture of a perpetual green, bright as emerald. Here stops every traveller who is not upon an errand of life or death, and while his horse stands up to his fetlocks in the river, he parts the dewy stems of the mint, and drinks, for once in his life, like a fay or a poet. It is one of those exquisite spots which paint their own picture insensibly in the memory, even while you look on them, natural "Daguerrotypes," as it were; and you are surprised, years afterward, to find yourself remembering every leaf and stone, and the song of every bird that sung in the pine-trees overhead while you were watching the curve of the spring-leap. As I said before, it will be sung and celebrated, when America sits down weary with her first century of toil, and calls for her minstrels, now toiling with her in the fields.

Within a mile of this spot, to which I had been looking forward with delight for some hours, I overtook a horseman. Before coming up with him I had at once decided he was an Indian. His relaxed limbs swaying to every motion of his horse with the grace and ease of a wreath of smoke, his neck and shoulders so cleanly shaped, and a certain watchful look about his ears which I cannot define, but which you see in a spirited horse—were infallible marks of the race whom we have driven from the fair land of our independence. He was mounted upon a small black horse—of the breed commonly called Indian ponies, now not very common so near the Atlantic—and rode with a slack rein and air, I thought, rather more dispirited than indolent.

The kind of morning I have described, is, as every one must remember, of a sweetness so communicative that one would think two birds could scarce meet on the wing without exchanging a carol; and I involuntarily raised my bridle after a minute's study of the traveller before me, and in a brief gallop was at his side. With the sound of my horse's feet, however, he changed in all his characteristics to another man—sat erect in his saddle, and assumed the earnest air of an American who never rides but upon some errand;

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and, on his giving me back my "good morning" in the unexceptionable accent of the country, I presumed I had mistaken my man. He was dark, but not darker than a Spaniard, of features singularly handsome and regular, dressed with no peculiarity except an otter-skin cap of a silky and golden-colored fur, too expensive and rare for any but a fanciful, as well as a luxurious purchaser. A slight wave in the black hair which escaped from it, and fell back from his temples, confirmed me in the conviction that his blood was of European origin.

We rode on together with some indifferent conversation, till we arrived at the spring-leap I have described, and here my companion, throwing his right leg over the neck of his poney, jumped to the ground very actively, and applying his lips to the spring, drank a free draught. His horse seemed to know the spot, and, with the reins on his neck, trotted on to a shallower ledge in the river and stood with the water to his knees, and his quick eye turned on his master with an expressive look of satisfaction.

"You have been here before," I said, tying my less disciplined horse to the branch of an overhanging shrub.

"Yes—often!" was his reply, with a tone so quick and rude, however, that, but for the softening quality of the day, I should have abandoned there all thought of further acquaintance.

I took a small valise from the pommel of my saddle, and while my fellow-traveller sat on the rock-side looking moodily into the river, I drew forth a flask of wine and a leathern cup, a cold pigeon wrapped in a cool cabbage leaf, the bigger end of a large loaf, and as much salt as could be tied up in the cup of a large water-lily—a set-out of provender which owed its daintiness to the fair hands of my hostess of the night before.

The stranger's first resemblance to an Indian had probably given a color to my thoughts, for, as I handed him a cup of wine, I said, "I wish the Shawanee chief to whose tribe this valley belongs, were here to get a cup of my wine."

The young man sprang to his feet with a sudden flash through his eyes, and while he looked at me, he seemed to stand taller than, from my previous impression of his height, I should have thought possible. Surprised as I was at the effect of my remark, I did not withdraw the cup, and with a moment's searching look into my face, he changed his attitude, begged pardon rather confusedly, and, draining the cup, said with a faint smile, "The Shawanee chief thanks you!"

"Do you know the price of land in the valley?" I asked, handing him a slice of bread with the half pigeon upon it, and beginning to think it was best to stick to commonplace subjects with a stranger.

"Yes!" he said, his brow clouding over again. "It was bought from the Shawanee chief you speak of for a string of beads the acre. The tribe had their burial-place on the Susquehannah, some twenty miles from this, and they cared little about a strip of a valley which, now, I would rather have for my inheritance than the fortune of any white man in the land."

"Throw in the landlord's daughter at the village below," said I, "and I would take it before any half-dozen of the German principalities. Have you heard the news of *her* inheritance?"

Another moody look and a very crisp "Yes," put a stop to all desire on my part to make further advances in my companion's acquaintance. Gathering my pigeon bones together, therefore, and putting them on the top of a stone where they would be seen by the first "lucky dog" that passed, flinging my emptied water-lily on the river, and strapping up cup and flask once more in my valise, I mounted, and with a crusty good morning, set off at a hand-gallop down the river.

My last unsuccessful topic was, at the time I write of, the subject of conversation all through the neighborhood of the village toward which I was travelling. The most old-fashioned and comfortable inn on the Susquehannah, or Chemung, was kept at the junction of these two noble rivers, by a certain Robert Plymton, who had "one fair daughter and no more." He was a plain farmer of Connecticut, who had married the grand-daughter of an English emigrant, and got, with his wife, a chest of old papers, which he thought had better be used to mend a broken pane or wrap up groceries, but which his wife, on her death-bed, told him "might turn out worth something." With this slender thread of expectation, he had kept the little chest under his bed, thinking of it perhaps once a year, and satisfying his daughter's inquisitive queries with a shake of his head, and something about "her poor mother's tantrums," concluding usually with some reminder to keep the parlor in order, or mind her housekeeping. Ruth Plymton had had some sixteen "winters' schooling," and was known to be much "smarter" (*Anglicè*, cleverer), than was quite necessary for the fulfilment of her manifold duties. Since twelve years of age (the period of her mother's death) she had officiated with more and more success as barmaid and host's daughter to the most frequented inn of the village, till now, at eighteen, she was the only ostensible keeper of the inn, the old man usually being absent in the fields with his men, or embarking his grain in an "ark," to take advantage of the first freshet. She was civil to all comers, but her manner was such as to make it perfectly plain even to the rudest raftsman and hunter, that the highest respect they knew how to render to a woman was her due. She was rather unpopular with the girls of the village from what they called her pride and "keeping to herself," but the truth was, that the cheap editions of romances which Ruth took instead of money for the lodging of the itinerant book-pedlars, were more agreeable companions to her than the girls of the village; and the long summer forenoons, and half the long winter nights, were little enough for the busy young hostess, who, seated on her bed, devoured tales of high-life which harmonized with some secret longing in her breast—she knew not and scarce thought of asking herself why.

I had been twice at Athens (by this classical name is known the village I speak of), and each time had prolonged my stay at Plymton's inn for a day longer than my horse or my repose strictly exacted. The scenery at the junction is magnificent, but it was scarce that. And I cannot say that it was altogther admiration of the host's daughter; for though I breakfasted late for the sake of having a clean parlor while I ate my broiled chicken, and, having been once to Italy, Miss Plymton liked to pour out my tea and hear me talk of St. Peter's and the Carnival, yet there was that marked *retenu* and decision in her manner that made me feel quite too much like a culprit at school, and large and black as her eyes were, and light and airy as were all her motions, I mixed up with my propensity for her society, a sort of dislike. In short, I never felt a tenderness for a woman who could "queen it" so easily, and I went heart-whole on my journey, though always with a high respect for Ruth Plymton, and a pleasant remembrance of her conversation.

The story which I had heard farther up the river was, briefly, that there had arrived at Athens an Englishman, who had found in Miss Ruth Plymton, the last surviving descendant of the family of her mother; that she was the heiress to a large fortune, if the proof of her descent were complete, and that the contents of the little chest had been the subject of a week's hard study by the stranger, who had departed after a vain attempt to persuade old Plymton to accompany him to England with his daughter. This

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was the rumor, the allusion to which had been received with such repulsive coldness by my dark companion at the spring-leap.

America is so much of an asylum for despairing younger sons and the proud and starving branches of great families, that a discovery of heirs to property among people of very inferior condition, is by no means uncommon. It is a species of romance in real life, however, which we never believe upon hearsay, and I rode on to the village, expecting my usual reception by the fair damsel of the inn. The old sign still hung askew as I approached, and the pillars of the old wooden "stoop" or portico, were as much off their perpendicular as before, and true to my augury, out stepped my fair acquaintance at the sound of my horse's feet, and called to Reuben the ostler, and gave me an unchanged welcome. The old man was down at the river side, and the key of the grated bar hung at the hostess's girdle, and with these signs of times as they were, my belief in the marvellous tale vanished into thin air.

"So you are not gone to England to take possession?" I said.

Her serious "No!" unsoftened by any other remark, put a stop to the subject again, and taking myself to task for having been all day stumbling on *mal-apropos* subjects, I asked to be shown to my room, and spent the hour or two before dinner in watching the chickens from the window, and wondering a great deal as to the "whereabouts" of my friend in the otter-skin cap.

The evening of that day was unusually warm, and I strolled down to the bank of the Susquehannah, to bathe. The moon was nearly full and half way to the zenith, and between the lingering sunset and the clear splendor of the moonlight, the dusk of the "folding hour" was forgotten, and the night went on almost as radiant as day. I swam across the river, delighting myself with the gold rims of the ripples before my breast, and was within a yard or two of the shore on my return, when I heard a woman's voice approaching in earnest conversation. I shot forward and drew myself in beneath a large clump of alders, and with only my head out of water, lay in perfect concealment.

"You are not just, Shahatan!" were the first words I distinguished, in a voice I immediately recognised as that of my fair hostess. "You are not just. As far as I know myself I love you better than any one I ever saw—but"—

As she hesitated, the deep low voice of my companion at the spring-leap, uttered in a suppressed and impatient guttural, "But what?" He stood still with his back to the moon, and while the light fell full on her face, she withdrew her arm from his and went on.

"I was going to say that I do not yet know myself or the world sufficiently to decide that I shall always love you. I would not be too hasty in so important a thing, Shahatan! We have talked of it before, and therefore I may say to you, now, that the prejudices of my father and all my friends are against it."

"My blood"—interrupted the young man, with a movement of impatience.

She laid her hand on his arm. "Stay! the objection is not mine. Your Spanish mother, besides, shows more in your look and features than the blood of your father. But it would still be said I married an Indian, and though I care little for what the village would say, yet I must be certain that I shall love you with all my heart and till death, before I set my face with yours against the prejudices of every white man and woman in my native land! You have urged me for my secret, and there it is. I feel relieved to have unburthened my heart of it."

"That secret is but a summer old!" said he, half turning on his heel, and looking from her upon the moon's path across the river.

"Shame!" she replied; "you know that long before this news came, I talked with you constantly of other lands, and of my irresistible desire to see the people of great cities, and satisfy myself whether I was like them. That curiosity, Shahatan, is, I fear, even stronger than my love, or at least, it is more impatient; and now that I have the opportunity fallen to me like a star out of the sky, shall I not go? I must. Indeed I must."

The lover felt that all had been said, or was too proud to answer, for they fell into the path again, side by side, in silence, and at a slow step were soon out of my sight and hearing. I emerged from my compulsory hiding-place wiser than I went in, dressed and strolled back to the village, and finding the old landlord smoking his pipe alone under the portico, I lighted a cigar, and sat down to pick his brains of the little information I wanted to fill out the story.

I took my leave of Athens on the following morning, paying my bill duly to Miss Plymton, from whom I requested a receipt in writing, for I foresaw without any very sagacious augury beside what the old man told me, that it might be an amusing document by-and-by. You shall judge by the sequel of the story, dear reader, whether you would like it in your book of autographs.

Not long after the adventure described in the preceding chapter, I embarked for a ramble in Europe. Among the newspapers which were lying about in the cabin of the packet, was one which contained this paragraph, extracted from a New-Orleans Gazette. The American reader will at once remember it:—

"*Extraordinary attachment to savage life.*—The officers at Fort ——— (one of the most distant outposts of human habitation in the west), extended their hospitality lately to one of the young *protegés* of government, a young Shawanee chief, who has been educated at public expense for the purpose of aiding in the civilization of his tribe. This youth, the son of a Shawanee chief by a Spanish mother, was put to a preparatory school in a small village on the Susquehannah, and subsequently was graduated at ——— College with the first honors of his class. He had become a most accomplished gentleman, was apparently fond of society, and, except in a scarce distinguishable tinge of copper color in his skin, retained no trace of his savage origin. Singular to relate, however, he disappeared suddenly from the fort, leaving behind him the clothes in which he had arrived, and several articles of a gentleman's toilet; and as the sentry on duty was passed at dawn of the same day by a mounted Indian in the usual savage dress, who gave the pass-word in issuing from the gate, it is presumed it was no other than the young Shahatan, and that he has joined his tribe, who were removed some years since beyond the Mississippi."

The reader will agree with me that I possessed the key to the mystery.

As no one thinks of the thread that disappears in an intricate embroidery till it comes out again on the surface, I was too busy in weaving my own less interesting woof of adventure for the two years following, to give Shahatan and his love even a passing thought. On a summer's night in 18—, however, I found myself on a *banquette* at an Almack's ball, seated beside a friend who, since we had met last at Almack's, had given up the white rose of girlhood for the diamonds of the dame, timidity and blushes for self-possession and serene sweetness, dancing for conversation, and the promise of beautiful and admired seventeen for the perfection of more lovely and adorable twenty-two. She was there as chaperon to a younger sister, and it was delightful in that whirl of giddy motion, and more giddy thought, to sit beside a tranquil and unfevered

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mind and talk with her of what was passing, without either bewilderment or effort.

"What is it," she said, "that constitutes aristocratic beauty?—for it is often remarked that it is seen nowhere in such perfection as at Almack's; yet, I have for a half-hour looked in vain among these handsome faces for a regular profile, or even a perfect figure. It is not symmetry, surely, that gives a look of high breeding—nor regularity of feature."

"If you will take a leaf out of a traveller's book," I replied, "we may at least have the advantage of a comparison. I remember recording, when travelling in the East, that for months I had not seen an irregular nose or forehead in a female face; and, almost universally, the mouth and chin of the Orientals are, as well as the upper features, of the most classic correctness. Yet where, in civilized countries, do women look lower-born or more degraded?"

"Then it is not in the features," said my friend.

"No, nor in the figure, strictly," I went on to say, "for the French and Italian women (*vide* the same book of *mems*), are generally remarkable for shape and fine contour of limb, and the French are, we all know (begging your pardon), much better dancers, and more graceful in their movements, than all other nations. Yet what is more rare than a 'thorough-bred' looking Frenchwoman?"

"We are coming to a conclusion very fast," she said, smiling. "Perhaps we shall find the great secret in delicacy of skin, after all."

"Not unless you will agree that Broadway in New-York is the '*prato fiarito*,' of aristocratic beauty—for nowhere on the face of the earth do you see such complexions. Yet, my fair countrywomen stoop too much, and are rather too dressy in their tastes to convey very generally the impression of high birth."

"Stay!" interrupted my companion, laying her hand on my arm with a look of more meaning than I quite understood; "before you commit yourself farther on that point, look at this tall girl coming up the floor, and tell me what you think of her, *apropos* to the subject."

"Why, that she is the very forth-shadowing of noble parentage," I replied, "in step, air, form—everything. But surely the face is familiar to me."

"It is the Miss Trevanion whom you said you had never met. Yet she is an American, and with such a fortune as hers, I wonder you should not have heard of her at least."

"Miss Trevanion! I never knew anybody of the name, I am perfectly sure—yet that face I have seen before, and I would stake my life I have known the lady, and not casually either."

My eyes were riveted to the beautiful woman who now sailed past with a grace and stateliness that were the subject of universal admiration, and I eagerly attempted to catch her eye; but on the other side of her walked one of the most agreeable flatterers of the hour, and the crowd prevented my approaching her, even if I had solved the mystery so far as to know in what terms to address her. Yet it was marvellous that I could ever have seen such beauty and forgotten the when and where, or that such fine and unusually lustrous eyes could ever have shone on me without inscribing well in my memory their "whereabout" and history.

"Well!" said my friend, "are you making out your theory, or are you 'struck home' with the first impression, like many another dancer here to-night?"

"Pardon me! I shall find out presently, who Miss Trevanion is—but, meantime, *revenous*. I will tell you where I think lies the secret of the aristocratic beauty of England. It is in the lofty *maintien* of the head and bust—the proud carriage; if you remark, in all these women—the head set back, the chest elevated and expanded, and the whole port and expression, that of pride and conscious superiority. This, mind you, though the result of qualities in the character, is not the work of a day, nor perhaps of a single generation. The effect of expanding the breast and preserving the back straight, and the posture generally erect, is the high health and consequent beauty of those portions of the frame; and the physical advantage, handed down with the pride which produced it, from mother to child, the race gradually has become perfect in those points, and the look of pride and high-bearing is now easy, natural, and unconscious. Glance your eye around and you will see that there is not a defective bust, and hardly a head ill set on, in the room. In an assembly in any other part of the world, *to find* a perfect bust with a gracefully carried head, is as difficult as here to find the exception."

"What a proud race you make us out, to be sure," said my companion, rather dissentingly.

"And so you are, eminently and emphatically proud," I replied. "What English family does not revolt from any proposition of marriage from a foreigner? For an English girl to marry a Frenchman or an Italian, a German or a Russian, Greek, Turk, or Spaniard, is to forfeit a certain degree of respectability, let the match be as brilliant as it may. The first feeling on hearing of it is against the girl's sense of delicacy. It extends to everything else. Your soldiers, your sailors, your tradesmen, your gentlemen, your common people, and your nobles, are all (who ever doubted it, you are mentally asking) out of all comparison better than the same ranks and professions in any other country. John Bull is literally surprised if any one doubts this—nay, he does not believe that any one *does* doubt it. Yet you call the Americans ridiculously vain because they believe their institutions better than yours, that their ships fight as well, their women are as fair, and their men as gentlemanly as any in the world. The 'vanity' of the French, who believe in themselves, just as the English do, only in a less blind *entireness* of self-glorification, is a common theme of ridicule in English newspapers; and the French and the Americans, for a twentieth part of English intolerance and self-exaggeration, are written down daily by the English, as the two vainest nations on earth."

"Stop!" said my fair listener, who was beginning to smile at my digression from female beauty to national pride, "let me make a distinction there. As the English and French are quite indifferent to the opinion of other nations on these points, and not at all shaken in their self-admiration by foreign incredulity, theirs may fairly be dignified by the name of *pride*. But what shall I say of the Americans, who are in a perpetual fever at the ridicule of English newspapers, and who receive, I understand, with a general convulsion throughout the states, the least slur in a review, or the smallest expression of disparagement in a tory newspaper. This is not pride, but vanity."

"I am hit, I grant you. A home thrust that I wish I could foil. But here comes Miss Trevanion, again, and I must make her out, or smother of curiosity. I leave you a victor."

The drawing of the cord which encloses the dancers, narrowed the path of the promenaders so effectually, that I could easily take my stand in such a position that Miss Trevanion could not pass without seeing me. With my back to one of the slight pillars of the orchestra, I stood facing her as she came down the room; and within a foot or two of my position, yet with several persons between us, her eye for the first time rested on me. There was a sudden flush, a look of embarrassed but momentary curiosity, and the beautiful features cleared up, and I saw, with vexatious mortification, that she had the advantage of me, and was even pleased to remember where we had met. She held out her hand the next moment,

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but evidently understood my reserve, for, with a mischievous compression of the lips, she leaned over, and said in a voice intended only for my ear, "Reuben! take the gentleman's horse!"

My sensations were very much those of the Irishman who fell into a pit in a dark night, and catching a straggling root in his descent, hung suspended by incredible exertion and strength of arm till morning, when daylight disclosed the bottom, at just one inch below the points of his toes. So easy seemed the solution—after it was discovered.

Miss Trevanion (ci-devant Plymton) took my arm. Her companion was engaged to dance. Our meeting at Almack's was certainly one of the last events either could have expected when we parted—but Almack's is not the place to express strong emotions. We walked leisurely down the sides of the quadrilles to the tea-room, and between her bows and greetings to her acquaintances, she put me *au courant* of her movements for the last two years—Miss Trevanion being the name she had inherited with the fortune from her mother's family, and her mother's high but distant connexions having recognised and taken her by the hand in England. She had come abroad with the representative of her country, who had been at the trouble to see her installed in her rights, and had but lately left her on his return to America. A house in May Fair, and a chaperon in the shape of a card-playing and aristocratic aunt, were the other principal points in her parenthetical narration. Her communicativeness, of course, was very gracious, and indeed her whole manner was softened and mellowed down, from the sharpness and hauteur of Miss Plymton. Prosperity had improved even her voice.

As she bent over her tea, in the ante-room, I could not but remark how beautiful she was by the change usually wrought by the soft moisture of the English air, on persons from dry climates—Americans particularly. That filling out and rounding of the features, and renewing and freshening of the skin, becoming and improving to all, had to her been like Juno's bath. Then who does not know the miracles of dress? A circlet of diamonds whose "water" was light itself, followed the fine bend on either side backward from her brows, supporting, at the parting of her hair, one large emerald. And on what neck (ay—even of age) is not a diamond necklace beautiful? Miss Trevanion was superb.

The house in Grosvenor Place, at which I knocked the next morning, I well remembered as one of the most elegant and sumptuous in London. Lady L—— had ruined herself in completing and furnishing it, and her parties "in my time" were called, by the most apathetic *blasé*, truly delightful.

"I bought this house of Lady L——," said Miss Trevanion, as we sat down to breakfast, "with all its furniture, pictures, books, incumbrances, and trifles, even to the horses in the stables, and the coachman in his wig; for I had too many things to learn, to study furniture and appointments, and in this very short life, time is sadly wasted in beginnings. People are for ever *getting ready* to live. What think you? Is it not true in everything?"

"Not in love, certainly."

"Ah! very true!" And she became suddenly thoughtful, and for some minutes sipped her coffee in silence. I did not interrupt it, for I was thinking of Shahatan, and our thoughts very possibly were on the same long journey.

"You are quite right," said I, looking round at the exquisitely-furnished room in which we were breakfasting, "you have bought these things at their intrinsic value, and you have all Lady L——'s taste, trouble, and vexation for twenty years, thrown into the bargain. It is a matter of a lifetime to complete a house like this, and just as it is all done, Lady L—— retires, an old woman, and you come all the way from a country-inn on the Susquehannah to enjoy it. What a whimsical world we live in!"

"Yes!" she said, in a sort of soliloquizing tone, "I do enjoy it. It is a delightful sensation to take a long stride at once in the art of life—to have lived for years believing that the wants you felt could only be supplied in fairy-land, and suddenly to change your sphere, and discover that not only these wants, but a thousand others, more unreasonable, and more imaginary, had been the subject of human ingenuity and talent, till those who live in luxury *have no wants*—that science and chymistry and mechanics have left no nerve in the human system, no recess in human sense, unquestioned of its desire, and that every desire is supplied! What mistaken ideas most people have of luxury! They fancy the senses of the rich are over-pampered, that their zest of pleasure is always dull with too much gratification, that their health is ruined with excess, and their tempers spoiled with ease and subserviency. It is a picture drawn by the poets in times when money could buy nothing but excess, and when those who were prodigal could only be gaudy and intemperate. It was necessary to practise upon the reverse, too; and hence all the world is convinced of the superior happiness of the ploughman, the absolute necessity of early rising and coarse food to health, and the pride that *must* come with the flaunting of silk and satin."

I could not but smile at this cool upset of all the received philosophy of the poets.

"You laugh," she continued, "but is it not true that in England, at this moment, luxury is the science of keeping up the zest of the senses rather than of pampering them—that the children of the wealthy are the healthiest and fairest, and the sons of the aristocracy are the most athletic and rational, as well as the most carefully nurtured and expensive of all classes—that the most costly dinners are the most digestible, the most expensive wines the least injurious, the most sumptuous houses the best ventilated and wholesome, and the most aristocratic habits of life the most conducive to the preservation of the constitution and consequent long life. There will be excesses, of course, in all spheres, but is not this true?"

"I am wondering how so gay a life as yours could furnish such very grave reflections."

"Pshaw! I am the very person to make them. My aunt (who, by-the-way, never rises till four in the afternoon) has always lived in this sublimated sphere, and takes all these luxuries to be matters of course, as much as I take them to be miracles. She thinks a good cook as natural a circumstance as a fine tree, and would be as much surprised and shocked at the absence of wax candles, as she would at the going out of the stars. She talks as if good dentists, good milliners, opera-singers, perfumers, etc., were the common supply of nature, like dew and sunshine to the flowers. My surprise and delight amuse her, as the child's wonder at the moon amuses the nurse."

"Yet you call this dull unconsciousness the perfection of civilized life."

"I think my aunt altogether is not a bad specimen of it, certainly. You have seen her, I think."

"Frequently."

"Well, you will allow that she is still a very handsome woman. She is past fifty, and has every faculty in perfect preservation; an erect figure, undiminished delicacy and quickness in all her senses and tastes, and is still an ornament to society, and an attractive person in appearance and conversation. Contrast her (and she is but one of a class) with the women past fifty in the middle and lower walks of life in America. At that age, with us, they are old

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women in the commonest acceptation of the term. Their teeth are gone or defective from neglect, their faces are wrinkled, their backs bent, ther feet enlarged, their voices cracked, their senses impaired, their relish in the joys of the young entirely gone by. What makes the difference? *Costly care.* The physician has watched over her health at a guinea a visit. The dentist has examined her teeth at twenty guineas a year. Expensive annual visits to the seaside have renewed her skin. The friction of the weary hands of her maid has kept down the swelling of her feet and preserved their delicacy of shape. Close and open carriages at will, have given her daily exercise, either protected from the damp, or refreshed with the fine air of the country. A good cook has kept her digestion untaxed, and good wines have invigorated without poisoning her constitution."

"This is taking very unusual care of oneself, however."

"Not at all. My aunt gives it no more thought than the drawing on of her glove. It is another advantage of wealth, too, that your physician and dentist are distinguished persons who meet you in society, and call on you unprofessionally, see when they are needed, and detect the approach of disease before you are aware of it yourself. My aunt, though 'naturally delicate,' has never been ill. She was watched in childhood with great cost and pains, and, with the habit of common caution herself, she is taken such care of by her physician and servants, that nothing but some extraordinary fatality could bring disease near her."

"Blessed are the rich, by your showing."

"Why, the beatitudes were not written in our times. If long life, prolonged youth and beauty, and almost perennial health, are blessings, certainly, now-a-days, blessed are the rich."

"But is there no drawback to all this? Where people have surrounded themselves with such costly and indispensable luxuries, are they not made selfish by the necessity of preserving them? Would any *exigence* of hospitality, for instance, induce your aunt to give up her bed, and the comforts of her own room, to a stranger?"

"Oh dear, no!"

"Would she eat her dinner cold for the sake of listening to an appeal to her charity?"

"How can you fancy such a thing?"

"Would she take a wet and dirty, but perishing beggar-woman into her chariot on her way to a dinner-party, to save her from dying by the roadside?"

"Um—why, I fear she would be very nearsighted till she got fairly by."

"Yet these are charities that require no great effort in those whose chambers are less costly, whose stomachs are less carefully watched, and whose carriages and dresses are of a plainer fashion."

"Very true!"

"So far, then, 'blessed are the poor!' But is not the heart slower in all its sympathies among the rich? Are not friends chosen and discarded, because their friendship is convenient or the contrary? Are not many worthy people 'ineligible' acquaintances, many near relations unwelcome visiters, because they are out of keeping with these costly circumstances, or involve some sacrifice of personal luxury? Are not people, who would not preserve their circle choice and aristocratic, obliged to inflict cruel insults on sensitive minds, to slight, to repulse, to neglect, to equivocate and play the unfeeling and ungrateful, at the same time that to their superiors they must often sacrifice dignity, and contrive, and flatter, and deceive—all to preserve the magic charm of the life you have painted so attractive and enviable?"

"Heigho! it's a bad world, I believe!" said Miss Trevanion, betraying by that ready sigh, that even while drawing the attractions of high life, she had not been blind to this more unfavorable side of the picture.

"And, rather more important query still, for an heiress," I said, "does not an intimate acquaintance with these luxurious necessities, and the habit of thinking them indispensable, make all lovers in this class mercenary, and their admiration, where there is wealth, subject, at least, to scrutiny and suspicion?"

A quick flush almost crimsoned Miss Trevanion's face, and she fixed her eyes upon me so inquisitively as to leave me in no doubt that I had inadvertently touched upon a delicate subject. Embarrassed by a searching look, and not seeing how I could explain that I meant no allusion, I said hastily, "I was thinking of swimming across the Susquehannah by moonlight."

"Puck is at the door, if you please, miss!" said the butler, entering at the moment.

"Perhaps while I am putting on my riding-hat," said Miss Trevanion, with a laugh, "I may discover the connexion between your last two observations. It certainly is not very clear at present."

I took up my hat.

"Stay—you must ride with me. You shall have the groom's horse, and we will go without him. I hate to be chased through the park by a flying servant—one English fashion, at least, that I think uncomfortable. They manage it better where I learned to ride," she added with a laugh.

"Yes, indeed! I do not know which they would first starve to death in the backwoods—the master for his insolence in requiring the servant to follow him, or the servant for being such a slave as to obey."

I never remember to have seen a more beautiful animal than the highbred blood-mare on which my *ci-devant* hostess of the Plymton inn rode through the park gates, and took the serpentine path at a free gallop. I was as well mounted myself as I had ever been in my life, and delighted, for once, not to fret a hundred yards behind; the ambitious animal seemed to have wings to his feet.

"Who ever rode such a horse as this," said my companion, "without confessing the happiness of riches! It is the one luxury of this new life that I should find it misery to forego. Look at the eagerness of his ears! See his fine limbs as he strikes forward! What nostrils! What glossy shoulders! What bounding lightness of action! Beautiful Puck! I could never live without you! What a shame to nature that there are no such horses in the wilderness!"

"I remember seeing an Indian pony," said I, watching her face for the effect of my observation, "which had as many fine qualities, though of a different kind—at least when his master was on him."

She looked at me inquiringly.

"By-the-way, too, it was at your house on the Susquehannah," I added, "you must remember the horse—a black, double-jointed——"

"Yes, yes! I know. I remember. Shall we quicken our pace? I hear some one overtaking us, and to be passed with such horses as ours were a shame indeed."

We loosed our bridles and flew away like the wind; but a bright tear was presently tossed from her dark eyelash, and fell glittering on the dappled shoulder of her horse. "Her heart is Shahatan's," thought I, "whatever chance there may be that the gay honorable who is at our heels may dazzle her into throwing away her hand."

Mounted on a magnificent hunter, whose powerful and straightforward leaps soon told against the lavish and high action of our more showy horses, the Hon. Charles —— (the gentleman who had engrossed the attention of Miss Trevanion the night before at

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Almack's) was soon beside my companion, and leaning from his saddle, was taking pains to address conversation to her in a tone not meant for my ear. As the lady picked out her path with a marked preference for his side of the road, I of course rode with a free rein on the other, rather discontented, however, I must own, to be playing Monsieur de Trop. The Hon. Charles, I very well knew, was enjoying a temporary relief from the most *pressing* of his acquaintances by the prospect of his marrying an heiress, and in a two years' gay life in London I had traversed his threads too often to believe that he had a heart to be redeemed from dissipation, or a soul to appreciate the virtues of a high-minded woman. I found myself, besides, without wishing it, attorney for Shahatan in the case.

Observing that I "sulked," Miss Trevanion, in the next round, turned her horse's head toward the Serpentine Bridge, and we entered into Kensington Gardens. The band was playing on the other side of the ha-ha, and fashionable London was divided between the equestrians on the road, and the promenaders on the greensward. We drew up in the thickest of the crowd, and presuming that, by Miss Trevanion's tactics, I was to find some other acquaintance to chat with while our horses drew breath, I spurred to a little distance, and sat mum in my saddle with forty or fifty horsemen between me and herself. Her other companion had put his horse as close by the side of Puck as possible; but there were other dancers at Almack's who had an eye upon the heiress, and their *tête-à-tête* was interrupted presently by the how-d'ye-do's and attentions of half a dozen of the gayest men about town. After looking black at them for a moment, Charles —— drew bridle, and backing out of the press rather unceremoniously, rode to the side of a lady who sat in her saddle with a mounted servant behind her, separated from me by only the trunk of a superb lime-tree. I was fated to see all the workings of Miss Trevanion's destiny.

"You see what I endure for you!" he said, as a flush came and went in his pale face.

"You are false!" was the answer. "I saw you ride in—your eyes fastened to hers—your lips open with watching for her words—your horse in a foam with your agitated and nervous riding. Never call her a giraffe, or laugh at her again, Charles! She is handsome enough to be loved for herself, and you love her!"

"No, by Heaven!"

The lady made a gesture of impatience and whipped her stirrup through the folds of her riding-dress till it was heard even above the tinkling triangle of the band.

"No!" he continued, "and you are less clever than you think, if you interpret my excitement into love. I am excited—most eager in my chase after this woman. *You shall know why.* But for herself—good heavens!—why, you have never heard her speak! She is never done wondering at silver forks, never done with ecstatics about finger-glasses and pastilles. She is a boor—and you are silly enough to put her beside yourself!"

The lady's frown softened, and she gave him her whip to hold while she reimprisoned a stray ringlet.

"Keep an eye on her, while I am talking to you," he continued, "for I must stick to her like her shadow. She is full of mistrust, and if I lose her by the want of attention for a single hour, that hour will cost me yourself, dearest, first and most important of all, and it will cost me England or my liberty—for failing this, I have not a chance."

"Go! go!" said the lady, in a new and now anxious tone, touching his horse at the same time with the whip he had just restored to her, "she is off! Adieu!"

And with half a dozen attendants, Miss Trevanion took the road at a gallop, while her contented rival followed at a pensive amble, apparently quite content to waste the time as she best might till dinner. The handsome fortune-hunter watched his opportunity and regained his place at Miss Trevanion's side, and with an acquaintance, who was one of her self-selected troop, I kept in the rear, chatting of the opera, and enjoying the movement of a horse of as free and admirable action as I had ever felt communicated, like inspiration, through my blood.

I was resumed as sole cavalier and attendant at Hyde Park gate.

"Do you know the Baroness ——?" I asked, as we walked our horses slowly down Grosvenor Place.

"Not personally," she replied, "but I have heard my aunt speak of her, and I know she is a woman of most seductive manners, though said to be one of very bad morals. But from what Mr. Charles —— tells me, I fancy high play is her only vice. And meantime she is received everywhere."

"I fancy," said I, "that the Hon. Charles —— is good authority for the number of her vices, and begging you, as a parting request, to make this remark the key to your next month's observation, I have the honor to return this fine horse to you, and make my adieux."

"But you will come to dinner! And, by-the-by, you have not explained to me what you meant by 'swimming across the Susquehannah,' in the middle of your breakfast, this morning."

While Miss Trevanion gathered up her dress to mount the steps, I told her the story which I have already told the reader, of my involuntary discovery, while lying in that moonlit river, of Shahatan's unfortunate passion. Violently agitated by the few words in which I conveyed it, she insisted on my entering the house, and waiting while she recovered herself sufficiently to talk to me on the subject. But I had no fancy for match-making or breaking. I reiterated my caution touching the intimacy of her fashionable admirer with the baroness, and said a word of praise of the noble savage who loved her.

CHAPTER II.

In the autumn of the year after the events outlined in the previous chapter, I received a visit at my residence on the Susquehannah, from a friend I had never before seen a mile from St. James's street—a May-fair man of fashion who took me in his way back from Santa Fe. He stayed a few days to brush the cobwebs from a fishing-rod and gun which he found in inglorious retirement in the lumber-room of my cottage, and, over our dinners, embellished with his trout and woodcock, the relations of his adventures (compared, as everything was, with London experience exclusively) were as delightful to me as the tales of Scheherezade to the calif.

"I have saved to the last," he said, pushing me the bottle, the evening before his departure, "a bit of romance which I stumbled over in the prairie, and I dare swear it will surprise you as much as it did me, for I think you will remember having seen the heroine at Almack's."

"At Almack's?"

"You may well stare. I have been afraid to tell you the story, lest you should think I drew too long a bow. I certainly should never be believed in London."

"Well—the story?"

"I told you of my leaving St. Louis with a trading party for Santa Fe. Our leader was a rough chap, big-boned, and ill put together, but honestly fond of fight, and never content with a stranger till he had

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settled the question of which was the better man. He refused at first to take me into his party, assuring me that his exclusive services and those of his company had been engaged at a high price, by another gentleman. By dint of drinking 'juleps' with him, however, and giving him a thorough 'mill' (for though strong as a rhinoceros, he knew nothing of 'the science'), he at last elected me to the honor of his friendship, and took me into the party as one of his own men.

"I bought a strong horse, and on a bright May morning the party set forward, bag and baggage, the leader having stolen a march upon us, however, and gone ahead with the person who hired his guidance. It was fine fun at first, as I have told you, to gallop away over the prairie without fence or ditch, but I soon tired of the slow pace and the monotony of the scenery, and began to wonder why the deuce our leader kept himself so carefully out of sight—for in three days' travel I had seen him but once, and then at our bivouac fire on the second evening. The men knew or would tell nothing, except that he had one man and a packhorse with him, and that the 'gentleman' and he encamped farther on. I was under promise to perform only the part of one of the hired carriers of the party, or I should soon have made a push to penetrate 'the gentleman's' mystery.

"I think it was on the tenth day of our travels that the men began to talk of falling in with a tribe of Indians, whose hunting-grounds we were close upon, and at whose village, upon the bank of a river, they usually got fish and buffalo-hump, and other luxuries not picked up on the wing. We encamped about sunset that night as usual, and after picketing my horse, I strolled off to a round mound not far from the fire, and sat down upon the top to see the moon rise. The east was brightening, and the evening was delicious.

"Up came the moon, looking like one of the duke of Devonshire's gold plates (excuse the poetry of the comparison), and still the rosy color hung on in the west, and turning my eyes from one to the other, I at last perceived, over the southwestern horizon, a mist slowly coming up, which indicated the course of a river. It was just in our track, and the whim struck me to saddle my horse and ride on in search of the Indian village, which, by their description, must be on its banks.

"The men were singing songs over their supper, and with a flask of brandy in my pocket, I got off unobserved, and was soon in a flourishing gallop over the wild prairie, without guide or compass. It was a silly freak, and might have ended in an unpleasant adventure. Pass the bottle and have no apprehensions, however.

"For an hour or so, I was very much elated with my independence, and my horse too seemed delighted to get out of the slow pace of the caravan. It was as light as day with the wonderful clearness of the atmosphere, and the full moon and the coolness of the evening air made exercise very exhilarating. I rode on, looking up occasionally to the mist, which retreated long after I thought I should have reached the river, till I began to feel uneasy at last, and wondered whether I had not embarked in a very mad adventure. As I had lost sight of our own fires, and might miss my way in trying to retrace my steps, I determined to push on.

"My horse was in a walk, and I was beginning to feel very grave, when suddenly the beast pricked up his ears and gave a loud neigh. I rose in my stirrups, and looked round in vain for the secret of his improved spirits, till with a second glance forward, I discovered what seemed the faint light reflected upon the smoke of a concealed fire. The horse took his own counsel, and set up a sharp gallop for the spot, and a few minutes brought me in sight of a fire half concealed by a clump of shrubs, and a white object near it, which to my surprise developed to a tent. Two horses picketed near, and a man sitting by the fire with his hands crossed before his shins, and his chin on his knees, completed the very agreeable picture.

"'Who goes there?' shouted this chap, springing to his rifle as he heard my horse's feet sliding through the grass.

"I gave the name of the leader, comprehending at once that this was the advanced guard of our party; but though the fellow lowered his rifle, he gave me a very scant welcome, and motioned me away from the tent-side of the fire. There was no turning a man out of doors in the midst of a prairie; so, without ceremony, I tethered my horse to his stake, and getting out my dried beef and brandy, made a second supper with quite as good an appetite as had done honor to the first.

"My brandy-flask opened the lips of my sulky friend after a while, though he kept his carcass very obstinately between me and the tent, and I learned that the leader (his name was Rolfe, by-the-by), had gone on to the Indian village, and that 'the gentleman' had dropped the curtain of his tent at my approach, and was probably asleep. My word of honor to Rolfe that I would 'cut no capers' (his own phrase in administering the obligation), kept down my excited curiosity, and prevented me, of course, from even pumping the man beside me, though I might have done so with a little more of the contents of my flask.

"The moon was pretty well overhead when Rolfe returned, and found me fast asleep by the fire. I awoke with the trampling and neighing of horses, and, springing to my feet, I saw an Indian dismounting, and Rolfe and the fire-tender conversing together while picketing their horses. The Indian had a tall feather in his cap, and trinkets on his breast, which glittered in the moonlight; but he was dressed otherwise like a white man, with a hunting-frock and very loose large trowsers. By the way, he had moccasins, too, and a wampum belt; but he was a clean-limbed, lithe, agile-looking devil, with an eye like a coal of fire.

"'You've broke your contract, mister!' said Rolfe, coming up to me; 'but stand by and say nothing.'

"He then went to the tent, gave an 'ehem!' by way of a knock, and entered

"'It's a fine night!' said the Indian, coming up to the fire and touching a brand with the toe of his moccasin.

"I was so surprised at the honest English in which he delivered himself, that I stared at him without answer.

"'Do you speak English?' he said.

"'Tolerably well,' said I, 'but I beg your pardon for being so surprised at your own accent that I forgot to reply to you. And now I look at you more closely, I see that you are rather Spanish than Indian.'

"'My mother's blood,' he answered rather coldly, 'but my father was an Indian, and I am a chief.'

"'Well, Rolfe,' he continued, turning the next instant to the trader, who came toward us, 'who is this that would see Shahatan?'

"The trader pointed to the tent. The curtain was put aside, and a smart-looking youth, in a blue cap and cloak, stepped out and took his way off into the prairie, motioning to the chief to follow.

"'Go along! he won't eat ye!' said Rolfe, as the Indian hesitated, from pride or distrust, and laid his hand on his tomahawk.

"I wish I could tell you what was said at that interview, for my curiosity was never so strongly excited. Rolfe seemed bent on preventing both interference and observation, however, and in his loud and coarse voice commenced singing and making preparations for his supper; and, persuading me into the drinking part of

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it, I listened to his stories and toasted my shins till I was too sleepy to feel either romance or curiosity; and leaving the moon to waste its silver on the wilderness, and the mysterious colloquists to ramble and finish their conference as they liked, I rolled over on my buffalo-skin and dropped off to sleep.

"The next morning I rubbed my eyes to discover whether all I have been telling you was not a dream, for tent and demoiselle had evaporated, and I lay with my feet to the smouldering fire, and all the trading party preparing for breakfast around me. Alarmed at my absence, they had made a start before sunrise to overtake Rolfe, and had come up while I slept. The leader after a while gave me a slip of paper from the chief, saying that he should be happy to give me a specimen of Indian hospitality at the Shawanee village, on my return from Santa Fe—a neat hint that I was not to intrude upon him at present."

"Which you took?"

"Rolfe seemed to have had a hint which was probably in some more decided shape, since he took it for us all. The men grumbled at passing the village without stopping for fish, but the leader was inexorable, and we left it to the right and 'made tracks,' as the hunters say, for our destination. Two days from there we saw a buffalo——"

"Which you demolished. You told me that story last night. Come, get back to the Shawanees! You called on the village at your return?"

"Yes, and an odd place it was. We came upon it from the west, Rolfe having made a bend to the westward, on his return back. We had been travelling all day over a long plain, wooded in clumps, looking very much like an immense park, and I began to think that the trader intended to cheat me out of my visit—for he said we should sup with the Shawanees that night, and I did not in the least recognise the outline of the country. We struck the bed of a small and very beautiful river, presently, however, and after following it through a wood for a mile, came to a sharp brow where the river suddenly descended to a plain at least two hundred feet lower than the table-land on which we had been travelling. The country below looked as if it might have been the bed of an immense lake, and we stood on the shore of it.

"I sat on my horse geologizing in fancy about this singular formation of land, till, hearing a shout, I found the party had gone on, and Rolfe was hallooing to me to follow. As I was trying to get a glimpse of him through the trees, up rode my old acquaintance Shahatan, with his rifle across his thigh, and gave me a very cordial welcome. He then rode on to show me the way. We left the river, which was foaming among some fine rapids, and by a zig-zag side-path through the woods, descended about half way to the plain, where we rounded a huge rock, and stood suddenly in the village of the Shawanees. You can not fancy any thing so picturesque. On the left, for a quarter of a mile, extended a natural *steppe*, or terrace, a hundred yards wide, and rounding in a crescent to the south. The river came in toward it on the right in a superb cascade, visible from the whole of the platform, and against the rocky wall at the back, and around on the edge overlooking the plain, were built the wigwams and log-huts of the tribe, in front of which lounged men, women, and children, enjoying the cool of the summer evening. Not far from the base of the hill the river reappeared from the woods, and I distinguished some fields planted with corn along its banks, and horses and cattle grazing. What, with the pleasant sound of the falls, and the beauty of the scene altogether, it was to me more like the primitive Arcadia we dream about, than anything I ever saw.

"Well, Rolfe and his party reached the village presently, for the chief had brought me by a shorter cut, and in a moment the whole tribe was about us, and the trader found himself apparently among old acquaintances. The chief sent a lad with my horse down into the plain to be picketed where the grass was better, and took me into a small hut, where I treated myself to a little more of a toilet than I had been accustomed to of late, in compliment to the unusual prospect of supping with a lady. The hut was lined with bark, and seemed used by the chief for the same purpose, as there were sundry articles of dress and other civilized refinements hanging to the bracing-poles, and covering a rude table in the corner.

"Fancy my surprise, on coming out, to meet the chief strolling up and down his prairie shelf with, not one lady, but half a dozen—a respectable looking gentleman in black (I speak of his coat), and a bevy of nice-looking girls, with our Almack's acquaintance in the centre—the whole party, except the chief, dressed in a way that would pass muster in any village in England. Shahatan wore the Indian's blanket, modified with a large mantle of fine blue cloth, and crossed over his handsome bare chest something after the style of a Hieland tartan. I really never saw a better made or more magnificent looking fellow, though I am not sure that his easy and picturesque dress would not have improved a plainer man.

"I remembered directly that Rolfe had said something to me about missionaries living among the Shawanees, and I was not surprised to hear that the gentleman in a black coat was a reverend, and the ladies the sisterhood of the mission. Miss Trevanion seemed rather in haste to inform me of the presence of 'the cloth,' and in the next breath claimed my congratulations on her marriage! She had been a chieftainess for two months.

"We strolled up and down the grassy terrace, dividing our attention between the effects of the sunset on the prairie below and the preparations for our supper, which was going on by the light of pine-knots stuck in the clefts of the rock in the rear. A dozen Indian girls were crossing and recrossing before the fires, and with the bright glare upon the precipice, and the moving figures, wigwams, &c., it was like a picture of Salvator Rosa's. The fair chieftainess, as she glided across occasionally to look after the people, with a step as light as her stately figure would allow, was not the least beautiful feature of the scene. We lost a fine creature when we let her slip through our fingers, my dear fellow!"

"Thereby hangs a tale, I have little doubt, and I can give you some data for a good guess at it—but as the 'nigger song' has it—

> "Tell us what dey had for supper—
> Black-eyed pease, or bread and butter?"

"We had everything the wilderness could produce—appetites included. Lying in the track of the trading-parties, Shahatan, of course, made what additions he liked to the Indian mode of living, and except that our table was a huge buffalo-skin stretched upon stakes, the supper might have been a traveller's meal among Turks or Arabs, for all that was peculiar about it. I should except, perhaps, that no Turk or Arab ever saw so pretty a creature as the chief's sister, who was my neighbor at the feast."

"So—another romance!"

"No, indeed! For though her eyes were eloquent enough to persuade one to forswear the world and turn Shawanee, she had no tongue for a stranger. What little English she had learned of the missionaries she was too sly to use, and our flirtation was a very unsatisfactory pantomime. I parted from her at night in the big wigwam, without having been out of ear-shot of the chief for a single moment; and as Rolfe was inexorable about getting off with the daybreak the next morning, it was the last I saw of the little fawn. But to tell you the truth, I had forty minds between that

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and St. Louis to turn about and have another look at her.

"The big wigwam, I should tell you, was as large as a common breakfast-room in London. It was built of bark very ingeniously sewed together, and lined throughout with the most costly furs, even the floor covered with highly-dressed bear-skins. After finishing our supper in the open air, the large curtain at the door, which was made of the most superb gold-colored otters, was thrown up to let in the blaze of the pine torches stuck in the rock opposite, and, as the evening was getting cool, we followed the chieftainess to her savage drawing-room, and took coffee and chatted till a late hour, lounging on the rude, fur-covered couches. I had not much chance to talk with our old friend, but I gathered from what little she said that she had been disgusted with the heartlessness of London, and preferred the wilderness with one of nature's nobility to all the splendors of matrimony in high-life. She said, however, that she should try to induce Shahatan to travel abroad for a year or two, and after that, she thought their time would be agreeably spent in such a mixture of savage and civilized life as her fortune and his control over the tribe would enable them to manage."

When my friend had concluded his story, I threw what little light I possessed upon the undeveloped springs of Miss Trevanion's extraordinary movements, and we ended our philosophizings on the subject by promising ourselves a trip to the Shawanees some day together. Now that we are together in London, however, and have had the benefit of Mrs. Melicent's additional chapter, with the still later news that Shahatan and his wife were travelling by the last accounts in the east, we have limited our programme to meeting them in England, and have no little curiosity to see whether the young savage will decide like his wife in the question of "Wigwam *versus* Almack's."

MISS JONES'S SON.

One night, toward the close of the London season —the last week in August, or thereabouts—the Deptford omnibus set down a gentleman at one of the small brick-block cottages on the Kent road. He was a very quietly disposed person, with a face rather inscrutable to a common eye, and might, or might not, pass for what he was—a man of mark. His age was perhaps thirty, and his manners and movements had that cool security which can come only from conversance with a class of society that is beyond being laughed at. He was handsome—but when the style of a man is well pronounced, that is an unobserved trifle.

Perhaps the reader will step in to No. 10, Verandah Row, without further ceremony.

The room—scarce more than a squirrel-box from back to front—was divided by folding doors, and the furniture was fanciful and neatly kept. The canary-bird, in a very small cage, in the corner, seemed rather an intruder on such small quarters. You could scarce give a guess what style of lady was the tenant of such miniature gentility.

The omnibus passenger sat down in one of the little cane-bottomed and straight backed chairs, and presently the door opened and a stout elderly woman, whose skirts really filled up the remaining void of the little parlor, entered with a cordial exclamation, and an affectionate embrace was exchanged between them.

"Well, my dear mother!" said the visiter, "I am off to-morrow to Warwickshire to pass the shooting season, and I came to wind up your household clock-work, to go for a month—(*ticking*, I am sorry to say!) What do you want? How is the tea-caddy?"

"Out of green, James, but the black will do till you come back. La! don't talk of such matters when you are just going to leave me. I'll step up stairs and make you out a list of my wants presently. Tell me —where are you going in Warwickshire? I went to school in Warwickshire. Dear me! the lovers I had there! Well, well! Where did you say you were going?"

"To the marquis of Headfort—Headfort court, I think his place is called—a post and a half from Stratford. Were you ever there, mother?"

"*I* there, indeed! no, my son! But I had a lover near Stratford—young Sir Humphrey Fencher, he was then—old Sir Humphrey now! I'm sure he remembers me, long as it is since I saw him—and, James, I'll give you a letter to him. Yes—I should like to know how he looks, and what he will say to my grown-up boy. I'll go and write it now, and I'll look over the groceries at the same time. If you move your chair, James, don't crush the canary-bird!"

The mention of the letter of introduction lingered in the ear of the gentleman left in the parlor, and smiling to himself with a look of covert humor, he drew from his pocket a letter of which it reminded him—the letter of introduction, on the strength of which he was going to Warwickshire. As this and the one which was being written up stairs, were the two pieces of ordnance destined to propel the incidents of our story, the reader will excuse us for presenting them as a "make ready."

"*Crockford's, Monday.*

"Dear Fred: Nothing going on in town, except a little affair of my own, which I can't leave to go down to you. Dull even at Crocky's—nobody plays this hot weather. And now, as to your commissions. You will receive Dupree, the cook, by to-night's mail. Grisi won't come to you without her man—'twasn't thus when we were boys!'—so I send you a figurante, and you must do tableaux. I was luckier in finding you a wit. S—— will be with you to-morrow, though, by the way, it is only on condition of meeting Lady Midge Bellasys, for whom, if she is not with you, you must exert your inveiglements. This, by way only of shuttlecock and battledore, however, for they play at wit together—nothing more, on *her* part at least. Look out for this devilish fellow, my lord Fred!—and live thin till you see the last of him—for he'll laugh you into your second apoplexy with the dangerous ease of a hair-trigger. I could amuse you with a turn or two in my late adventures, but black and white are bad confidants, though very well as a business firm. And, mentioning them, I have drawn on you for a temporary £500, which please lump with my other loan, and oblige "Yours, faithfully,

"Vaurien."

And here follows the letter of Mrs. S——— to her ancient lover, the baronet of Warwickshire:—

"*No.* 10, *Verandah Row, Kent Road.*

"Dear Sir Humphrey: Perhaps you will scarce remember Jane Jones, to whom you presented the

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brush of your first fox. This was thirty years ago. I was then at school in the little village near Tally-ho hall. Dear me! how well I remember it! On hearing of your marriage, I accepted an offer from my late husband, Mr. S———, and our union was blessed with one boy, who, I must say, is an angel of goodness. Out of his small income, my dear James furnished and rented this very genteel house, and he tells me I shall have it for life, and provides me one servant, and everything I could possibly want. Thrice a week he comes out to spend the day and dine with me, and, in short, he is the pattern of good sons. As this dear boy is going down to Warwickshire, I can not resist the desire I have that you should know him, and that he should bring me back an account of my lover in days gone by. Any attention to him, dear Sir Humphrey, will very much oblige one whom you once was happy to oblige, and still

"Your sincere friend, JANE S———,
"Formerly JONES."

It was a morning astray from paradise when S——— awoke at Stratford. Ringing for his breakfast, he requested that the famous hostess of the red horse would grace him so far as to join him over a muffin and a cup of coffee, and between the pauses of his toilet, he indited a note, enclosing his mother's letter of introduction to Sir Humphrey.

Enter dame hostess, prim and respectful, and as breakfast proceeded, S——— easily informed himself of the geography of Tally-ho hall, and the existing branch and foliage of the family tree. Sir Humphrey's domestic circle consisted of a daughter and a neice (his only son having gone with his regiment to the Canada wars), and the hall lay half way to Headfort court—the Fenchers his lordship's nearest neighbors, Mrs. Boniface was inclined to think.

S——— divided his morning very delightfully between the banks of the Avon, and the be-scribbled localities of Shakspere's birth and residence, and by two o'clock the messenger had returned with this note from Sir Humphrey:—

"DEAR SIR: I remember Miss Jones very well, God bless me, I thought she had been dead many years. I am sure I shall be very happy to see her son. Will you come out and dine with us?—dinner at seven. Your ob't servant, "HUMPHREY FENCHER.
"James S———, Esq."

As the crack wit and diner-out of his time, S——— was as well known to the brilliant society of London as the face of the "gold stick in waiting" at St. James's, and, with his very common name, he was a little likely to be recognised out of his peculiar sphere as the noble lord, when walking in Cheapside, to be recognised as *the* "stick," so often mentioned in the Court Journal. He had delayed his visit to Headfort court for a day, and undertaken to deliver his mother's letter, and look up her lang-syne lover, very much as he would stop in the Strand to purchase her a parcel of snuff—purely from the filial habit of always doing her bidding, even in whims. He had very little curiosity to see a Warwickshire Nimrod, and, till his post-chaise stopped at the lodge-gate of Tally-ho hall, it had never entered his head to speculate upon the ground of his introduction to Sir Humphrey, nor to anticipate the nature of his reception. His name had been so long to him an "open sesame," that he had no doubt of its potency, and least of all when he pronounced it at an inferior gate in the barriers of society.

The dressing-bell had rang, and S——— was shown into the vacant drawing-room, where he buried himself in the deepest chair he could find, and sat looking at the wall with the composure of a barber's customer waiting to be shaved. There presently entered two young ladies, very showily dressed, who called him Mr. "Jones," in replying to his salutation, and immediately fell to promenading between the two old mirrors at the extremities of the room, discoursing upon topics evidently chosen to exclude the newcomer from the conversation. With *rather* a feeling that it was their loss, not his, S——— recomposed himself in the leathern chair and resumed the perusal of the oaken ceiling. The neglect sat upon him a little uncomfortable withal.

"How d'ye do, young man! What! you are Miss Jones's son, eh?" was the salutation of a burly old gentleman, who now entered and shook hands with the great incognito. "Here, 'Bel! Fan! Mr. Jones, My daughter and my niece, Mr. Jones!"

S——— was too indignant for a moment to explain that Miss Jones had changed her name before his birth, and on second thought, finding that this real character was not suspected, and that he represented to Sir Humphrey simply the obscure son of an obscure girl, pretty, thirty years ago, he fell quietly into the *role* expected of him, and walked patiently in to dinner with Miss Fencher, who accepted his arm for that purpose, but forgot to take it!

It was hard to be witty as *a* Mr. Jones, but the habit was strong and the opportunities were good, and S———, warming with his first glass of sherry, struck out some sparks that would have passed for gems of the first water, with choicer listeners; but wit is slowly recognised when not expected, and though now and then the young ladies stared, and now and then the old baronet chuckled and said "egad! very well!" there was evidently no material rise in the value of Mr. Jones, and he at last confined his social talents exclusively to his wine-glass and nut-picker, feeling, spite of himself, as stupid as he seemed.

Relieved of the burden of replying to their guess, the young ladies now took up a subject which evidently lay nearest their hearts—a series of *dejeuners*, the first of which was to come off the following morning at Headfort court. As if by way of *caveat*, in case Mr. Jones should fancy that he could be invited to accompany Sir Humphrey, Miss Fencher took the trouble to explain that these were, by no means, common country entertainments, but exclusive and select parties, under the patronage of the beautiful and witty Lady Imogen Bellasys, now a guest at Headfort. Her ladyship had not only stipulated for *societé choisie*, but had invited down a celebrated London wit, a great friend of her own, to do the mottoes and keep up the spirit of the masques and tableaux. Indeed, Miss Fencher considered herself as more particularly the guest and ally of Lady Imogen, never having been permitted during her mother's life to visit Headfort (though she did not see what the marquis's private character had to do with his visiting list), and she expected to be called upon to serve as a sort of maid of honor, or in some way to assist Lady Imogen, who had invited her very affectionately, after church, on Sunday. She thought, perhaps, she had better wake up Sir Humphrey while she thought of it (and while papa was good natured, as he always was after dinner), and exact of him a promise that the great London Mr., what d'ye call 'im, should be invited to pass a week at Tally-ho hall—for, of course, as mutual allies of Lady Imogen, Miss Fencher and he would become rather well acquainted.

To this enlightenment, of which we have given only a brief *resumér*, Mr. Jones listened attentively, as he was expected to do, and was very graciously answered, when by way of feeling one of the remote pulses of his celebrity, he ventured to ask for some further particulars about the London wit aforementioned. He learned, somewhat to his disgust, that his name was either Brown or Simpson, some very common name, however, but that he had a wonderful talent for writing impromptu epigrams on people and singing them afterward to impromptu music on the piano, and that he

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was supposed to be a natural son of Talleyrand or Lord Byron, Miss Fencher had forgotten which. He had written something, but Miss Fencher had forgotten what. He was very handsome—no, very plain—indeed, Miss Fencher had forgotten which—but it was one or the other.

At this crisis of the conversation Sir Humphrey roused from his post-prandial snooze, and begged Mr. Jones to pass the port and open the door for the ladies. By the time the gloves were rescued from under the table, the worthy baronet had drained a bumper, and, with his descending glass, dropped his eyes to the level of his daughter's face, where they rested with paternal admiration. Miss Fencher was far from ill-looking, and she well knew that her father waxed affectionate over his wine.

"Papa!" said she, coming behind him, and looking down his throat, as he strained his head backward, leaving his reluctant double chin resting on his cravat. "I have a favor to ask, my dear papa!"

"He shall go, my dear! he shall go! I have been thinking of it—I'll arrange it, Bel, I'll arrange it! Go your ways, chick, and send me my slippers!" gurgled the baronet, with his usual rapid brevity, when slightly elevated.

Miss Fencher turned quite pale.

"Pa—pa!" she exclaimed, with horror in her voice, coming round front, "pa—pa!—good gracious! Do you know it is the most exclusive—however, papa! let us talk that over in the other room. What I wish to ask is quite another matter. You know that Mr.— Mr.—"

"The gentleman you mean is probably James S———," interrupted Mr. Jones.

"Thank you, sir, so it is!" continued Miss Fencher, putting her hand upon the Baronet's mouth, who was about to speak—"It is Mr. James S———; and what I wish, papa, is, to have Mr. James S——— invited to pass a week with us. You know, papa, we shall be very intimate—James S——— and I—both of us assisting Lady Imogen, you know, papa! and—and—stay till I get some note-paper—will you, dear papa?"

"You *will* have your way, chick, you *will* have your way," sighed Sir Humphrey, getting his spectacles out of a very tight pocket on his hip. "But, bless me, I can't write in the evening. Mr. Jones—perhaps Mr. Jones will write the note for me—just present my compliments to Mr. S———, and request the honor, and all that—can you do it, Mr. Jones?"

S——— rapidly indited a polite note to himself, which he handed to Miss Fencher for her approbation, and meantime entered the butler with the coffee.

"Stuggins!" cried Sir Humphrey—"I wish Mr. Jones—"

"Good Heavens! papa!" exclaimed Miss Fencher, ending the remainder of her objurgation in a whisper in her father's ear. But the baronet was not in a mood to be controlled.

"My love!—Bel, I say!—he *shall* go. You d-d-d-diddedent see Miss Jones's letter. He's a p-p-p-pattern of filial duty!—he gives his mother a house, and all she wants!—he's a good son, I tell you! St-Stuggins, come here! Pass the port, Jones, my good fellow!"

Stuggins stepped forward a pace, and presented his white waistcoat, and Miss Fencher flounced out of the room in a passion.

"Stuggins!" said the old man, a little more tranquilly, since he had no fear now of being interrupted, "I wish my friend, Mr. Jones, here, to see this cock-a-hoop business to-morrow. It'll be a fine sight, they tell me. I want him to see it, Stuggins! You understand me. His mother, Miss Jones, was a pretty girl, Stuggins! And she'll be very glad to hear that her boy has seen such a fine show—eh, Jones? eh, Stuggins? Well, you know what I want. The Headfort tenants will have a place provided for them, of course—some shrubbery, eh?—some gallery—some place behind the musicians, where they are out of the way, but can see—isn't it so? eh? eh?"

"Yes, Sir Humphrey—no doubt, Sir Humphrey?" acceded Stuggins, with his ears still open to know how the details were to be managed.

"Well—very well—and you'll take Jones with you in the dickey—eh?—Thomas will go on the box—eh? Will that do?—and Mr. Jones will stay with us to-night, and perhaps you'll show him his room, now, and talk it over, eh, Stuggins?—good night, Mr. Jones!—good night, Jones, my good fellow!"

And Sir Humphrey, having done this act of grateful reminiscence for his old sweetheart, managed to find his way into the next room unaided.

S——— had begun, by this time, to see "straw for his bricks," in the course matters were taking; and instead of throwing a decanter after Sir Humphrey, and knocking down the butler for calling him Mr. Jones, he accepted Stuggins's convoy to the housekeeper's room, and with his droll stories and funny ways, kept the maids and footmen in convulsions of laughter till break of day. Such a merry time had not come off in servants' hall for many a day, and of many a precious morsel of the high life below stairs of Tally-ho hall did he pick the brains of the delighted Abigails.

The ladies, busied with their toilets, had their breakfasts in their own rooms, and Mr. Jones did not make his appearance till after the baronet had achieved his red herring and seltzer. The carriage came round at twelve, and the ladies stepped in, dressed for triumph, tumbled after by burly Sir Humphrey, who required one side of the vehicle to himself—Mr. Jones outside, on the dickey with Stuggins, as previously arranged.

Half way up the long avenue of Headfort court, Stuggins relinquished the dickey to its rightful occupant, Thomas, and, with Mr. Jones, turned off by a side path that led to the dairy and offices—the latter barely saving his legs, however, for the manœuvre was performed servant fashion, while the carriage kept its way.

Lord Headfort was a widower, and his niece, Lady Imogen Bellasys, the wittiest and loveliest girl in England, stood upon the lawn for the mistress of the festivities. She had occasion for a petticoat *aid-de-camp*, and she knew that Lord Headfort wished to propitiate his Warwickshire neighbors; and as Miss Fencher was a fine grenadier looking girl, she promoted her to that office immediately on her arrival, decking her for the nonce with a broad blue riband of authority. Miss Fencher made the best use of her powers of self congratulation, and thanked God privately besides, that Sir Humphrey had provided an eclipse for Mr. Jones; for with the drawback of presenting such a superfluous acquaintance of their own to the fastidious eyes of Lady Imogen, she felt assured that her new honors would never have arrived to her. She had had a hint, moreover, from her dressing-maid, of Mr. Jones' comicalities below stairs; and the fact that he was a person who could be funny in a kitchen, was quite enough to confirm the aristocratic instinct by which she had at once pronounced upon his condition. If her papa *had* been gay in his youth, there was no reason why every Miss Jones should send her child to him to be made a gentleman of! "Filial pattern," indeed!

The gayeties began. The French figurante, despatched by Lord Vaurien from the opera, made up her tableaux from the beauties, and those who had ugly faces, but good figures, tried their attitudes on the archery-lawn, and those whose complexions would stand the aggravation, tripped to the dancing tents, and the falcon was flown, and the greyhounds were coursed, and a few couple of Warwickshire lads tried

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their backs at a wrestling fall, and the time wore on. But to Lady Imogen's shrewd apprehension, it wore on very heavily. There was no wit afloat. Nobody seemed gayer than he meant to be. The bubble was wanting to their champagne of enjoyment. Miss Fencher's blue riband went to and fro like a pendulum, perpetually crossing the lawn between Lady Imogen and the footman in waiting, to inquire if a post-chaise had arrived from London.

"I will never forgive that James S——, never!" pettishly vowed her ladyship, as Miss Fencher came back for the fiftieth time with no news of his arrival.

"Better feed your menagerie at once!" whispered Lord Headfort to his niece, as he caught a glance at her vexed face in passing.

The decision with which the order was given to serve breakfast, seemed to hurry the very heat of the kitchen fires, for in an incredibly short time, the hot soups and delicate *entremets* of Monsieur Dupres were on the tables, and breakfast was announced. The band played a march, the games were abandoned, Miss Fencher followed close upon the heels of her *chef*, to secure a seat in her neighborhood, and in ten minutes a hundred questions of precedence were settled, and Sir Humphrey, somewhat to his surprise, and as much to his delight, was called to the left hand of the marquis. Tally-ho hall was in the ascendant.

During the first assault upon the soups, the band played a delicious set of waltzes, terminating with the clatter of changing plates. But at the same moment, above all the ring of impinging china, arose a shout of laughter from a party somewhere without the pavilion, and so sustained and hearty was the peal, that the servants stood petrified with their dishes, and the guests sat in wondering silence. The steward was instantly despatched to enforce order, and Lord Headfort explained, that the tenants were feasted on beef and ale, in the thicket beyond, though he could scarce imagine what should amuse them so uncommonly.

"They have promised to maintain order, my lord!" said the steward, returning, and stooping to his master's ear, "but there is a droll gentleman among them, my lord!"

"Then I dare swear it's better fun than this!" mumbled his lordship for the steward's hearing, as he looked round upon the unamused faces in his neighborhood.

"Headfort," cried Lady Imogen, presently, from the other end of the table, "did you send to Stratford for S——, or did you not? Let us know whether there is a chance of his coming!"

"Upon my honor, Lady Imogen, my own chariot has been at the Stratford inn, waiting for him since morning," was the marquis's answer. "Vaurien wrote that he had booked him by the mail of the night before! I'd give a thousand pounds if he were here!"

Bursts of laughter, breaking through all efforts to suppress them, again rose from the offending quarter.

"It's a Mr. Jones, my lord," said the steward, speaking between the marquis and Sir Humphrey; "he's a friend of Sir Humphrey's butler—and—if you will excuse me, my lord—Stuggins says he is the son of a Miss Jones, formerly an acquaintance of Sir Humphrey's!"

Red as a turkey-cock grew the old baronet in a moment. "I beg ten thousand pardons for having intruded him here, my lord!" said Sir Humphrey; "it's a poor lad that brought me a letter from his mother, and I told Stuggins—"

But here Stuggins approached with a couple of notes for his master, and, begging permission of the marquis, Sir Humphrey put on his spectacles to read. The guests at the table, meantime, were passing the wine very slowly, and conversation more slowly still, and, with the tranquillity that reigned in the pavilion, the continued though half-smothered merriment of the other party was provokingly audible.

"Can't we borrow a little fun from those merry people?" cried Lady Imogen, throwing up her eyes despairingly as the marquis exchanged looks with her.

"If we could persuade Sir Humphrey to introduce his friend, Jones, to us—"

"*I* introduce him!" exclaimed the fuming baronet, tearing off his spectacles in a rage, "read that before you condescend to talk of noticing such a varlet! Faith! I think he's the clown from a theatre, or the waiter from a pot-house!"

The marquis read:—

"Dear Nuncle: It's hard on to six o'clock, and I'm engaged at seven to a junketing at the 'Hen and chickens,' with Stuggins and the maids. If you intend to make me acquainted with your great lord, now is the time. If you don't, I shall walk in presently, and introduce myself; for I know how to make my own way, nuncle—ask Miss Bel's maid, and the other girls you introduced me to at Tally-ho hall! Be in a hurry, I'm just outside. Yours, "Jones.

"Sir Humphrey Fencher."

The excitement of Sir Humphrey, and the amused face of the marquis as he read, had drawn Lady Imogen from her seat, and as he read aloud, at her request, the urgent epistle of Mr. Jones, she clapped her hands with delight, and insisted on having him in. Sir Humphrey declared he should take it as an affront if the thing was insisted on, and Miss Fencher, who had followed to her father's chair, and heard the reading of the note, looked the picture of surprised indignation. "Insolent! vulgar! abominable!" was all the compliment she ventured upon, however.

"Will you let me look at Mr. Jones's note?" said Lady Imogen.

"Good Heavens!" she exclaimed, after glancing at it an instant, "I was sure it must be he!"

And out ran the beautiful queen of the festivities, and the next moment, to Sir Humphrey's amazement, and Miss Fencher's utter dismay, she returned, dragging in, with her own scarf around his body, and her own wreath of roses around his head, the friend of Stuggins—the abominable Jones! Up jumped the marquis, and called him by name (not Jones), and seized him by both hands, and up jumped with delighted acclamation half a dozen other of the more distinguished guests at table, and the merriment was now on the other side of the thicket.

It was five or ten minutes before they were again seated at table, S—— on Lady Imogen's right hand, but there were two vacant chairs, for Sir Humphrey and his daughter had taken advantage of the confusion to disappear, and the field was open, therefore, for a full account of Mr. Jones's adventures above and below stairs at Tally-ho hall. A better subject never fell into the hand of that inimitable humorist, and gloriously he made use of it.

As he concluded, amid convulsions of laughter, the butler brought in a note addressed to James S——, Esq., which had been given him by Stuggins early in the day—his own autograph invitation to the hospitalities of Tally-ho hall!

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LADY RACHEL.

"Beauty, alone, is lost, too warily kept."

I ONCE had a long conversation with a fellow-traveller in the *coupé* of a French diligence. It was a bright moonlight night, early in June—not at all the scene or season for talking long on very dry topics—and with a mutual *abandon* which must be explained by some theory of the silent sympathies, we fell to chatting rather confidentially on the subject of love. He gave me some hints as to a passage in his life which seemed to me, when he told it, a definite and interesting story; but in recalling it to mind afterward, I was surprised to find how little he really said, and how much, from seeing the man and hearing his voice, I was enabled without effort to supply. To save roundabout, I'll tell the story in the first person, as it was told to me, begging the reader to take my place in the *coupé* and listen to a very gentlemanly man, of very loveable voice and manners; supplying, also, as I did, by the imagination, much more than is told in the narration.

"I am inclined to think that we are sometimes best loved by those whom we least suspect of being interested in us; and while a sudden laying open of hearts would give the lie to many a love professed, it would, here and there, disclose a passion which, in the ordinary course of things, would never have been betrayed. I was once a little surprised with a circumstance of the kind I allude to.

"I had become completely domesticated in a family living in the neighborhood of London—I can scarce tell you how, even if it were worth while. A chance introduction, as a stranger in the country, first made me acquainted with them, and we had gone on, from one degree of friendship to another, till I was as much at home at Lilybank as any one of the children. It was one of those little English paradises, rural and luxurious, where love, confidence, simplicity, and refinement, seem natural to the atmosphere, and I thought, when I was there, that I was probably as near to perfect happiness as I was likely to be in the course of my life. But I had my annoyance even there.

"Mr. Fleming (the name is fictitious, of course) was a man of sufficient fortune, living, without a profession, on his means. He was avowedly of the middle class, but his wife, a very beautiful specimen of the young English mother, was very highly connected, and might have moved in what society she pleased. She chose to find her happiness at home, and leave society to come to her by its own natural impulse and affinity—a sensible choice, which shows you at once the simple and rational character of the woman. Fleming and his wife were very fond of each other, but, at the same time, very fond of the companionship of those who were under their roof; and between them and their three or four lovely children, I could have been almost contented to have been a prisoner at Lilybank, and to have seen nobody but its charming inmates for years together.

"I had become acquainted with the Flemings, however, during the absence of one of the members of the family. Without being at all aware of any new arrival in the course of the morning, I went late to dinner after a long and solitary ride on horseback, and was presented to Lady Rachel ———, a tall and reserved-looking person, sitting on Fleming's right hand. Seeing no reason to abate any of my outward show of happiness, or to put any restraint on the natural impulse of my attentions, I took my accustomed seat by the sweet mistress of the house, wrapped up my entire heart, as usual, in every word and look that I sent toward her, and played the schoolboy that I felt myself, uncloudedly frank and happy. Fleming laughed and mingled in our chat occasionally, as he was wont to do, but a glance now and then at his stately right-hand neighbor, made me aware that I was looked upon with some coolness, if not with a marked disapproval. I tried the usual peace-offerings of deference and marked courtesy, and lessened somewhat the outward show of my happiness, but Lady Rachel was apparently not propitiated. You know what it is to have one link cold in the chain of sympathy around a table.

"The next morning I announced my intention of returning to town. I had hitherto come and gone at my pleasure. This time the Flemings showed a determined opposition to my departure. They seemed aware that my enjoyment under their roof had been, for the first time, clouded over, and they were not willing I should leave till the accustomed sunshine was restored. I felt that I owed them too much to resist any persuasion of theirs against my own feelings merely, and I remained.

"But I determined to overcome Lady Rachel's aversion—a little from pique, I may as well confess, but mostly for the gratification I knew it would give to my sweet friends and entertainers. The saddle is my favorite thinking-place. I mounted a beautiful hunter which Fleming always put at my disposal while I stayed with them, and went off for a long gallop. I dismounted at an inn, some miles off, called for black wax, and writing myself a letter, despatched it to Lilybank. To play my part well, you will easily conceive, it was necessary that my kind friends should not be in the secret.

"The short road to the heart of a proud woman, I well knew, was pity. I came to dinner that day a changed man. It was known through the family, of course, that a letter sealed with black had arrived for me, during my ride, and it gave me the apology I needed for a sudden alteration of manner. Delicacy would prevent any one, except Mrs. Fleming, from alluding to it, and she would reserve the inquiry till we were alone. I had the evening before me, of course.

"Lady Rachel, I had remarked, showed her superiority by habitually pitching her voice a note or two below that of the persons around her—as if the repose of her calm mind was beyond the plummet of their superficial gayety. I had also observed, however, that if she succeeded in rebuking now and then the high spirits of her friends, and lowered the general diapason till it harmonized with her own voice, she was more gratified than by any direct compliment or attention. I ate my soup in silence, and while the children, and a chance guest or two, were carrying on some agreeable banter in a merry key, I waited for the first opening of Lady Rachel's lips, and, when she spoke, took her tone like an echo. Without looking at her, I commenced a subdued and pensive description of my morning's ride, like a man unconsciously awakened from his revery by a sympathetic voice, and betraying, by the tone in which he spoke,

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the chord to which he responded. A newer guest had taken my place, next to Mrs. Fleming, and I was opposite Lady Rachel. I could feel her eyes suddenly fixed on me as I spoke. For the first time, she addressed a remark to me, in a pause of my description. I raised my eyes to her with as much earnestness and deference as I could summon into them, and, when I had listened to her and answered her observation, kept them fastened on her lips, as if I hoped she would speak to me again—yet without a smile, and with an expression that I meant should be that of sadness, forgetful of usages, and intent only on an eager longing for sympathy. Lady Rachel showed her woman's heart, by an almost immediate change of countenance and manner. She leaned slightly over the table toward me, with her brows lifted from her large dark eyes, and the conversation between us became continuous and exclusive. After a little while, my kind host, finding that he was cut off from his other guests by the fear of interrupting us, proposed to give me the head of the table, and I took his place at the left hand of Lady Rachel. Her dinner was forgotten. She introduced topics of conversation such as she thought harmonized with my feelings, and while I listened, with my eyes alternately cast down or raised timidly to hers, she opened her heart to me on the subject of death, the loss of friends, the vanity of the world, and the charm, to herself, of sadness and melancholy. She seemed unconscious of the presence of others as she talked. The tears suffused her fine eyes, and her lips quivered, and I found, to my surprise, that she was a woman, under that mask of haughtiness, of the keenest sensibility and feeling. When Mrs. Fleming left the table, Lady Rachel pressed my hand, and, instead of following into the drawing-room, went out by the low window upon the lawn. I had laid up some little food for reflection as you may conceive, and I sat the next hour looking into my wineglass, wondering at the success of my manœuvre, but a little out of humor with my own hypocrisy, notwithstanding.

"Mrs. Fleming's tender kindness to me when I joined her at the tea-table, made me again regret the sacred feelings upon which I had drawn for my experiment. But there was no retreat. I excused myself hastily, and went out in search of Lady Rachel, meeting her ladyship, as I expected, slowly pacing the dark avenues of the garden. The dimness of the starlight relieved me from the effort of keeping sadness in my countenance, and I easily played out my part till midnight, listening to an outpouring of mingled kindness and melancholy, for the waste of which I felt some need to be forgiven.

"Another day of this, however, was all that I could bring my mind to support. Fleming and his wife had entirely lost sight—in sympathy with my presumed affliction—of the object of detaining me at Lilybank, and I took my leave, hating myself for the tender pressure of the hand, and the sad and sympathizing farewells which I was obliged to receive from them. I did not dare to tell them of my unworthy *ruse*. Lady Rachel parted from me as kindly as the rest, and I had gained my point with the loss of my self-esteem. With a prayer that, notwithstanding this deceit and misuse, I might find pity when I should indeed stand in need of it, I drove from the door.

"A month passed away, and I wrote, once more, to my friends at Lilybank, that I would pass a week with them. An occurrence, in the course of that month, however, had thrown another mask over my face, and I went there again with a part to play—and, as if by a retributive Providence, it was now my need of sympathy that I was most forced to conceal. An affair which I saw no possibility of compromising, had compelled me to call out a man who was well known as a practical duelist. The particulars would not interest you. In accepting the challenge, my antagonist asked a week's delay, to complete some important business from which he could not withdraw his attention. And that week I passed with the Flemings.

"The gayety of Lilybank was resumed with the smile I brought back, and chat and occupation took their natural course. Lady Rachel, though kind and courteous, seemed to have relapsed into her reserve, and, finding society an effort, I rode out daily alone, seeing my friends only at dinner and in the evening. They took it to be an indulgence of some remainder of my former grief, and left me consequently to the disposition of my own time.

"The last evening before the duel arrived, and I bade my friends good-night as usual, though with some suppressed emotion. My second, who was to come from town and take me up at Lilybank on his way to the ground, had written to me that, from what he could gather, my best way was to be prepared for the worst, and, looking upon it as very probably the last night of my life, I determined to pass it waking, and writing to my friends at a distance. I sat down to it, accordingly, without undressing.

"It was toward three in the morning that I sealed up my last letter. My bedroom was on the ground-floor, with a long window opening into the garden; and, as I lifted my head up from leaning over the seal, I saw a white object standing just before the casement, but at some little distance, and half buried in the darkness. My mind was in a fit mood for a superstitious feeling, and my blood crept cold for a moment; I passed my hand across my eyes—looked again. The figure moved slowly away.

"To direct my thoughts, I took up a book and read. But, on looking up, the figure was there again, and, with an irresistible impulse, I rushed out to the garden. The figure came toward me, but, with its first movement, I recognised the stately step of Lady Rachel.

"Confused at having intruded on her privacy, for I presumed that she was abroad for solitude, and with no thought of being disturbed, I turned to retire. She called to me, however, and, sinking upon a garden-seat, covered her face with her hands. I stood before her, for a moment, in embarrassed silence.

"'You keep late hours,' she said, at last, with a tremulous voice, but rising at the same time and, with her arm put through mine, leading me to the thickly-shaded walk.

"'To-night I do,' I replied; 'letters I could not well defer——'

"'Listen to me!' interrupted Lady Rachel. 'I know your business for the morning——'

"I involuntarily released my arm and started back. The chance of an interruption that would seem dishonorable flashed across my mind.

"'Stay!' she continued; 'I am the only one in the family who knows of it, and my errand with you is not to hinder this dreadful meeting. The circumstances are such, that, with society as it is, you could not avoid it with honor.'

"I pressed her arm with a feeling of gratified justification which quite overcame, for the moment, my curiosity as to the source of her knowledge of the affair.

"'You must forgive me,' she said, 'that I come to you like a bird of ill omen. I can not spare the precious moments to tell you how I came by my information as to your design. I have walked the night away, before your window, not daring to interrupt you in what was probably the performance of sacred duties. But I know your antagonist—I know his demoniac nature, and—pardon me!—I dread the worst!'

"I still walked by her side in silence. She resumed, though strongly agitated.

"'I have said that I justify you in an intention

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which will probably cost you your life. Yet, but for a feeling which I am about to disclose to you, I should lose no time and spare no pains in preventing this meeting. Under such circumstances, your honor would be less dear to me than now, and I should be acting as one of my sex who had but a share of interest in resisting and striving to correct this murderous exaction of public opinion. I would condemn duelling in argument—avoid the duellist in society—make any sacrifice with others to suppress it in the abstract—but, till the feeling changes in reference to it, I could not bring myself to sacrifice, in the honor of the man I loved, my world of happiness for my share only.'

"'And mean you to say——' I began, but, as the light broke upon my mind, amazement stopped my utterance.

"'Yes—that I love you!—that I love you!' murmured Lady Rachel, throwing herself into my arms, and fastening her lips to mine in a long and passionate kiss—'that I love you, and, in this last hour of your life, must breathe to you what I never before breathed to mortal!'

"She sank to the ground, and, with handfuls of dew, swept up from the grass of the lawn, I bathed her temples, as she leaned senseless against my knee. The moon had risen above the trees, and poured its full radiance on her pale face and closed eyes. Her hair loosened and fell in heavy masses over her shoulders and bosom, and, for the first time, I realized Lady Rachel's extraordinary beauty. Her features were without a fault, her skin was of marble fairness and paleness, and her abandonment to passionate feeling had removed, for the instant, a hateful cloud of pride and superciliousness that, at all other times, had obscured her loveliness. With a newborn emotion in my heart, I seized the first instant of returning consciousness, and pressed her, with a convulsive eagerness, to my bosom.

"The sound of wheels aroused me from this delirious dream, and, looking up, I saw the gray of the dawn struggling with the moonlight. I tore myself from her arms, and the moment after was whirling away to the appointed place of meeting.

"I was in my room, at Lilybank, dressing, at eleven of that same day. My honor was safe, and the affair was over, and now my whole soul was bent on this new and unexpected vision of love. True—I was but twenty-five, and Lady Rachel probably twenty years older—but she loved me—she was highborn and beautiful—and love is not so often brought to the lip in this world, that we can cavil at the cup which holds it. With these thoughts and feelings wrangling tumultuously in my heated blood, I took the following note from a servant at my door.

"'Lady Rachel —— buries in entire oblivion the last night past. Feelings over which she has full control in ordinary circumstances, have found utterance under the conviction that they were words to the dying. They would never have been betrayed without impending death, and they will never, till death be near to one of us, find voice, or give token of existence again. Delicacy and honor will prompt you to visit Lilybank no more.'

"Lady Rachel kept her room till I left, and I have never visited Lilybank, nor seen her since."

THE PHANTOM-HEAD UPON THE TABLE.

CHAPTER I.

SHOWING THE HUMILIATIONS OF THE BARRIERS OF HIGH-LIFE.

THERE is no aristocracy in the time o' night. It was punctually ten o'clock, in Berkeley square. It rained on the nobleman's roof. It rained on the beggar's head. The lamps, for all that was visible except themselves, might as well have been half way to the moon, but even that was not particular to Berkeley square.

A hack cabriolet groped in from Bruton street.

"Shall I ring any bell for you, sir?" said the cabman, pulling aside the wet leather curtain.

"No! I'll get out anywhere! Pull up to the sidewalk!"

But the passenger's mind changed while paying his shilling.

"On second thoughts, my good fellow, you may knock at the large door on the right."

The driver scrambled up the high steps and gave a single knock—such a knock as the drivers of only the poor and unfashionable are expected to give, in well-regulated England.

The door was opened only to a crack, and a glittering livery peered through. But the passenger was close behind, and setting his foot against the door, he drove back the suspicious menial and walked in. Three men, powdered and emblazoned in blue and gold, started to their feet, and came toward the apparent intruder. He took the wet cap from his head, deliberately flung his well-worn cloak into the arms of the nearest man, and beckoning to another, pointed to his overshoes. With a suppressed titter, two of the footmen disappeared through a side-door, and the third, mumbling something about sending up one of the stable-boys, turned to follow them.

The new-comer's hand passed suddenly into the footman's white cravat, and, by a powerful and sudden throw, the man was brought to his knee.

"Oblige me by unbuckling that shoe!" said the stranger in a tone of imperturbable coolness, setting his foot upon the upright knee of the astonished menial.

The shoe was taken off, and the other set in its place upon the plush-covered leg, and unbuckled, as obediently.

"Keep them until I call you to put them on again!" said the wearer, taking his gloves from his pockets, as the man arose, and slowly walking up and down the hall while he drew them leisurely on.

From the wet and muddy overshoes had been delivered two slight and well-appointed feet, however, shining in pliable and unexceptionable jet. With a second look, and the foul-weather toggery laid aside, the humbled footman saw that he had been in error, and that, hack-cab and dirty overshoes to the contrary notwithstanding, the economising guest of "my lord" would appear, on the other side of the drawing-room door, only at home on "velvet of three pile"—an elegant of undepreciable water!

"Shall I announce you, sir?" respectfully inquired the servant.

"If Lord Aymar has come up from the dinner table—yes! If the ladies are alone—no!"

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"Coffee has just gone in to the ladies, sir!"

"Then I'll find my own way!"

Lady Aymar was jamming the projecting diamond of a bracelet through and through the thick white leaf of an Egyptian kala, lost apparently in an eclipse of revery—possibly in a swoon of slumberous digestion. By the drawing-room light, in her negligent posture, she looked of a ripeness of beauty not yet sapped by one autumnal minute—plump, drowsy, and voluptuous. She looked up as the door opened.

"Spiridion!"

"Sappho!"

"Don't be silly!—how are you, Count Pallardos? And how like a ghost you come in, unannounced! Suppose I had been tying my shoe, or anything?"

"Is your ladyship quite well?"

"I will take coffee and wake up to tell you! Was I asleep when you opened the door? They were all so dull at dinner. Ah me! stupid or agreeable, we grow old all the same! How am I looking, Spiridion?"

"Ravishingly! Where is Lady Angelica?"

"Give me another lump of sugar! La! don't *you* take coffee?"

"There are but two cups, and this was meant for a lip of more celestial earth—has she been gone long?"

The door opened, and the rustling dress of Lady Angelica Aymar made music in the room. Oh, how gloriously beautiful she was, and how changed was Count Spiridion Pallardos by her coming in! A minute before so inconsequent, so careless and complimentary—now so timid, so deferential, so almost awkward in every motion!

The name of "Greek count" has been for a long time, in Europe, the synonym for "adventurer"—a worse pendant to a man's name, in high life at least, than "pirate" or "robber." Not that a man is peculiar who is trying to make the most out of society and would prefer an heiress to a governess, but that it is a disgrace to be so labelled! An adventurer is the same as any other gentleman who is not rich, only without a mask.

Count Pallardos was lately arrived from Constantinople, and was recognised and received by Lord Aymar as the son of a reduced Greek noble who had been the dragoman to the English embassy when his lordship was ambassador to the Porte. With a promptness a little singular in one whose patronage was so difficult to secure, Lord Aymar had immediately procured, for the son of his old dependant, a small employment as translator in the Foreign office, and with its most limited stipend for his means, the young count had commenced his experience of English life. His acquaintance with the ladies of Lord Aymar's family was two stages in advance of this, however. Lady Aymar remembered him well as the beautiful child of the lovely Countess Pallardos, the playfellow of her daughter Angelica on the shore of the Bosphorus; and on his first arrival in England, hearing that the family of his patron was on the coast for seabathing, Spiridion had prepared to report himself first to the female portion of it. Away from society in a retired *cottage ornée* upon the seashore, they had received him with no hinderance to their appreciation or hospitality; and he had thus been subjected, by accident, to a month's unshared intoxication with the beauty of the Lady Angelica. The arrival of the young Greek had been made known to Lord Aymar by his lady's letters, and the situation had been procured for him; but Pallardos had seen his lordship but once, and this was his first visit to the town establishment of the family.

The butler came in with a *petit verre* of Curaçoa for Miladi, and was not surprised, as the footmen would have been, to see Lady Angelica on her knee, and Count Pallardos imprisoning a japonica in the *knot a la Grecque* of that head of Heaven's most heavenly moulding. Brother and sister, Cupid and Psyche, could not have been grouped with a more playful familiarity.

"Spiridion!"—said Lady Aymar—"I shall call you Spiridion till the men come up—how are you lodged, my dear! Have you a bath in your dressing-room?"

"Pitcher and bowl of the purest crockery, my dear lady! May I venture to draw this braid a little closer, Angelica—to correct the line of this raven mass on your cheek? It robs us now of a rose-leaf's breadth at least—flat burglary, my sweet friend!"

But the Lady Angelica sprang to her feet, for a voice was heard of some one ascending from the dining-room. She flung herself into a *dormeuse*, Spiridion twirled his two fingers at the fire, as if bodily warmth was the uppermost necessity of the moment, and enter Lord Aymar, followed by a great statesman, a famous poet, one sprig of unsurpassed nobility, and one wealthy dandy commoner.

Lord Aymar nodded to his *protegé*, but the gentlemen grouped themselves, for a moment, around a silver easel, upon which stood a *Correggio*, a late purchase of which his lordship had been discoursing, and in that minute or two the name and quality of the stranger were communicated to the party—probably, for they took their coffee without further consciousness of his presence.

The statesman paired off to a corner with his host to talk politics, the poet took the punctured flower from the lap of Lady Aymar, and commenced mending, with patent wax wafers, from the ormolu desk near by, the holes in the white leaves; and the two ineffables lingered a moment longer over their Curaçoa.

Pallardos drew a chair within conversation-reach of Lady Angelica, and commenced an unskilful discussion of the opera of the night before. He felt angry, insulted, unseated from his self-possession, yet he could not have told why. The two young men lounged leisurely across the room, and the careless Lord Frederick drew his chair partly between Pallardos and Lady Angelica, while Mr. Townley Manners reclined upon an ottoman behind her and brought his lips within whisper-shot of her ear, and, with ease and unforced nonsense, not audible nor intended to be audible to the "Greek adventurer," they inevitably engrossed the noble beauty.

The blood of Count Spiridion ran round his heart like a snake coiled to strike. He turned to a portfolio of drawings for a cover to self-control and self-communing, for he felt that he had need of summoning his keenest and coldest judgment, his boldest and wariest courage of conduct and endurance, to submit to, and outnerve and overmaster, his humiliating position. He was under a roof of which he well knew that the pride and joy of it, the fair Lady Angelica, the daughter of the proud earl, had given him her heart. He well knew that he had needed reserve and management to avoid becoming too much the favorite of the lady mistress of that mansion; yet, in it, he had been twice insulted grossly, cuttingly, but in both cases unresentably—once by unpunishable menials, of whom he could not even complain without exposing and degrading himself, and once by the supercilious competitors for the heart he knew was his own—and they too, unpunishable!

At this moment, at a sign from Lady Aymar, her lord swung open the door of a conservatory to give the room air, and the long mirror, set in the panel, showed to Spiridion his own pale and lowering features. He thanked Heaven for the chance! To see himself once more was what he bitterly needed!—to see whether his head had shrunk between his shoulders—whether his back was crouched—whether his eyes and lips had lost their fearlessness and pride! He

had feared so—felt so! He almost wondered that he did not look like a dependant and a slave! But oh, no!. The large mirror showed the grouped figures of the drawing-room, his own the noblest among them by nature's undeniable confession! His clear, statuary outline of features—the finely-cut arches of his lips—the bold, calm darkness of his passionate eyes—his graceful and high-born mien,—all apparent enough to his own eye when seen in the contrast of that mirrored picture—he was *not* changed!—*not* a slave—*not* metamorphosed by that hour's humiliation! He clenched his right hand, once, till the nails were driven through his glove into the clammy palm, and then rose with a soft smile on his features, like the remainder of a look of pleasure.

"I have found," said he, in a composed and musical tone, "I have found what we were looking for, Lady Angelica!"

He raised the large portfolio from the print-stand, and setting it open on his knee, directly between Lord Frederick and Lady Angelica, cut off that nobleman's communication with her ladyship very effectually, while he pointed out a view of the Acropolis at Athens. Her ladyship was still expressing her admiration of the drawing, when Spiridion turned to the astonished gentleman at her ear.

"Perhaps, sir," said he, "in a lady's service, I may venture to dispossess you of that ottoman! Will you be kind enough to rise?"

With a stare of astonishment, the elegant Mr. Townley Manners reluctantly complied; and Spiridion, drawing the ottoman in front of Lady Angelica, set the broad portfolio upon it, and seating himself at her feet upon the outer edge, commenced a detailed account of the antiquities of the grand capitol. The lady listened with an amused look of mischief in her eye, Lord Frederick walked once around her chair humming an air very rudely, Mr. Manners attempted in vain to call Lady Angelica to look at something wonderful in the conservatory, and Spiridion's triumph was complete. He laid aside the portfolio after a moment or two, drew the ottoman back to its advantageous position, and, self-assured and at his ease, engrossed fully and agreeably the attention of his heart's mistress.

Half an hour elapsed. Lord Aymar took a kind of dismission attitude before the fire, and the guests one and all took their leave. They were all cloaking together in the entry, when his lordship leaned over the bannister.

"Have you your chariot, Lord Frederick?" he asked.

"Yes—it's at the door now!"

"Lady Aymar suggests that perhaps you'll set down Count Pallardos, on your way!"

"Why—ah, certainly, certainly!" replied Lord Frederick, with some hesitation.

"My thanks to Lady Aymar," said Spiridion very quietly, "but say to her ladyship that I am provided with overshoes and umbrella! Shall I offer your lordship half of the latter?" added he in another key, leaning with cool mock-earnestness toward Lord Frederick, who only stared a reply as he passed out to his chariot.

And marvelling who would undergo such humiliations and such antagonism as had been his lot that evening, for anything else than the love of a Lady Angelica, Count Spiridion stepped forth into the rain to grope his way to his obscure lodgings in Parliament street.

CHAPTER II.

SHOWING A GENTLEMAN'S NEED OF A HORSE.

It was the hour when the sun in heaven is supposed to be least promiscuous—the hour when the five hundred fashionables of London West-End receive his visit in the open air, to the entire exclusion (it is presumed) of the remaining population of the globe. The cabs and jarveys, the vehicles of the despised public, rolled past the forbidden gate of Hyde park, and the echo stationed in the arched portal announced the coroneted carriages as they nicely nibbled the pleased gravel in passing under. A plebeian or two stood outside to get a look at the superior beings whose daily list of company to dine is the news most carefully furnished to the instructed public. The birds (having "fine feathers") flew over the iron railing unchallenged by the gate-keeper. Four o'clock went up to Heaven's gate with the souls of those who had died since three, and with the hour's report of the world's sins and good deeds; and at the same moment a chariot rolled into the park, holding between its claret panels the embellished flesh and blood of Lady Aymar and her incomparable daughter.

A group of gay men on horseback stood at the bend of "Rotten Row," watching the comers-in; and within the inner railing of the park, among the promenaders on foot, was distinguishable the slight figure of Count Pallardos, pacing to and fro with step somewhat irregular. As Lady Aymar's chariot went by, he bowed with a frank and ready smile, but the smile was quickly banished by a flushed cheek and lowering brow, for, from the group of mounted dandies, dashed out Lord Frederick Beauchief, upon a horse of unparalleled beauty, and with a short gallop took and kept his place close at the chariot window.

Pallardos watched them till the turn of the ring took them from his sight. The fitness of the group—the evident suitableness of Lord Frederick's position at that chariot window, filled him with a jealousy he could no longer stifle. The contest was all unequal, it was too palpable to deny. He, himself, whatever his person or qualities, was, when on foot, in the place allotted to him by his fortunes—not only unnoticed by the contagious admiration of the crowd, but unable even to obey his mistress, though beckoned by her smile to follow her! That superb animal, the very type of pride and beauty, arching his glossy neck and tossing his spirited head before the eyes of Lady Angelica, was one of those unanalyzed, undisputed vouchers for the owner's superiority, which make wealth the devil's gift—irresistible but by the penetrating and cold judgment of superior beings. How should a woman, born with the susceptible weaknesses of her sex, most impressible by that which is most showy and beautiful—how should she be expected to reason coldly and with philosophic discrimination on this subject?—how separate from Lord Frederick, the mere man, his subservient accompaniments of wealth, attendance, homage from others, and infatuated presumption in himself? Nay—what presumption in Spiridion Pallardos (so he felt, with his teeth set together in despair, as he walked rapidly along)—to suppose that he could contend successfully against this and a thousand such advantages and opportunities, with only his unpriced, unproved love to offer her, with a hand of poverty! His heart ran drowningly over with the bitterness of conviction!

After a few steps, Pallardos turned back with an instinctive though inexplicable desire to hasten the pang of once more meeting them as they came round the ring of the park. Coming toward him, was one of the honorable officials of Downing street, with whom he had been thrown in contact, a conceited and well-born diner-out, mounted on a handsome cob, but with his servant behind him on a blood hunter. Mr. Dallinger was walking his horse slowly along the fence, and, as he came opposite Pallardos, he drew rein.

"Count!" said he, in that patronising tone which is tossed over the head of the patronised like a swan's

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neck over the worm about to be gobbled, "a—a—a—do you know Spanish?"

"Yes. Why?"

"A—a—I've a job for you! You know Moreno, the Spanish secretary—well, his wife—she *will* persist in disguising her billet-doux in that stilted language, and—you know what I want—suppose you come and breakfast with me to-morrow morning?"

Pallardos was mentally crowding his contemptuous refusal into the smallest phrase that could convey repulse to insolence, when the high-stepping and foam-spattered forelegs of Lady Aymar's bays appeared under the drooping branch of the tree beyond him. The next instant, Lord Frederick's easily-carried head danced into sight—a smile of perfect self-satisfaction on his face, and his magnificent horse, excited by the constant check, prancing at his proudest. At the moment they passed, Dallinger's groom, attempting to restrain the impatience of the spirited hunter he was upon, drew the curb a little too violently, and the man was thrown. The sight of the empty saddle sent a thought through the brain of Pallardos like a shaft.

"May I take a little of the nonsense out of that horse for you?" said he quickly, springing over the railing, and seizing the rein, to which the man still held, while the frighted horse backed and reared toward his master.

"A—a—yes, if you like!"

Pallardos sprang into the saddle, loosened the rein and leaned forward, and with three or four powerful bounds, the horse was at the other window of the chariot. Away, with the bursted trammels of heart and brain, went all thoughts of the horse's owner, and all design, if any had flashed on his mind, of time or place for restoring him. Bred in a half-civilized country, where the bold hand was often paramount to law, the Greek had no habit of mind likely to recognise in a moment of passion even stronger barriers of propriety than he was now violating; and, to control his countenance and his tongue, and summon his resources for an apparently careless and smiling contest of attraction with his untroubled rival, was work enough for the whole mind and memory, as well as for all the nerve and spirit of the excited Greek. He laid his hand on the chariot window, and thinking no more of the horse he was subduing than the air he breathed, broke up his powerful gallop to a pace that suited him, and played the lover to the best of his coolness and ability.

"We saw you walking just now, and were lamenting that you were not on horseback," said Lady Aymar, "for it is a sweet evening, and we thought of driving out for a stroll in old Sir John Chasteney's grounds at Bayswater. Will you come, Spiridion? Tell White to drive there!"

Lord Frederick kept his place, and with its double escort, the equipage of the Aymars sped on its way to Bayswater. Spiridion was the handsomer man, and the more graceful rider, and, without forcing the difficult part of keeping up a conversation with those within the chariot, he soon found his uneasiness displaced by a glow of hope and happiness; for Lady Angelica, leaning far back in her seat, and completely hidden from Lord Frederick, kept her eyes watchfully and steadily upon the opposite side where rode her less confident lover. The evening was of summer's softest and richest glory, breezy and fragrant; and as the sun grew golden, the party alighted at the gates of Chasteney park—in tune for love, it must needs be, if ever conspiring smiles in nature could compel accord in human affections.

Ah, happy Spiridion Pallardos! The Lady Angelica called him to disengage her dress from the step of the carriage, and her arm was in his when he arose, placed there as confidingly as a bride's, and with a gentle pressure that was half love and half mischief—for she quite comprehended that Lord Frederick's ride to Bayswater was *not* for the pleasure of a twilight stroll through Chasteney park with her mother! That mother, fortunately, was no *duenna*. She had pretensions of her own to admiration, and she was only particular as to the quantity. Her daughter's division with her of the homage of their male acquaintances, was an evil she indolently submitted to, but she was pleased in proportion as it was not obtruded upon her notice. As Pallardos and the Lady Angelica turned into one of the winding alleys of the grounds, Lady Aymar bent her large eyes very fixedly upon another, and where such beautiful eyes went before, her small feet were very sure to follow. The twilight threw its first blur over the embowering foliage as the parties lost sight of each other, and, of the pair who are the hero and heroine of this story, it can only be disclosed that they found a heaven (embalmed, for their particular use, in the golden dusk of that evening's twilight), and returned to the park gate in the latest minute before dark, sworn lovers, let come what would! But meantime, the happy man's horse had disappeared, as well he might have been expected to do, his bridle having been thrown over a bush by the engrossed Pallardos, when called upon to assist Lady Angelica from her carriage, and milord's groom and miladi's footman having no *sovereign* reasons for securing him. Lord Frederick laughed till the count accepted the offer of Lady Aymar to take him home, bodkin-wise, between herself and her daughter; and for the happiness of being close pressed to the loving side of the Lady Angelica for one hour more, Pallardos would willingly have lost a thousand horses—his own or the honorable Mr. Dallinger's. And, by the way, of Mr. Dallinger and his wrath, and his horseless groom, Spiridion began now to have a thought or two of an uncomfortable pertinacity of intrusion.

CHAPTER III.

SHOWING WHAT MAKES A HORSE-STEALER A GENTLEMAN.

It was the first day of September, and most of the gold threads were drawn from the tangled and varicolored woof of London society. "The season" was over. Two gentlemen stood in the window of Crockford's, one a Jew barrister (kersey enough for more russet company by birth and character, but admitted to the society of "costly stuff" for the equivalent he gave as a purveyor of scandal), and the other a commoner, whose wealth and fashion gave him the privilege of out-staying the season in town, without publishing in the Morning Post a better reason than inclination for so unnatural a procedure.

Count Spiridion Pallardos was seen to stroll slowly up St. James street, on the opposite side.

"Look there, Abrams!" said Mr. Townley Manners, "there's the Greek who was taken up at one time by the Aymars. I thought he was transported."

"No! he still goes to the Aymars, though he is 'in Coventry' everywhere else. Dallinger had him arrested—for horse-stealing, wasn't it? The officer nabbed him as he was handing Lady Angelica out of her carriage in Berkeley square. I remember hearing of it two months ago. What a chop-fallen blackguard it looks!"

"Blackguard! Come, come, man!—give the devil his due!" deprecated the more liberal commoner; "may be it's from not having seen a gentleman for the last week, but, hang me if I don't think that same horse-stealer turning the corner is as crack-looking a man as I ever saw from this window. What's o'clock?"

"Half-past four," replied the scandal-monger, swal-

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lowing, with a bland smile, *what there was to swallow* in Manners's two-edged remark, and turning suddenly on his heel.

Pallardos slowly took his way along Picadilly, and was presently in Berkeley square, at the door of the Aymars. The porter admitted him without question, and he mounted, unannounced, to the drawing-room. The ladies sat by the window, looking out upon the garden.

"Is it you, Spiridion?" said Lady Aymar, "I had hoped you would not come to-day!"

"Oh, mamma!" appealed Lady Angelica.

"Welcome all other days of the year, my dear Pallardos—warmly welcome, of course"—continued Lady Aymar, "but—to-day—oh God! you have no idea what the first of September is—to us—to my husband!"

Lady Aymar covered her face with her hands, and the tears streamed through her fingers.

"Pardon me," said Pallardos—"pardon me, my dear lady, but I am here by the earl's invitation, to dine at six."

Lady Aymar sprang from her seat in astonishment.

"By the earl's invitation, did you say? Angelica, what can that mean? Was it by note, Count Pallardos?"

"By note," he replied.

"I am amazed!" she said, "truly amazed! Does he mean to have a confidant for his family secret? Is his insanity on one point affecting his reason on all? What shall we do, Angelica?"

"We may surely confide in Spiridion, whatever the meaning of it, or the result"—gently murmured Lady Angelica.

"We may—we may!" said Lady Aymar. "Prepare him for it as you will. I pray Heaven to help me through with this day without upsetting my own reason. I shall meet you at dinner, Spiridion."

With her hands twisted together in a convulsive knot, Lady Aymar slowly and musingly passed into the conservatory on her way to her own room, leaving to themselves two lovers who had much to talk of beside dwelling upon a mystery which, even to Lady Angelica, who knew most of it, was wholly inexplicable. Yet it was partially explained by the trembling girl—explained as a case of monomania, and with the brevity of a disagreeable subject, but listened to by her lover with a different feeling—a conviction as of a verified dream, and a vague, inexplicable terror which he could neither reason down nor account for. But the lovers must be left to themselves, by the reader as well as by Lady Aymar; and meantime, till the dinner hour, when our story begins again, we may glance at a note which was received, and replied to, by Lord Aymar in the library below.

"My dear Lord: In the belief that a frank communication would be best under the circumstances, I wish to make an inquiry, prefacing it with the assurance that my only hope of happiness has been for some time staked upon the successful issue of my suit for your daughter's hand. It is commonly understood, I believe, that the bulk of your lordship's fortune is separate from the entail, and may be disposed of at your pleasure. May I inquire its amount, or rather, may I ask what fortune goes with the hand of Lady Angelica. The Beauchief estates are unfortunately much embarrassed, and my own debts (I may frankly confess) are very considerable. You will at once see, my lord, that, in justice to your daughter, as well as to myself, I could not do otherwise than make this frank inquiry before pushing my suit to extremity. Begging your indulgence and an immediate answer, I remain, my dear lord, Yours very faithfully,

"Frederick Beauchief.

"The Earl of Aymar."

(reply.)

"Dear Lord Frederick: I trust you will not accuse me of a want of candor in declining a direct answer to your question. Though I freely own to a friendly wish for your success in your efforts to engage the affections of Lady Angelica, with a view to marriage, it can only be in the irrevocable process of a marriage settlement that her situation, as to the probable disposal of my fortune, can be disclosed. I may admit to you, however, that, upon the events of this day on which you have written (it so chances), may depend the question whether I should encourage you to pursue further your addresses to Lady Angelica.

"Yours very faithfully, "Aymar.

"Lord Frederick Beauchief."

It seemed like the first day after a death, in the house of Lord Aymar. An unaccountable hush prevailed through the servants' offices; the gray-headed old butler crept noiselessly about, making his preparations for dinner, and the doors, that were opened and shut, betrayed the careful touch of apprehension. With penetrating and glassy clearness, the kitchen clock, seldom heard above stairs, resounded through the house, striking six.

In the same neglected attire which she had worn in the morning, Lady Aymar re-entered the drawing-room. The lids were drawn up around her large eyes with a look of unresisting distress, and she walked with relaxed steps, and had, altogether, an air absent and full of dread. The interrupted lovers ceased talking as she approached, but she did not remark the silence, and walked, errandless, from corner to corner.

The butler announced dinner.

"May I give your ladyship an arm?" asked Pallardos.

"Oh God! is it dinner-time already!" she exclaimed with a voice of terror. "Williams! is Lord Aymar below?"

"In the dining-room, miladi."

She took Spiridion's arm, and they descended the stairs. As they approached the dining-room, her arm trembled so violently in his that he turned to her with the fear that she was about to fall. He did not speak. A vague dread, which was more than he had caught from her looks—a something unaccountably heavy at his own heart—made his voice cling to his throat. He bowed to Lord Aymar.

His noble host stood leaning upon the mantel-piece, pale, but seeming less stern and cold than suffering and nerved to bear pain.

"I am glad to see you, my dear count!" he said, giving him his hand with an affectionateness that he had never before manifested. "Are you quite well?" he added, scrutinizing his features closely with the question—"for, like myself, you seem to have grown pale upon this——September dulness."

"I am commonly less well in this month than in any other," said Pallardos, "and—now I think of it—I had forgotten that I arose this morning with a depression of spirits as singular as it was unendurable. I forgot it, when I received your lordship's note, in the happiness the day was to bring me."

The lovers exchanged looks, unremarked, apparently, by either Lord or Lady Aymar, and the conversation relapsed into the commonplaces of dinner-table civility. Spiridion observed that the footmen were excluded, the old butler alone serving them at table; and that the shutters, of which he got a chance glimpse between the curtains, were carefully closed. Once or twice Pallardos roused himself with the thought that he was ill playing the part of an agreeable guest, and proposed some question that might lead to discussion; but the spirits of Lady Angelica seemed frighted to silence, and Lord and Lady Aymar

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were wholly absorbed, or were at least unconscious of their singular incommunicativeness.

Dinner dragged on slowly—Lady Aymar retarding every remove with terrified and flurried eagerness. Pallardos remarked that she did not eat, but she asked to be helped again from every dish before its removal. Her fork rattled on the plate with the trembling of her hand, and, once or twice, an outbreak of hysterical tears was evidently prevented by a stern word and look from Lord Aymar.

The butler leaned over to his mistress's ear.

"No—no—no! Not yet—not yet!" she exclaimed, in a hurried voice, "one minute more!" But the clock at that instant struck seven, counted by that table company in breathless silence. Pallardos felt his heart sink, he knew not why.

Lord Aymar spoke quickly and hoarsely.

"Turn the key, Williams."

Lady Aymar screamed and covered her face with her hands.

"Remove the cloth!" he again ordered precipitately.

The butler's hand trembled. He fumbled with the corner of the cloth a moment, and seemed to want strength or courage to fulfil his office. With a sudden effort Lord Aymar seized and threw the cloth to the other end of the apartment.

"There!" cried he, starting to his feet, and pointing to the bare table, "there! there!" he repeated, seizing the hand of Lady Angelica, as she arose terrified upon her feet. "See you nothing? Do you see nothing?"

With a look, at her father, of blank inquiry—a look of pity at her mother, sunk helpless upon the arm of her chair—a look at Pallardos, who with open mouth, and eyes starting from their sockets, stood gazing upon the table, heedless of all present—she answered—"Nothing—my dear father!—nothing!"

He flung her arm suddenly from his hand.

"I knew it," said he, with angry emphasis. "Take her, shameless woman! Take your child, and begone!"

But Pallardos laid his hand upon the earl's arm.

"My lord! my lord!" he said, in a tone of fearful suppression of outcry, "can we not remove this hideous object! How it glares at you!—at *me!* Why does it look at *me!* What is it, Lord Aymar? What brings that ghastly head *here?* Oh God! oh God! I have seen it so often!"

"*You?—you* have seen it?" suddenly asked Lady Aymar in a whisper. "*Is* there anything to see? Do *you* see the same dreadful sight, Spiridion?" Her voice rose with the last question to a scream.

Pallardos did not answer. He had forgotten the presence of them all. He struggled a moment, gasping and choking for self-control, and then, with a sudden movement, clutched at the bare table. His empty hand slowly opened. and his strength sufficed to pass his finger across the palm. He staggered backward with an idiotic laugh, and was received in his fall by the trembling arms of Lady Angelica. A motion from Lord Aymar conveyed to his faithful servant that the phantom was vanishing! The door was flung open and the household summoned.

"Count Pallardos has fainted from the heat of the room," said Lord Aymar. "Place him upon my bed! And—Lady Aymar!—will you step into the library—I would speak with you a moment!"

There was humility and beseechingness in the last few words of Lord Aymar, which fell strangely on the ear of the affrighted and guilty woman. Her mind had been too fearfully tasked to comprehend the meaning of that changed tone, but, with a vague feeling of relief, she staggered through the hall, and the door of the library closed behind her.

CHAPTER IV.

A letter from Lord Aymar to Lady Angelica will put the story forward a little:—

"My dear Angelica: I am happy to know that there are circumstances which will turn aside much of the poignancy of the communication I am about to make to you. If I am not mistaken at least, in believing a mutual attachment to exist between yourself and Count Pallardos, you will at once comprehend the ground of my mental relief, and perhaps, in a measure, anticipate what I am about to say.

"I have never spoken to you of the fearful inheritance in the blood of the Aymars. This would appear a singular omission between two members of one family, but I had strong reasons for my silence, one of which was your possible sympathy with your mother's obstinate incredulity. *Now*—since yesterday's appalling proof—you can no longer doubt the *inheritance of the phantom head*—the fearful record of some nameless deed of guilt, which is doomed to haunt our festal table as often as the murderous day shall come around to a descendant of our blood. Fortunately—mercifully, I shall perhaps say, we are not visited by this dread avenger till the maturity of manhood gives us the courage to combat with its horror. The Septembers, since my twentieth year, have brought it with fatal certainty to *me*. God alone knows how long I shall be able to withstand the taint it gives to my thoughts when waking, and to the dreams upon my haunted pillow.

"You will readily see, in what I have said, another reason for my silence toward you on this subject. In the strong sympathy and sensitive imagination of a woman, might easily be bred, by too vivid picturing, a fancy which would be as palpable almost as the reality; and I wished you to arrive at woman's years with a belief that it was but a monomaniac affection of my own brain—a disease to pity but not to share! You are now twenty. The females of my family *have invariably seen the phantom at seventeen!* Do you anticipate the painful inference I draw from the fact that this spectre is *invisible to you!*

"No, Angelica! you are *not my daughter!* The Aymar blood does not run in your veins, and I know not how much it will soften the knowledge of your mother's frailty to know, that you are spared the dread inheritance that would have been yours with a legitimacy of honor. I had grounds for this belief at your birth, but I thought it due to the hallowed character of woman and wife to summon courage to wait for confirmation. Had I acted out the impulse, then almost uncontrollable within me, I should have profited by the lawless land in which I resided to add more weight to the errand of this phantom avenger. But time and reason have done their work upon me. Your mother is safe from open retribution. May God pardon her!

"You will have said, here, that since Count Pallardos has been revealed by the same pursuing Providence to be *my son*, I may well refrain from appearing as my wife's accuser. I have no wish to profit by the difference the world makes between infidelity in man, and infidelity in woman; nor to look, for an apology, into the law of nature upon which so general and undisputed a distinction must needs be founded. I confess the justice of Heaven's vengeance upon the crime—visited upon me, I fearfully believe, in the unconscious retaliation which gave you birth. Yet I can not, for this, treat you as the daughter of my blood.

"And this brings me to the object of my letter. With the care of years, I have separated, from the

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entail of Aymar, the bulk of my fortune. God has denied me a legitimate male heir, and I have long ago determined, to leave, to its natural conflict with circumstances, the character of a child I knew to be mine, and to adopt its destiny, if it proved worthy, should my fears as to your own parentage be confirmed by the undeniable testimony of our spectral curse. *Count Pallardos is that child.* Fate drew him here, without my interference, as the crisis of your destiny turned against you. The innocent was not to be punished for the guilty, and the inheritance he takes from you goes back to you—with his love in wedlock! So, at least, appearances have led me to believe, and so would seem to be made apparent the kind provisions of Heaven against our resentful injustices. I must confess that I shall weep tears of joy if it be so, for, dear Angelica, you have wound yourself around my heart, nearer to its core than the coil of this serpent of revenge. I shall find it to be so, I am sadly sure, if I prove incorrect in my suppositions as to your attachment.

"I have now to submit to you, I trust only as a matter of form, two offers for your hand—one from Mr. Townley Manners, and the other (conditional, however, with your fortune) from Lord Frederick Beauchief. An annuity of five hundred a year would be all you would receive for a fortune, and your choice, of course, is free. As the countess Pallardos, you would share a very large fortune (my gifts to *my son*, by a transfer to be executed this day), and to that destiny, if need be, I tearfully urge you.

"Affectionately yours, my dear Angelica,

"AYMAR."

With one more letter, perhaps, the story will be sufficiently told.

"DEAR COUNT: You will wonder at receiving a friendly note from me after my refusal, two months since, to meet you over 'pistols and coffee;' but reparation may not be too late, and this is to say, that you have your choice between two modes of settlement, viz:—to accept for your stable the hunter you *stole from me* (*vide* police report) and allow me to take a glass of wine with you at my own table and bury the hatchet, *or*, to shoot at me if you like, according to your original design. Manners and Beauchief hope you will select the latter, as they owe you a grudge for the possession of your incomparable bride and her fortune; but I trust you will prefer the horse, which (if I am rightly informed) bore you to the declaration of love at Chasteney. Reply to Crockford's.

"Yours ever (if you like),

"POMFRET DALLINGER.

"Count PALLARDOS."

Is the story told? I think so!

GETTING TO WINDWARD.

CHAPTER I.

LONDON is an abominable place to dine. I mean, of course, unless you are free of a club, invited out, or pay a ridiculous price for a French dinner. The unknown stranger, adrift on the streets, with a traveller's notions of the worth of things to eat, is much worse off, as to his venture for a meal, than he would be in the worst town of the worst province of France—much worse off than he would be in New York or New Orleans. There is a "Very's," it is true, and there are one or two *restaurants*, so called, in the Haymarket; but it is true, notwithstanding, that short of a two-guinea dinner at the Clarendon, or some hotel of this class, the next best thing is a simple pointed steak with potatoes, at a chop-house. The admirable club-system (admirable for club-members) has absorbed all the intermediate degrees of eating-houses, and the traveller's chance and solitary meal must be either absurdly expensive, or dismally furnished and attended.

The only real liberty one ever enjoys in a metropolis is the interval (longer or shorter, as one is more or less a philosopher) between his arrival and the delivery of his letters of introduction. While perfectly unknown, dreading no rencontre of acquaintances, subject to no care of dress, equipage, or demeanor, the stranger feels, what he never feels afterward, a complete *abandon* to what immediately surrounds him, a complete willingness to be amused in any shape which chance pleases to offer, and, his desponding loneliness serving him like the dark depths of a well, he sees lights invisible from the higher level of amusement.

Tired of my solitary meals in the parlor of a hotel during my first week in London, I made the round of such dining-places as I could inquire out at the West End—of course, from the reserved habits of the country toward strangers, making no acquaintances, and scarce once exchanging a glance with the scores who sat at the tables around me. Observation was my only amusement, and I felt afterward indebted to those silent studies of character for more acquaintance with the under-crust of John Bull, than can be gathered from books or closer intercourse. It is foreign to my present purpose, however, to tell why his pride should seem want of curiosity, and why his caution and delicacy should show like insensibility and coldness. I am straying from my story.

The covered promenade of the Burlington Arcade is, on rainy days, a great allure for a small chop-house hard by, called "The Blue Posts." This is a snug little tavern, with the rear of its two stories cut into a single dining-room, where chops, steaks, ale, and punch, may be had in unusual perfection. It is frequented ordinarily by a class of men peculiar, I should think, to England—taciturn, methodical in their habits, and highly respectable in their appearance—men who seem to have no amusements and no circle of friends, but who come in at six and sit over their punch and the newspapers till bed-time, without speaking a syllable, except to the waiter, and apparently turning a cold shoulder of discouragement to any one in the room who may be disposed to offer a passing remark. They hang their hats daily on the same peg, daily sit at the same table (where the chair is turned down for them by Villiam, the short waiter), daily drink a small pitcher of punch after their half-pint of sherry, and daily read, from beginning to end, the Herald, Post, and Times, with the variation of the Athenæum and Spectator, on Saturdays and Sundays. I at first hazarded various conjectures as to their condition in life. They were evidently unmarried, and men of easy though limited means—men of no great care, and no high hopes, and in a fixed station; yet of that degree of intelligence and firm self-respect which, in other countries (the

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United States, certainly, at least), would have made them sought for in some more social and higher sphere than that with which they seemed content. I afterward obtained something of a clue to the mystery of the "Blue Posts" society, by discovering two of the most respectable looking of its customers in the exercise of their daily vocations. One, a man of fine phrenological development, rather bald, and altogether very intellectual in his "*os sublime*," I met at the rooms of a fashionable friend, taking his measure for pantaloons. He was the foreman of a celebrated Bond-street tailor. The other was the head-shopman of a famous haberdasher in Regent street; and either might have passed for Godwin the novelist, or Babbidge the calculator—with those who had seen those great intellects only in their imaginations. It is only in England, that men who, like these, have read or educated themselves far above their situations in life, would quietly submit to the arbitrary disqualifications of their pursuits, and agree unresistingly to the sentence of exile from the society suited to their mental grade. But here again I am getting away from my story.

It was the close of a London rainy day. Weary of pacing my solitary room, I sallied out as usual, to the Burlington Arcade (I say *as usual*, for in a metropolis where it rains nine days out of ten, rainy-weather resorts become habitual). The little shops on either side were brightly lit, the rain pattered on the glass roof overhead, and to one who had not a single acquaintance in so vast a city, even the passing of the crowd and the glittering of lights seemed a kind of society. I began to speculate on the characters of those who passed and repassed me in the turns of the short gallery; and the dinner-hours coming round, and the men gradually thinning off from the crowd, I adjourned to the Blue Posts with very much the feeling of a reader interrupted in the progress of a novel. One of the faces that had most interested me was that of a foreigner, who, with a very dejected air, leaned on the arm of an older man, and seemed promenading to kill time, without any hope of killing his *ennui*. On seating myself at one of the small tables, I was agreeably surprised to find the two foreigners my close neighbors, and in the national silence of the company present, broken only by the clatter of knives and forks, it was impossible to avoid overhearing every word spoken by either. After a look at me, as if to satisfy themselves that I, too, was a John Bull, they went on with their conversation in French, which, so long as it was confined to topics of drink and platter, weather and news, I did not care to interrupt. But with their progress through a second pint of sherry, personal topics came up, and as they seemed to be conversing with an impression that their language was not understood, I felt obliged to remind them that I was overhearing unwillingly what they probably meant for a private conversation. With a frankness which I scarcely expected, they at once requested me to transfer my glass to their table, and calling for a pitcher of punch, they extended their confidence by explaining to me the grounds of the remarks I had heard, and continuing to converse freely on the subject. Through this means, and a subsequent most agreeable acquaintance, I possessed myself of the circumstances of the following story; and having thus shown the reader (rather digressively, I must own) how I came by it, I proceed in the third person, trusting that my narration will not now seem like the "coinage of the brain."

The two gentlemen dining at the Blue Posts on the rainy day just mentioned, were Frenchmen, and political exiles. With the fortunes of the younger, this story has chiefly to do. He was a man past the sentimental age, perhaps nearer thirty-seven than thirty-five, less handsome than distinguished in his appearance, yet with one of those variable faces which are handsome for single instants once in a half hour, more or less. His companion called him Belaccueil.

"I could come down to my circumstances," he said to Monsieur St. Leger, his friend, "if I knew *how*. It is not courage that is wanting. I would do anything for a livelihood. But what is the first step? What is the next step from this? This last dinner—this last night's lodging—I am at the end of my means; and unless I accept of charity from you, which I will not, to-morrow must begin my descent. Where to put my foot?"

He stopped and looked down into his glass, with the air of a man who only expects an answer to refute its reasoning.

"My dear Belaccueil," said the other, after a moment's hesitation, "you were famous in your better days for almost universal accomplishment. Mimic, dancer, musician, cook—what was there in our merry carnival-time, to which you did not descend with success, for mere amusement? Why not now for that independence of livelihood to which you adhere so pertinaciously?"

"You will be amused to find," he answered, "how well I have sounded the depths of every one of these resources. The French theatre of London has refused me, point-blank, all engagement, spite of the most humiliating exhibitions of my powers of mimicry before the stage-manager and a fifth-rate actress. I am not musician enough for a professor, though very well for an amateur, and have advertised in vain for employment as a teacher of music, and—what was your other vocation!—cook! Oh no! I have just science enough to mend a bad dinner and spoil a good one, though I declare to you, I would willingly don the white cap and apron and dive for life to the basement. No, my friend, I have even offered myself as assistant dancing-master, and failed! Is not that enough? If it is not, let me tell you, that I would sweep the crossings, if my appearance would not excite curiosity, or turn dustman, if I were strong enough for the labor. Come down! Show me how to come down, and see whether I am not prepared to do it. But you do not know the difficulty of earning a penny in London. Do you suppose, with all the influence and accomplishments I possess, I could get the place of this scrubby waiter who brings us our cigars? No, indeed! His situation is a perfect castle—impregnable to those below him. There are hundreds of poor wretches within a mile of us who would think themselves in paradise to get his situation. How easy it is for the rich to say, 'go and work!' and how difficult to know how and where!"

Belaccueil looked at his friend as if he felt that he had justified his own despair, and expected no comfort.

"Why not try matrimony?" said St. Leger. "I can provide you the means for a six months' siege, and you have better qualification for success than nine tenths of the adventurers who have succeeded."

"Why—I could do even that—for with all hope of prosperity, I have of course given up all idea of a romantic love. But I could not practise deceit, and without pretending to some little fortune of my own, the chances are small. Besides, you remember my ill luck at Naples."

"Ah, that was a love affair, and you were too honest."

"Not for the girl, God bless her! She would have married me, penniless as I was, but through the interference of that officious and purse-proud Englishman, her friends put me *hors de combat*."

"What was his name? Was he a relative?"

"A mere chance acquaintance of their own, but he entered at once upon the office of family adviser. He was rich, and he had it in his power to call me an adventurer. I did not discover his interference till some

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time after, or he would perhaps have paid dearly for his nomenclature."

"Who did you say it was?"

"Hitchings! Mr. Plantagenet Hitchings, of Hitching Park, Devonshire—and the one point, to which I cling, of a gentleman's privileges, is that of calling him to account, should I ever meet him."

St. Leger smiled and sat thoughtfully silent for a while. Belaccueil pulled apart the stems of a bunch of grapes on his plate, and was silent with a very different expression.

"You are willing," said the former, at last, "to teach music and dancing, for a proper compensation."

"Parbleu! Yes!"

"And if you could unite this mode of support with a very pretty revenge upon Mr. Plantagenet Hitchings (with whom, by the way, I am very well acquainted), you would not object to the two-fold thread in your destiny?"

"They would be threads of gold, *mon ami!*" said the surprised Belaccueil.

St. Leger called for pen, ink, and paper, and wrote a letter at the Blue Posts, which the reader will follow to its destination, as the next step in this story.

CHAPTER II.

A GREEN angel (I mean an angel ignorant of the world) would probably suppose that the feeding of these animal bodies of ours, if not done in secret, must at least be the one act of human life separated entirely from the more heavenly emotions. Yet the dinner is a meal dear to lovers; and novelists and tale-tellers choose the moments stolen from fork and plate for the birth and interchange of the most delicious and tender sentiments of our existence. Miss Hitchings, while unconsciously shocking Monsieur Sansou by tilting her soup-plate for the last spoonful of vermicelli, was controlling the beating of a heart full of feminine and delicate tenderness; and as the tutor was careful never to direct his regards to the other end of the table (for reasons of his own), Miss Henrietta laid the unction to her soul that such indifference to the prettiest girl who had ever honored them as a guest, proved the strength of her own magnet, and put her more at ease on the subject of Monsieur Sansou's admiration. He, indeed, was committing the common fault of men whose manners are naturally agreeable—playing that passive and grateful game of courtesy and attention so easy to the object of regard, and so delightful to woman, who is never so blest as in bestowing. Besides, he had an object in suppressing his voice to the lowest audible pitch, and the rich and deep tone, sunk only to escape the ear of another, sounded, to the watchful and desiring sense of her to whom it was addressed, like the very key-note and harmony of affection.

At a table so surrounded with secrets, conversation flagged, of course. Mr. Hitchings thought it very up-hill work to entertain Miss Hervey, whose heart and senses were completely absorbed in the riddle of Belaccueil's disguise and presence; Mr. Hervey, the uncle, found old Mrs. Plantagenet rather absent, for the smitten dame had eyes for every movement of Monsieur Sansou; and the tutor himself, with his resentment toward his host, and his suspicions of the ove of his daughter, his reviving passion for Miss Hervey, and his designs on Mrs. Plantagenet, had enough to render him as silent as the latter could wish, and as apparently insensible to the attraction of the fair stranger.

How little we know what is in the bosoms of those around us! How natural it is, however, to feel and act as if we knew—to account for all that appears on the surface by the limited acquaintance we have with circumstances and feelings—to resent an indifference of which we know not the cause—to approve or condemn, without allowance for chagrin, or despair, or love, or hope, or distress—any of the deep undercurrents for ever at work in the depths of human bosoms. The young man at your side at a dinner-party may have a duel on his hands for the morning, or a disgrace imminent in credit or honor, or a refused heart or an accepted one, newly crushed or newly made happy; or (more common still, and less allowed for) he may feel the first impression of disease, or the consequences of an indigestion; and, for his agreeableness or disagreeableness, you try to account by something in yourself, some feeling toward yourself—as if you and you only could affect his spirits or give a color to his mood of manners. The old man's thought of death, the mother's overwhelming interest in her child, the woman's up-spring of emotion or love, are visiters to the soul that come unbidden and out of time, and you can neither feast nor mourn, secure against their interruption. It would explain many a coldness, could we look into the heart concealed from us. We should often pity when we hate, love when we think we can not even forgive, admire where we curl the lip with scorn and indignation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent.

I will deal frankly with you, dear reader. I have arrived at a stage of my story which, of all the stages of story-writing, I detest the most cordially. Poets have written about the difficulty of *beginning* a story (vide Byron)—*Ca ne me coute pas;* others of the *ending.* That I do with facility, joy, and rejoicing. But the *lore pathos* of a story—the place where the reader is expected to sigh, weep, or otherwise express his emotion—that is the point, I confess, the most difficult to write, and the most unsatisfactory when written. "Pourquoy, Sir Knight?" Not because it is difficult to write love-scenes—according to the received mode—not that it is difficult to please those (a large majority) who never truly loved, and whose ideas, therefore, of love and its making, are transcendentalized out of all truth and nature—not that it would be more labor to do this than to copy a circular, or write a love-letter for a modest swain (this last my besetting occupation) —but because, just over the inkstand there peers a face, sometimes of a man of forty, past the nonsense of life, but oftener of some friend, a woman who has loved, and this last more particularly *knows* that true love is never readable or sensible—that if its language be truly written, it is never in polished phrase or musical cadence—that it is silly, but for its concealed meaning, embarrassed and blind, but for the interpreting and wakeful heart of one listener—that love, in short, is the god of unintelligibility, mystery, and adorable nonsense, and, of course, that which I have written (if readable and sensible) is out of taste and out of sympathy, and none but fancy-lovers and enamored brains (not hearts) will approve or believe it.

D'Israeli the younger is one of the few men of genius who, having seen truth without a veil, dare to reveal the vision; and he has written Henrietta Temple —the silliest yet truest love-book of modern time. The critics (not an amative race) have given him a benefit of the "besom" of ridicule, but D'Israeli, far from being the effeminate intellect they would make him, is one of the most original and intrepid men of genius living, and whether the theme be "wine, woman, or war," he writes with fearless truth, piquancy, and grace. Books on love, however, should be read by lovers only, and pity it is, that there is not an ink in chemistry, invisible save to the eye kindled with amatory fire. But "to our muttons."

It was not leap-year, but Monsieur Belaccueil, on the day of the dinner-party at Hitchings park, was made aware (I will not say by proposals, for ladies make

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known their inclinations in ways much less formidable)—he was made aware, I say, that the hearts of three of the party were within the flight of his arrow. Probably his humble situation reversed the usual relative position of the sexes in the minds of the dame and damsels—and certainly there is no power woman exercises so willingly as a usurpation of the masculine privilege. I have stated my objection to detail the dialogue between Miss Hitchings and her tutor at the dinner-table. To be recorded faithfully, the clatter of silver forks on China, the gurgle of wine, the interruptions of the footmen with champagne and vegetables, should all be literally interspersed—for to all the broken sentences (so pathetic when properly punctuated—vide Neal's novels) these were the sequels and the accompaniments: "No, thank you!" and "If you please," and "May I fill your glass?"—have filled out, to the perfect satisfaction of the lady, many an unfinished sentence upon which depended the whole destiny of her affections; and, as I said before, the truth is not faithfully rendered when these interstices are unsupplied.

It was dark when the ladies left the dinner-table, followed by Monsieur Sansou, and, at the distance of a few feet from the windows opening on the lawn, the air was black and impenetrable. There were no stars visible and no moon, but the clouds which were gathering after a drought, seemed to hush the air with their long expected approach, and it was one of those soft, still, yet murky and fragrant nights when the earth seems to breathe only—without light, sound, or motion. What lover does not remember such a night?

Oppressed with the glaring lights and the company of people she cared nothing about, Miss Hervey stepped out upon the lawn, and with her face lifted as if to draw deeper inhalations of the dew and freshness, she strolled leisurely over the smooth carpet of grass. At a slight turn to avoid a clump of shrubbery, she encountered Belaccueil, who was apologizing and about to pass her, when she called him by his name, and passing her arm through his, led him on to the extremity of the lawn. A wire fence arrested their progress, and leaning against it, Miss Hervey inquired into the cause of the disguise she had penetrated, and softened and emboldened by the fragrant darkness, said all that a woman might say of tenderness and encouragement. Belaccueil's heart beat with pride and gratified *amour propre*, but he confined himself to the expression of this feeling, and leaving the subject open, took advantage of Mrs. Plantagenet's call to Miss Hervey from the window, to leave her and resume his ramble through the grounds.

The supper tray had been brought in, and the party were just taking their candles to separate, when the tutor entered at the glass door and arrested the steps of Mrs. Plantagenet. She set down her candle and courtesied a good-night to the ladies (Mr. Hitchings had gone to bed, for wine made him sleepy, and Mr. Hervey always retired early—where he was bored), and closing the windows, mixed a glass of negus for Monsieur Sansou; and, herself pulling a sandwich to pieces, deliberately, and it must be confessed, somewhat patronisingly, invited the Frenchman to become her lord. And after a conversation, which (*la verite avant tout*) turned mainly on will and investments, the window dame sailed blissfully to bed, and Belaccueil wrote the following letter to his friend and adviser:—

"My dear St. Leger: Enclosed you have the only surviving lock of my grizzled wig—sign and symbol that my disguises are over and my object attained. The wig burns at this instant in the grate, *item* my hand-ruffles, *item* sundry embroidered cravats *a la vielle cour*, *item* (this last not without some trouble at my heart) a solitary love-token from Constantia Hervey. One faded rose—given me at Pæstum, the day before I was driven disgraced from her presence by the interference of this insolent fool—one faded rose has crisped and faded into smoke with the rest. And so fled from the world the last hope of a warm and passionate heart, which never gave up its destiny till now—never felt that it was made in vain, guarded, refined, cherished in vain, till that long-loved flower lay in ashes. I am accustomed to strip emotion of its drapery—determined to feel nothing but what is real—yet this moment, turn it and strip it, and deny its illusions as I will, is anguish. 'Self-inflicted,' you smile and say!

"You will marvel what stars will not come into conjunction, when I tell you that Miss Hervey is at this moment under the same roof with me and my affianced bride, and you will marvel what good turn I have done the devil, that he should, in one day, offer me my enemy's daughter, my enemy's fortune (with the drawback of an incumbrance), and the woman who I thought had spurned me. After all, it is a devil's gift—for in choosing that to which I am most impelled, I crush hope, and inflict pain, and darken my own heart for ever. I could not have done this once. Manhood and poverty have embittered me.

"Miss Hitchings has chosen to fall in love with her tutor. She is seventeen, a sweet blonde, with large, suffused eyes, tender, innocent, and (without talent) singularly earnest and confiding. I could be very happy with such a woman, and it would have been a very tolerable revenge (failing the other) to have stolen her from her father. But he would have disinherited and forgotten us, and I have had enough of poverty, and can not afford to be forgotten—by my enemy.

"You never saw Miss Hervey. It is not much to tell you she is the most beautiful woman I have met. If she were not beautiful, her manners would win all hearts. If her manners were less fascinating, her singular talents would make her remarkable. She is not appreciated, because her beauty blinds people to her talents, and her manners make them forget her beauty. She is something in the style of the Giorgione we adored at Venice—a transparently dark beauty, with unfathomable eyes and lashes that sweep her cheek; her person tall and full, and her neck set on like Zenobia's. Yet she is not a proud woman—I think she is not. She is too natural and true to do anything which looks like pride, save walk like an empress. She says everything rightly—penetrates instantly to the core of meaning—sings, dances, talks, with the ease, confidence, grace, faultlessness, with which a swallow flies. Perfection in all things is her nature. I am jotting down her qualities now as they are allowed by the world. I will not write of them like a lover. Oh, my friend, with what plummet can you fathom the depth of my resentments, when, for them, I forego possession of this woman! She offered me, two hours since, the unqualified control of her destiny! She asked me with tremulous voice to forgive her for the wrong done me in Italy. She dropped that faultless and superb head on my bosom, and told me that she loved me—and I never answered! The serpent in my heart tied up my tongue, and with cold thanks and fiend-like resistance to the bliss of even once pressing her to my bosom, I left her. I do not know myself when I remember that I have done this. I am possessed—driven out—by some hard and bitter spirit who neither acts nor speaks like me. Yet could I not undo what I have done.

"To-morrow morning will disappear Monsieur Sansou from Hitchings park, and, on the brief condition of a brief ceremony, the law, the omnipotent law, will deliver into my hands the lands, tenements, goods, chattels, and liberty of my enemy—for even so deeply has he sunk into the open pocket of Mrs. Plantagenet! She holds mortgages on all he has, for money advanced, and all that is hers will be mine, without reserve. The roof I have been living in degradation

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under, will be to-morrow my own. The man who called me an adventurer, who stood between me and my love, who thrust me from my heaven without cause or provocation—the meddling fool who boasts that he saved a countrywoman from a French swindler (he has recurred to it often in my presence), will be to-morrow my dependant, beggar for shelter, suppliant for his liberty and subsistence! Do you ask if that outweighs the love of the woman I have lost? Alas! yes.

"You are older, and have less taste for sentiment even than I. I will not bore you with my crowd of new feelings in this situation. My future wife is amiable and good. She is also vain, unattractive, and old. I shall be kind to her and endeavor that she shall not be disenchanted, and if I can make her happy, it may mollify my penance for the devil with which I am possessed. Miss Hitchings will lose nothing by having loved me, for she shall be the heiress of my wealth, and her father——but I will not soil my heart by thinking of an alleviation to his downfall.

"Farewell, *mon ami*. Congratulate and pity me.

"ADOLPHE BELACCUEIL."

In one of the most fashionable squares of London lives, "in the season," Monsieur Belaccueil, one of the most hospitable foreigners in that great metropolis. He is a pensive and rather melancholy-looking man by day; but society, which he seems to seek like an opiate to restless feeling, changes him to a gay man, the most mirth-loving of Amphytrions. His establishment is presided over by his wife, who, as his society is mostly French, preserves a respectable silence, but seems contented with her lot and proud of her husband; while in Miss Plantagenet (*ci-devant* Hitchings) his guests find his table's chief attraction—one of the prettiest heiresses and most loveable girls in London. How deeply Monsieur Belaccueil still rejoices at his success in "getting to windward," is matter of problem. Certainly there is one chariot which passes him in his solitary ride in the park, to which he bows with a pang of unabating and miserable anguish. And if the occupant of that plain chariot share at all in his suffering, she has not the consolation to which he flies in society—for a more secluded and lonely woman lives not in the great solitude of London, than Constantia Hervey.

THE WIFE BEQUEATHED AND RESUMED.

THE following story was told to the writer by a lady in France—told during supper at a ball, and of course only partially. The interstices have been supplied in writing it, and the main thread of the narrative may be relied on as fact. The names are fictitious:—

A beautiful girl of seventeen, in the convent-parlor of Saint Agatha. She is dressed as a novice, and the light breaks off from the curve of the raven hair put away under the close-fitting cap—breaks off almost in sparkles. For so it may—as an artist knows. Her eyes are like hounds in the leash—fiery and eager. And if, in those ever-parted and forward-pressing lips there is a possibility of languid repose, the proof of it lies in the future. They are sleepless and dreamless, as yet, with a thirst unnamed and irrepressible, for the passions of life. Her name is Zelie.

But we can not make the past into the present. Change the tense—for Zelie is dead now, or we could not record her strange story.

There was a ring at the convent door, and presently entered Colonel Count Montalembert, true to his appointment. He had written to the lady-abbess to request an interview with the daughter of his comrade, dead on the frozen track of the retreat from Moscow. Flahault was to him, as his right hand to his left, and as he covered up the stiffened body with snow, he had sworn to devote his life to that child whose name was last on the lips closed for ever. The Count Montalembert was past fifty, and a constant sufferer from his wounds; and his physicians had warned him that death was not far off. His bearing was still noble and soldierly, however, and his frank and clear eye had lost little of its lustre.

"I wrote to you the particulars of your father's death, my child," said the colonel, after the abbess had left them alone, at his request. "I could not dwell on it again without more emotion than is well for me. I must be brief even with what I have to say to his daughter—for that, too, will move me overmuch. You are very lovely, Zelie."

"You are very kind!" answered the novice, blushing, and dropping her long lashes upon her cheek.

"Very lovely, I say, and must love and be beloved. It is a woman's destiny, and *your* destiny more than most women's."

The count gazed into the deep eyes of his eager listener, and seemed embarrassed to know how to proceed.

"Hear me through," he said, "before you form an opinion of my motives. And first answer me a bold question. Have you any attachment—have you ever seen a man you could love and marry?"

"No!" murmured the blushing novice, after a moment's hesitation.

"But you are likely to love, soon and rashly, once free in the world—and that is one evil against which I will make myself your shield. And there is another—which I am only sorry that I need your permission and aid in averting."

Zelie looked up inquiringly.

"Poverty—the grave of love—the palsy of the heart—the oblivion of beauty and grace! To avert this from you, I have a sacrifice to demand at your hands."

Again the count stopped in embarrassment almost painful, and Mademoiselle Montalembert with difficulty suppressed her impatience.

"My physicians tell me," he resumed, in a tone lower and calmer, "that my lease of life is wearing rapidly to a close. A year hence lies its utmost and inevitable limit. Could you live in the world, without love, for one year, Zelie?"

"Monsieur!" was her surprised exclamation.

"Then listen to my proposal. I have a fortune while I live, large enough for your most ambitious desires. But it is left to me with conditions which forbid my conveying it through any link save marriage, and to my widow only for life. To give it you, I regret deeply for your sake to say, I must wed you. You start—do not answer me now. I leave you to revolve this in your mind till to-morrow. Remember that I shall not trouble you long, and that the name of Montalembert is as noble as your own, and that you require a year, perhaps more than a year, to recover from your first dizzy gaze upon the world. I

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shall put no restraint upon you. I have no wish but to fulfil my duty to my dead comrade in arms, and to die, knowing that you will well bestow your heart when I am gone. Adieu!"

The count disappeared, and, with her clasped hands pressed to her forehead, the novice paced the convent-parlor until the refectory bell rang for dinner. * * *

It was an evening of June, in the gardens of Versailles. It was an evening of June, also, in the pest-house of St. Lazarus, and in the cell of the condemned felon in St. Pelagie. Time, even in his holyday dress, visits indiscriminately—the levelling caitiff! Have the unhappy any business with June?

But the gardens of Versailles were beginning to illuminate, and the sky faded, with a glory more festal than sunlight, with the radiance of a myriad of glittering lamps, embellishing even the trees and flowers beyond the meaning of nature. The work of the architect and the statuary at once stood idealized, and draped in an atmosphere of fairy-land, and the most beautiful woman of the imperial court became more beautiful as she stepped into the glare of the alley of fountains. And who should that be—the fairest flower of French nobility—but the young Countess Montalembert, just blooming through the close of her first year of wedlock!

The Count Montalembert stepped with her from the shade of the orange-grove, and, without her arm, fell behind scarce perceptibly, that he might keep his eye filled with the grace of her motion, without seeming to worship her before the world. With every salient flow of that cloud-like drapery onward—with every twinkling step of those feet of airy lightness—the dark eyelashes beneath the soldier's brow lifted and drooped again, as if his pulse of life and vision were alone governed by her swan-like motion. The count had forgotten that he was to die. The year allotted to him by his physicians had passed, and, far from falling gradually to his doom, his figure had straightened, and his step grown firm, and his cheek and lip and eye had brightened with returning health. He had drank life from love. The superb Zelie had proved grateful and devoted, and at the chateau of Montalembert, in southern France, she had seemed content to live with him, and him only, the most assiduous of nurses in all her glorious beauty. But though this was Paradise to the count, his reason, not his heart, told him it was imprisonment to her, and he had now been a month at the sumptuous court of Napoleon, an attendant upon a wife who was the star of the time—the beloved of all the court's gay beholders.

As the Montalemberts strolled toward the chateau, which was now emitting floods of light from its many windows, a young soldier, with a slight mustache just shading his Grecian lip, joined them from a side-path, and claimed the hand of the countess for a waltz. The mercurial music at the same instant fled through the air, and under an exclamation at its thrilling sweetness, the countess concealed from her husband an emotion which the trembling of her slight hand betrayed instantly to her partner. With a bow of affected gayety to the count, she quickened her pace, and in another moment stood blushing in the dazzling ring of waltzers, the focus herself of all eyes open to novelty and beauty.

De Mornay, the countess's partner, was but an ensign in the imperial guard. He had but his sword. Not likely to be called handsome, or to be looked upon as attractive or dangerous by any but the most penetrating of his own sex, he had that philtre, that inexplicable something, which at once commended him to woman. His air was all earnest. The suppressed devotion of life and honor breathed in his voice. He seemed ever hiding his heart with pain—shamed with betrayed adoration—calm by the force of a respect that rebuked passion. He professed no gallantries. He professed nothing. His eyes alone, large, steadfast, imploring, conveyed language of love. An hour of that absorbing regard—an apparently calm, unimpassioned hour of the intercourse common to those newly met—sufficed to awaken in the bosom of the countess an interest alarming to himself, and dangerous to her content as the wife of another. Strange she thought it, that, as the low and deferential tones of De Mornay fell on her ear, they seemed to expel from her heart all she had hitherto treasured—ambition for the splendors of the court, passion for admiration, and even her gratitude for her husband. A hut in the forest, with De Mornay only, was the Paradise now most present to the dreams and fancy of the proud wife of Montalembert.

As his wife left him, the count thrust his hand into his breast with a gesture of controlled emotion, and turned aside, as if to seek once more the retired covert he had left. But his steps were faltering. At the entrance of the alley he turned again, and walking rapidly to the chateau, entered the saloon trembling to the measured motion of the dancers.

Waiting for an opportunity to float into the giddy ring, De Mornay stood with his arm around the waist of the countess. Montalembert's face flushed, but he stepped to a column which supported the orchestra, and looked on unobserved. Her transparent cheek was so near to the lips of her partner, that his breath must warm it. Her hand was pressed—ay, by the bend of her gloved wrist, pressed hard—upon the shoulder of De Mornay. Her bosom throbbed perceptibly in its jewelled vest. She leaned toward him with a slight sway of her symmetrical waist, and away, like two smoke wreaths uniting, away in voluptuous harmony of movement, gazing into each other's eyes, murmuring inaudibly to the crowd—lips, cheeks, and eyes, in passionate neighborhood—away floated the wife and friend of Montalembert in the authorized commerce of the gay world. Their feet chased each other, advancing, retreating, amid the velvet folds of her dress. Her waist was drawn close to his side in the more exciting passages of the music. Her luxuriant tresses floated from her temples to his. She curved her swan-like neck backward, and, with a look of pleasure, which was not a smile, gave herself up to the thrilling wedlock of music and motion, her eyes half-drooped and bathed in the eager gaze of De Mornay's. Montalembert's face was pallid and his eye on fire. The cold sweat stood on his forehead. He felt wronged, though the world saw all. With his concealed hand he clenched his breast till he drew blood. There was a pause in the music, and with a sudden agony at the thought of receiving his wife again from the hands of De Mornay, Montalembert fled on to the open air.

An hour elapsed.

"I ask a Heaven for myself, it is true, but not much for you to give!" said a voice approaching through the shadowy alley of the garden.

The count lay on the ground with his forehead pressed to the marble pedestal of a statue, and he heard, with the voice, the rustling of a female dress, and the rattling of a sabre-chain and spurs.

"But one ringlet, sacred to *me*," continued the voice, in a tone almost feminine with its pleading earnestness; "not given to me, no, no!—that were a child's desire!—but *mine*, though still playing on this ivory shoulder, and still lying neatly beneath that veined temple—mine with your knowledge only, and caressed and cared for, morn and night, with the thought that it is mine! Oh, Zelie! there is no wrong to Montalembert in this! Keep it from his touch! Let him not breathe upon it! Let not the wind blow that one ringlet toward him! And when it kisses your cheek, and plays with the envied breeze upon your bosom—think—think of the soul of De

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Mornay, bound in it! Oh, God! why am I made capable of love like this!"

There was no reply, and long ere Montalembert had recovered from his amazement at these daring words, the sound of their footsteps had died away.

Pass two years. It is enough to wait on Time in the Present. In the Past and Future, the graybeard, like other ministers out of place, must do without usher and secretary.

It was a summer's noon on the Quai D'Orsay, of Paris. The liveried lacqueys of the princely hotels were lounging by the heavy gateways of stone, or leaning over the massy parapet of the river. And, true to his wont, the old soldier came with the noon, creeping from the "Invalides," to take his seat under the carved lion of the Montalemberts. He had served under the late count, and the memory of his house was dear to the old veteran. The sabre-cut which had disfigured his face, was received, he said, while fighting between Montalembert and Flahault, and to see the daughter of the one, and the gay heir of the other's wife and fortune, he made a daily pilgrimage to the Quai, and sat in the sun till the countess drove out in her chariot.

By the will of the first husband of Zelie de Flahault, the young De Mornay, to become her husband and share her fortune, was compelled to take the name and title of Count Montalembert, subject to the imperial accord. Napoleon had given the rank unwillingly, and as a mark of respect to the last will of a brave man who had embellished the title—for the eagle-eye of the Corsican read the soul of De Mornay like an illuminated book, and knew the use he would make of fortune and power.

In the quadrangle of the hotel Montalembert, there were two carriage-landings, or two *persons*, and the apartments were separated into two entirely distinct establishments. In one suite the young count chose to live at his pleasure, *en garcon*, and in the other the mixed hospitalities of the house were given, and the countess was there, and there only, *at home*. At this moment the court was ringing with the merry laughter of the count's *convives*, for he had a bachelor party to breakfast, and the wine seemed, even at that early hour of the day, to have taken the ascendant. The carriages of the bacchanalians lined one side of the court, and the modest chariot of the countess stood alone at the door on the other; for it was near the hour for promenade in the Champs Elysees.

It was an hour after noon when the countess descended. She came slowly, drawing on her glove, and the old soldier at the gate rose quickly to his feet, and leaned forward to gaze on her. She had changed since the death of her father's friend—the brave Montalembert, to whom she owed her fortune. But she was still eminently beautiful. Thought, perhaps sadness, had dimmed to a sweet melancholy the bright sparkle of her glance, and her mouth, no longer fiercely spirited, was firm but gentle. Her curtains of sable lashes moved languidly over her drooping eye. She looked like one who was subdued in her hopes, not in her courage, and like one who had shut the door of her heart upon its unextinguishable fires to let them burn on, but in secret. She was dressed more proudly than gayly, and she wore upon her breast one memorial of her first husband—his own black cross that he had worn in battle, and in the few happy days of his wedlock, and which he had sent her from his death-bed.

At the moment the countess stepped from her threshold, the door on the opposite side of the quadrangle was thrown open, and, with a boisterous laugh, the count sprang into his phaeton, calling to one of his party to follow him. His companion shrank back on seeing the countess, and in that moment's delay the door of the carriage was closed and the coachman ordered to drive on. The count's whip had waved over his spirited horses, however, and as they stood rearing and threatening to escape from their excited master, his friend sprang to his side, the reins were suddenly loosed, and with a plunge which threatened to tear the harness from their backs, they leaped forward. In the next moment, the horses of both vehicles were drawn upon their haunches, half locked together in the narrow gateway, and with a blow from the crutch of the old veteran who rushed from the porter's lodge, the phaeton was driven back against the wall, the pole broken, and the count and his friend precipitated upon the pavement. The liberated horses flew wildly through the gate, and then followed a stillness like that of midnight in the court—for on the pavement, betrayed by her profusion of fair locks, loosened by the fall, lay a woman in man's attire, the dissolute companion of the count, in his daylight revel. Uninjured himself, the count stood a moment, abashed and motionless, but the old soldier, with folded arms and the remnant of his broken crutch in his hand, looked sternly on the scene, and as the servants started from their stupor to raise the insensible woman, the countess, reading her husband's impulse in his looks, sprang from the open door of the chariot, and interposed between him and his intended victim With the high-born grace of noble, the soldierly invalid accepted her protection, and followed her to her chariot; and, ordered to drive to the Hospital of the Invalides, the coachman once more turned slowly to the gateway.

The night following, at the opera. Paris was on the *qui vive* of expectation, for a new *prima donna* was to make her *debut* before the emperor.

Paris was also on the *qui vive* for the upshot of a certain matter of scandal. The *eclaircissement* at the hotel Montalembert had been followed, it is said, by open war between the count and countess; and, determined to carry out his defiance, the dissolute husband had declared to his associates that he would produce at the opera, in a box opposite to his wife, the same person whose appearance she had resented, and in the same attire. It was presumed, by the graver courtiers who had heard this, that the actors in this brutal scene, if it should be carried out, would be immediately arrested by the imperial guard.

The overture commenced to a crowded house, and before it was half played, the presence of the count and his companion, in a conspicuous box on the left of the circle, drew the attention of every eye. The Montalemberts were the one subject of conversation. The sudden disappearance of the old count, his death in a distant province, his will relative to his widow and De Mornay—all the particulars of that curious inheritance of wife and fortune, by written testament—were passed from lip to lip.

There was a pause at the close of the overture. The house was silent, occupied partly in looking at the audacious count and his companion, partly in watching for the entrance of the injured countess.

A sudden light illuminated the empty box, shed from the lobby lamps upon the curtains at the opening of the door, and the Countess Montalembert entered, with every eye in that vast assembly bent anxiously upon her. But how radiantly beautiful, and how strangely dressed! Her toilet was that of a bride. Orange-flowers were woven into her long raven tresses, and her robe of spotless white was folded across her bust with the simplicity of girlhood. A white rose-bud breathed on her bosom, and bracelets of pearls encircled her wrists of alabaster. And her smile, as she took her seat and looked around upon her friends—oh! that was bridal too!—unlike any look known lately upon her face—joyous, radiant, blissful, as the first hour of acknowledged love. Never had Zelie de Flahault looked so triumphantly

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beautiful. The opera-glasses from every corner of the house remained fixed upon her. A murmur arose gradually, a murmur of admiration succeeding the silent wonder of her first entrance; and but for the sudden burst of music from the orchestra, heralding the approach of the emperor, it would have risen into a shout of spontaneous homage.

The emperor came in.

But who is there!—at the right hand of Napoleon—smiled upon by the emperor, as the emperor seldom smiled, decorated with the noblest orders of France—a star on his breast?—MONTALEMBERT!

"Montalembert! Montalembert!" resounded from a thousand voices.

Was he risen from the dead? Was this an apparition—the indignant apparition of the first husband—risen to rebuke the unmanly brutality of the second? Would the countess start at the sight of him?

Look! she turns to the illuminated box of the emperor! She smiles—with a radiant blush of joy and happiness she smiles—she lifts that ungloved and unjewelled hand, decorated only with a plain gold ring, and waves it to the waved hand of Montalembert!—the brave, true, romantic Montalembert. For, with the quickness of French divination, the whole story is understood by the audience. And there is not a brain so dull as not to know, that the audacious invalid veteran was the disguised count, watching over the happiness of her whose destiny of love he had too rashly undertaken to make cloudless—make cloudless at the expense of a crushed heart, and a usurped hearth, and a secret death and burial, if so much were necessary.

But he is a happy bridegroom now. And Adolphe de Mornay is once more an untitled ensign—plucked for ever from the chaste heart and bosom of the devoted wife of Montalembert.

And Montalembert himself—whose springs of life were fed only by love—died when that fountain of love was broken; for his wife died in childbed one year after his return to her, and he followed her in one day. Never man was more loved than he. Surely never man more deserved it.

A REVELATION OF A PREVIOUS LIFE.

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting,
The soul that rises in us, our life's star,
Has had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar."—WORDSWORTH.

THE death of a lady, in a foreign land, leaves me at liberty to narrate the circumstances which follow.

A few words of previous explanation, however.

I am inclined to believe, from conversations on the subject with many sensible persons, that there are few men who have not had, at different intervals in their lives, sudden emotions, currents of thought, affections of mind and body, which, not only were wholly disconnected with the course of life thus interrupted, but seemed to belong to a wholly different being.

Perhaps I shall somewhere touch the reader's experience by describing rather minutely, and in the first person, some sensations of this kind not unusual to myself.

Walking in a crowded street, for example, in perfect health, with every faculty gayly alive, I suddenly lose the sense of neighborhood. I see—I hear—but I feel as if I had become invisible where I stand, and was, at the same time, present and visible elsewhere. I know everything that passes around me, but I seem disconnected and (magnetically speaking) unlinked from the human beings near. If spoken to at such a moment, I answer with difficulty. The person who speaks seems addressing me from a world to which I no longer belong. At the same time, I have an irresistible inner consciousness of being present in another scene of every-day life—where there are streets, and houses, and people—where I am looked on without surprise as a familiar object—where I have cares, fears, objects to attain—a different scene altogether, and a different life, from the scene and life of which I was a moment before conscious. I have a dull ache at the back of my eyes for the minute or two that this trance lasts, and then, slowly and reluctantly, my absent soul seems creeping back, the magnetic links of conscious neighborhood, one by one, re-attach, and I resume my ordinary life, but with an irrepressible feeling of sadness.

It is in vain that I try to fix these shadows as they recede. I have struggled a thousand times in vain to particularize and note down what I saw in the strange city to which I was translated. The memory glides from my grasp with preternatural evasiveness.

In a book called "The Man of Two Lives," similar sensations to these are made the basis of the story. Indeed, till I saw that book, the fear of having my sanity suspected sealed my lips on the subject.

I have still a reserve in my confession. I have been conscious, since boyhood, of a mental peculiarity which I fear to name while I doubt that it is possessed by others than myself—which I should not allude to now, but that it forms a strange link of identity between me and another being to be mentioned in this story.

I may say, also, without attaching any importance to it, except as it bears upon this same identity, that, of those things which I have no occasion to be taught, or which I did, as the common phrase is, by intuition, drawing was the easiest and most passionately followed of my boyish pursuits.

With these preliminaries, and probably some similar experience of his own, the reader may happily form a woof on which to embroider the following circumstances.

Travelling through Styria, some years since, I chanced to have, for a fellow-occupant of the coupé of a diligence, a very courteous and well-bred person, a gentleman of Gratz. As we rolled slowly along on the banks of the Muer, approaching his native town, he very kindly invited me to remain with him a day or two, offering me, as an inducement, a presentation at the *soirée* of a certain lady of consequence, who was to receive, on the night of our arrival, and at whose house I should see some fair specimens of the beauty of Styria.

Accepted.

It was a lovely summer's night, when we strolled through the principal street toward our gay destination, and as I drew upon my friend's arm to stop him while the military band of the fortress finished a delicious waltz (they were playing in the public square), he pointed out to me the spacious balconies of the

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countess's palace, whither we were going, crowded with the well-dressed company, listening silently to the same enchanting music. We entered, and after an interchange of compliments with the hostess, I availed myself of my friend's second introduction to take a stand in one of the balconies beside the person I was presented to, and under cover of her favor, to hear out the unfinished music of the band.

As the evening darkened, the lights gleamed out from the illuminated rooms more brightly, and most of the guests deserted the balconies and joined the gayer circles within. The music ceased at the beat of the drum. My companion in the balcony was a very quiet young lady, and, like myself, she seemed subdued by the sweet harmonies we had listened to, and willing to remain without the shadow of the curtain. We were not alone there, however. A tall lady, of very stately presence, and with the remains of remarkable beauty, stood on the opposite side of the balcony, and she, too, seemed to shrink from the glare within, and cling to the dewy darkness of the summer night.

After the cessation of the music, there was no longer an excuse for intermittent conversation, and, starting a subject which afforded rather freer scope, I did my best to credit my friend's flattering introduction. I had discoursed away for half an hour very unreservedly, before I discovered that, with her hand upon her side, in an attitude of repressed emotion, the tall lady was earnestly listening to me. A third person embarrasses even the most indifferent dialogue. The conversation languished, and my companion rose and took my arm for a promenade through the rooms.

Later in the evening, my friend came in search of me to the supper-room.

"*Mon ami!*" he said, "a great honor has fallen out of the sky for you. I am sent to bring you to the *beau reste* of the handsomest woman of Styria—Margaret, Baroness R——, whose chateau I pointed out to you in the gold light of yesterday's sunset. She wishes to know you—*why* I can not wholly divine—for it is the first sign of ordinary feeling that she has given in twenty years. But she seems agitated, and sits alone in the countess's boudoir. *Allons-y!*"

As we made our way through the crowd, he hastily sketched me an outline of the lady's history: "At seventeen taken from a convent for a forced marriage with the baron whose name she bears; at eighteen a widow, and, for the first time, in love—the subject of her passion a young artist of Vienna on his way to Italy. The artist died at her chateau—they were to have been married—she has ever since worn weeds for him. And the remainder you must imagine—for here we are!"

The baroness leaned with her elbow upon a small table of *or molu*, and her position was so taken that I seated myself necessarily in a strong light, while her features were in shadow. Still, the light was sufficient to show me the expression of her countenance. She was a woman apparently about forty-five, of noble physiognomy, and a peculiar fulness of the eyelid—something like to which I thought I remembered to have seen in a portrait of a young girl, many years before. The resemblance troubled me somewhat.

"You will pardon me this freedom," said the baroness with forced composure, "when I tell you that—a friend—whom I have mourned twenty-five years—seems present to me when you speak."

I was silent, for I knew not what to say. The baroness shaded her eyes with her hand, and sat silent for a few moments, gazing at me.

"You are not like him in a single feature," she resumed, "yet the expression of your face, strangely, very strangely, is the same. He was darker—slighter"—

"Of my age?" I inquired, to break my own silence. For there was something in her voice which gave me the sensation of a voice heard in a dream.

"Oh God! that voice! that voice!" she exclaimed wildly, burying her face in her hands, and giving way to a passionate burst of tears.

"Rodolph," she resumed, recovering herself with a strong effort, "Rodolph died with the promise on his lips that death should not divide us. And I have seen him! Not in dreams—not in revery—not at times when my fancy could delude me. I have seen him suddenly before me in the street—in Vienna—here—at home at noonday—for minutes together, gazing on me. It is more in latter years that I have been visited by him; and a hope has latterly sprung into being in my heart—I know not how—that in person, palpable and breathing, I should again hold converse with him—fold him living to my bosom. Pardon me! You will think me mad!"

I might well pardon her; for, as she talked, a vague sense of familiarity with her voice, a memory, powerful, though indistinct, of having before dwelt on those majestic features, an impulse of tearful passionateness to rush to her embrace, well nigh overpowered me. She turned to me again.

"You are an artist?" she said, inquiringly.

"No; though intended for one, I believe, by nature."

"And you were born in the year ——."

"I was!"

With a scream she added the day of my birth, and waiting an instant for my assent, dropped to the floor and clung convulsively and weeping to my knees.

"Rodolph! Rodolph!" she murmured faintly, as her long gray tresses fell over her shoulders, and her head dropped insensible upon her breast.

Her cry had been heard, and several persons entered the room. I rushed out of doors. I had need to be in darkness and alone.

It was an hour after midnight when I re-entered my hotel. A chasseur stood sentry at the door of my apartment with a letter in his hand. He called me by name, gave me his missive, and disappeared. It was from the baroness, and ran thus:—

"You did not retire from me to sleep. This letter will find you waking. And I must write, for my heart and brain are overflowing.

"Shall I write to you as a stranger?—you whom I have strained so often to my bosom—you whom I have loved and still love with the utmost idolatry of mortal passion—you who have once given me the soul that, like a gem long lost, is found again, but in a newer casket! Mine still—for did we not swear to love for ever!

"But I am taking counsel of my own heart only. You may still be unconvinced. You may think that a few singular coincidences have driven me mad. You may think that, though born in the same hour that my Rodolph died, possessing the same voice, the same countenance, the same gifts—though by irresistible consciousness I *know* you to be *him*—my lost lover returned in another body to life—you may still think the evidence incomplete—you may, perhaps, even now, be smiling in pity at my delusion. Indulge me one moment.

"The Rodolph Isenberg whom I lost, possessed a faculty of mind, which, if you are he, answers with the voice of an angel to my appeal. In that soul resided, and wherever it be, must *now* reside, the singular power" * * * * * * *

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(The reader must be content with my omission of this fragment of the letter. It contained a secret never before clothed in language—a secret that will die with me, unless betrayed by what indeed it may lead to—madness! As I saw it in writing—defined accurately and inevitably in the words of another—I felt as

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if the innermost chamber of my soul was suddenly laid open to the day—I abandoned doubt—I answered to the name by which she called me—I believed in the previous existence of which my whole life, no less than these extraordinary circumstances, had furnished me with repeated evidence. But, to resume the letter.)

"And now that we know each other again—now that I can call you by name, as in the past, and be sure that your inmost consciousness must reply—a new terror seizes me! Your soul comes back, youthfully and newly clad, while mine, though of unfading freshness and youthfulness within, shows to your eye the same outer garment, grown dull with mourning and faded with the wear of time. Am I grown distasteful? Is it with the sight only of this new body that you look upon me? Rodolph!—spirit that was my devoted and passionate admirer! soul that was sworn to me for ever!—am I—the same Margaret, refound and recognised, grown repulsive? Oh God! What a bitter answer would this be to my prayers for your return to me!

"I will trust in Him whose benign goodness smiles upon fidelity in love. I will prepare a fitter meeting for two who parted as lovers. You shall not see me again in the house of a stranger and in a mourning attire. When this letter is written, I will depart at once for the scene of our love. I hear my horses already in the court-yard, and while you read this I am speeding swiftly home. The bridal dress you were secretly shown the day before death came between us, is still freshly kept. The room where we sat—the bowers by the stream—the walks where we projected our sweet promise of a future—they shall all be made ready. They shall be as they were! And I—oh Rodolph, I shall be the same! My heart is not grown old, Rodolph! Believe me, I am unchanged in soul! And I will strive to be—I will strive to look—God help me to look and be—as of yore!

"Farewell now! I leave horses and servants to wait on you till I send to bring you to me. Alas, for any delay! but we will pass this life and all other time together. We have seen that a vow of eternal union may be kept—that death can not divide those who *will* to love for ever! Farewell now!

"MARGARET."

Circumstances compelled me to read this letter with but one feeling, exquisite pain! Love lasts till death, but it is mortal! The affections, however intense and faithful (I now know), are part of the perishable coil, forgotten in the grave. With the memory of this love of another life, haunting me through my youth, and keeping its vow of visitation, I had given the whole heart of my second youth to another. Affianced to her, waited for by her, bound to her by vows which death had not divided, I had but one course to pursue. I left Gratz in an hour, never to return.

A few days since I was walking alone in the crowded thoroughfare of the city where I live. Suddenly my sense of presence there fell off me. I walked on, but my inward sight absorbed all my consciousness. A room which was familiar to me shut me in, and a bed hung in mourning became apparent. In another instant a figure laid out in a winding-sheet, and partially covered with a velvet pall, grew distinct through the dimness, and in the low-laid head I recognised, what a presentiment had already betrayed to me, the features of Margaret, Baroness R——. It will be still months before I can see the announcement of her death. But she is dead.

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AMERICAN LIFE.

COUNT POTT'S STRATEGY.

"L'Esprit est un faux monnayeur, qui change continuellement les gros sous en louis d'or, et qui souvent fait de ses louis d'or des gros sous."

THERE were five hundred guardian angels (and of course as many evil spirits), in and about the merry premises of Congress Hall. Each gay guest had his pair; but though each pair had their special ministry (and there was here and there a guest who would not have objected to transform his, for the time being, into a pair of trotting ponies), the attention of the cherubic troop, it may fairly be presumed, was directed mainly to the momentous flirtations of Miss C. Sophy Onthank, the dread disposer of the destinies of eighty thousand innocent little dollars.

Miss Chittaline Sophy (though this is blabbing, for that mysterious "C." was generally condemned to travel in domino)—Miss Chittaline Sophy, besides her good and evil spirit already referred to, was under the additional watch and ward of a pair of bombazine aunts, Miss Charity Onthank and Miss Sophy the same, of whom she was the united namesake.—"Chittaline" being the embellished diminutive of "Charity." These Hesperian dragons of old maids were cut after the common pattern of such utensils, and of course would not dignify a description; though this disparaging remark (we must stop long enough to say) is not at all to the prejudice of that occasional love-of-an-old-maid that one *does* sometimes see—that four-leaved clover of virginity—that star apart in the spilled milk of the Via Lactea:—

> "For now and then you find one who could rally
> At forty, and go back to twenty-three—
> A handsome, plump, affectionate 'Aunt Sally,'
> With no rage for cats, flannel, and Bohea."

But the two elderly Misses Onthank were not of this category.

By the absence of that Junonic assurance, common to those ladies who are born and bred heiresses, Miss C. Sophy's autograph had not long been an object of interest at the bank. She had all the air of having been "brought up at the trough," as the French phrase it,

> "Round as a cipher, simple as good day,"

and her belle-ship was still a surprise to her. Like the red-haired and freckled who find, when they get to Italy, that their flaming peculiarities are considered as captivating signs of a skin too delicate for exposure, she received with a slight incredulity the homage to her unseen charms—homage not the less welcome for exacting from the giver an exercise of faith and imagination. The same faith and imagination, she was free to suppose, might find a Venus within her girdle, as the sculptor sees one in the goodly block of marble, lacking only the removal of its clumsy covering by chisel and sandpaper. With no visible waist, she was as tall as a pump, and riotously rosy like a flowering rhododendron. Hair brown and plenty of it. Teeth white and all at home. And her voice, with but one semitone higher, would have been an approved contralto.

Having thus compressed into a couple of paragraphs what would have served a novelist for his first ten chapters, permit us, without the bother of intermediate mortar or moralizing (though this is rather a mixed figure), to lay on the next brick in the shape of a hint at the character of Miss Onthank's two prominent admirers.

Mr. Greville Seville was a New York beau. He had all the refinement that could possibly be imported. He had seen those who had seen all that is visible in the fashionable man of London and Paris, and he was well versed in the conduits through which their several peculiarities found their way across the Atlantic. Faultlessly booted, pantalooned, waistcoated, and shirted, he could afford to trust his coat and scarf to Providence, and his hat to Warnock or Leary. He wore a slightly restrained whisker, and a faint smut of an imperial, and his gloves fitted him inexorably. His figure was a matter of course. He was brought up in New York, and was one of the four hundred thousand results (more or less) of its drastic waters—washy and short. And he had as good a heart as is compatible with the above personal advantages.

It would very much have surprised the "company" at Congress Hall, to have seen Mr. Chesterfield Potts put down as No. 2, in the emulous contest for the two hands of Miss Onthank. The count (he was commonly called "Count Potts," a compliment to good manners not unusual in America), was, by his own label, a man of "thirty and upward"—by the parish register possibly sixty-two. He was an upright, well-preserved, stylish looking man, with an expensive wig, fine teeth (commonly supposed not to be indigenous), and a lavish outlay of cotton batting, covering the retreat of such of his muscular forces as were inclined to retire from the field. What his native qualities might be was a branch of knowledge long since lost to the world. His politeness had superseded the necessity of any particular inquiry into the matter; indeed, we are inclined to believe his politeness had superseded his character altogether. He was as incapable of the impolite virtues (of which there are several) as of the impolite vices. Like cricketing, punning, political speech making, and other mechanical arts, complimenting may be brought to a high degree of dexterity, and Count Potts, after a practice of many years, could, over most kinds of female platitude, spread a flattering unction humbugative to the most suspicious incredulity. As he told no stories, made no puns, volunteered but little conversation, and had the air of a modest man wishing to avoid notice, the blockheads and the very young girls stoutly denied his fascination.

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But in the memory of the riper belles, as they went to sleep night after night, lay snugly lodged and carefully treasured, some timely compliment, some soothing word, and, though credited to "old Potts," the smile with which it was gracefully re-acknowledged the next morning at breakfast, would have been warm enough for young Ascanius. "Nice old Potts!" was the faint murmur of many a bright lip turning downward to the pillow in the "last position."

And now, dear reader, you have an idea of the forces in the field, and you probably know how "the war is carried on" at Saratoga. Two aunts and a guardian angel *versus* an evil spirit and two lovers—Miss Onthank's hand, the (well-covered) bone of contention. Whether the citadel would speedily yield, and which of these two rival knights would bear away the *palm* of victory, were questions upon which the majority of lookers-on were doomed to make erroneous predictions. The reader of course is in the sagacious minority.

Mr. Potts' income was a net answer to his morning prayer. It provided his "daily bread" but no provender for a horse. He probably coveted Miss Onthank as much for her accompanying oats as for her personal avoirdupois, since the only complaint with which he ever troubled his acquaintances, was one touching his inability to keep an equipage. Man is instinctively a centaur, he used to say, and when you cut him off from his horse and reduce him to his simple trunk (and a trunk was all the count's worldly furniture), he is but a mutilated remainder, robbed of his natural locomotive.

It was not authenticated in Wall street that Mr. Greville Seville was reasonably entitled to horse-flesh and caparison; but he *had* a trotting wagon and two delicious cropped sorrels; and those who drove in his company were obliged to "down with the dust" (a *bon mot* of Count Potts'). Science explains many of the enigmas of common life, however, and the secret of Mr. Seville's equipment and other means of going on swimmingly, lay in his unusually large organ of hope. He was simply anticipating the arrival of 1840, a year in which he had reason to believe there would be paid in to the credit of the present Miss Onthank a sufficient sum to cover his loosest expenditure. The intermediate transfer to himself of her rights to the same, was a mere filling up of an outline, his mind being entirely made up as to the conditional incumbrance of the lady's person. He was now paying her some attentions in advance, and he felt justified in charging his expenses on the estate. She herself would wish it, doubtless, if she could look into the future with *his* eyes.

By all the common data of matrimonial skirmishing, a lover with horses easily outstrips a lover with none. Miss C. Sophy, besides, was particularly fond of driving, and Seville was an accomplished whip. There was no lack of the "golden opportunity" of *tête-à-tête*, for, with a deaf aunt and somebody else on the back seat, he had Miss Onthank to himself on the driving box, and could talk to his horses in the embarrassing pauses. It looked a clear case to most observers; and as to Seville, he had studied out a livery for his future footman and tiger, and would not have taken an insurance at a quarter per cent.

But Potts—ah! Potts had traced back the wires of woman's weaknesses. The heiress had no conversation (why should she have it and money too?), and the part of her daily drive which she remembered with most pleasure, was the flourish of starting and returning—managed by Potts with a pomp and circumstance that would have done honor to the goings and comings of Queen Victoria. Once away from the portico, it was a monotonous drag through the dust for two or three hours, and as most ladies know, it takes a great deal of chit-chat to butter so large a slice of time; for there was no making love, *parbleu!* Miss Chittaline Onthank was of a stratum of human nature susceptible of no sentiment less substantial than a kiss, and when the news, and the weather, and the virtues of the sorrel ponies, were exhausted, the talk came to a stand-still. The heiress began to remember with alarm that her education had been neglected, and that it was a relief to get back to old Potts and the portico.

Fresh from his nap and warm bath, the perfumed count stepped out from the group he had purposely collected, gave her his hand with a deferential inquiry, spread the loungers to the right and left like an "usher of the black rod," and with some well-studied impromptu compliment, waited on her to her chamber door. He received her again after her toilet, and for the remainder of the day devoted his utmost powers to her aggrandizement. If talking alone with her, it was to provoke her to some passage of school-girl autobiography, and listen like a charmed stone to the harp of Orpheus. If others were near, it was to catch her stupidities half uttered and twist them into sense before they came to the ground. His own cleverenesses were prefaced with "As you remarked yesterday, Miss Onthank," or, "As you were about to say when I interrupted you." If he touched her foot, it was "so small he didn't see it." If she uttered an irredeemable and immitigable absurdity, he covered its retreat with some sudden exclamation. He called her pensive, when she was sleepy and vacant. He called her romantic, when he couldn't understand her. In short, her vanity was embodied—turned into a magician and slave—and in the shape of Count Chesterfield, Potts ministered to her indefatigably.

But the summer solstice began to wane. A week more was all that was allotted to Saratoga by that great American commander, General Consent.

Count Potts came to breakfast in a shawl cravat!

"Off, Potts?"

"Are you flitting, my dear count?"

"What—going away, dear Mr. Potts?"

"Gracious me! don't go, Mr. Potts!"

The last exclamation was sent across the table in a tone of alarm by Miss C. Sophy, and responded to only by a bow of obsequious melancholy.

Breakfast was over, and Potts arose. His baggage was at the door. He sought no interview with Miss Onthank. He did not even honor the two bombazinities with a farewell. He stepped up to the group of belles, airing their demi-toilettes on the portico, said "Ladies! au revoir!" took the heiress's hand and put it gallantly toward his lips, and walked off with his umbrella, requesting the driver to pick him up at the spring.

"He has been refused!" said one.

"He has given Seville a clear field in despair!" said another. And this was the general opinion.

The day crept on. But there was an emptiness without Potts. Seville had the field to himself, and as there was no fear of a new squatter, he thought he might dispense with tillage. They had a very dull drive and a very dull dinner, and in the evening, as there was no ball, Seville went off to play billiards. Miss Onthank was surrounded, as usual, by the belles and beaux, but she was down flat—unmagnetized, ungalvanized. The magician was gone. Her stupid things "stayed put." She was like a glass bead lost from a kaleidoscope.

That weary week was spent in lamentations over Potts. Everybody praised him. Everybody complimented Miss Onthank on her exclusive power of monopoly over such porcelain ware. The two aunts were his main glorifiers; for, as Potts knew, they were of that leathery toughness that only shines on you with rough usage.

We have said little, as yet, of Miss Onthank's capabilities in the love line. We doubt, indeed, whether

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she rightly understood the difference between loving and being born again. As to giving away her heart, she believed she could do what her mother did before her, but she would rather it would be one of her back teeth, if that would do as well. She liked Mr. Potts because he never made any difficulty about such things.

Seville considered himself accepted, though he had made no direct proposition. He had asked whether she preferred to live in country or town—she said "town." He had asked if she would leave the choice and management of horses and equipages to him—she said "be sure!" He had asked if she had any objection to his giving bachelor dinners occasionally—she said "la! no!" As he understood it, the whole thing was most comfortably arranged, and he lent money to several of his friends on the strength of it—giving his note, this is to say.

On a certain morning, some ten days after the departure of the count from Saratoga, Miss Onthank and her two aunts sat up in state in their parlor at the City hotel. They always went to the City hotel because Willard remembered their names, and asked after their uncle the major. Mr. Seville's ponies and wagon were at the door, and Mr. Seville's father, mother, seven sisters, and two small brothers, were in the progress of a betrothal visit—calling on the future Mrs. Greville Seville.

All of a sudden the door was thrown open, and enter Count Potts!

Up jumped the enchanted Chittaline Sophy.

"How *do* you *do*, Mr. Potts?"

"Good morning, Mr. Potts!" said the aunts in a breath.

"D'ye-do, Potts!" said Seville, giving him his forefinger, with the air of a man rising from winning at cards.

Potts made his compliments all round. He was about sailing for Carolina, he said, and had come to ask permission of Miss Onthank to leave her sweet society for a few years of exile. But as this was the last of his days of pleasure, at least till he saw Miss Onthank again, he wished to be graced with the honor of her arm for a promenade in Broadway. The ladies and Mr. Seville doubtless would excuse her if she put on her bonnet without further ceremony.

Now Potts's politenesses had such an air of irresistible authority that people fell into heir track like cars after a locomotive. While Miss Onthank was bonneting and shawling, the count entertained the entire party most gayly, though the Sevilles thought it rather unceremonious in the affianced miss to leave them in the midst of a first visit, and Mr. Greville Seville had arranged to send his mother home on foot, and drive Miss Onthank out to Harlem.

"I'll keep my horses here till you come back!" he shouted after them, as she tripped gayly down stairs on the count's arm.

And so he did. Though it was two hours before she appeared again, the impatient youth kept the old aunts company, and would have stayed till night, sorrels and all—for in that drive he meant to "name the day," and put his creditors at ease.

"I wouldn't even go up stairs, my dear!" said the count, handing her to the wagon, and sending up the groom for his master, "it's but an hour to dine, and you'll like the air after your fatigue. Ah. Seville, I've brought her back! Take good care of her for *my* sake, my good fellow!"

"What the devil has *his* sake to do with it, I wonder?" said Seville, letting his horses off like two rockets in harness.

And away they went toward Harlem; and in about an hour, very much to the surprise of the old aunts, who were looking out of the parlor window, the young lady dismounted from an omnibus! Count Potts had come to dine with them, and he tripped down to meet her with uncommon agility.

"Why, do you know, aunties," she exclaimed, as she came up stairs, out of breath, "do you know that Mr. Seville, when I told him I was married already to Mr. Potts, stopped his wagon, and p-p-put me into an omnibus!"

"Married to Mr. Potts!" screamed Aunt Charity.

"Married to Mr. Potts!" screamed Aunt Sophy.

"Why—yes, aunties; he said he must go south, if I didn't!" drawled out the bride, with only a *very* little blush indeed. "Tell aunties all about it, Mr. Potts!"

And Mr. Potts, with the same smile of infallible propriety, which seemed a warrant for everything he said or did, gave a very sketchy account of his morning's work, which, like all he undertook, had been exceedingly well done—properly witnessed, certified, &c., &c., &c. All of which shows the very sound policy of first making yourself indispensable to people you wish to manage. Or, put it receipt-wise:—

To marry a flat:—First, raise her up till she is giddy. Second, go away, and let her down. Third, come back, and offer to support her, if she will give you her hand.

"*Simple comme bonjour*" as Balsac says.

THE FEMALE WARD.

Most men have two or more souls, and Jem Thalimer was a doublet, with sets of manners corresponding. Indeed one identity could never have served the pair of him! When sad—that is to say, when in disgrace or out of money—he had the air of a good man with a broken heart. When gay—flush in pocket and happy in his little ambitions—you would have thought him a dangerous companion for his grandmother. The last impression did him more injustice than the first, for he was really very amiably disposed when depressed, and not always wicked when gay—but he made friends in both characters. People seldom forgive us for compelling them to correct their first impressions of us, and as this was uniformly the case with Jem, whether he had begun as saint or sinner, he was commonly reckoned a deep-water fish; and, where there were young ladies in the case, early warned off the premises. The remarkable exception to this rule, in the incident I am about to relate, arose, as may naturally be supposed, from his appearing, during a certain period, in one character only.

To begin my story fairly, I must go back for a moment to our junior Jem in college, showing, by a little passage in our adventures, how Thalimer and I

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became acquainted with the confiding gentleman to be referred to.

A college suspension, very agreeably timed, in June, left my friend Jem and myself masters of our travels for an uncertain period; and as our purse was always in common, like our shirts, love-letters, and disgraces, our several borrowings were thrust into a wallet which was sometimes in his pocket, sometimes in mine, as each took the turn to be paymaster. With the (intercepted) letters in our pockets, informing the governors of our degraded position, we travelled very prosperously on—bound to Niagara, but very ready to fall into any obliquity by the way. We arrived at Albany, Thalimer chancing to be purser, and as this function tacitly conferred, on the holder, all other responsibilities, I made myself comfortable at the hotel for the second day and the third—up to the seventh—rather wondering at Jem's depressed spirits and the sudden falling off of his enthusiasm for Niagara, but content to stay if he liked, and amusing myself in the side-hill city passably well. It was during my rambles without him in this week that he made the acquaintance of a bilious-looking person lodging at the same hotel—a Louisianian on a tour of health. This gentleman, whom he introduced to me by the name of Dauchy, seemed to have formed a sudden attachment to my friend, and as Jem had a "secret sorrow" unusual to him, and the other an unusual secretion of bile, there was of course between them that "secret sympathy" which is the basis of many tender friendships. I rather liked Mr. Dauchy. He seemed one of those chivalric, polysyllabic southerners, incapable of a short word or a mean action, and, interested that Jem should retain his friendship, I was not sorry to find our departure follow close on the recovery of his spirits.

We went on toward Niagara, and in the irresistible confidence of canal travelling I made out the secret of my *fidus achates*. He had attempted to alleviate the hardship of a deck-passage for a bright-eyed girl on board the steamer, and, on going below to his berth, left her his greatcoat for a pillow. The stuffed wallet, which somewhat distended the breast-pocket, was probably in the way of her downy cheek, and Jem supposed that she simply forgot to return the "removed deposite"—but he did not miss his money till twelve hours after, and then, between lack of means to pursue her, and shame at the sentiment he had wasted, he kept the disaster to himself, and passed a melancholy week in devising means for replenishing. Through this *penseroso* vein, however, lay his way out of the difficulty, for he thus touched the soul and funds of Mr. Dauchy. The correspondence (commenced by the repayment of the loan) was kept up stragglingly for several years, bolstered somewhat by barrels of marmalade, boxes of sugar, hommony, &c., till finally it ended in the unlooked-for consignment which forms the subject of my story.

Jem and myself had been a year out of college, and were passing through that "tight place" in life, commonly understood in New England as "the going in at the little end of the horn." Expected by our parents to take to money-making like ducks to swimming, deprived at once of college allowance, called on to be men because our education was paid for, and frowned upon at every manifestation of a lingering taste for pleasure—it was not surprising that we sometimes gave tokens of feeling "crowded," and obtained somewhat the reputation of "bad subjects"—(using this expressive phrase quite literally). Jem's share of this odor of wickedness was much the greater, his unlucky deviltry of countenance doing him its usual disservice; but like the gentleman to whom he was attributed as a favorite *protegé*, he was "not so black as he was painted."

We had been so fortunate as to find one believer in the future culmination of our clouded stars—Gallagher, "mine host"—and for value *to be* received when our brains should fructify, his white soup and "red-string Madeira," his game, turtle, and all the forthcomings of the best *restaurant* of our epoch, were served lovingly and charged moderately. Peace be with the ashes of William Gallagher! "The brains" *have* fructified, and "the value" *has been* received—but his name and memory are not "filed away" with the receipt; and though years have gone over his grave, his modest welcome, and generous dispensation of entertainment and service, are, by one at least of those who enjoyed them, gratefully and freshly remembered!

We were to dine as usual at Gallagher's at six—one May day which I well remember. I was just addressing myself to my day's work, when Jem broke into my room with a letter in his hand, and an expression on his face of mingled embarrassment and fear.

"What the deuce to do with her!" said he, handing me the letter.

"A new scrape, Jem?" I asked, as I looked for an instant at the Dauchy coat-of-arms on a seal as big as a dollar.

"Scrape?—yes, it *is* a scrape!—for I shall never get out of it reputably. What a dunce old Dauchy must be to send me a girl to educate! *I* a young lady's guardian! Why, I shall be the laugh of the town! What say? Isn't it a good one?"

I had been carefully perusing the letter while Thalimer walked soliloquizing about the room. It was from his old friend of marmalades and sugars, and in the most confiding and grave terms, as if Jem and he had been a couple of contemporaneous old bachelors, it consigned to his guardianship and friendly counsel, Miss Adelmine Lasacque, the only daughter of a neighboring planter! Mr. Lasacque having no friends at the north, had applied to Mr. Dauchy for his guidance in the selection of a proper person to superintend her education, and as Thalimer was the only correspondent with whom Mr. Dauchy had relations of friendship, and was, moreover, "fitted admirably for the trust by his impressive and dignified address," (?) he had "taken the liberty," &c., &c.

"Have you seen her?" I asked, after a long laugh, in which Jem joined but partially.

"No, indeed! She arrived last night in the New Orleans packet, and the captain brought me this letter at daylight, with the young lady's compliments. The old seadog looked a little astounded when I announced myself. Well he might, faith! I don't look like a young lady's guardian, do I?"

"Well—you are to go on board and fetch her—is that it?"

"Fetch her! Where shall I fetch her? Who is to take a young lady of my fetching? I can't find a female academy that I can approve——"

I burst into a roar of laughter, for Jem was in earnest with his scruples, and looked the picture of unhappiness.

"I say I can't find one in a minute—don't laugh, you blackguard!—and where to lodge her meantime? What should I say to the hotel-keepers? They all know *me?* It looks devilish odd, let me tell you, to bring a young girl, without matron or other acquaintances than myself, and lodge her at a public house."

"Your mother must take your charge off your hands."

"Of course that was the first thing I thought of. You know my mother! She don't half believe the story, in the first place. *If there is* such a man as Mr. Dauchy, she says, and *if this is* a 'Miss Lasacque,' all the way from Louisiana, there is but one thing to do—send her back in the packet she came in! She'll have nothing to do with it! There's more in it than I am willing to explain. I never

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mentioned this Mr. Dauchy before. Mischief will come of it! Abduction's a dreadful thing! If I will make myself notorious, I need not think to involve my mother and sisters! That's the way she talks about it."

"But couldn't we mollify your mother?—for, after all, her countenance in the matter will be expected."

"Not a chance of it!"

"The money part of it is all right?"

"Turn the letter over. Credit for a large amount on the Robinsons, payable to my order only!"

"Faith! it's a very hard case if a nice girl with plenty of money can't be permitted to land in Boston! You didn't ask the captain if she was pretty?"

"No, indeed! But pretty or plain, I must get her ashore and be civil to her. I must ask her to dine! I must do something besides hand her over to a boarding-school! Will you come down to the ship with me?"

My curiosity was quite aroused, and I dressed immediately. On our way down we stopped at Gallagher's, to request a little embellishment to our ordinary dinner. It was quite clear, for a variety of reasons, that she must dine with her guardian there, or nowhere. Gallagher looked surprised, to say the least, at our proposition to bring a young lady to dine with us, but he made no comment beyond a respectful remark that "No. 2 was very private!"

We had gone but a few steps from Devonshire street when Jem stopped in the middle of the sidewalk.

"We have not decided yet what we are to do with Miss Lasacque all day, nor where we shall send her baggage, nor where she is to lodge to-night. For Heaven's sake, suggest something!" added Jem, quite out of temper.

"Why, as you say, it would be heavy work to walk her about the streets from now till dinner-time—eight hours or more! Gallagher's is only an eating-house, unluckily, and you are so well known at all the hotels, that, to take her to one of them without a chaperon, would, to say the least, give occasion for remark. But here, around the corner, is one of the best boarding-houses in town, kept by the two old Misses Smith. You might offer to put her under their protection. Let's try."

The Misses Smith were a couple of reduced gentlewomen, who charged a very good price for board and lodging, and piqued themselves on entertaining only very good company. Begging Jem to assume the confident tone which the virtuous character of his errand required, I rang at the door, and in answer to our inquiry for the ladies of the house, we were shown into the basement parlor, where the eldest Miss Smith sat with her spectacles on, adding new vinegar to some pots of pickles. Our business was very briefly stated. Miss Smith had plenty of spare room. Would we wait a moment till she tied on the covers to her pickle-jars?

The cordiality of the venerable demoiselle evidently put Thalimer in spirits. He gave me a glance which said very plainly, "You see we needn't have troubled our heads about this!"—but the sequel was to come.

Miss Smith led the way to the second story, where were two very comfortable unoccupied bedrooms.

"A single lady?" she asked.

"Yes," said Jem, "a Miss Lasacque of Louisiana."

"Young, did you say?"

"Seventeen, or thereabout, I fancy." (This was a guess, but Jem chose to appear to know all about her.)

"And—ehem!—and—quite alone?"

"Quite alone—she is come here to go to school."

"Oh, to go to school! Pray—will she pass her vacations with your mother?"

"No!" said Jem, coughing, and looking rather embarrassed.

"Indeed! She is with Mrs. Thalimer at present, I presume."

"No—she is still on shipboard! Why, my dear madam, she only arrived from New Orleans this morning."

"And your mother has not had time to see her? I understand. Mrs. Thalimer will accompany her here, of course."

Jem began to see the end of the old maid's catechism, and thought it best to volunteer the remainder of the information.

"My mother is not acquainted with this young lady's friends," he said; "and, in fact, she comes introduced only to myself."

"She has a guardian, surely?" said Miss Smith, drawing back into her Elizabethan ruff with more dignity than she had hitherto worn.

"I am her guardian!" replied Jem, looking as red and guilty as if he had really abducted the young lady, and was ashamed of his errand.

The spinster bit her lips and looked out of the window.

"Will you walk down stairs for a moment, gentlemen," she resumed, "and let me speak to my sister. I should have told you that the rooms *might* possibly be engaged. I am not quite sure—indeed—ehem—pray walk down and be seated a moment!"

Very much to the vexation of my discomfited friend, I burst into a laugh as we closed the door of the basement parlor behind us.

"You don't realize my confoundedly awkward position," said he. "I am responsible for every step I take, to the girl's father in the first place, and then to my friend Dauchy, one of the most chivalric old cocks in the world, who, at the same time, could never understand why there was any difficulty in the matter! And it *does* seem strange, that in a city with eighty thousand inhabitants, it should be next to impossible to find lodging for a virtuous lady, a stranger!"

I was contriving how to tell Thalimer that "there was no objection to the camel but for the dead cat hung upon its neck," when a maidservant opened the door with a message—"Miss Smith's compliments, and she was very sorry she had no room to spare!"

"Pleasant!" said Jem, "very pleasant! I suppose every other keeper of a respectable house will be equally sorry. Meantime, it's getting on toward noon, and that poor girl is moping on shipboard, wondering whether she is ever to be taken ashore! Do you think she might sleep at Gallagher's?"

"Certainly not! He has, probably, no accommodations for a lady, and, to lodge in a *restaurant*, after dining with you there, would be an indiscreet first step, in a strange city, to say the least. But let us make our visit to your fair ward, my dear Jem! Perhaps she has a face innocent enough to tell its own story—like the lady who walked through Erin 'with the snow-white wand.'"

The vessel had lain in the stream all night, and was just hauling up to the wharf with the moving tide. A crowd of spectators stood at the end of her mooring cable, and, as she warped in, universal attention seemed to be given to a single object. Upon a heap of cotton-bales, the highest point of the confused lumber of the deck, sat a lady under a sky-blue parasol. Her gown was of pink silk; and by the volume of this showy material which was presented to the eye, the wearer, when standing, promised to turn out of rather conspicuous stature. White gloves, a pair of superb amethyst bracelets, a string of gold beads on her neck, and shoulders quite naked enough for a ball, were all the disclosures made for a while by the envious parasol, if we except a little object in blue, which seemed the extremity of something she was sitting on, held in her left hand—and which turned out to be her right foot in a blue satin slipper!

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I turned to Thalimer. He was literally pale with consternation.

"Hadn't you better send for a carriage to take your ward away?" I suggested.

"You don't believe that to be Miss Lasacque, surely!" exclaimed Jem, turning upon me with an imploring look.

"Such is my foreboding," I replied; "but wait a moment. Her face may be pretty, and you, of course, in your guardian capacity, may suggest a simplification of her toilet. Consider!—the poor girl was never before off the plantation—at least, so says old Dauchy's letter."

The sailors now began to pull upon the sternline, and, as the ship came round, the face of the unconscious object of curiosity stole into view. Most of the spectators, after a single glance, turned their attention elsewhere with a smile, and Jem, putting his hands into his two coat-pockets behind him, walked off toward the end of the pier, whistling to himself very energetically. She was an exaggeration of the peculiar physiognomy of the south—lean rather than slight, sallow rather than pale. Yet I thought her eyes fine.

Thalimer joined me as the ship touched the dock, and we stepped on board together. The cabinboy confirmed our expectations as to the lady's identity, and putting on the very insinuating manner which was part of his objectionable exterior, Jem advanced and begged to know if he had the honor of addressing Miss Lasacque.

Without loosing her hold upon her right foot, the lady nodded.

"Then, madam!" said Jem, "permit me to introduce to you your guardian, Mr. Thalimer!"

"What, that old gentleman coming this way?" asked Miss Lasacque, fixing her eyes on a custom-house officer who was walking the deck.

Jem handed the lady his card.

"That is my name," said he, "and I should be happy to know how I can begin the duties of my office!"

"Dear me!" said the astonished damsel, dropping her foot to take his hand, "isn't there an older Mr. James Thalimer? Mr. Dauchy said it was a gentleman near his own age!"

"I grow older, as you know me longer!" Jem replied apologetically; but his ward was too well satisfied with his appearance, to need even this remarkable fact to console her. She came down with a slide from her cotton-bag elevation, called to the cook to bring the bandbox with the bonnet in it, and meantime gave us a brief history of the inconveniences she had suffered in consequence of the loss of her slave, Dinah, who had died of sea-sickness three days out. This, to me, was bad news, for I had trusted to a "lady's maid" for the preservation of appearances, and the scandal threatening Jem's guardianship looked, in consequence, very imminent.

"I am dying to get my feet on land again!" said Miss Lasacque, putting her arm in her guardian's, and turning toward the gangway—her bonnet not tied, nor her neck covered, and thin blue satin slippers, though her feet *were* small, showing forth in contrast with her pink silk gown, with frightful conspicuousness! Jem resisted the shoreward pull, and stood motionless and aghast.

"Your baggage," he stammered at last.

"Here, cook!" cried the lady, "tell the captain, when he comes aboard, to send my trunks to Mr. Thalimer's! They are down in the hold, and he told me he couldn't get at 'em till to-morrow," she added, by way of explanation to Thalimer.

I felt constrained to come to the rescue.

"Pardon me, madam!" said I, "there is a little peculiarity in our climate, of which you probably are not advised. An east wind commonly sets in about noon, which makes a shawl very necessary. In consequence, too, of the bronchitis which this sudden change is apt to give people of tender constitutions, the ladies of Boston are obliged to sacrifice what is becoming, and wear their dresses very high in the throat."

"La!" said the astonished damsel, putting her hand upon her bare neck, "is it sore throat that you mean? I'm very subject to it, indeed! Cook! bring me that fur-tippet out of the cabin! I'm so sorry my dresses are all made so low, and I haven't a shawl unpacked either!—dear! dear!"

Jem and I exchanged a look of hopeless resignation, as the cook appeared with the chinchilli tippet. A bold man might have hesitated to share the conspicuousness of such a figure in a noon promenade, but we each gave her an arm when she had tied the soiled riband around her throat, and silently set forward.

It was a bright and very warm day, and there seemed a conspiracy among our acquaintances, to cross our path. Once in the street, it was not remarkable that they looked at us, for the towering height at which the lady carried her very showy bonnet, the flashy material of her dress, the jewels and the chinchilli tippet, formed an *ensemble* which caught the eye like a rainbow; and truly people did gaze, and the boys, spite of the unconscious look which we attempted, did give rather disagreeable evidence of being amused. I had various misgivings, myself, as to the necessity for my own share in the performance, and, at every corner, felt sorely tempted to bid guardian and ward good morning; but friendship and pity prevailed. By streets and lanes not calculated to give Miss Lasacque a very favorable first impression of Boston, we reached Washington street, and made an intrepid dash across it, to the Marlborough hotel.

Of this public house, Thalimer had asked my opinion during our walk, by way of introducing an apology to Miss Lasacque for not taking her to his own home. She had made it quite clear that she expected this, and Jem had nothing for it but to draw such a picture of the decrepitude of Mr. Thalimer, senior, and the bedridden condition of his mother (as stout a couple as ever plodded to church!) as would satisfy the lady for his short-comings in hospitality. This had passed off very smoothly, and Miss Lasacque entered the Marlboro', quite prepared to lodge there, but very little aware (poor girl!) of the objections to receiving her as a lodger.

Mr. ———, the proprietor, had stood in the archway as we entered. Seeing no baggage in the lady's train, however, he had not followed us in, supposing, probably, that we were callers on some of his guests. Jem left us in the drawing-room, and went upon his errand to the proprietor, but after half an hour's absence, came back, looking very angry, and informed us that no rooms were to be had! Instead of taking the rooms without explanation, he had been unwise enough to "make a clean breast" to Mr. ———, and the story of the lady's being his "ward," and come from Louisiana to go to school, rather staggered that discreet person's credulity.

Jem beckoned me out, and we held a little council of war in the entry. Alas! I had nothing to suggest. I knew the puritan metropolis very well—I knew its *phobia* was "the *appearance* of evil." In Jem's care-for-nothing face lay the leprosy which closed all doors against us. Even if we had succeeded, by a *coup-de-main*, in lodging Miss Lasacque at the Marlboro', her guardian's daily visits would have procured for her, in the first week, some intimation that she could no longer be accommodated.

"We had best go and dine upon it," said I; "worst come to the worst, we can find some sort of dormitory for her at Gallagher's, and to-morrow she must be put

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to school, out of the reach of your 'pleasant, but wrong society.'"

"I hope to Heaven she'll 'stay put,'" said Jem, with a long sigh.

We got Miss Lasacque again under way, and avoiding the now crowded *pavé* of Washington street, made a short cut by Theatre Alley to Devonshire street and Gallagher's. Safely landed in "No. 2," we drew a long breath of relief. Jem rang the bell.

"Dinner, waiter, as soon as possible."

"The same that was ordered at six, sir?"

"Yes, only more champagne, and bring it immediately. Excuse me, Miss Lasacque," added Jem, with a grave bow, "but the non-appearance of that east wind my friend spoke of, has given me an unnatural thirst. Will you join me in some champagne after your hot walk?"

"No, thank you," said the lady, untying her tippet, "but, if you please, I will go to my room before dinner!"

Here was trouble, again! It nad never occurred to either of us, that ladies must go to their rooms before bedtime.

"Stop!" cried Jem, as she laid her hand on the bell to ring for the chamber-maid, "excuse me—I must first speak to the landlord—the room—the room is not ready, probably!"

He seized his hat, and made his exit, probably wishing all confiding friends, with their neighbor's daughters, in a better world! He had to do with a man of sense, however. Gallagher had but one bedroom in the house, which was not a servant's room, and that was his own. In ten minutes it was ready, and at the lady's service. A black scullion was promoted for the nonce, to the post of chamber-maid, and, fortunately, the plantation-bred girl had not been long enough from home to be particular. She came to dinner as radiant as a summer-squash.

With the door shut, and the soup before us, Thalimer's spirits and mine flung off their burthens together. Jem was the pleasantest table-companion in the world, and he chatted and made the amiable to his ward, as if he owed her some amends for the awkward position of which she was so blessedly unconscious. Your "dangerous man" (such as he was voted), inspires, of course, no distrust in those to whom he chooses to be agreeable. Miss Lasacque grew, every minute, more delighted with him. She, too, improved on acquaintance. Come to look at her closely, Nature meant her for a fine showy creature, and she was "out of condition," as the jockeys say—that was all! Her features were good, though gamboged by a southern climate, and the fever-and-ague had flattened what should be round and ripe lips, and reduced to the mere frame, what should be the bust and neck of a Die Vernon. I am not sure I saw all this at the time. Her subsequent chrysalis and emergence into a beautiful woman, naturally color my description now. But I did see, then, that her eyes were large and lustrous, and that naturally she had high spirit, good abilities, and was a thorough woman in sentiment, though deplorably neglected—for, at the age of twenty, she could hardly read and write! It was not surprising that she was pleased with *us!* She was the only lady present, and we were the first coxcombs she had ever seen, and the day was summery, and the dinner in Gallagher's best style. We treated her like a princess; and the more agreeable man of the two being her guardian, and responsible for the propriety of the whole affair, there was no chance for a failure. We lingered over our coffee; and we lingered over our *chassecafé;* and we lingered over our tea; and, when the old South struck twelve, we were still at the table in "No. 2," quite too much delighted with each other to have thought of separating. It was the venerated guardian who made the first move, and, after ringing up the waiter to discover that the scullion had, six hours before, made her nightly disappearance, the lady was respectfully dismissed with only a candle for her chamber-maid, and Mr. Gallagher's room for her destination—wherever that might be!

We dined together every successive day for a week, and during this time the plot rapidly thickened. Thalimer, of course, vexed soul and body, to obtain for Miss Lasacque a less objectionable lodging—urged scarcely more by his sense of propriety than by a feeling for her good-natured host, who, meantime, slept on a sofa. But the unlucky first step of dining and lodging a young lady at a *restaurant*, inevitable as it was, gave a fatal assurance to the predisposed scandal of the affair, and every day's events heightened its glaring complexion. Miss Lasacque had ideas of her own, and very independent ones, as to the amusement of her leisure hours. She had never been before where there were shops, and she spent her first two or three mornings in perambulating Washington street, dressed in a style perfectly amazing to beholders, and purchasing every description of gay trumpery—the parcels, of course, sent to Gallagher's, and the bills to James Thalimer, Esq.! To keep her out of the street, Jem took her, on the third day, to the riding-school, leaving her (safely enough, he thought), in charge of the authoritative Mr. Roulstone, while he besieged some school-mistress or other to undertake her ciphering and geography. She was all but born on horseback, however, and soon tired of riding round the ring. The street-door was set open for a moment, leaving exposed a tempting tangent to the circle, and out flew Miss Lasacque, saving her "Leghorn flat" by a bend to the saddle-bow, that would have done credit to a dragoon, and no more was seen, for hours, of the "bonnie black mare" and her rider.

The deepening of Miss Lasacque's passion for Jem, would not interest the reader. She loved like other women, timidly and pensively. Young as the passion was, however, it came too late to affect her manners before public opinion had pronounced on them. There was neither boarding-house nor "private female academy" within ten miles, into which "Mr. Thalimer's young lady" would have been permitted to set her foot—small as was the foot, and innocent as was the pulse to which it stepped.

Uncomfortable as was this state of suspense, and anxious as we were to fall into the track marked "virtuous," if virtue would only permit; public opinion seemed to think we were enjoying ourselves quite too prosperously. On the morning of the seventh day of our guardianship, I had two calls after breakfast, one from poor Gallagher, who reported that he had been threatened with a prosecution of his establishment as a nuisance, and another from poorer Jem, whose father had threatened to take the lady out of his hands, and lodge her in the insane asylum!

"Not that I don't wish she was there," added Jem, "for it is a very fine place, with a nice garden, and luxurious enough for those who can pay for them, and faith, I believe it's the only lodging-house I've not applied to!"

I must shorten my story. Jem anticipated his father, by riding over, and showing his papers constituting him the guardian of Miss Lasacque, in which capacity, he was, of course, authorized to put his ward under the charge of keepers. Everybody who knows Massachusetts, knows that its insane asylums are sometimes brought to bear on irregular morals, as well as on diseased intellects, and as the presiding officer of the institution was quite well assured that Miss Lasacque was well qualified to become a patient, Jem had no course left but to profit by the error. The poor girl was invited, that afternoon, to take a drive in the country, and we came back and dined without her, in abominable spirits, I must say

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Provided with the best instruction, the best of care taken of her health, and the most exemplary of matrons interesting herself in her patient's improvements, Miss Lasacque rapidly improved—more rapidly, no doubt, than she ever could have done by control less rigid and inevitable. Her father, by the advice of the matron, was not informed of her location for a year, and at the end of that time he came on, accompanied by his friend, Mr. Dauchy. He found his daughter sufficiently improved in health, manners, and beauty, to be quite satisfied with Jem's discharge of his trust, and we all dined very pleasantly in "No. 2;" Miss Lasacque declining, with a blush, my invitation to her to make one of the party.

TWO BUCKETS IN A WELL.

"Five hundred dollars a year!" echoed Fanny Bellairs, as the first silver gray of the twilight spread over her picture.

"And my art," modestly added the painter, prying into his bright copy of the lips pronouncing upon his destiny.

"And how much may that be at the present rate of patronage—one picture a year painted for love!"

"Fanny, how can you be so calculating!"

"By the bumps over my eyebrows, I suppose. Why, my dear coz, we have another state of existence to look forward to—old man-age and old woman-age! What am I to do with five hundred dollars a year, when my old frame wants gilding—(to use one of your own similes)—I shan't always be pretty Fanny Bellairs!"

"But, good Heavens! we shall grow old together!" exclaimed the painter, sitting down at her feet, "and what will you care for other admiration, if your husband see you still beautiful, with the eyes of memory and habit."

"Even if I were sure he would so look upon me!" answered Miss Bellairs more seriously, "I can not but dread an old age without great means of embellishment. Old people, except in poetry and in very primitive society, are dishonored by wants and cares. And, indeed, before we are old—when neither young nor old—we want horses and ottomans, kalydor and conservatories, books, pictures, and silk curtains—all quite out of the range of your little allowance, don't you see!"

"You do not love me, Fanny!"

"I do—and will marry you, Philip—as I, long ago, with my whole heart promised. But I wish to be happy with you—as happy, quite as happy, as is at all possible, with our best efforts and coolest, discreetest management. I laugh the matter over sometimes, but I may tell you, since you are determined to be in earnest, that I have treated it, in my solitary thought, as the one important event of my life—(so indeed it is!)—and, as such, worthy of all fore-thought, patience, self-denial, and calculation. To inevitable ills I can make up my mind like other people. If your art were your only hope of subsistence—why—I don't know—(should I look well as a page?)—I don't know that I couldn't run your errands and grind your paints in hose and doublet. But there is another door open for you—a counting-house door, to be sure—leading to opulence and all the appliances of dignity and happiness, and through this door, my dear Philip, the art you would live by comes to pay tribute and beg for patronage. Now, out of your hundred and twenty reasons, give me the two stoutest and best, why you should refuse your brother's golden offer of partnership—my share, in your alternative of poverty, left for the moment out of the question."

Rather overborne by the confident decision of his beautiful cousin, and having probably made up his mind that he must ultimately yield to her, Philip replied in a lower and more dejected tone:—

"If you were not to be a sharer in my renown, should I be so fortunate as to acquire it, I should feel as if it were selfish to dwell so much on my passion for distinction and my devotion to my pencil as the means of winning it. My heart is full of you—but it is full of ambition too, paradox though it be. I can not live ignoble. I should not have felt worthy to press my love upon you—worthy to possess you—except with the prospect of celebrity in my art. You make the world dark to me, Fanny! You close down the sky, when you shut out this hope! Yet it shall be so."

Philip paused a moment and the silence was uninterrupted.

"There was another feeling I had, upon which I have not insisted," he continued. "By my brother's project, I am to reside almost wholly abroad. Even the little stipend I have to offer you now, is absorbed of course by the investment of my property in his trading capital, and marriage, till I have partly enriched myself, would be even more hopeless than at present. Say the interval were five years—and five years of separation!"

"With happiness in prospect, it would soon pass, my dear Philip!"

"But is there nothing wasted in this time? My life is yours—the gift of love. Are not these coming five years the very flower of it?—a mutual loss, too, for are they not, even more emphatically, the very flower of yours? Eighteen and twenty-five are ages at which to marry, not ages to defer. During this time the entire flow of my existence is at its crowning fulness—passion, thought, joy, tenderness, susceptibility to beauty and sweetness—all I have that can be diminished or tarnished or made dull by advancing age and contact with the world, is thrown away for its spring and summer. Will the autumn of life repay us for this? Will it—even if we are rich and blest with health, and as capable of an unblemished union as now? Think of this a moment, dear Fanny!"

"I do—it is full of force and meaning, and could we marry now, with a tolerable prospect of competency, it would be irresistible. But poverty in wedlock, Philip—"

"What do you call poverty! If we can suffice for each other, and have the necessaries of life, we are not poor! My art will bring us consideration enough—which is the main end of wealth, after all—and of society, speaking for myself only, I want nothing. Luxuries for yourself, Fanny, means for your dear comfort and pleasure, you should not want if the world held them, and surely the unbounded devotion of one man to the support of the one woman he loves, *ought* to suffice for the task! I am strong—I am

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capable of labor—I have limbs to toil, if my genius and my present means fail me, and, oh, Heaven, you could not want!"

"No, no, no! I thought not of want!" murmured Miss Bellairs, "I thought only—"

But she was not permitted to finish the sentence.

"Then my bright picture for the future *may* be realized!" exclaimed Philip, knitting his hands together in a transport of hope. "I may build up a reputation, with *you* for the constant partner of its triumphs and excitements! I may go through the world and have some care in life besides subsistence, how I shall sleep, and eat, and accumulate gold; some companion, who, from the threshold of manhood, shared every thought—and knew every feeling—some pure and present angel who walked with me and purified my motives and ennobled my ambitions, and received from my lips and eyes, and from the beating of my heart, against her own, all the love I had to give in a lifetime. Tell me, Fanny! tell me, my sweet cousin! is not this a picture of bliss, which, combined with success in my noble art, might make a Paradise on earth for you and me?"

The hand of Fanny Bellairs rested on the upturned forehead of her lover as he sat at her feet in the deepening twilight, and she answered him with such sweet words as are linked together by spells known only to woman—but his palette and pencils were, nevertheless, burned in solemn holocaust that very night, and the lady carried her point, as ladies must. And to the importation of silks from Lyons was devoted, thenceforth, the genius of a Raphael—perhaps: Who knows?

The reader will naturally have gathered from this dialogue that Miss Fanny Bellairs had black eyes, and was rather below the middle stature. She was a belle, and it is only belle-metal of this particular description which is not fusible by "burning words." She had mind enough to appreciate fully the romance and enthusiasm of her cousin, Philip Ballister, and knew precisely the phenomena which a tall *blonde* (this complexion of woman being soluble in love and tears), would have exhibited under a similar experiment. While the fire of her love glowed, therefore, she opposed little resistance and seemed softened and yielding, but her purpose remained unaltered, and she rang out "no!" the next morning, with a tone as little changed as a convent-bell from matins to vespers, though it has passed meantime through the furnace of an Italian noon.

Fanny was not a designing girl, either. She might have found a wealthier customer for her heart than her cousin Philip. And she loved this cousin as truly and well as her nature would admit, or as need be, indeed. But two things had conspired to give her the unmalleable quality just described—a natural disposition to confide, first and foremost, on all occasions, in her own sagacity, and a vivid impression made upon her mind by a childhood of poverty. At the age of twelve she had been transferred from the distressed fireside of her mother, Mrs. Bellairs, to the luxurious roof of her aunt, Mrs. Ballister, and her mother dying soon after, the orphan girl was adopted and treated as a child; but the memory of the troubled health at which she had first learned to observe and reason, colored all the purposes and affections, thoughts, impulses and wishes of the ripening girl, and to think of happiness in any proximity to privation seemed to her impossible, even though it were in the bosom of love. Seeing no reason to give her cousin credit for any knowledge of the world beyond his own experience, she decided to think for him as well as love him, and not being so much pressed as the enthusiastic painter by the "*besoin d'aimer et de se faire aimer*," she very composedly prefixed, to the possession of her hand, the trifling achievement of getting rich—quite sure that if he knew as much as she, he would willingly run that race without the incumbrance of matrimony.

The death of Mr. Ballister, senior, had left the widow and her two boys more slenderly provided for than was anticipated—Phil's portion, after leaving college, producing the moderate income before mentioned. The elder brother had embarked in his father's business, and it was thought best on all hands for the younger Ballister to follow his example. But Philip, whose college leisure had been devoted to poetry and painting, and whose genius for the latter, certainly, was very decided, brought down his habits by a resolute economy to the limits of his income, and took up the pencil for a profession. With passionate enthusiasm, great purity of character, distaste for all society not in harmony with his favorite pursuit, and an industry very much concentrated and rendered effective by abstemious habits, Philip Ballister was very likely to develop what genius might lie between his head and hand, and his progress in the first year had been allowed by eminent artists to give very unusual promise. The Ballisters were still together under the maternal roof, and the painter's studies were the portraits of the family, and Fanny's picture of course much the most difficult to finish. It would be very hard if a painter's portrait of his liege mistress, the lady of his heart, were not a good picture, and Fanny Bellairs on canvass was divine accordingly. If the copy had more softness of expression than the original (as it was thought to have), it only proves that wise men have for some time suspected, that love is more dumb than blind, and the faults of our faultless idols are noted, however unconsciously. Neither thumb-screws nor hot coals—nothing probably but repentance after matrimony—would have drawn from Philip Ballister, in words, the same confession of his mistress's foible that had oozed out through his treacherous pencil!

Cupid is often drawn as a stranger pleading to be "taken in," but it is a miracle that he is not invariably drawn as a portrait-painter. A bird tied to the muzzle of a gun—an enemy who has written a book—an Indian prince under the protection of Giovanni Bulletto (Tuscan for John Bull),—is not more close upon demolition, one would think, than the heart of a lady delivered over to a painter's eyes, posed, draped and lighted with the one object of studying her beauty. If there be any magnetism in isolated attention, any in steadfast gazing, any in passes of the hand hither and thither—if there be any magic in *ce doux demi-jour* so loved in France, in stuff for flattery ready pointed and feathered, in freedom of admiration, "and all in the way of business"—then is a loveable sitter to a love-like painter in "parlous" vicinity (as the new school would phrase it), to sweet-heart-land! Pleasure in a vocation has no offset in political economy as honor has ("the more honor the less profit,") or portrait-painters would be poorer than poets.

And *malgré* his consciousness of the quality which required softening in his cousin's beauty, and *malgré* his rare advantages for obtaining over her a lover's proper ascendency, Mr. Philip Ballister bowed to the stronger will of Miss Fanny Bellairs, and sailed for France on his apprenticeship to Mammon.

The reader will please to advance five years. Before proceeding thence with our story, however, let us take a Parthian glance at the overstepped interval.

Philip Ballister had left New York with the triple vow that he would enslave every faculty of his mind and body to business, that he would not return till he had made a fortune, and that such interstices as might occur in the building up of this chateau for felicity should be filled with sweet reveries about Fanny Bellairs. The forsworn painter had genius, as we have

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before hinted, and genius is (as much as it is any one thing), the power of concentration. He entered upon his duties accordingly with a force, and patience of application, which soon made him master of what are called business habits, and, once in possession of the details, his natural cleverness gave him a speedy insight to all the scope and tactics of his particular field of trade. Under his guidance, the affairs of the house were soon in a much more prosperous train, and after a year's residence at Lyons, Philip saw his way very clear to manage them with a long arm and take up his quarters in Paris.

"*Les fats sont les seuls hommes qui aient soin d'eux mêmes*," says a French novelist, but there is a period, early or late, in the lives of the cleverest men, when they become suddenly curious as to their capacity for the graces. Paris, to a stranger who does not visit in the Faubourg St. Germain, is a republic of personal exterior, where the degree of privilege depends with Utopian impartiality on the style of the outer man; and Paris, therefore, if he is not already a Bachelor of Arts (qu?—*beau's Arts*), usually serves the traveller as an Alma Mater of the pomps and vanities.

Phil. Ballister, up to the time of his matriculation in *Chaussée D'Antin*, was a romantic-looking sloven. From this to a very dashing coxcomb is but half a step, and to be rid of the coxcombry and retain a look of fashion, is still within the easy limits of imitation. But—to obtain superiority of presence with no apparent aid from dress and no describable manner, and to display at the same time every natural advantage in effective relief, and, withal, to adapt this subtle philtre, not only to the approbation of the critical and censorious, but to the taste of fair women gifted with judgment as God pleases—this is a finish not born with any man (though unsuccessful if it do not seem to be), and never reached in the apprenticeship of life, and never reached at all by men not much above their fellows. He who has it, has "bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere," for he must know, as a chart of quicksands, the pronounced models of other nations; but to be a "picked man of countries," and to *have been* a coxcomb and a man of fashion, are, as a painter would say, but the setting of the palette toward the making of the *chef-d'œuvre*.

Business prospered and the facilities of leisure increased, while Ballister passed through these transitions of taste, and he found intervals to travel, and time to read, and opportunity to indulge; as far as he could with the eye only, his passion for knowledge in the arts. To all that appertained to the refinement of himself, he applied the fine feelers of a delicate and passionate construction, physical and mental, and, as the reader will already have included, wasted on culture comparatively unprofitable, faculties that would have been better employed but for the meddling of Miss Fanny Bellairs.

Ballister's return from France was heralded by the arrival of statuary and pictures, books, furniture, and numberless articles of tasteful and costly luxury. The reception of these by the family at home threw rather a new light on the probable changes in the long-absent brother, for, from the signal success of the business he had managed, they had very naturally supposed that it was the result only of unremitted and plodding care. Vague rumors of changes in his personal appearance had reached them, such as might be expected from conformity to foreign fashions, but those who had seen Philip Ballister in France, and called subsequently on the family in New York, were not people qualified to judge of the man, either from their own powers of observation or from any confidence he was likely to put forward while in their society. His letters had been delightful, but they were confined to third-person topics, descriptions of things likely to interest them, &c., and Fanny had few addressed personally to herself, having thought it worth while, for the experiment's sake or for some other reason, to see whether love would subsist without its usual *pabulum* of tender correspondence, and a *veto* on love-letters having served her for a parting injunction at Phil's embarkation for Havre. However varied by their different fancies, the transformation looked for by the whole family was substantially the same—the romantic artist sobered down to a practical, plain man of business. And Fanny herself had an occasional misgiving as to her relish for his counting-house virtues and manners; though, on the detection of the feeling, she immediately closed her eyes upon it, and drummed up her delinquent constancy for "parade and inspection."

All bustles are very much alike (we use the word as defined in Johnson), and the reader will appreciate our delicacy, besides, in not intruding on the first reunion of relatives and lovers long separated.

The morning after Philip Ballister's arrival, the family sat long at breakfast. The mother's gaze fastened untiringly on the features of her son—still her boy—prying into them with a vain effort to reconcile the face of the man with the cherished picture of the child with sunny locks, and noting little else than the work of inward change upon the countenance and expression. The brother, with the predominant feeling of respect for the intelligence and industry of one who had made the fortunes of the house, read only subdued sagacity in the perfect simplicity of his whole exterior. And Fanny—Fanny was puzzled. The *bourgeoisie* and leger-bred hardness of manner which she had looked for were not there, nor any variety of the "foreign slip-slop" common to travelled youth, nor any superciliousness, nor (faith!) any wear and tear of youth or good looks—nothing that she expected—nothing! Not even a French guard-chain!

What there *was* in her cousin's manners and exterior, however, was much more difficult to define by Miss Bellairs than what there *was not*. She began the renewal of their intercourse with very high spirits, herself—the simple nature and unpretendingness of his address awakening only an unembarrassed pleasure at seeing him again—but she soon began to suspect there was an exquisite refinement in this very simplicity, and to wonder at "the trick of it;" and after the first day passed in his society, her heart beat when he spoke to her, as it did not use to beat when she was sitting to him for her picture, and listening to his passionate love-making. And with all her faculties she studied him. What was the charm of his presence! He was himself, and himself only. He seemed perfect, but he seemed to have arrived at perfection like a statue, not like a picture—by what had been taken away, not by what had been laid on. He was as natural as a bird, and as graceful and unembarrassed. He neither forced conversation, nor pressed the little attentions of the drawing-room, and his attitudes were full of repose; yet she was completely absorbed in what he said, and she had been impressed imperceptibly with his high-bred politeness, and the singular elegance of his person. Fanny felt there was a change in her relative position to her cousin. In what it consisted, or which had the advantage, she was perplexed to discover—but she bit her lips as she caught herself thinking that if she were not engaged to marry Philip Ballister, she should suspect that she had just fallen irrecoverably in love with him.

It would have been a novelty in the history of Miss Bellairs that any event to which she had once consented, should admit of reconsideration; and the Ballister family, used to her strong will, were confirmed fatalists as to the coming about of her ends and aims. Her marriage with Philip, therefore, was

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discussed, *cœur ouvert*, from his first arrival, and, indeed, in her usual fashion of saving others the trouble of making up their minds. "herself had named the day." This, it is true, was before his landing, and was then, an effort of considerable magnanimity, as the expectant Penelope was not yet advised of her lover's state of preservation or damages by cares and keeping. If Philip had not found his wedding-day fixed on his arrival, however, he probably would have had a voice in the naming of it, for with Fanny's new inspirations as to his character, there had grown up a new flower in her garden of beauties—timidity! What bird of the air had sown the seed in such a soil was a problem to herself—but true it was!—the confident belle had grown a blushing trembler! She would as soon have thought of bespeaking her wings for the sky, as to have ventured on naming the day in a short week after.

The day *was* named, however, and the preparations went on—*nem. con.*—the person most interested (after herself) accepting every congratulation and allusion, touching the event, with the most impenetrable suavity. The marbles and pictures, upholstery and services, were delivered over to the order of Miss Bellairs, and Philip, disposed, apparently, to be very much a recluse in his rooms, or at other times, engrossed by troops of welcoming friends, saw much less of his bride elect than suited her wishes, and saw her seldom alone. By particular request, also, he took no part in the 'plenishing and embellishing of the new abode—not permitted even to inquire where it was situated, and under this cover, besides the pleasure of having her own way, Fanny concealed a little secret, which, when disclosed, she now felt, would figure forth to Philip's comprehension, her whole scheme of future happiness. She had taken the elder brother into her counsels a fortnight after Philip's return, and, with his aid and consent, had abandoned the original idea of a house in town, purchased a beautifully-secluded estate and *cottage ornée*, on the East river, and transferred thither all the objects of art, furniture, &c. One room only of the maternal mansion was permitted to contribute its quota to the completion of the bridal dwelling—the wing, never since inhabited, in which Philip had made his essay as a painter—and without variation of a cobweb, and with whimsical care and effort on the part of Miss Fanny, this apartment was reproduced at Revedere—her own picture on the easel, as it stood on the night of his abandonment of his art, and palette, pencils and colors in tempting readiness on the table. Even the fire-grate of the old studio had been re-set in the new, and the cottage throughout had been refitted with a view to occupation in the winter. And to sundry hints on the part of the elder brother, that some thought should be given to a city residence—for the Christmas holydays, at least—Fanny replied, through a blush, that she should never wish to see the town—with Philip at Revedere!

Five years had ripened and mellowed the beauty of Fanny Bellairs, and the same summer-time of youth had turned into fruit the feeling left by Philip in bud and flower. She was ready now for love. She had felt the variable temper of society, and there was a presentiment in the heart of receding flatteries, and the winter of life. It was with mournful self-reproach that she thought of the years wasted in separation, of her own choosing, from the man she loved, and with the power to recall time, she would have thanked God with tears of joy for the privilege of retracing the chain of life to that link of parting. "Not worth a day of those lost years, she bitterly confessed to herself, was the wealth they had purchased.

It lacked as little as one week of "the happy day," when the workmen were withdrawn from Revedere, and the preparations for a family breakfast, to be succeeded by the agreeable surprise to Philip of informing him he was at home, were finally completed. One or two very intimate friends were added to the party, and the invitations (from the elder Ballister) proposed simply a *dejeuner sur l'herbe* in the grounds of an unoccupied villa, the property of an acquaintance.

With the subsiding of the excitement of return, the early associations which had temporarily confused and colored the feelings of Philip Ballister, settled gradually away, leaving uppermost once more the fastidious refinement of the Parisian. Through this medium, thin and cold, the bubbles from the breathing of the heart of youth, rose rarely and reluctantly. The Ballisters held a good station in society, without caring for much beyond the easy conveniences of life, and Fanny, though capable of any degree of elegance, had not seen the expediency of raising the tone of her manners above that of her immediate friends. Without being positively distasteful to Philip, the family circle, Fanny included, left him much to desire in the way of society, and unwilling to abate the warmth of his attentions while with them, he had latterly pleaded occupation more frequently, and passed his time in the more congenial company of his library of art. This was the less noticed that it gave Miss Bellairs the opportunity to make frequent visits to the workmen at Revedere, and in the polished devotion of her betrothed, when with her, Fanny saw nothing reflected but her own daily increasing tenderness and admiration.

The morning of the *fête* came in like the air in an overture—a harmony of all the instruments of summer. The party were at the gate of Revedere by ten, and the drive through the avenue to the lawn drew a burst of delighted admiration from all. The place was exquisite, and seen in its glory, and Fanny's heart was brimming with gratified pride and exultation. She assumed at once the dispensation of the honors, and beautiful she looked with her snowy dress and raven ringlets flitting across the lawn, and queening it like Perdita among the flowers. Having narrowly escaped bursting into tears of joy when Philip pronounced the place prettier than anything he had seen in his travels, she was, for the rest of the day, calmly happy, and with the grateful shade, the delicious breakfast in the grove, the rambling and boating on the river, the hours passed off like dreams, and no one even hinted a regret that the house itself was under lock and bar. And so the sun set, and the twilight came on, and the guests were permitted to order round their carriages and depart, the Ballisters accompanying them to the gate. And, on the return of the family through the avenue, excuses were made for idling hither and thither, till lights began to show through the trees, and by the time of their arrival at the lawn, the low windows of the cottage poured forth streams of light, and the open doors, and servants busy within, completed a scene more like magic than reality. Philip was led in by the excited girl who was the fairy of the spell, and his astonishment at the discovery of his statuary and pictures, books and furniture, arranged in complete order within, was fed upon with the passionate delight of love in authority.

When an hour had been spent in examining and admiring the different apartments, an inner room was thrown open, in which supper was prepared, and this fourth act in the day's drama was lingered over in untiring happiness by the family.

Mrs. Ballister, the mother, rose and retired, and Philip pleaded indisposition, and begged to be shown to the room allotted to him. This was ringing-up the curtain for the last act sooner than had been planned by Fanny, but she announced herself as his chamberlain, and with her hands affectionately crossed on his arm, led him to a suite of rooms in a wing still unvisited, and with a good-night kiss left him at the open door of the revived studio, furnished for the night with a

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bachelor's bed. Turning upon the threshold, he closed the door with a parting wish of sweet dreams, and Fanny, after listening a moment with a vain hope of overhearing some expression of pleasure, and lingering again on her way back, to be overtaken by her surprised lover, sought her own bed without rejoining the circle, and passed a sleepless and happy night of tears and joy.

Breakfast was served the next morning on a terrace overlooking the river, and it was voted by acclamation, that Fanny never before looked so lovely. As none but the family were to be present, she had stolen a march on her marriage wardrobe, and added to her demi-toilet a morning cap of exquisite becomingness. Altogether, she looked deliciously wife-like, and did the honors of the breakfast-table with a grace and sweetness that warmed out love and compliments even from the sober soil of household intimacy. Philip had not yet made his appearance, and they lingered long at table, till at last a suggestion that he might be ill started Fanny to her feet, and she ran to his door before a servant could be summoned.

The rooms were open, and the bed had not been occupied. The candle was burned to the socket, and on the easel, resting against the picture, was a letter addressed—"Miss Fanny Bellairs."

THE LETTER.

"I have followed up to this hour, my fair cousin, in the path you have marked out for me. It has brought me back, in this chamber, to the point from which I started under your guidance, and if it had brought me back unchanged—if it restored me my energy, my hope, and my prospect of fame, I should pray Heaven that it would also give me back my love, and be content—more than content, if it gave me back also my poverty. The sight of my easel, and of the surroundings of my boyish dreams of glory, have made my heart bitter. They have given form and voice to a vague unhappiness, which has haunted me through all these absent years—years of degrading pursuits and wasted powers—and it now impels me from you, kind and lovely as you are, with an aversion I can not control. I can not forgive you. You have thwarted my destiny. You have extinguished with sordid cares a lamp within me that might, by this time, have shone through the world. And what am I, since your wishes are accomplished? Enriched in pocket, and bankrupt in happiness and self-respect.

"With a heart sick, and a brain aching for distinction, I have come to an unhonored stand-still at thirty! I am a successful tradesman, and in this character I shall probably die. Could I begin to be a painter now, say you? Alas! my knowledge of the art is too great for patience with the slow hand! I could not draw a line without despair. The pliant fingers and the plastic mind must keep pace to make progress in art. My taste is fixed, and my imagination uncreative, because chained down by certainties; and the shortsighted ardor and daring experiment which are indispensable to sustain and advance the follower in Raphael's footsteps, are too far behind for my resuming. The tide ebbed from me at the accursed burning of my pencils by your pitiless hand, and from that hour I have felt hope receding. Could I be happy with you, stranded here in ignoble idleness, and owing to you the loss of my whole venture of opportunity? No, Fanny!—surely no!

"I would not be unnecessarily harsh. I am sensible of your affection and constancy. I have deferred this explanation unwisely, till the time and place make it seem more cruel. You are at this very moment, I well know, awake in your chamber, devoting to me the vigils of a heart overflowing with tenderness. And I would—if it were possible—if it were not utterly beyond my powers of self-sacrifice and concealment—I would affect a devotion I can not feel, and carry out this error through a life of artifice and monotony. But here, again, the work is your own, and my feelings revert bitterly to your interference. If there were no other obstacle to my marrying you—if you were not associated repulsively with the dark cloud on my life, you are not the woman I could now enthrone in my bosom. We have diverged since the separation which I pleaded against, and which you commanded. I need for my idolatry, now, a creature to whom the sordid cares you have sacrificed me to, are utterly unknown—a woman born and educated in circumstances where want is never feared, and where calculation never enters. I must lavish my wealth, if I fulfil my desire, on one who accepts it like the air she breathes, and who knows the value of nothing but love—a bird with a human soul and form, believing herself free of all the world is rich in, and careful only for pleasure and the happiness of those who belong to her. Such women, beautiful and highly educated, are found only in ranks of society between which and my own I have been increasing in distance—nay, building an impassable barrier, in obedience to your control. Where I stop, interdicted by the stain of trade, the successful artist is free to enter. You have stamped me *plebeian*—you would not share my slow progress toward a higher sphere, and you have disqualified me for attaining it alone. In your mercenary and immoveable will, and in that only, lies the secret of our twofold unhappiness.

"I leave you, to return to Europe. My brother and my friends will tell you I am mad and inexcusable, and look upon you as a victim. They will say that, to have been a painter, were nothing to the career that I might mark out for my ambition, if ambition I must have, in politics. Politics in a country where distinction is a pillory! But I could not live here. It is my misfortune that my tastes are so modified by that long and compulsory exile, that life, here, would be a perpetual penance. This unmixed air of merchandise suffocates me. Our own home is tinctured black with it. You yourself, in this rural paradise you have conjured up, move in it like a cloud. The counting-house rings in your voice, calculation draws together your brows, you look on everything as a *means*, and know its cost; and the calm and means-forgetting *fruition*, which forms the charm and dignity of superior life, is utterly unknown to you. What would be my happiness with such a wife? What would be yours with such a husband? Yet I consider the incompatibility between us as no advantage on my part—on the contrary, a punishment, and of your inflicting. What shall I be anywhere but a Tantalus—a fastidious *ennuyé*, with a thirst for the inaccessible burning in my bosom continually!

"I pray you let us avoid another meeting before my departure. Though I can not forgive you as a lover, I can think of you with pleasure as a cousin, and I give you, as your due ("damages," the law would phrase it), the portion of myself which you thought most important when I offered you my all. You would not take me without the fortune, but perhaps you will be content with the fortune without me. I shall immediately take steps to convey to you this property of Revedere, with an income sufficient to maintain it, and I trust soon to hear that you have found a husband better worthy of you than your cousin—

"PHILIP BALLISTER."

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LIGHT VERVAIN.

"And thou light vervain, too—thou next come after,
Provoking souls to mirth and easy laughter."—*Old Somebody.*

ROME, *May* 30, 1832.

DINED with F—, the artist, at a *trattoria*. F— is a man of genius, very adventurous and imaginative in his art, but never caring to show the least touch of these qualities in his conversation. His pictures have given him great vogue and consideration at Rome, so that his daily experience furnishes staple enough for his evening's chit-chat, and he seems, of course, to be always talking of himself. He is very generally set down as an egotist. His impulse to talk, however, springs from no wish for self-glorification, but rather from an indolent aptness to lay hands on the readiest and most familiar topic, and that is a kind of egotism to which I have very little objection—particularly with the mind fatigued, as it commonly is in Rome, by a long day's study of works of art.

I had passed the morning at the Barberini palace with a party of picture-hunters, and I made some remark as to the variety of impressions made upon the minds of different people by the same picture. *Apropos* of this remark, F— told me a little anecdote, which I must try to put down by way of a new shoal in the chart of human nature.

"It is very much the same with everything else," said F—; "no two people see with the same eyes, physically or morally; and faith, we might save ourselves a great deal of care and bother if we did but keep it in mind."

"As how?" I asked, for I saw that this vague remark was premonitory of an illustration.

"I think I introduced young Skyring to you at a party somewhere?"

"A youth with a gay waistcoat and nothing to say? Yes."

"Well—your observation just now reminded me of the different estimate put by that gentleman and myself upon something, and if I could give you any idea of my month's work in his behalf, you would agree with me that I might have spared myself some trouble—keeping in mind, as I said before, the difference in optics.

"I was copying a bit of foreshortening from a picture in the Vatican, one day, when this youth passed without observing me. I did not immediately recollect him. He was dressed like a figure in a tailor's widow, and with Mrs. Stark in his hand was hunting up the pictures marked with four notes of admiration, and I, with a smile at the waxy dandyism of the man, turned to my work and forgot him. Presently his face recurred to me, or rather his sister's face, which some family likeness had insensibly recalled, and getting another look, I recognised in him an old, though not very intimate playmate of my boyish days. It immediately occurred to me that I could serve him a very good turn by giving him the *entrée* to society here, and quite as immediately, it occurred to me to doubt whether it was worth my while."

"And what changed your mind," I asked, "for of course you came to the conclusion that it was not?"

"Oh, for his sake alone I should have left him as he was, a hermit in his varnished boots—for he had not an acquaintance in the city—but Kate Skyring had given me roses when roses were to me, each a world; and for her sake, though I was a rejected lover, I thought better of my demurrer. Then I had a little pique to gratify—for the Skyrings had rather given me the *de haut en bas* in declining the honor of my alliance (lucky for me, since it brought me here and made me what I am), and I was not indisposed to show that the power to serve, to say the least, was now on my side."

"Two sufficient, as well as dramatic reasons for being civil to a man."

"Only arrived at, however, by a night's deliberation, for it cost me some trouble of thought and memory to get back into my chrysalis and imagine myself at all subject to people so much below my present vogue—whatever that is worth! Of course I don't think of Kate in this comparison, for a woman one has once loved is below nothing. We'll drink her health, God bless her!"

(A bottle of Lagrima.)

"I left my card on Mr. Skyring the next morning, with a note enclosing three or four invitations which I had been at some trouble to procure, and a hope from myself of the honor of his company to a quiet dinner. He took it as a statue would take a shower-bath, wrote me a note in the third person in reply to mine in the first, and came in ball-dress and sulphur gloves at precisely the canonical fifteen minutes past the hour. Good old Thorwalsden dined with me, and an English viscount for whom I was painting a picture, and between my talking Italian to the venerable sculptor, and Skyring's belording and belordshipping the good-natured nobleman, the dinner went trippingly off—the Little Pedlington of our mutual nativity furnishing less than its share to the conversation.

"We drove, all together, to the Palazzo Rossi, for its was the night of the Marchesa's *soirée*. As sponsor, I looked with some satisfaction at Skyring in the ante-room, his toggery being quite unexceptionable, and his *maintien* very uppish and assured. I presented him to our fair hostess, who surveyed him as he approached with a satisfactory look of approval, and no one else chancing to be near, I left him to improve what was rather a rare opportunity—a tête-à-tête with the prettiest woman in Rome. Five minutes after I returned to reconnoitre, and there he stood, stroking down his velvet waistcoat and looking from the carpet to the ceiling, while the marchioness was quite red with embarrassment and vexation. He had not opened his lips! She had tried him in French and Italian (the dunce had told me that he spoke French too), and finally she had ventured upon English, which she knew very little of, and still he neither spoke nor ran away!

"'Perhaps Monsieur would like to dance,' said the marchioness, gliding away from him with a look of inexpressible relief, and trusting to me to find him a partner.

"I had no difficulty in finding him a partner, for (that far) his waistcoat 'put him on velvet'—but I could not trust him alone again; so, having presented him to a very pretty woman and got them *vis-à-vis* in the quadrille, I stood by to supply the shortcomings. And little of a sinecure it was! The man had nothing to say; nor, confound him, had he any embarrassment on the subject. He looked at his varnished pumps, and coaxed his coat to his waist, and set back his neck like a goose bolting a grasshopper, and took as much

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interest in the conversation as a footman behind your chair—deaf and dumb apparently, but perfectly at his ease. He evidently had no idea that there was any distinction between men except in dress, and was persuaded that he was entirely successful as far as he had gone: and as to my efforts in his behalf, he clearly took them as gratuitous on my part—probably thinking, from the difference in our exteriors, that I paid myself in the glory of introducing him.

"Well—I had begun so liberally that I could scarce refuse to find my friend another partner, and after that another and another—I, to avoid the odium of inflicting a bore on my fair acquaintances, feeling compelled to continue my service as chorus in the pantomime—and, you will scarce believe me when I tell you that I submitted to this bore nightly for a month! I could not get rid of him. He would not be let go. Without offending him mortally, and so undoing all my sentimental outlay for Kate Skyring and her short-sighted papa, I had nothing for it but to go on till he should go off—ridden to death with him in every conceivable variety of bore."

"And is he gone?"

"Gone. And now, what thanks do you suppose I got for all this?"

"A present of a pencil-case?"

"No, indeed! but a lesson in human nature that will stick by me much longer. He called at my studio yesterday morning to say good-by. Through all my sense of his boredom and relief at the prospect of being rid of him, I felt embarrassed when he came in, thinking how difficult it would be for him to express properly his sense of the obligation he was under to me. After half an hour's monologue (by myself) on pictures, &c., he started up and said he must go. 'And by-the-by,' said he, coloring a little, 'there is one thing I want to say to you, Mr. F—! Hang it, it has stuck in my throat ever since I met you! You've been very polite and I'm obliged to you, of course—*but I don't like your devilish patronizing manner!* Good-by, Mr. F—!'"

* * * * * *

The foregoing is a leaf from a private diary which I kept at Rome. In making a daily entry of such passing stuff as interests us, we sometimes, amid much that should be ticketed for oblivion, record that which has a bearing, important or amusing, on the future; and a late renewal of my acquaintance with Mr. F—, followed by a knowledge of some fortunate changes in his worldly condition, has given that interest to this otherwise unimportant scrap of diary which will be made apparent presently to the reader. A vague recollection that I had something in an old book which referred to him, induced me to look it up, and I was surprised to find that I had noted down, in this trifling anecdote, what turned out to be the mainspring of his destiny.

F— returned to his native country after five years study of the great masters of Italy. His first pictures painted at Rome procured for him, as is stated in the diary I have quoted, a high reputation. He carried with him a style of his own which was merely stimulated and heightened by his first year's walk through the galleries of Florence, and the originality and boldness of his manner of coloring seemed to promise a sustained novelty in the art. Gradually, however, the awe of the great masters seemed to overshadow his confidence in himself, and as he travelled and deepened his knowledge of painting, he threw aside feature after feature of his own peculiar style, till at last he fell into the track of the great army of imitators, who follow the immortals of the Vatican as doomed ships follow the Flying Dutchman.

Arrived at home, and depending solely on his art for a subsistence, F— commenced the profession to which he had served so long an apprenticeship. But his pictures sadly disappointed his friends. After the first specimens of his acquired style in the annual exhibitions, the calls at his rooms became fewer and farther between, and his best works were returned from the galleries unsold. Too proud to humor the popular taste by returning to what he considered an inferior stage of his art, he stood still with his reputation ebbing from him, and as his means, of course, depended on the tide of public favor, he was soon involved in troubles before which his once-brilliant hopes rapidly faded.

At this juncture he received the following letter:—

"You will be surprised on glancing at the signature to this letter. You will be still more surprised when you are reminded that it is a reply to an unanswered one of your own—written years ago. That letter lies by me, expressed with all the diffidence of boyish feeling. And it seems as if its diffidence would encourage me in what I wish to say. Yet I write far more tremblingly than you could have done.

"Let me try to prepare the way by some explanation of the past.

"You were my first lover. I was not forbidden, at fourteen, to express the pleasure I felt at your admiration, and you can not have forgotten the ardor and simplicity with which I returned it. I remember giving you roses better than I remember anything so long ago. Now—writing to you with the same feeling warm at my heart—it seems to me as if it needed but a rose, could I give it you in the same garden, to make us lovers again. Yet I know you must be changed. I scarce know whether I should go on with this letter.

"But I owe you reparation. I owe you an answer to this which lies before me: and if I err in answering it as my heart burns to do, you will at least be made happier by knowing that when treated with neglect and repulsion, you were still beloved.

"I think it was not long before the receipt of this letter that my father first spoke to me of our attachment. Till then I had only thought of loving you. That you were graceful and manly, that your voice was sweet, and that your smile made me happy, was all I could have told of you without reflection. I had never reasoned upon your qualities of mind, though I had taken an unconscious pride in your superiority to your companions, and least of all had I asked myself whether those abilities for making your way in the world which my father denied you, were among your boyish energies. With a silent conviction that you had no equal among your companions, in anything, I listened to my father's disparagement of you, bewildered and overawed, the very novelty and unexpectedness of the light in which he spoke of you, sealing my lips completely. Perhaps resistance to his will would have been of no avail, but had I been better prepared to reason upon what he urged, I might have expressed to you the unwillingness of my acquiescence. I was prevented from seeing you till your letter came, and then all intercourse with you was formally forbidden. My father said he would himself reply to your proposal. But it was addressed to me, and I have only recovered possession of it by his death.

"Though it may seem like reproaching you for yielding me without an effort, I must say, to complete the history of my own feelings, that I nursed a vague hope of hearing from you until your departure for Italy, and that this hope was extinguished not without bitter tears. The partial resentment that mingled with this unhappiness aided me doubtless in making up my mind to forget you, and for a while, for years I may say, I was possessed by other excitements and feelings. It is strange, however, that, though scarce remembering you when waking, I still saw you perpetually in my dreams.

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"And, so far, this is a cold and easy recital. How shall I describe to you the next change, the re-awakening of this smothered and slumbering affection! How shall I evade your contempt when I tell you that it awoke with your renown! But my first feeling was not one of love. When your name began to come to us in the letters of travellers and in the rumor of literary circles, I felt as if something that belonged to me was praised and honored; a pride, an exulting and gratified pride, that feeling seemed to be, as if the heart of my childhood had been staked on your aspirations, and was borne up with you, a part and a partaker of your fame. With all my soul I drank in the news of your successes in the art; I wrote to those who came home from Italy; I questioned those likely to have heard of you, as critics and connoisseurs; I devoted all my reading to the literature of the arts, and the history of painters, for my life was poured into yours irresistibly, by a power I could not, and cannot now, control. My own imagination turned painter, indeed, for I lived on revery, calling up, with endless variations, pictures of yourself amid the works of your pencil, visited and honored as I knew you were, yet unchanged in the graceful and boyish beauty I remembered. I was proud of having loved you, of having been the object of the earliest and purest preference of a creature of genius; and through this pride, supplanting and overflowing it, crept and strengthened a warmer feeling, the love I have the hardihood to avow. Oh! what will you think of this boldness! Yet to conceal my love were now a severer task than to wait the hazard of your contempt.

"One explanation—a palliative, perhaps you will allow it to be, if you are generous—remains to be given. The immediate impulse of this letter was information from my brother, long withheld, of your kindness to him in Rome. From some perverseness which I hardly understand, he has never before hinted in my presence that he had seen you in Italy, and it was only by needing it as an illustration of some feeling which seemed to have piqued him, and which he was expressing to a friend, that he gave the particulars of your month of devotion to him. Knowing the difference between your characters, and the entire want of sympathy between your pursuits and my brother's, to what motive could I attribute your unusual and self-sacrificing kindness?

"Did I err—was I presumptuous, in believing that it was from a forgiving and tender memory of myself?

"You are prepared now, if you can be, for what I would say. We are left alone, my brother and I, orphan heirs to the large fortune of my father. I have no one to control my wishes, no one's permission to ask for any disposition of my hand and fortune. Will you have them? In this question is answered the sweet, and long-treasured, though long-neglected letter lying beside me. "KATHERINE SKYRING."

Mrs. F—, as will be seen from the style of her letter, is a woman of decision and cleverness, and of such a helpmeet, in the way of his profession as well as in the tenderer relations of life, F— was sorely in need. By her common-sense counsels and persuasion, he has gone back with his knowledge of the art to the first lights of his own powerful genius, and with means to command leisure and experiment, he is, without submitting the process to the world, perfecting a manner which will more than redeem his early promise.

As his career, though not very uncommon or dramatic, hinged for its more fortunate events on an act of high-spirited politeness, I have thought, that in this age of departed chivalry, the story was worth preserving for its lesson.

NORA MEHIDY;

OR, THE STRANGE ROAD TO THE HEART OF MR. HYPOLET LEATHERS.

Now, Heaven rest the Phœnicians for their pleasant invention of the art of travel.

This is to be a story of love and pride, and the hero's name is Hypolet Leathers.

You have smiled prematurely, my friend and reader, if you "think you see" Mr. Leathers foreshadowed, as it were, in his name.

(Three mortal times have I mended this son of a goose of a pen, and it *will not*—as you see by the three unavailing attempts recorded above—it *will not* commence, for me, this tale, with a practicable beginning.)

The sun was rising (I think this promises well)—leisurely rising was the sun on the opposite side of the Susquehannah. The tall corn endeavored to lift its silk tassel out of the sloppy fog that had taken upon itself to rise from the water and prognosticate a hot fair day, and the driver of the Binghamton stage drew over his legs a two-bushel bag as he cleared the street of the village, and thought that, for a summer's morning, it was "very cold"—wholly unaware, however, that, in murmuring thus, he was expressing himself as Hamlet did while waiting for his father's ghost upon the platform.

Inside the coach were three passengers. A gentleman sat by the window on the middle seat, with his cloak over his lap, watching the going to heaven of the fog that had fulfilled its destiny. His mind was melancholy—partly for the contrast he could not but draw between this exemplary vapor and himself, who was "but a vapor,"* and partly that his pancreas began to apprehend some interruption of the thoroughfare above—or, in other words, that he was hungry for his breakfast, having gone supperless to bed. He mused as he rode. He was a young man, about twenty-five, and had inherited from his father, John Leathers, a gentleman's fortune, with the two drawbacks of a name troublesome to Phœbus ("Phœbus! what a name!"), and premature gray hair. He was, in all other respects, a finished and well-conditioned hero—tall, comely, courtly, and accomplished—and had seen the sight-worthy portions of the world, and knew their differences. Travel, indeed, had become a kind of diseased necessity with him—for he fled from the knowledge of his name, and from the observation of his gray hair, like a man fleeing from two fell phantoms. He was now returning from Niagara,

* "Man's *but a vapor*,
Full of woes,
Cuts a caper,
And down he goes."—*Familiar Ballads.*

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and left the Mohawk route to see where the Susquehannah makes its Great Bend in taking final leave of Mr. Cooper, who lives above; and at the village of the Great Bend he was to eat that day's breakfast.

On the back seat, upon the leather cushion, behind Mr. Leathers, sat two other chilly persons, a middle-aged man and a girl of sixteen—the latter with her shawl drawn close to her arms, and her dark eyes bent upon her knees, as if to warm them (as unquestionably they did). Her black curls swung out from her bonnet, like ripe grapes from the top of an arbor—heavy, slumberous, bulky, prodigal black curls—oh, how beautiful! And I do not know that it would be a "trick worth an egg" to make any mystery of these two persons. The gentleman was John Mehidy, the widowed tailor of Binghamton, and the lady was Nora Mehidy, his daughter; and they were on their way to New York to change the scene, Mrs. Mehidy having left the painful legacy of love—her presence—behind her. For, ill as he could afford the journey, Mr. Mehidy thought the fire of Nora's dark eyes might be put out with water, and he must go where every patch and shred would not set her a weeping. She "took it hard," as they describe grief for the dead in the country.

The Great Bend is a scene you may look at with pleasure, even while waiting for procrastinated prog, and Hypolet Leathers had been standing for ten minutes on the high bank around which the Susquehannah sweeps, like a train of silver tissue after a queen turning a corner, when past him suddenly tripped Nora Mehidy bonnetless, and stood gazing on the river from the outer edge of the precipice. Leathers's visual consciousness dropped into that mass of clustering hair like a ring into the sea, and disappeared. His soul dived after it, and left him with no sense or remembrance of how his outer orbs were amusing themselves. Of what unpatented texture of velvet, and of what sifting of diamond dust were those lights and shadows manufactured! What immeasurable thickness in those black flakes—compared, with all locks that he had ever seen, as an edge of cocoa-meat, fragrantly and newly broken, to a torn leaf, limp with wilting. Nora stood motionless, absorbed in the incomparable splendor of that silver hook bent into the forest—Leathers as motionless, absorbed in her wilderness of jetty locks—till the barkeeper rang the bell for them to come to breakfast. Ah, Hypolet! Hypolet! what dark thought came to share, with that innocent beefsteak, your morning's digestion!

That tailors have, and why they have, the handsomest daughters, in all countries, have been points of observation and speculation for physiology, written and unwritten. Most men know the fact. Some writers have ventured to guess at the occult secret. But I think "it needs no ghost, come from the grave," to unravel the matter. Their vocation is the embellishment—partly indeed the creation—of material beauty. If philosophy sit on their shears (as it should ever), there are questions to decide which discipline the sense of beauty—the degree in which fashion should be sacrificed to becomingness, and the resistance to the invasion of the poetical by whim and usage, for example—and as a man thinketh—to a certain degree—so is his daughter. Beauty is the business-thought of every day, and the desire to know how best to remedy its defects is the ache and agony of the tailor's soul, if he be ambitious. Why should not this have its exponent on the features of the race, as other strong emotions have—plastic and malleable as the human body is, by habit and practice. Shakspere, by-the-way, says—

'Tis use that breeds a *habit in* a man,

and I own to the dulness of never till now apprehending that this remarkable passage typifies the steeping of superfine broadcloth (made into superfine *habits*) into the woof and warp of the tailor's idiosyncracy. Q. E. D.

Nora Mehidy had ways with her that, if the world had not been thrown into a muss by Eve and Adam, would doubtless have been kept for queens. Leathers was particularly struck with her never lifting up her eyelids till she was ready. If she chanced to be looking thoughtfully down when he spoke to her, which was her habit of sadness just now, she heard what he had to say and commenced replying—and then, slowly, up went the lids, combing the loving air with their long lashes, and no more hurried than the twilight taking its fringes off the stars. It was adorable—altogether adorable! And her hands and lips, and feet and shoulders, had the same contemptuous and delicious deliberateness.

On the second evening, at half-past five—just half an hour too late for the "Highlander" steamer—the "Binghamton stage" slid down the mountain into Newburgh. The next boat was to touch at the pier at midnight, and Leathers had six capacious hours to work on the mind of John Mehidy. What was the process of that fiendish temptation, what the lure and the resistance, is a secret locked up with Moloch—but it was successful! The glorious *chevelure* of the victim—(sweet descriptive word—*chevelure!*)—the matchless locks that the matchlocks of armies should have defended—went down in the same boat with Nora Mehidy, but tied up in Mr. Leathers' linen pocket-handkerchief! And, in one week from that day, the head of Hypolet Leathers was shaven nude, and the black curls of Nora Mehidy were placed upon its irritated organs in an *incomparable* WIG!!

A year had elapsed. It was a warm day, in No. 77 of the Astor, and Hypolet Leathers, Esq., arrived a week before by the Great Western, sat aiding the evaporation from his brain by lotions of iced lavender. His wig stood before him, on the blockhead that was now his inseparable companion, the back toward him; and, as the wind chased of the volatile lavender from the pores of his skull, he toyed thoughtfully with the lustrous curls of Nora Mehidy. His heart was on that wooden block! He dressed his own wig habitually, and by dint of perfuming, combing, and caressing those finger-like ringlets—he had tangled up his heart in their meshes. A phantom, with the superb face of the owner, stayed with the separated locks, and it grew hourly more palpable and controlling. The sample had made him sick at heart for the remainder. He wanted the rest of Nora Mehidy. He had come over for her. He had found John Mehidy, following his trade obscurely in a narrow lane, and he had asked for Nora's *hand*. But though this was not the whole of his daughter, and he had already sold part of her to Leathers, he shook his head over his shiny shears. Even if Nora could be propitiated after the sacrifice she had made (which he did not believe she could be), he would as lief put her in the world of spirits as in a world above him. She was his life, and he would not give his life willingly to a stranger who would take it from him, or make it too fine for his using. Oh, no! Nora must marry a tailor, if she marry at all—and this was the adamantine resolution, stern and without appeal, of John Mehidy.

Some six weeks after this, a new tailoring establishment of great outlay and magnificence was opened in Broadway. The show-window was like a new revelation of stuff for trowsers, and resplendent, but not gaudy, were the neckcloths and waistcoatings—for absolute taste reigned over all. There was not an article on show possible to William street—not a waistcoat that, seen in Maiden lane, would not have been as unsphered as the Lost Pleiad in Botany Bay. It was quite clear that there was some one of the firm

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of "Mehidy & Co." (the new sign) who exercised his taste "from within, out," as the Germans say of the process of true poetry. He began *inside* a gentleman, that is to say, to guess at what was wanted for a gentleman's *outside*. He was a tailor-gentleman, and was therefore, and by that quality only, fitted to be a gentleman's tailor.

The dandies flocked to Mehidy & Co. They could not be measured immediately—oh no! The gentleman to be built was requested to walk about the shop for a half hour, till the foreman got him well in his eye, and then to call again in a week. Meantime he would mark his customer in the street, to see how he performed. Mehidy & Co. never ventured to take measure for *terra incognita*. The man's gait, shrug, speed, style, and quality, were all to be allowed for, and these were not seen in a minute. And a very sharp and stylish looking fellow seemed that foreman to be. There was evidently spoiled some very capable stuff for a lord when *he* was made a tailor.

"His leaf,
By some o'er hasty angel, was misplaced
In Fate's eternal volume."

And, faith! it was a study to see him take a customer's measure! The quiet contempt with which he overruled the man's indigenous idea of a coat!—the rather satirical comments on his peculiarities of wearing his kerseymere!—the cool survey of the adult to be embellished, as if he were inspecting him for admission to the grenadiers! On the whole, it was a nervous business to be measured for a coat by that fellow with the devilish fine head of black hair!

And, with the hair upon *his* head, from which Nora had once no secrets—with the curls upon *his* cheek and temples which had once slumbered peacefully over hers, Hypolet Leathers, the foreman of "Mehidy & Co.," made persevering love to the tailor's magnificent daughter. For she *was* magnificent! She had just taken that long stride from girl to woman, and her person had filled out to the imperial and voluptuous model indicated by her deliberate eyes. With a dusky glow in her cheek, that looked like a peach teinted by a rosy twilight, her mouth, up to the crimson edge of its bow of Cupid, was moulded with the slumberous fairness of newly wrought sculpture, and gloriously beautiful in expression. She was a creature for whom a butterfly might do worm over again—to whose condition in life, if need be, a prince might proudly come down. Ah, queenly Nora Mehidy!

But the wooing—alas! the wooing throve slowly! That lovely head was covered again with prodigal locks, in short and massive clusters, but Leathers was pertinacious as to his property in the wig, and its becomingness and indispensableness—and to be made love to by a man in her own hair!—to be obliged to keep her own dark curls at a respectful distance!—to forbid all intercourse between them and their children-ringlets, as it were—it roughened the course of Leathers's true love that Nora must needs be obliged to reason on such singular dilemmas. For, though a tailor's daughter, she had been furnished by nature with an imagination!

But virtue, if nothing more and no sooner, is its own reward, and in time "to save its bacon." John Mehidy's fortune was pretty well assured in the course of two years, and made, in his own line, by his proposed son-in-law, and he could no longer refuse to throw into the scale the paternal authority. Nora's hair was, by this time, too, restored to its pristine length and luxuriousness, and, on condition that Hypolet would not exact a new wig from his new possessions, Nora, one summer's night, made over to him the remainder. The long-exiled locks revisited their natal soil, during the caresses which sealed the compact, and a very good tailor was spoiled the week after, for the married Leathers became once more a gentleman at large, having bought, in two instalments, at an expense of a hundred dollars, a heart, and two years of service, one of the finest properties of which Heaven and a gold ring ever gave mortal the copyhold!

THE PHARISEE AND THE BARBER.

SHEAFE LANE, in Boston, is an almost unmentionable and plebeian thoroughfare, between two very mentionable and patrician streets. It is mainly used by bakers, butchers, urchins going to school, and clerks carrying home parcels—in short, by those who care less for the beauty of the road than for economy of time and shoe-leather. If you please, it is a shabby hole. Children are born there, however, and people die and marry there, and are happy and sad there, and the great events of life, more important than our liking or disliking of Sheafe lane, take place in it continually. It used not to be a very savory place. Yet it has an indirect share of such glory as attaches to the birth-places of men above the common. The (present) great light of the Unitarian church was born at one end of Sheafe lane, and one of the most accomplished merchant-gentlemen in the gay world of New York was born at the other. And in the old Haymarket (a kind of *cul-de-sac*, buried in the side of Sheaf lane), stood the dusty lists of chivalric old Roulstone, a gallant horseman, who in other days would have been a knight of noble devoir, though in the degeneracy of a Yankee lustrum, he devoted his soldierly abilities to the teaching of young ladies how to ride.

Are you in Sheafe lane? (as the magnetisers inquire). Please to step back twenty-odd years, and take the hand of a lad with a rosy face (ourself—for we lived in Sheafe lane twenty-odd years ago), and come to a small house, dingy yellow, with a white gate. The yard is below the level of the street. Mind the step.

The family are at breakfast in the small parlor fronting on the street. But come up this dark staircase, to the bedroom over the parlor—a very neat room, plainly furnished; and the windows are curtained, and there is one large easy chair, and a stand with a bible open upon it. In the bed lies an old man of seventy, deaf, nearly blind, and bed-ridden.

We have now shown you what comes out of the shadows to us, when we remember the circumstances we are about to body forth in a sketch, for it can scarcely be called a story.

It wanted an hour to noon. The Boylston clock struck eleven, and close on the heel of the last stroke followed the tap of the barber's knuckle on the door

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of the yellow house in Sheafe lane. Before answering to the rap, the maid-of-all-work filled a tin can from the simmering kettle, and surveying herself in a three-cornered bit of looking-glass, fastened on a pane of the kitchen window; then, with a very soft and sweet "good morning," to Rosier, the barber, she led the way to the old man's room.

"He looks worse to-day," said the barber, as the skinny hand of the old man crept up tremblingly to his face, conscious of the daily office about to be performed for him.

"They think so below stairs," said Harriet, "and one of the church is coming to pray with him to-night. Shall I raise him up now?"

The barber nodded, and the girl seated herself near the pillow, and lifting the old man, drew him upon her breast, and as the operation went rather lingeringly on, the two chatted together very earnestly.

Rosier was a youth of about twenty-one, talkative and caressing, as all barbers are; and what with his curly hair and ready smile, and the smell of soap that seemed to be one of his natural properties, he was a man to be thought of over a kitchen fire. Besides, he was thriving in his trade, and not a bad match. All of which was duly considered by the family with which Harriet lived, for they loved the poor girl.

Poor girl, I say. But she was not poor, at least if it be true that as a woman thinketh so is she. Most people would have described her as a romantic girl. And so she was, but without deserving a breath of the ridicule commonly attached to the word. She was uneducated, too, if any child of New England can be called uneducated. Beyond school-books and the Bible, she had read nothing but the Scottish Chiefs, and this novel was to her what the works of God are to others. It could never become familiar. It must be the gate of dream-land; what the moon is to a poet, what a grove is to a man of revery, what sunshine is to all the world. And she mentioned it as seldom as people praise sunshine, and lived in it as unconsciously.

Harriet had never before been out to service. She was a farmer's daughter, new from the country. If she was not ignorant of the degradation of her condition in life, she forgot it habitually. A cheerful and thoughtful smile was perpetually on her lips, and the hardships of her daily routine were encountered as things of course, as clouds in the sky, as pebbles in the inevitable path. Her attention seemed to belong to her body, but her consciousness only to her imagination. In her voice and eyes there was no touch or taint of her laborious servitude, and if she had suddenly been "made a lady," there would have been nothing but her hard hands to redeem from her low condition. Then, hard-working creature as she was, she was touchingly beautiful. A coarse eye would have passed her without notice, perhaps, but a painter would not. She was of a fragile shape, and had a slight stoop, but her head was small and exquisitely moulded, and her slender neck, round, graceful, and polished, was set upon her shoulders with the fluent grace of a bird's. Her hair was profuse, and of a tinge almost yellow in the sun, but her eyes were of a blue, deep almost to blackness, and her heavy eyelashes darkened them still more deeply. She had the least possible color in her cheeks. Her features were soft and unmarked, and expressed delicacy and repose, though her nostrils were capable of dilating with an energy of expression that seemed wholly foreign to her character.

Rosier had first seen Harriet when called in to the old man, six months before, and they were now supposed by the family to be engaged lovers, waiting only for a little more sunshine on the barber's fortune. Meantime, they saw each other at least half an hour every morning, and commonly passed their evenings together, and the girl seemed very tranquilly happy in her prospect of marriage.

At four o'clock on the afternoon of the day before mentioned, Mr. Flint was to make a spiritual visit to the old man. Let us first introduce him to the reader.

Mr. Asa Flint was a bachelor of about forty-five, and an "active member" of a church famed for its zeal. He was a tall man, with a little bend in his back, and commonly walked with his eyes upon the ground, like one intent on meditation. His complexion was sallow, and his eyes dark and deeply set; but by dint of good teeth, and a little "wintry redness in his cheek," he was good-looking enough for all his ends. He dressed in black, as all religious men must (in Boston), and wore shoes with black stockings the year round. In his worldly condition, Mr. Flint had always been prospered. He spent five hundred dollars a year in his personal expenses, and made five thousand in his business, and subscribed, say two hundred dollars a year to such societies as printed the name of the donors. Mr. Flint had no worldly acquaintances. He lived in a pious boarding-house, and sold all his goods to the members of the country churches in communion with his own. He "loved the brethren," for he wished to converse with no one who did not see heaven and the church at his back—himself in the foreground, and the other two accessories in the perspective. Piety apart, he had found out at twenty-five, that, as a sinner he would pass through the world simply Asa Flint—as a saint, he would be Asa Flint *plus* eternity and the respect of a large congregation. He was a shrewd man, and chose the better part. Also, he remembered. sin is more expensive than sanctity.

At four o'clock Mr. Flint knocked at the door. At the same hour there was a maternal prayer-meeting at the vestry, and of course it was to be numbered among his petty trials that he must find the mistress of the house absent from home. He walked up stairs, and after a look into the room of the sick man, despatched the lad who had opened the door for him, to request the "help" of the family to be present at the devotions.

Harriet had a rather pleasing recollection of Mr. Flint. He had offered her his arm, a week before, in coming out from a conference meeting, and had "presumed that she was a young lady on a visit" to the mistress! She arranged her 'kerchief and took the kettle off the fire.

Mr. Flint was standing by the bedside with folded hands. The old man lay looking at him with a kind of uneasy terror in his face, which changed, as Harriet entered, to a smile of relief. She retired modestly to the foot of the bed, and, hidden by the curtain, open only at the side, she waited the commencement of the prayer.

"Kneel there, little boy!" said Mr. Flint, pointing to a chair on the other side of the light-stand, "and you, my dear, kneel here by me! Let us pray!"

Harriet had dropped upon her knees near the corner of the bed, and Mr. Flint dropped upon his, on the other side of the post, so that after raising his hands in the first adjuration, they descended gradually, and quite naturally, upon the folded hands of the neighbor—and there they remained. She dared not withdraw them, but as his body rocked to and fro in his devout exercise, she drew back her head to avoid coming into farther contact, and escaped with only his breath upon her temples.

It was a very eloquent prayer. Mr. Flint's voice, in a worldly man, would have been called insinuating, but its kind of covert sweetness, low and soft, seemed, in a prayer, only the subdued monotony of reverence and devotion. But it won upon the ear all the same. He began, with a repetition of all the most sublime ascriptions of the psalmist, filling the room, it appeared

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to Harriet, with a superhuman presence. She trembled to be so near him with his words of awe. Gradually he took up the more affecting and tender passages of scripture, and drew the tears into her eyes with the pathos of his tone and the touching images he wove together. His hand grew moist upon hers, and he leaned closer to her. He began, after a short pause, to pray for her especially—that her remarkable beauty might not be a snare to her—that her dove-like eyes might beam only on the saddened faces of the saints—that she might be enabled to shun the company of the worldly, and consort only with God's people—and that the tones of prayer now in her ears might sink deep into her heart as the voice of one who would never cease to feel an interest in her temporal and eternal welfare. His hand tightened its grasp upon hers, and his face turned more toward her; and as Harriet, blushing, spite of the awe weighing on her heart, stole a look at the devout man, she met the full gaze of his coal-black eyes fixed unwinkingly upon her. She was entranced. She dared not stir, and she dared not take her eyes from his. And when he came to his amen, she sank back upon the ground, and covered her face with her hands. And presently she remembered, with some wonder, that the old man, for whom Mr. Flint had come to pray, had not been even mentioned in the prayer.

The lad left the room after the amen, and Mr. Flint raised Harriet from the floor and seated her upon a chair out of the old man's sight, and pulled a hymn-book from his pocket, and sat down beside her. She was a very enthusiastic singer, to say the least, and he commonly led the singing at the conferences, and so, holding her hand that she might beat the time with him, he passed an hour in what he would call very sweet communion. And by this time the mistress of the family came home, and Mr. Flint took his leave.

From that evening, Mr. Flint fairly undertook the "eternal welfare" of the beautiful girl. From her kind mistress he easily procured for her the indulgence due to an awakened sinner, and she had permission to frequent the nightly conference, Mr. Flint always charging himself with the duty of seeing her safely home. He called sometimes in the afternoon, and had a private interview to ascertain the "state of her mind," and under a strong "conviction" of something or other, the excited girl lived now in a constant revery, and required as much looking after as a child. She was spoiled as a servant, but Mr. Flint had only done his duty by her.

This seemed all wrong to Rosier, the barber, however. The bright, sweet face of the girl he thought to marry, had grown sad, and her work went all amiss—he could see that. She had no smile, and almost no word, for him. He liked little her going out at dusk when he could not accompany her, and coming home late with the same man always, though a very good man, no doubt. Then, once lately, when he had spoken of the future, she had murmured something which Mr. Flint had said about "marrying with unbelievers," and it stuck in Rosier's mind and troubled him. Harriet grew thin and haggard besides, though she paid more attention to her dress, and dressed more ambitiously than she used to do.

We are reaching back over a score or more of years for the scenes we are describing, and memory drops here and there a circumstance by the way. The reader can perhaps restore the lost fragments, if we give what we remember of the outline.

The old man died, and Rosier performed the last of his offices to fit him for the grave, and that, if we remember rightly, was the last of his visits, but one, to the white house in Sheafe lane. The bed was scarce vacated by the dead, ere it was required again for another object of pity. Harriet was put into it with a brain fever. She was ill for many weeks, and called constantly on Mr. Flint's name in her delirium; and when the fever left her, she seemed to have but one desire on earth—that he should come and see her. Message after message was secretly carried to him by the lad, whom she had attached to her with her uniform kindness and sweet temper, but he never came. She relapsed after a while into a state of stupor, like idiocy, and when day after day passed without amendment, it was thought necessary to send for her father to take her home.

A venerable looking old farmer, with white hairs, drove his rough wagon into Sheafe lane one evening, we well remember. Slowly, with the aid of his long staff, he crept up the narrow staircase to his daughter's room, and stood a long time, looking at her in silence. She did not speak to him.

He slept upon a bed made up at the side of hers, upon the floor; and the next morning he went out early for his horse, and she was taken up and dressed for the journey. She spoke to no one, and when the old man had breakfasted, she quietly submitted to be carried toward the door. The sight of the street first seemed to awaken some recollection, and suddenly in a whisper she called to Mr. Flint.

"Who is Mr. Flint?" asked the old man.

Rosier was at the gate, standing there with his hat off to bid her farewell. She stopped upon the sidewalk, and looked around hurriedly.

"He is not here—I'll wait for him!" cried Harriet, in a troubled voice, and she let go her father's arm and stepped back.

They took hold of her and drew her toward the wagon, but she struggled to get free, and moaned like a child in grief. Rosier took her by the hand and tried to speak to her, but he choked, and the tears came to his eyes. Apparently she did not know him.

A few passers-by gathered around now, and it was necessary to lift her into the wagon by force, for the distressed father was confused and embarrassed with her struggles, and the novel scene around him. At the suggestion of the mistress of the family, Rosier lifted her in his arms and seated her in the chair intended for her, but her screams began to draw a crowd around, and her struggles to free herself were so violent, that it was evident the old man could never take her home alone. Rosier kindly offered to accompany him, and as he held her in her seat and tried to sooth her, the unhappy father got in beside her and drove away.

She reached home, Rosier informed us, in a state of dreadful exhaustion, still calling on the name that haunted her; and we heard soon after, that she relapsed into a brain fever, and death soon came to her with a timely deliverance from her trouble.

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MRS. PASSABLE TROTT.

"Je suis comme vous. Je n'aime pas que les autres soient heureux."

THE temerity with which I hovered on the brink of matrimony when a very young man could only be appreciated by a fatuitous credulity. The number of very fat mothers of very plain families who can point me out to their respectable offspring as their once imminent papa, is ludicrously improbable. The truth was that I had a powerful imagination in my early youth, and no "realizing sense." A coral necklace, warm from the wearer—a shoe with a little round stain in the sole—anything flannel—a bitten rosebud with the mark of a tooth upon it—a rose, a glove, a thimble—either of these was agony, ecstasy! To anything with curls and skirts, and especially if encircled by a sky-blue sash, my heart was as prodigal as a Croton hydrant. Ah me!

But, of all my short eternal attachments, Fidelia Balch (since Mrs. P. Trott) was the kindest and fairest. Faithless of course she was, since my name does not begin with a T.—but if she did not continue to love me—P. Trott or no P. Trott—she was shockingly forsworn, as can be proved by several stars, usually considered very attentive listeners. I rather pitied poor Trott—for I knew

"Her heart—it was another's,"

and he was rich and forty-odd. But they seemed to live very harmoniously, and if I availed myself of such little consolations as fell in my way, it was the result of philosophy. I never forgot the faithless Fidelia.

This is to be a disembowelled narrative, dear reader—skipping from the maidenhood of my heroine to her widowhood, fifteen years—yet I would have you supply here and there a betweenity. My own sufferings at seeing my adored Fidelia go daily into another man's house and shut the door after her, you can easily conceive. Though not in the habit of rebelling against human institutions, it *did* seem to me that the marriage ceremony had no business to give old Trott quite so much for his money. But the aggravating part of it was to come! Mrs. P. Trott grew prettier every day, and of course three hundred and sixty-five noticeable degrees prettier every year! She seemed incapable of, or not liable to, wear and tear; and probably old Trott was a man, in-doors, of very even behavior. And, it should be said too, in explanation, that, as Miss Balch, Fidelia was a shade too fat for her model. She embellished as her dimples grew shallower. Trifle by trifle, like the progress of a statue, the superfluity fell away from nature's original Miss Balch (as designed in Heaven), and when old Passable died (and no one knew what that P. stood for, till it was betrayed by the indiscreet plate on his coffin) Mrs. Trott, thirty-three years old, was at her maximum of beauty. Plump, taper, transparently fair, with an arm like a high-conditioned Venus, and a neck set on like the swell of a French horn, she was consumedly good-looking. When I saw in the paper, "Died, Mr. P. Trott," I went out and walked passed the house, with overpowering emotions. Thanks to a great many refusals, *I* had been faithful! *I* could bring her the same heart, unused and undamaged, which I had offered her before! *I* could generously overlook Mr. Trott's temporary occupation (since he had left us his money!)—and when her mourning should be over—the very day—the very hour—her first love should be ready for her, good as new!

I have said nothing of any evidences of continued attachment on the part of Mrs. Trott. She was a discreet person, and not likely to compromise Mr. P. Trott till she knew the strength of his constitution. But there was one evidence of lingering preference which I built upon like a rock. I had not visited her during these fifteen years. Trott liked me not—you can guess why! But I had a nephew, five years old when Miss Balch was my "privately engaged," and as like me, that boy, as could be copied by nature. He was our unsuspecting messenger of love, going to play in old Balch's garden when I was forbidden the house, unconscious of the billet-doux in the pocket of his pinafore; and to this boy, after our separation, seemed Fidelia to cling. He grew up to a youth of mind and manners, and still she cherished him. He all but lived at old Trott's, petted and made much of—her constant companion—reading, walking, riding—indeed, when home from college, her sole society. Are you surprised that, in all this, there was a tenderness of reminiscence that touched and assured me? Ah—

"On revient toujours
A ses premiers amours!"

I thought it delicate, and best, to let silence do its work during that year of mourning. I did not whisper even to my nephew Bob the secret of my happiness. I left one card of condolence after old Trott's funeral, and lived private, counting the hours. The slowest kind of eternity it appeared!

The morning never seemed to me to break with so much difficulty and reluctance as on the anniversary of the demise of Mr. Passable Trott—June 2, 1840. Time is a comparative thing, I well know, but the minutes seemed to stick, on that interminable morning. I began to dress for breakfast at four—but details are tiresome. Let me assure you that twelve o'clock, A. M., *did* arrive! The clocks struck it, and the shadows verified it.

I could not have borne an accidental "not at home," and I resolved not to run the risk of it. Lovers, besides, are not tied to knockers and ceremony. I bribed the gardener. Fidelia's boudoir, I knew, opened upon the lawn, and it seemed more like love to walk in. She knew—I knew—Fate and circumstance knew and had ordained—that that morning was to be shoved up, joined on, and dovetailed to our last separation. The time between was to be a blank. Of course she expected me.

The garden door was ajar—as paid for. I entered, traversed the vegetable beds, tripped through the flower-walk, and—oh bliss!—the window was open! I could just see the Egyptian urn on its pedestal of sphinxes, into which I knew (per Bob) she threw all her fading roses. I glided near. I looked in at the window.

Ah, that picture! She sat with her back to me—her arm—that arm of rosy alabaster—thrown carelessly over her chair—her egg-shell chin resting on her other thumb and forefinger—her eyelids sweeping her cheek—and a white—yes! a white bow in her hair.

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And her dress was of snowy lawn—white, bridal white! Adieu, old Passable Trott!

I wiped my eyes and looked again. Old Trott's portrait hung on the wall, but that was nothing. Her guitar lay on the table, and—did I see aright?—a miniature just beside it! Perhaps of old Trott—taken out for the last time. Well—well! He was a very respectable man, and had been very kind to her, most likely.

"Ehem!" said I, stepping over the sill, "Fidelia!"

She started and turned, and certainly looked surprised.

"Mr. G——!" said she.

"It is long since we parted!" I said, helping myself to a chair.

"Quite long!" said Fidelia.

"So long that you have forgotten the name of G——?" I asked tremulously.

"Oh no!" she replied, covering up the miniature on the table by a careless movement of her scarf.

"And may I hope that *that* name has not grown distasteful to you?" I summoned courage to say.

"N——, no! I do not know that it has, Mr. G——!"

The blood returned to my fainting heart! I felt as in days of yore.

"Fidelia!" said I, "let me not waste the precious moments. You loved me at twenty—may I hope that I may stand to you in a nearer relation! May I venture to think that our family is not unworthy of a union with the Balches?—that, as Mrs. G——, you could be happy?"

Fidelia looked—hesitated—took up the miniature, and clasped it to her breast.

"Do I understand you rightly, Mr. G——!" she tremulously exclaimed. "But I think I do! I remember well what you were at twenty! This picture is like what you were then—with differences, it is true, but still like! Dear picture!" she exclaimed again, kissing it with rapture.

(How could she have got my miniature?—but no matter—taken by stealth, I presume. Sweet and eager anticipation!)

"And Robert has returned from college, then?" she said, inquiringly.

"Not that I know of," said I.

"Indeed!—then he has written to you!"

"Not recently!"

"Ah, poor boy! he anticipated! Well, Mr. G——! I will not affect to be coy where my heart has been so long interested."

(I stood ready to clasp her to my bosom.)

"Tell Robert my mourning is over—tell him his name" (the name of G——, of course) "is the music of my life, and that I will marry whenever he pleases!"

A horrid suspicion crossed my mind.

"Pardon me!" said I; "*whenever he pleases*, did you say? Why, particularly, *when he pleases?*"

"La! his not being of age is no impediment, I hope!" said Mrs. Trott, with some surprise. "Look at his miniature, Mr. G——! It has a boyish look, it's true—but so had you—at twenty!"

Hope sank within me! I would have given worlds to be away. The truth was apparent to me—perfectly apparent. She loved that boy Bob—that child—that mere child—and meant to marry him! Yet how could it be possible! I might be—yes—I *must* be, mistaken. Fidelia Balch—who was a woman when he was an urchin in petticoats!—she to think of marrying that boy! I wronged her—oh I wronged her! But, worst come to the worst, there was no harm in having it perfectly understood.

"Pardon me!" said I, putting on a look as if I expected a shout of laughter for the mere supposition, "I should gather—(categorically, mind you!—only categorically)—I should gather from what you said just now—(had I been a third person listening, that is to say—with no knowledge of the parties)—I should really have gathered that Bob—little Bob—was the happy man, and not I! Now don't laugh at me!"

"*You* the happy man!—Oh Mr. G——! you are joking! Oh no! pardon me if I have unintentionally misled you—but if I marry again, Mr. G——, *it will be a young man!!!* In short, not to mince the matter, Mr. G——! your nephew is to become my husband (nothing unforeseen turning up), in the course of the next week! We shall have the pleasure of seeing you at the wedding, of course! Oh no! *You!* I should fancy that no woman would make *two* unequal marriages, Mr. G——! Good morning, Mr. G——!"

I was left alone, and to return as I pleased, by the vegetable garden or the front door. I chose the latter, being somewhat piqued as well as inexpressibly grieved and disappointed. But philosophy came to my aid, and I soon fell into a mood of speculation.

"Fidelia is constant!" said I to myself—"constant, after all! She made up her mouth for me at twenty. But I did not *stay twenty!* Oh no! I, unadvisedly, and without preparatively cultivating her taste for thirty-five, became thirty-five. And now what was she to do? Her taste was not at all embarked in Passable Trott, and it stayed just as it was—waiting to be called up and used. She locks it up decently till old Trott dies, and then reproduces—what? Why, just what she locked up—a taste for a young man at twenty—and just such a young man as she loved when she was twenty! Bob—of course! Bob is like me—Bob is twenty! Be Bob her husband!

But I cannot say I quite like such constancy!

THE SPIRIT-LOVE OF "IONE S——."

(SINCE DISCOVERED TO BE MISS JONES.)

Not long ago, but before poetry and pin-money were discovered to be cause and effect, Miss Phebe Jane Jones was one of the most charming contributors to a certain periodical now gone over "Lethe's wharf." Her signature was "Ione S——!" a neat anagram, out of which few would have picked the monosyllable engraved upon her father's brass knocker. She wrote mostly in verse; but her prose, of which you will presently see a specimen or two, was her better vein—as being more easily embroidered, and not cramped with the inexorable fetters of rhyme. Miss Jones abandoned authorship before the New Mirror was established, or she would, doubtless, have been one of its *paid* contributors—as much ("we" flatter ourselves) as could well be said of her abilities.

The beauty of hectics and hollow chests has been written out of fashion; so I may venture upon the simple imagery of truth and nature. Miss Jones was

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as handsome as a prize heifer. She was a compact, plump, wholesome, clean-limbed, beautifully-marked animal, with eyes like inkstands running over; and a mouth that looked, when she smiled, as if it had never been opened before, the teeth seemed so fresh and unhandled. Her voice had a tone clear as the ring of a silver dollar; and her lungs must have been as sound as a pippin, for when she laughed (which she never did unless she was surprised into it, for she loved melancholy), it was like the gurgling of a brook over the pebbles. The bran-new people made by Deucalion and Pyrrha, when it cleared up after the flood, were probably in Miss Jones's style.

But do you suppose that "Ione S——" cared any thing for her looks! What—value the poor perishing tenement in which nature had chosen to lodge her intellectual and spiritual part! What—care for her covering of clay! What—waste thought on the chain that kept her from the Pleiades, of which, perhaps, she was the lost sister (who knows)? And, more than all—oh gracious!—to be *loved* for this trumpery-drapery of her immortal essence!

Yes—*infra dig.* as it may seem to record such an unworthy trifle—the celestial Phebe had the superfluity of an every-day lover. Gideon Flimmins was willing to take her on her outer inventory alone. He loved her cheeks—he did not hesitate to admit! He loved her lips—he could not help specifying! He had been known to name her shoulders! And, in taking out a thorn for her with a pair of tweezers one day, he had literally exclaimed with rapture that she had a heavenly little pink thumb! But of "Ione S——" he had never spoken a word. No, though she read him faithfully every effusion that appeared—asked his opinion of every separate stanza—talked of "Ione S——" as the person on earth she most wished to see (for she kept her literary incog.)—Gideon had never alluded to her a second time, and perseveringly, hatefully, atrociously, and with mundane motive only, he made industrious love to the outside and visible Phebe! Well! well!

Contiguity is something, in love; and the Flimminses were neighbors of the Joneses. Gideon had another advantage—for Ophelia Flimmins, his eldest sister, was Miss Jones's eternally attached friend. To explain this, I must trouble the reader to take notice that there were two streaks in the Flimmins family. Fat Mrs. Flimmins, the mother (who had been dead a year), was a thorough "man of business," and it was to her downright and upright management of her husband's wholesale and retail hat-lining establishment, that the family owed its prosperity; for Herodotus Flimmins, whose name was on the sign, was a flimsyish kind of sighing-dying man, and nobody could ever find out what on earth he wanted. Gideon and the two fleshy Miss Flimminses took after their mother; but Ophelia, whose semi-translucent frame was the envy of her faithful Phebe, was, with very trifling exceptions, the perfect model of her sire. She devotedly loved the moon. She had her preferences among the stars of heaven. She abominated the garish sun. And she and Phebe met by night—on the sidewalk around their mutual nearest corner—deeply veiled to conceal their emotion from the intruding gaze of such stars as they were not acquainted with—and there they communed!

I never knew, nor have I any, the remotest suspicion of the reasoning by which these commingled spirits arrived at the conclusion that there was a want in their delicious union. They might have known, indeed, that the chain of bliss, ever so far extended, breaks off at last with an imperfect link—that though mustard and ham may turn two slices of innocent bread into a sandwich, there will still be an unbuttered outside. But they were young—they were sanguine. Phebe, at least, believed that in the regions of space there existed—"wandering but not lost"—the aching worser half of which she was the "better"—some lofty intellect, capable of sounding the unfathomable abysses of hers—some male essence, all soul and romance, with whom she could soar finally, arm-in-arm, to their native star, with no changes of any consequence between their earthly and their astral communion. It occurred to her at last that a letter addressed to him, through her favorite periodical, might possibly reach his eye. The following (which the reader may very likely remember to have seen) appeared in the paper of the following Saturday:—

"*To my spirit-husband, greeting:—*

"Where art thou, bridegroom of my soul? Thy Ione S—— calls to thee from the aching void of her lonely spirit! What name bearest thou? What path walkest thou? How can I, glow-worm like, lift my wings and show thee my lamp of guiding love? Thus wing I these words to thy dwelling-place (for thou art, perhaps, a subscriber to the M——r). Go—truants! Rest not till ye meet his eye.

"But I must speak to thee after the manner of this world.

"I am a poetess of eighteen summers. Eighteen weary years have I worn this prison-house of flesh, in which, when torn from thee, I was condemned to wander. But my soul is untamed by its cage of darkness! I remember, and remember only, the lost husband of my spirit-world. I perform, coldly and scornfully, the unheavenly necessities of this temporary existence; and from the windows of my prison (black—like the glimpses of the midnight heaven they let in) I look out for the coming of my spirit-lord. Lonely! lonely!

"Thou wouldst know, perhaps, what semblance I bear since my mortal separation from thee. Alas! the rose, not the lily, reigns upon my cheek! I would not disappoint thee, though of that there is little fear, for thou lovest for the spirit only. But believe not, because health holds me rudely down, and I seem not fragile and ready to depart—believe not, oh bridegroom of my soul! that I bear willingly my fleshly fetter, or endure with patience the degrading homage to its beauty. For there are soulless worms who think me fair. Ay—in the strength and freshness of my corporeal covering, there are those who rejoice! Oh! mockery! mockery!

"List to me, Ithuriel (for I must have a name to call thee by, and, till thou breathest thy own seraphic name into my ear, be thou Ithuriel)! List! I would meet thee in the darkness only! Thou shalt not see me with thy mortal eyes! Penetrate the past, and remember the smoke-curl of wavy lightness in which I floated to thy embrace! Remember the sunset-cloud to which we retired; the starry lamps that hung over our slumbers! And on the softest whisper of our voices let thy thoughts pass to mine! Speak not aloud! Murmur! murmur! murmur!

"Dost thou know, Ithuriel, I would fain prove to thee my freedom from the trammels of this world? In what chance shape thy accident of clay may be cast, I know not. Ay, and I care not! I would thou wert a hunchback, Ithuriel! I would thou wert disguised as a monster, my spirit-husband! So would I prove to thee my elevation above mortality! So would I show thee, that in the range of eternity for which we are wedded, a moment's covering darkens thee not—that, like a star sailing through a cloud, thy brightness is remembered while it is eclipsed—that thy Ione would recognise thy voice, be aware of thy presence, adore thee, as she was celestially wont—ay, though thou wert imprisoned in the likeness of a reptile! Ione care for mortal beauty! Ha! ha! ha!—Ha! ha! ha!

"Come to me, Ithuriel! My heart writhes in its

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cell for converse with thee! I am sick-thoughted! My spirit wrings its thin fingers to play with thy ethereal hair! My earthly cheek, though it obstinately refuses to pale, tingles with fever for thy coming. Glide to me in the shadow of eve—softly! softly!

"Address 'P.' at the M——r office.

"Thine, "IONE S——."

* * * * * *

There came a letter to "P."

* * * * * *

It was an inky night. The moon was in her private chamber. The stars had drawn over their heads the coverlet of clouds and pretended to sleep. The street lamps heartlessly burned on.

Twelve struck with "damnable iteration."

On tiptoe and with beating heart Phebe Jane left her father's area. Ophelia Flimmins followed her at a little distance, for Ione was going to meet her spirit-bridegroom, and receive a renewal of his ante-vital vows; and she wished her friend, the echo of her soul, to overhear and witness them. For oh—if words were anything—if the soul could be melted and poured, lava-like, upon "satin post"—if there was truth in feelings magnetic and prophetic—then was he who had responded to, and corresponded with, Ione S—— (she writing to "I," and he to "P"), the ideal for whom she had so long sighed—the lost half of the whole so mournfully incomplete—her soul's missing and once spiritually Siamesed twin! His sweet letters had echoed every sentiment of her heart. He had agreed with her that outside was nothing—that earthly beauty was poor, perishing, pitiful—that nothing that could be seen, touched, or described, had anything to do with the spiritually-passionate intercourse to which their respective essences achingly yearned—that, unseen, unheard, save in whispers faint as a rose's sigh when languishing at noon, they might meet in communion blissful, superhuman, and satisfactory.

Yet where fittingly to meet—oh agony! agony!

The street-lamps two squares off had been taken up to lay down gas. Ophelia Flimmins had inwardly marked it. Between No. 126 and No. 132, more particularly, the echoing sidewalk was bathed in unfathomable night—for there were vacant lots occupied as a repository for used-up omnibuses. At the most lonely point there stood a tree, and, fortunately, this night, in the gutter beneath the tree, stood a newly-disabled 'bus of the Knickerbocker line—and (sweet omen!) it was blue! In this covert could the witnessing Ophelia lie *perdu*, observing unseen through the open door; and beneath this tree was to take place the meeting of souls—the re-interchange of sky-born vows—the immaterial union of Ithuriel and Ione! Bliss! bliss!—exquisite to anguish.

But—oh incontinent vessel—Ophelia had blabbed! The two fat Miss Flimminses were in the secret—nay, more—they were in the omnibus! Ay—deeply in, and portentously silent, they sat, warm and wondering, on either side of the lamp probably extinguished for ever! They knew not well what was to be. But whatever sort of thing was a "marriage of soul," and whether "Ithuriel" was body or nobody—mortal man or angel in a blue scarf—the Miss Flimminses wished to see him. Half an hour before the trysting-time they had fanned their way thither, for a thunder-storm was in the air and the night was intolerably close; and, climbing into the omnibus, they reciprocally loosened each other's upper hook, and with their moistened collars laid starchless in their laps, awaited the opening of the mystery.

Enter Ophelia, as expected. She laid her thin hand upon the leather string, and, drawing the door after her, leaned out of its open window in breathless suspense and agitation.

Ione's step was now audible, returning from 132. Slowly she came, but invisibly, for it had grown suddenly pitch-dark; and only the far-off lamps, up and down the street, served to guide her footsteps.

But hark! the sound of a heel! He came! They met! He passed his arm around her and drew her beneath the tree—and with whispers, soft and low, leaned breathing to her ear. He was tall. He was in a cloak. And, oh ecstasy, he was thin! But thinkest thou to know, oh reader of dust, what passed on those ethereal whispers? Futile—futile curiosity! Even to Ophelia's straining ear, those whispers were inaudible.

But hark! a rumble! Something wrong in the bowels of the sky! And pash! pash!—on the resounding roof of the omnibus—fell drops of rain—fitfully! fitfully!

"My dear!" whispered Ophelia (for Ione had borrowed her chip hat, the better to elude recognition), "ask Ithuriel to step in."

Ithuriel started to find a witness near, but a whisper from Ione reassured him, and gathering his cloak around his face, he followed his spirit-bride into the 'bus.

The fat Miss Flimminses contracted their orbed shapes, and made themselves small against the padded extremity of the vehicle; Ophelia retreated to the middle, and, next the door, on either side, sat the starry bride and bridegroom—all breathlessly silent. Yet there was a murmur—for five hearts beat within that 'bus's duodecimal womb; and the rain pelted on the roof, pailsful-like and unpityingly.

But slap! dash! whew! heavens!—In rushed a youth, dripping, dripping!

"Get out!" cried Ione, over whose knees he drew himself like an eel pulled through a basket of contorted other eels.

"Come, come, young man!" said a deep bass voice, of which everybody had some faint remembrance.

"Oh!" cried one fat Miss Flimmins.

"Ah!" screamed the other.

"What?—dad!" exclaimed Gideon Flimmins, who had dashed into the sheltering 'bus to save his new hat—"dad here with a girl!"

But the fat Flimminses were both in convulsions. Scream! scream! scream!

A moment of confusion! The next moment a sudden light! A watchman with his lantern stood at the door.

"Papa!" ejaculated three of the ladies.

"Old Flimmins!—my heart will burst!" murmured Ione.

The two fat girls hurried on their collars; and Gideon, all amazement at finding himself in such a family party at midnight in a lonely 'bus, stepped out and entered into converse with the guardian of the night.

The rain stopped suddenly, and the omnibus gave up its homogeneous contents. Old Flimmins, who was in a violent perspiration, gave Gideon his cloak to carry, and his two arms to his two pinguid adult pledges. Gideon took Ophelia and Phebe, and they mizzled. Mockery! mockery!

Ione is not yet gone to the spirit-sphere—kept here partly by the strength of the fleshy fetter over which she mourned, and partly by the dove-tailed duties consequent upon annual Flimminses. Gideon loves her after the manner of this world—but she sighs "when she hears sweet music," that her better part is still unappreciated—unfathomed—"cabined, cribbed, confined!"

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MABEL WYNNE.

MABEL WYNNE was the topmost sparkle on the crest of the first wave of luxury that swept over New York. Up to her time, the aristocratic houses were furnished with high buffets, high-backed and hair-bottomed mahogany chairs, one or two family portraits, and a silver tray on the side-board, containing cordials and brandy for morning callers. In the centre of the room hung a chandelier of colored lamps, and the lighting of this and the hiring of three negroes (to "fatigue," as the French say, a clarinet, a baseviol, and a violin) were the only preparations necessary for the most distinguished ball. About the time that Mabel left school, however, some adventurous poineer of the Dutch *haut ton* ventured upon lamp-stands for the corners of the rooms, stuffed red benches along the walls, and chalked floors; and upon this a French family of great beauty, residing in the lower part of Broadway, ventured upon a fancy ball with wax-candles instead of lamps, French dishes and sweetmeats instead of pickled oysters and pink champagne; and, the door thus opened, luxury came in like a flood. Houses were built on a new plan of sumptuous arrangement, the ceiling stained in fresco, and the columns of the doors within painted in imitation of bronze and marble; and at last the climax was topped by Mr. Wynne, who sent the dimensions of every room in his new house to an upholsterer in Paris, with *carte blanche* as to costliness and style, and the *fournisseur* to come out himself and see to the arrangement and decoration.

It was Manhattan tea-time, old style, and while Mr. Wynne, who had the luxury of a little plain furniture in the basement, was comfortably taking his toast and hyson below stairs, Miss Wynne was just announced as "at home," by the black footman, and two of her admirers made their highly-scented *entrée*. They were led through a suite of superb rooms, lighted with lamps hid in alabaster vases, and ushered in at a mirror-door beyond, where, in a tent of fluted silk, with ottomans and draperies of the same stuff, exquisitely arranged, the imperious Mabel held her court of 'teens.

Mabel Wynne was one of those accidents of sovereign beauty which nature seems to take delight in misplacing in the world—like the superb lobelia flashing among the sedges, or the golden oriole pluming his dazzling wings in the depth of a wilderness. She was no less than royal in all her belongings. Her features expressed consciousness of sway—a sway whose dictates had been from infancy anticipated. Never a surprise had startled those languishing eyelids from their deliberateness—never a suffusion other than the humid cloud of a tender and pensive hour had dimmed those adorable dark eyes. Or, so at least it seemed!

She was a fine creature, nevertheless—Mabel Wynne! But she looked to others like a specimen of such fragile and costly workmanship that nothing beneath a palace would be a becoming home for her.

"For the present," said Mr. Bellallure, one of the gentlemen who entered, "the bird has a fitting cage."

Miss Wynne only smiled in reply, and the other gentleman took upon himself to be the interpreter of her unexpressed thought.

"The cage is the accessory—not the bird," said Mr. Blythe, "and, for my part, I think Miss Wynne would show better the humbler her surroundings. As Perdita upon the greensward, and open to a shepherd's wooing, I should inevitably sling my heart upon a crook—"

"And forswear that formidable, impregnable vow of celibacy?" interrupted Miss Wynne.

"I am only supposing a case, and you are not likely to be a shepherdess on the green." But Mr. Blythe's smile ended in a look of clouded revery, and, after a few minutes' conversation, ill sustained by the gentlemen, who seemed each in the other's way, they rose and took their leave—Mr. Bellallure lingering last, for he was a lover avowed.

As the door closed upon her admirer, Miss Wynne drew a letter from her portfolio, and turning it over and over with a smile of abstracted curiosity, opened and read it for the second time. She had received it that morning from an unknown source, and as it was rather a striking communication, perhaps the reader had better know something of it before we go on.

It commenced without preface, thus:—

"On a summer morning, twelve years ago, a chimney-sweep, after doing his work and singing his song, commenced his descent. It was the chimney of a large house, and becoming embarrassed among the flues, he lost his way and found himself on the hearth of a sleeping-chamber occupied by a child. The sun was just breaking through the curtains of the room, a vacated bed showed that some one had risen lately, probably the nurse, and the sweep, with an irresistible impulse, approached the unconscious little sleeper. She lay with her head upon a round arm buried in flaxen curls, and the smile of a dream on her rosy and parted lips. It was a picture of singular loveliness, and something in the heart of that boy-sweep, as he stood and looked upon the child, knelt to it with an agony of worship. The tears gushed to his eyes. He stripped the sooty blanket from his breast, and looked at the skin white upon his side. The contrast between his condition and that of the fair child sleeping before him brought the blood to his blackened brow with the hot rush of lava. He knelt beside the bed on which she slept, took her hand in his sooty grasp, and with a kiss upon the white and dewy fingers poured his whole soul with passionate earnestness into a resolve.

"Hereafter you may learn, if you wish, the first struggles of that boy in the attempt to diminish the distance between yourself and him—for you will have understood that you were the beautiful child he saw asleep. I repeat that it is twelve years since he stood in your chamber. He has seen you almost daily since then—watched your going out and coming in—fed his eyes and heart on your expanding beauty, and informed himself of every change and development in your mind and character. With this intimate knowledge of you, and with the expansion of his own intellect, his passion has deepened and strengthened. It possesses him now as life does his heart, and will endure as long. But his views with regard to you have changed, nevertheless.

"You will pardon the presumption of my first feeling—that to attain my wishes I had only to become your equal. It was a natural error—for my agony at realizing the difference of our conditions in

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life was enough to absorb me at the time—but it is surprising to me how long that delusion lasted. I am rich now. I have lately added to my fortune the last acquisition I thought desirable. But with the thought of the next thing to be done, came like a thunderbolt upon me the fear that after all my efforts you might be destined for another! The thought is simple enough. You would think that it would have haunted me from the beginning. But I have either unconsciously shut my eyes to it, or I have been so absorbed in educating and enriching myself that *that* goal only was visible to me. It was perhaps fortunate for my perseverance that I was so blinded. Of my midnight studies, of my labors, of all my plans, self-denials, and anxieties, you have seemed the reward! I have never gained a thought, never learned a refinement, never turned over gold and silver, that it was not a step nearer to Mabel Wynne. And now, that in worldly advantages, after twelve years of effort and trial, I stand by your side at last, a thousand men who never thought of you till yesterday are equal competitors with me for your hand!

"But, as I said, my views with regard to you have changed. I have, with bitter effort, conquered the selfishness of this one lifetime ambition. I am devoted to you, as I have been from the moment I first saw you—life and fortune. These are still yours—but without the price at which you might spurn them. My person is plain and unattractive. You have seen me, and shown me no preference. There are others whom you receive with favor. And with your glorious beauty, and sweet, admirably sweet qualities of character, it would be an outrage to nature that you should not choose freely, and be mated with something of your kind. Of those who now surround you I see no one worthy of you—but he may come! Jealousy shall not blind me to his merits. The first mark of your favor (and I shall be aware of it) will turn upon him my closest, yet most candid scrutiny. He must love you well—for I shall measure his love by my own. He must have manly beauty, and delicacy, and honor—he must be worthy of you, in short—but he need not be rich. He who steps between me and you takes the fortune I had amassed for you. I tell you this that you may have no limit in your choice—for the worthiest of a woman's lovers is often barred from her by poverty.

"Of course I have made no vow against seeking your favor. On the contrary, I shall lose no opportunity of making myself agreeable to you. It is against my nature to abandon hope, though I am painfully conscious of my inferiority to other men in the qualities which please a woman. All I have done is to deprive my pursuit of its selfishness—to make it subservient to your happiness purely—as it still would be were I the object of your preference. You will hear from me at any crisis of your feelings. Pardon my being a spy upon you. I know you well enough to be sure that this letter will be a secret—since I wish it. Adieu."

Mabel laid her cheek in the hollow of her hand and mused long on this singular communication. It stirred her romance, but it wakened still more her curiosity. Who was he? She had "seen him and shown him no preference!" Which could it be of the hundred of her chance-made acquaintances? She conjectured at some disadvantage, for "she had come out" within the past year only, and her mother having long been dead, the visiters to the house were all but recently made known to her. She could set aside two thirds of them, as sons of families well known, but there were at least a score of others, any one of whom might, twelve years before, have been as obscure as her anonymous lover. Whoever he might be, Mabel thought he could hardly come into her presence again without betraying himself, and, with a pleased smile at the thought of the discovery, she again locked up the letter.

Those were days (to be regretted or not, as you please, dear reader!) when the notable society of New York revolved in one self-complacent and clearly-defined circle. Call it a wheel, and say that the centre was a belle and the radii were beaux—(the periphery of course composed of those who could "down with the dust"). And on the fifteenth of July regularly and imperatively, this fashionable whee rolled off to Saratoga.

"Mabel! my daughter!" said old Wynne, as he bade her good night the evening before starting for the springs, "it is useless to be blind to the fact that among your many admirers you have several very pressing lovers—suiters for your hand I may safely say. Now, I do not wish to put any unnecessary restraint upon your choice, but as you are going to a gay place, where you are likely to decide the matter in your own mind, I wish to express an opinion. You may give it what weight you think a father's judgment should have in such matters. I do *not* like Mr. Bellallure—for, beside my prejudice against the man, we know nothing of his previous life, and he may be a swindler or anything else. I *do* like Mr. Blythe—for I have known him many years, he comes of a most respectable family, and he is wealthy and worthy. These two seem to me the most in earnest, and you apparently give them the most of your time. If the decision is to be between them, you have *my* choice. Good night, my love!"

Some people think it is owing to the Saratoga water. I differ from them. The water *is* an "alterative," it is true—but I think people do not so much alter as develop at Saratoga. The fact is clear enough—that at the springs we change our opinions of almost everybody—but (though it seems a bold supposition at first glance) I am inclined to believe it is because we see so much more of them! Knowing people in the city and knowing them at the springs is very much in the same line of proof as tasting wine and drinking a bottle. Why, what is a week's history of a city acquaintance? A morning call thrice a week, a diurnal bow in Broadway, and perhaps a quadrille or two in the party season. What chance in that to ruffle a temper or try a weakness? At the springs, now, dear lady, you wear a man all day like a shoe. Down at the platform with him to drink the waters before breakfast—strolls on the portico with him till ten—drives with him to Barbeight's till dinner—lounges in the drawing-room with him till tea—dancing and promenading with him till midnight—very little short altogether of absolute matrimony; and, like matrimony, it is a very severe trial. Your "best fellow" is sure, to be found out, and so is your plausible fellow, your egotist, and your "spoon."

Mr. Beverly Bellallure had cultivated the male attractions with marked success. At times he probably thought himself a plain man, and an artist who should only paint what could be measured with a rule, would have made a plain portrait of Mr. Bellallure. But—the atmosphere of the man! There is a physiognomy in movement—there is aspect in the harmonious link between mood and posture—there is expression in the face of which the features are as much a portrait as a bagpipe is a copy of a Scotch song. Beauty, my dear artist, can not always be translated by canvass and oils. You must paint "the magnetic fluid" to get a portrait of some men. Sir Thomas Lawrence seldom painted anything else—as you may see by his picture of Lady Blessington, which is like her without having copied a single feature of her face. Yet an artist would be very much surprised if you should offer to sit to him for your magnetic atmosphere—though it expresses (does it not?) exactly

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what you want when you order a picture! You wish to be painted as your appear to those who love you—a picture altogether unrecognisable by those who love you not.

Mr. Bellallure, then, was magnetically handsome—positively plain. He dressed with an art beyond detection. He spent his money as if he could dip it at will out of Pactolus. He was intimate with nobody, and so nobody knew his history; but he wrote himself on the register of Congress hall as "from New York," and he threw all his forces into one unmistakable demonstration—the pursuit of Miss Mabel Wynne.

But Mr. Bellallure had a formidable rival. Mr. Blythe was as much in earnest as he, though he played his game with a touch-and-go freedom, as if he was prepared to lose it. And Mr. Blythe had very much surprised those people at Saratoga who did not know that between a very plain man and a very elegant man there is often but the adding of the rose-leaf to the brimming jar. He was perhaps a little gayer than in New York, certainly a little more dressed, certainly a little more prominent in general conversation—but without any difference that you could swear to, Mr. Blythe, the plain and reliable business man, whom everybody esteemed without particularly admiring, had become Mr. Blythe the model of elegance and ease, the gentleman and conversationist *par excellence*. And nobody could tell how the statue could have lain so long unsuspected in the marble.

The race for Miss Wynne's hand and fortune was a general sweepstakes, and there were a hundred men at the springs ready to take advantage of any falling back on the part of the two on the lead; but with Blythe and Bellallure Miss Wynne herself seemed fully occupied. The latter had a "friend at court"—the belief, kept secret in the fair Mabel's heart, that he was the romantic lover of whose life and fortune she had been the inspiration. She was an eminently romantic girl with all her strong sense; and the devotion which had proved itself so deep and controlling was in reality the dominant spell upon her heart. She felt that she must love that man, whatever his outside might be, and she construed the impenetrable silence with which Bellallure received her occasional hints as to his identity, into a magnanimous determination to win her without any advantage from the romance of his position.

Yet she sometimes wished it had been Mr. Blythe! The opinion of her father had great weight with her; but, more than that, she felt instinctively that he was the safer man to be intrusted with a woman's happiness. If there had been a doubt—if her father had not assured her that "Mr. Blythe came of a most respectable family"—if the secret had wavered between them—she would have given up to Bellallure without a sigh. Blythe was everything she admired and wished for in a husband—but the man who had *made himself for her*, by a devotion unparalleled even in her reading of fiction, held captive her dazzled imagination, if not her grateful heart. She made constant efforts to think only of Bellallure, but the efforts were preceded ominously with a sigh.

And now Bellallure's star seemed in the ascendant—for urgent business called Mr. Wynne to the city, and on the succeeding day Mr. Blythe followed him, though with an assurance of speedy return. Mabel was left under the care of an indulgent chaperon, who took a pleasure in promoting the happiness of the supposed lovers; and driving, lounging, waltzing, and promenading, Bellallure pushed his suit with ardor unremitted. He was a skilful master of the art of wooing, and it would have been a difficult woman indeed who would not have been pleased with his society—but the secret in Mabel's breast was the spell by which he held her.

A week elapsed, and Bellallure pleaded the receipt of unexpected news, and left suddenly for New York—to Mabel's surprise exacting no promise at parting, though she felt that she should have given it with reluctance. The mail of the second day following brought her a brief letter from her father, requesting her immediate return; and more important still, a note from her incognito lover. It ran thus:—

"You will recognise my handwriting again. I have little to say—for I abandon the intention I had formed to comment on your apparent preference. Your happiness is in your own hands. Circumstances which will be explained to you, and which will excuse this abrupt forwardness, compel me to urge you to an immediate choice. On your arrival at home, you will meet me in your father's house, where I shall call to await you. I confess tremblingly, that I still cherish a hope. If I am not deceived—if you can consent to love me—if my long devotion is to be rewarded—take my hand when you meet me. That moment will decide the value of my life. But be prepared also to name another if you love him—for there is a necessity, which I can not explain to you till you have chosen your husband, that this choice should be made on your arrival. Trust and forgive one who has so long loved you!"

Mabel pondered long on this strange letter. Her spirit at moments revolted against its apparent dictation, but there was the assurance, which she could not resist trusting, that it could be explained and forgiven. At all events, she was at liberty to fulfil its requisitions or not—and she would decide when the time came. Happy was Mabel—unconsciously happy—in the generosity and delicacy of her unnamed lover! Her father, by one of the sudden reverses of mercantile fortune, had been stripped of his wealth in a day! Stunned and heart-broken, he knew not how to break it to his daughter, but he had written for her to return. His sumptuous house had been sold over his head, yet the purchaser, whom he did not know, had liberally offered the use of it till his affairs were settled. And, meantime, his ruin was made public. The news of it, indeed, had reached Saratoga before the departure of Mabel—but there were none willing to wound her by speaking of it.

The day was one of the sweetest of summer, and as the boat ploughed her way down the Hudson, Mabel sat on the deck lost in thought. Her father's opinion of Bellallure, and his probable displeasure at her choice, weighed uncomfortably on her mind. She turned her thoughts upon Mr. Blythe, and felt surprised at the pleasure with which she remembered his kind manners and his trust-inspiring look. She began to reason with herself more calmly than she had power to do with her lovers around her. She confessed to herself that Bellallure might have the romantic perseverance shown in the career of the chimney-sweep, and still be deficient in qualities necessary to domestic happiness. There seemed to her something false about Bellallure. She could not say in what—but he had so impressed her. A long day's silent reflection deepened this impression, and Mabel arrived at the city with changed feelings. She prepared herself to meet him at her father's house, and show him by her manner that she could accept neither his hand nor his fortune.

Mr. Wynne was at the door to receive his daughter, and Mabel felt relieved, for she thought that his presence would bar all explanation between herself and Bellallure. The old man embraced her with an effusion of tears which she did not quite understand, but he led her to the drawing-room and closed the door. Mr. Blythe stood before her!

Forgetting the letter—dissociated wholly as it was, in her mind, with Mr. Blythe—Mabel ran to him with frank cordiality and gave him her hand! Blythe

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stood a moment—his hand trembling in hers—and as a suspicion of the truth flashed suddenly on Mabel's mind, the generous lover drew her to his bosom and folded her passionately in his embrace. Mabel's struggles were slight, and her happiness unexpectedly complete.

The marriage was like other marriages.

Mr. Wynne had drawn a little on his imagination in recommending Mr. Blythe to his daughter as "a young man of most respectable family."

Mr. Blythe was the purchaser of Mr. Wynne's superb house, and the old man ended his days under its roof—happy to the last in the society of the Blythes, large and little.

Mr. Bellallure turned out to be a clever adventurer, and had Mabel married him, she would have been Mrs. Bellallure No. 2—possibly No. 4. He thought himself too nice a young man for monopoly.

I think my story is told—if your imagination has filled up the interstices, that is to say.

THE GHOST-BALL AT CONGRESS HALL.

It was the last week of September, and the keeper of "Congress hall" stood on his deserted colonnade. The dusty street of Saratoga was asleep in the stillness of village afternoon. The whittlings of the stage-runners at the corners, and around the leaning posts, were fading into dingy undistinguishableness. Stiff and dry hung the slop-cloths at the door of the livery stable, and drearily clean was doorway and stall. "The season" was over.

"Well, Mr. B——!" said the Boniface of the great caravansary, to a gentlemanly-looking invalid, crossing over from the village tavern on his way to Congress spring, "this looks like the end of it! A slimmish season, though, Mr. B——! 'Gad, things isn't as they used to be in *your* time! Three months we used to have of it, in them days, and the same people coming and going all summer, and folks' own horses, and all the ladies drinking champagne! And every 'hop' was as good as a ball, and a ball—when do you ever see such balls now-a-days? Why, here's all my best wines in the cellar; and as to beauty—pooh!—they're done coming *here*, any how, are the belles, such as belles *was!*"

"You may say that, mine host, you *may* say that!" replied the damaged Corydon, leaning heavily on his cane,—"what—they're all gone, now, eh—nobody at the 'United States?'"

"Not a soul—and here's weather like August!—capital weather for young ladies to walk out evenings, and, for a drive to Barheight's—nothing like it! It's a sin, *I* say, to pass such weather in the city! Why shouldn't they come to the springs in the Indian summer, Mr. B——?"

Coming events seemed to have cast their shadows before. As Boniface turned his eyes instinctively toward the sand hill, whose cloud of dust was the precursor of new pilgrims to the waters, and the sign for the black boy to ring the bell of arrival, behold, on its summit, gleaming through the nebulous pyramid, like a lobster through the steam of the fisherman's pot, one of the red coaches of "the People's Line."

And another!

And another!

And another!

Down the sandy descent came the first, while the driver's horn, intermittent with the crack of his whip, set to bobbing every pine cone of the adjacent wilderness.

"Prrr—ru—te—too—toot—pash!—crack!—snap!—prrrr—r—rut—rut—*rrut!!* G'lang!—Hip!"

Boniface laid his hand on the pull of the porter's bell, but the thought flashed through his mind that he might have been dreaming—was he awake?

And, marvel upon wonder!—a horn of arrival from the *other* end of the village! And as he turned his eyes in that direction, he saw the dingier turnouts from Lake Sacrament—extras, wagons—every variety of rattletrap conveyance—pouring in like an Irish funeral on the return, and making (oh, climax more satisfactory!) straight, all, for Congress Hall!

Events now grew precipitate—

Ladies were helped out with green veils—parasols and baskets were handed after them—baggage was chalked and distributed—(and parasols, baskets, and baggage, be it noted, were all of the complexion that innkeepers love, the indefinable look which betrays the owner's addictedness to extras)—and now there was ringing of bells; and there were orders for the woodcocks to be dressed with pork chemises, and for the champagne to be iced, the sherry not—and through the arid corridors of Congress hall floated a delicious toilet air of cold cream and lavender—and ladies' maids came down to press out white dresses, while the cook heated the curling irons—and up and down the stairs flitted, with the blest confusion of other days, boots and iced sangarees, hot water, towels, and mint-juleps—all delightful, but all incomprehensible! Was the summer encored, or had the Jews gone back to Jerusalem? To the keeper of Congress hall the restoration of the millenium would have been a rush-light to this second advent of fun-and-fashion-dom!

Thus far we have looked through the eyes of the person (pocket-ually speaking) most interested in the singular event we wished to describe. Let us now (tea being over, and your astonishment having had time to breathe) take the devil's place at the elbow of the invalided dandy beforementioned, and follow him over to Congress Hall. It was a mild night and, as I said before (or meant to, if I did not), August, having been prematurely cut off by his *raining* successor, seemed up again, like Hamlet's governor, and bent on walking out his time.

Rice (you remember Rice—famous for his lemonades with a corrective)—Rice, having nearly ignited his forefinger with charging wines at dinner, was out to cool on the colonnade, and B——, not strong enough to stand about, drew a chair near the drawing-room window, and begged the rosy barkeeper to throw what light he could upon this multitudinous apparition. Rice could only feed the fire of his wonder with the fuel of additional circumstances. Coaches had been arriving from every direction till the house was full. The departed black band had been stopped at Albany, and sent back. There seemed no married people in the party—at least, judging by dress and flirtation. Here and there a belle, a little on the wane, but all most juvenescent in gayety, and (Rice

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thought) handsomer girls than had been at Congress hall since the days of the Albany regency (the regency of beauty), ten years ago! Indeed, it struck Rice that he had seen the faces of these lovely girls before, though they whom he thought they resembled had long since gone off the stage—grandmothers, some of them, now!

Rice had been told, also, that there was an extraordinary and overwhelming arrival of children and nurses at the Pavilion Hotel, but he thought the report smelt rather like a jealous figment of the Pavilioners. Odd, if true—that's all!

Mr. B—— had taken his seat on the colonnade, as Shakspere expresses it, "about cock-shut time"—twilight—and in the darkness made visible of the rooms within, he could only distinguish the outline of some very exquisite, and exquisitely plump figures gliding to and fro, winged, each one, with a pair of rather stoutish, but most attentive admirers. As the curfew hour stole away, however, the ladies stole away with it, to dress; and at ten o'clock the sudden outbreak of the full band in a mazurka, drew Mr. B——'s attention to the dining-room frontage of the colonnade, and, moving his chair to one of the windows, the cockles of his heart warmed to see the orchestra in its glory of old—thirteen black Orpheuses perched on a throne of dining-tables, and the black veins on their shining temples strained to the crack of mortality with their zealous execution. The waiters, meantime, were lighting the tin Briareus (that spermaciti monster so destructive to broadcloth), and the side-sconces and stand-lamps, and presently a blaze of light flooded the dusty evergreens of the façade, and nothing was wanting but some fashionable Curtius to plunge first into the void—some adventurous Benton, "to set the ball in motion."

Wrapped carefully from the night-air in his cloak and belcher, B—— sat, looking earnestly into the room, and to his excited senses there seemed, about all this supplement to the summer's gayety, a weird mysteriousness, an atmosphere of magic, which was observable, he thought, even in the burning of the candles! And as to Johnson, the sable leader of the band—"God's-my-life," as Bottom says, how like a tormented fiend writhed the cremona betwixt his chin and white waistcoat! Such music, from instruments so vexed, had never split the ears of the Saratoga groundlings since the rule of Saint Dominick (in whose hands even wine sparkled to song)—no, not since the golden age of the Springs, when that lord of harmony and the nabobs of lower Broadway made, of Congress hall, a paradise for the unmarried? Was Johnson bewitched? Was Congress hall repossessed by the spirits of the past? If ever Mr. B——, sitting in other years on that resounding colonnade, had *felt* the magnetic atmosphere of people he knew to be up stairs, he felt it now! If ever he had been contented, knowing that certain bright creatures would presently glide into the visual radius of black Johnson, he felt contented, inexplicably, from the same cause *now*—expecting, as if such music could only be *their* herald, the entrance of the same bright creatures, no older, and as bright after years of matrimony. And now and then B—— pressed his hand to his head—for he was not quite sure that he might not be a little wandering in his mind.

But suddenly the band struck up a march! The first bar was played through, and B—— looked at the door, sighing that this sweet hallucination—this waking dream of other days—was now to be scattered by reality He could have filliped that mercenary Ethiopian on the nose for playing such music to such falling off from the past as he now looked to see enter.

A lady crossed the threshold on a gentleman's arm. "Ha! ha!" said B——, trying with a wild effort to laugh, and pinching his arm into a blood-blister, "come—this is *too* good! Helen K——! oh, no! Not quite crazy yet, I hope—not so far gone yet! Yet it is! I swear it is! And not changed either! Beautiful as ever, by all that is wonderful! Psha! I'll not be mad! Rice!—are you there? Why, who are these coming after her? Julia L——! Anna K——, and my friend Fanny! The D——s! The M——s! Nay, I'm dreaming, silly fool that I am! I'll call for a light! Waiter!! Where the devil's the bell?"

And as poor B—— insisted on finding himself in bed, reached out his hand to find the bell-pull, one of the waiters of Congress hall came to his summons. The gentleman wanted nothing, and the waiter thought he had cried out in his nap; and rather embarrassed to explain his wants, but still unconvinced of his freedom from dream-land, B—— drew his hat over his eyes, and his cloak around him, and screwed up his courage to look again into the enchanted ball-room.

The quadrilles were formed, and the lady at the head of the first set was spreading her skirts for the *avant-deux*. She was a tall woman, superbly handsome, and moved with the grace of a frigate at sea with a nine-knot breeze. Eyes capable of taking in lodgers (hearts, that is to say) of any and every calibre and quality, a bust for a Cornelia, a shape all love and lightness, and a smile like a temptation of Eblis—there she was—and there were fifty like her—not like her, exactly, either, but of *her* constellation—belles, every one of them, who will be remembered by old men, and used for the disparagement of degenerated younglings—splendid women of Mr. B——'s time, and of the palmy time of Congress hall—

"The past—the past—the past!"

Out on your staring and unsheltered lantern of brick—your "United States hotel," stiff, modern, and promiscuous! Who ever passed a comfortable hour in its glaring cross-lights, or breathed a gentle sentiment in its unsubdued air and townish open-to-dustiness! What is it to the leafy dimness, the cool shadows, the perpetual and pensive *demi-jour*—what to the ten thousand associations—of Congress hall! Who has not lost a heart (or two) on the boards of that primitive wilderness of a colonnade! Whose first adorations, whose sighs, hopes, strategies, and flirtations, are not ground into that warped and slipper-polished floor, like heartache and avarice into the bricks of Wall street! Lord bless you, madam! don't desert old Congress hall! We have done going to the Springs—(*we*)—and wouldn't go there again for anything, but a good price for a pang—(that is, except to see such a sight as we are describing)—but we can not bear, in our midsummer flit through the Astor, to see charming girls bound for Saratoga, and hear no talk of Congress hall! What! no lounge on those proposal sofas—no pluck at the bright green leaves of those luxuriant creepers while listening to "the voice of the charmer"—no dawdle on the steps to the spring (mamma gone on before)—no hunting for *that* glow-worm in the shrubbery by the music-room—no swing—no billiards—no morning gossips with the few privileged beaux admitted to the up-stairs entry, ladies' wing?

"I'd sooner be set quick i' the earth,
And bowled to death with turnips,"

than assist or mingle in such ungrateful forgetfulness of pleasure-land! But what do we with a digression in a ghost-story?

The ball went on. Champagne of the "exploded" color (pink) was freely circulated between the dances—(rosy wine suited to the bright days when all things were tinted rose)—and wit, exploded, too, in these

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leaden times, went round with the wine; and as a glass of the bright vintage was handed up to old Johnson, B—— stretched his neck over the window-sill in an agony of expectation, confident that the black ghost, if ghost he were, would fail to recognise the leaders of fashion, as he was wont of old, and to bow respectfully to them before drinking in their presence. Oh, murder! not he! Down went his black poll to the music-stand, and up, and down again, and at every dip, the white roller of that unctuous eye was brought to bear upon some well-remembered star of the ascendant! *He* saw them as B—— did! *He* was not playing to an unrecognised company of late-comers to Saratoga—anybodies from any place! He, the unimaginative African, believed evidently that they were there in flesh—Helen, the glorious, and all her fair troop of contemporaries!—and that with them had come back their old lovers, the gay and gallant Lotharios of the time of Johnson's first blushing honors of renown! The big drops of agonized horror and incredulity rolled off the forehead of Mr. B——!

But suddenly the waiters radiated to the side-doors, and with the celestial felicity of star-rising and morning-breaking, a waltz was found playing in the ears of the revellers! Perfect, yet when it did begin! Waltzed every brain and vein, waltzed every swimming eye within the reach of its magic vibrations! Gently away floated couple after couple, and as they circled round to his point of observation, B—— could have called every waltzer by name—but his heart was in his throat, but his eyeballs were hot with the stony immovableness of his long gazing.

Another change in the music! Spirits of bedevilment! could not *that* waltz have been spared! Boniface stood waltzing his head from shoulder to shoulder—Rice twirled the head-chambermaid in the entry—the black and white boys spun round on the colonnade—the wall-flowers in the ball-room crowded their chairs to the wall—the candles flared embracingly—ghosts or no ghosts, dream or hallucination, B—— could endure no more! He flung off his cloak and hat, and jumped in at the window. The divine Emily C—— had that moment risen from tying her shoe. With a nod to her partner, and a smile to herself, B—— encircled her round waist, and away he flew like Ariel, light on the toe, but his face pallid and wild, and his emaciated legs playing like sticks in his unfilled trousers. Twice he made the circuit of the room, exciting apparently less surprise than pleasure by his sudden appearance; then, with a wavering halt, and his hand laid tremulously to his forehead, he flew at the hall-door at a tangent, and rushing through servants and spectators, dashed across the portico, and disappeared in the darkness! A fortnight's brain-fever deprived him of the opportunity of repeating this remarkable flourish, and his subsequent sanity was established through some critical hazard.

There was some inquiry at supper about "old B——," but the lady who waltzed with him knew as little of his coming and going as the managers; and, by one belle, who had been at some trouble in other days to quench his ardor, it was solemnly believed to be his persevering apparition.

The next day there was a drive and dinner at Barheight's, and back in time for ball and supper; and the day after there was a most hilarious and memorable fishing-party to Saratoga lake, and all back again in high force for the ball and supper; and so like a long gala-day, like a short summer carnival, all frolic, sped the week away. Boniface, by the third day, had rallied his recollections, and with many a scrape and compliment, he renewed his acquaintance with the belles and beaux of a brighter period of beauty and gallantry. And if there was any mystery remaining in the old functionary's mind as to the identity and miracle of their presence and reunion, it was on the one point of the ladies' unfaded loveliness—for, saving a half inch aggregation in the waist, which was rather an improvement than otherwise, and a little more fulness in the bust, which was a most embellishing difference, the ten years that had gone over them had made no mark on the lady portion of his guests; and as to the gentlemen—but that is neither here nor there. They were "men of mark," young or old, and their wear and tear is, as Flute says, "a thing of naught."

It was revealed by the keeper of the Pavilion, after the departure of the late-come revellers of Congress hall, that there had been constant and secret visitations by the belles of the latter sojourn, to the numerous infantine lodgers of the former. Such a troop of babies and boys, and all so lovely, had seldom gladdened even the eyes of angels, out of the cherubic choir (let alone the Saratoga Pavilion), and though, in their white dresses and rose-buds, the belles afore spoken of looked like beautiful elder sisters to those motherless younglings, yet when they came in, mothers confessed, on the morning of departure, openly to superintend the preparations for travel, they had so put off the untroubled maiden look from their countenances, and so put on the indescribable growing-old-iness of married life in their dress, that, to the eye of an observer, they might well have passed for the mothers of the girls they had themselves seemed to be, the day before, only.

Who devised, planned, and brought about this practical comment on the *needlessness of the American haste to be old*, we are not at liberty to mention. The reader will have surmised, however, that it was some one who had observed the more enduring quality of beauty in other lands, and on returning to his own, looked in vain for those who, by every law of nature, should be still embellishing the society of which he had left them the budding flower and ornament. To get them together again, only with their contemporaries, in one of their familiar haunts of pleasure—to suggest the exclusion of everything but youthfulness in dress, amusement, and occupation—to bring to meet them their old admirers, married like themselves, but entering the field once more for their smiles against their rejuvenescent husbands—to array them as belles again, and see whether it was any falling off in beauty or the power of pleasing which had driven them from their prominent places in social life—this was the obvious best way of doing his immediate circles of friends the service his feelings exacted of him; the only way, indeed, of convincing these bright creatures that they had far anticipated the fading hour of bloom and youthfulness. *Pensez-y!*

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BORN TO LOVE PIGS AND CHICKENS.

THE guests at the Astor House were looking mournfully out of the drawing-room windows, on a certain rainy day of an October passed ever to history. No shopping—no visiting! The morning must be passed in-doors. And it was some consolation to those who were in town for a few days to see the world, that their time was not quite lost, for the assemblage in the large drawing-room was numerous and gay. A very dressy affair is the drawing-room of the Astor, and as full of eyes as a peacock's tail—(which, by the way, is also a very dressy affair). Strangers who wish to see and be seen (and especially "be seen") on rainy days, as well as on sunny days, in their visits to New York, should, as the phrase goes, "patronize" the Astor. As if there was any *patronage* in getting the worth of your money!

Well—the people in the drawing-room looked a little out of the windows, and a great deal at each other. Unfortunately, it is only among angels and underbred persons that introductions can be dispensed with, and as the guests of that day at the Astor House were mostly strangers to each other, conversation was very fitful and guarded, and any movement whatever extremely conspicuous. There were four very silent ladies on the sofa, two very silent ladies in each of the windows, silent ladies on the ottomans, silent ladies in the chairs at the corners, and one silent lady, very highly dressed, sitting on the music-stool, with her back to the piano. There was here and there a gentleman in the room, weather-bound and silent; but we have only to do with one of these, and with the last-mentioned much-embellished young lady.

"Well, I can't sit on this soft chair all day, cousin Meg!" said the gentleman.

"'Sh!—call me Margaret, if you must speak so loud," said the lady. "And what would you do out of doors this rainy day? I'm sure it's very pleasant here."

"Not for me. I'd rather be thrashing in the barn. But there must be some 'rainy-weather work' in the city as well as the country. There's some fun, *I* know, that's kept for a wet day, as we keep corn-shelling and grinding the tools."

"Dear me!"

"Well—what now?"

"Oh, nothing!—but I *do* wish you wouldn't bring the stable with you to the Astor House."

The gentleman slightly elevated his eyebrows, and took a leaf of music from the piano, and commenced diligently reading the mystic dots and lines. We have ten minutes to spare before the entrance of another person upon the scene, and we will make use of the silence to conjure up for you, in our magic mirror, the semblance of the two whose familiar dialogue we have just jotted down.

Miss Margaret Pifflit was a young lady who had a large share of what the French call *la beauté du diable*—youth and freshness. (Though, why the devil should have the credit of what never belonged to him, it takes a Frenchman, perhaps, to explain.) To look at, she was certainly a human being in very high perfection. Her cheeks were like two sound apples; her waist was as round as a stove-pipe; her shoulders had two dimples just at the back, that looked as if they defied punching to make them any deeper; her eyes looked as if they were just made, they were so bright and new; her voice sounded like "C sharp" in a new piano; and her teeth were like a fresh break in a cocoa-nut. She was inexorably, unabatedly, desperately healthy. This fact, and the difficulty of uniting all the fashions of all the magazines in one dress, were her two principal afflictions in this world of care. She had an ideal model, to which she aspired with constant longings—a model resembling in figure the high-born creatures whose never-varied face is seen in all the plates of fashion, yet, if possible, paler and more disdainful. If Miss Pifflit could have bent her short wrist with the curve invariably given to the well-gloved extremities of that mysterious and nameless beauty; if she could but have sat with her back to her friends, and thrown her head languishingly over her shoulder without dislocating her neck; if she could but have protruded from the flounce of her dress a foot more like a mincing little muscle-shell, and less like a jolly fat clam; in brief, if she could have drawn out her figure like the enviable joints of a spy-glass, whittled off more taperly her four extremities, sold all her uproarious and indomitable roses for a pot of carmine, and compelled the publishers of the magazines to refrain from the distracting multiplicity of their monthly fashions—with these little changes in her allotment, Miss Pifflit would have realized all her maiden aspirations up to the present hour.

A glimpse will give you an idea of the gentleman in question. He was not much more than he looked to be—a compact, athletic young man of twenty-one, with clear, honest blue eyes, brown face, where it was not shaded by the rim of his hat, curling brown hair, and an expression of fearless qualities, dashed just now by a tinge of rustic bashfulness. His dress was a little more expensive and gayer than was necessary, and he wore his clothes in a way which betrayed that he would be more at home in shirt-sleeves. His hands were rough, and his attitude that of a man who was accustomed to fling himself down on the nearest bench, or swing his legs from the top rail of a fence, or the box of a wagon. We speak with caution of his rusticity, however, for he had a printed card, "Mr. Ephraim Bracely," and he was a subscriber to the "Spirit of the Times." We shall find time to say a thing or two about him as we get on.

"Eph." Bracely and "Meg" Pifflit were "engaged." With the young lady it was, as the French say, *faute de mieux*, for her *beau-ideal* (or, in plain English, her ideal beau) was a tall, pale young gentleman, with white gloves, in a rapid consumption. She and Eph. were second cousins, however, and as she was an orphan, and had lived since childhood with his father, and, moreover, had inherited the Pifflit farm, which adjoined that of the Bracelys, and, moreover, had been told to "kiss her little husband, and love him always" by the dying breath of her mother, and (moreover third) had been "let be" his sweetheart by the unanimous consent of the neighborhood, why, it seemed one of those matches made in Heaven, and not intended to be travestied on earth. It was understood that they were to be married as soon as the young man's savings should enable him to pull down the old Pifflit house and build a cottage, and, with a fair season, that might be done in another year. Meantime, Eph. was a loyal keeper of his troth, though never having the trouble to win the young

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lady, he was not fully aware of the necessity of courtship, whether or no; and was, besides, somewhat unsusceptible of the charms of moonlight, after a hard day's work at haying or harvesting. The neighbors thought it proof enough of his love that he never "went sparking" elsewhere, and as he would rather talk of his gun or his fishing-rod, his horse or his crop, pigs, politics, or anything else, than of love or matrimony, his companions took his engagement with his cousin to be a subject upon which he felt too deeply to banter, and they neither invaded his domain by attentions to his sweetheart, nor suggested thought by allusions to her. It was in the progress of this even tenor of engagement, that some law business had called old Farmer Bracely to New York, and the young couple had managed to accompany him. And of course nothing would do for Miss Pifflit but "the Astor."

And now, perhaps, the reader is ready to be told whose carriage is at the Vesey street door, and who sends up a dripping servant to inquire for Miss Pifflit

It is allotted to the destiny of every country-girl to have one fashionable female friend in the city—somebody to correspond with, somebody to quote, somebody to write her the particulars of the last elopement, somebody to send her patterns of collars, and the rise and fall of *tournures*, and such other things as are not entered into by the monthly magazines. How these apparently unlikely acquaintances are formed, is as much a mystery as the eternal youth of post-boys, and the eternal duration of donkeys. Far be it from me to pry irreverently into those pokerish corners of the machinery of the world. I go no farther than the fact, that Miss Julia Hampson was an acquaintance of Miss Pifflit's.

Everybody knows "Hampson and Co."

Miss Hampson was a good deal what the Fates had tried to make her. If she had not been admirably well dressed, it would have been by violent opposition to the united zeal and talent of dressmakers and milliners. These important vicegerents of the Hand that reserves to itself the dressing of the butterfly and lily, make distinctions in the exercise of their vocation. Wo be to an unloveable woman, if she be not endowed with taste supreme. She may buy all the stuffs of France, and all the colors of the rainbow, but she will never get from those keen judges of fitness the loving hint, the admiring and selective persuasion, with which they delight to influence the embellishment of sweetness and loveliness. They who talk of "anything's looking well on a pretty woman," have not reflected on the lesser providence of dressmakers and milliners. Woman is never mercenary but in monstrous exceptions, and no tradeswoman of the fashion will *sell* taste or counsel; and, in the superior style of all charming women, you see, not the influence of manners upon dress, but the affectionate tribute of these dispensers of elegance to the qualities they admire. Let him who doubts, go shopping with his dressy old aunt to-day, and to-morrow with his dear little cousin.

Miss Hampson, to whom the supplies of elegance came as naturally as bread and butter, and occasioned as little speculation as to the whence or how, was as unconsciously elegant, of course, as a well-dressed lily. She was abstractly a very beautiful girl, though in a very delicate and unconspicuous style; and by dint of absolute fitness in dressing, the merit of her beauty, by common observers at least, would be half given to her fashionable air and unexceptionable toilet. The damsel and her choice array, indeed, seemed the harmonious work of the same maker. How much was nature's gift, and how much was bought in Broadway, was probably never duly understood by even her most discriminate admirer.

But we have kept Miss Hampson too long upon the stairs.

The two young ladies met with a kiss, in which (to the surprise of those who had previously observed Miss Mifflit) there was no smack of the latest fashion.

"My dear Julia!"

"My dear Margerine!" (This was a romantic variation of Meg's, which she had forced upon her intimate friends at the point of the bayonet.)

Eph. twitched, remindingly, the *jupon* of his cousin, and she introduced him with the formula which she had found in one of Miss Austin's novels.

"Oh, but there was a mock respectfulness in that deep courtesy," thought Eph. (and so there was—for Miss Hampson took an irresistible cue from the inflated ceremoniousness of the introduction).

Eph. made a bow as cold and stiff as a frozen horse-blanket. And if he could have commanded the blood in his face, it would have been as dignified and resentful as the eloquence of Red Jacket—but that rustic blush, up to his hair, was like a mask dropped over his features.

"A bashful country-boy," thought Miss Hampson, as she looked compassionately upon his redhot forehead, and forthwith dismissed him entirely from her thoughts.

With a consciousness that he had better leave the room, and walk off his mortification under an umbrella, Eph. took his seat, and silently listened to the conversation of the young ladies. Miss Hampson had come to pass the morning with her friend, and she took off her bonnet, and showered down upon her dazzling neck a profusion of the most adorable brown ringlets. Spite of his angry humiliation, the young farmer felt a thrill run through his veins as the heavy curls fell indolently about her shoulders. He had never before looked upon a woman with emotion. He hated her—oh, yes! for she had given him a look that could never be forgiven—but for *somebody*, she must be the angel of the world. Eph. would have given all his sheep and horses, cows, crops, and haystacks, to have seen the man she would fancy to be her equal. He could not give even a guess at the height of that conscious superiority from which she individually looked down upon him; but it would have satisfied a thirst which almost made him scream, to measure himself by a man with whom *she* could be familiar. Where was his inferiority? What was it? Why had he been blind to it till now? Was there no surgeon's knife, no caustic, that could carve out, or cut away, burn or scarify, the vulgarities she looked upon so contemptuously? But the devil take her superciliousness, nevertheless!

It was a bitter morning to Eph. Bracely, but still it went like a dream. The hotel parlor was no longer a stupid place. His cousin Meg had gained a consequence in his eyes, for she was the object of caress from this superior creature—she was the link which kept her within his observation. He was too full of other feelings just now to do more than acknowledge the superiority of this girl to his cousin. He *felt* it in his after thoughts, and his destiny then, for the first time, seemed crossed and inadequate to his wishes.

* * * * * * *

(We hereby draw upon your imagination for six months, courteous reader. Please allow the teller to show you into the middle of the following July.)

Bracely farm, ten o'clock of a glorious summer morning—Miss Pifflit extended upon a sofa in despair. But let us go back a little.

A week before, a letter had been received from Miss Hampson, who, to the delight and surprise of her friend Margerine, had taken the whim to pass a month with her. She was at Rockaway, and was sick and tired of waltzing and the sea. Had Farmer Bracely a spare corner for a poor girl?

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But Miss Pifflit's "sober second thought" was utter consternation. How to lodge fitly the elegant Julia Hampson? No French bed in the house, no boudoir, no ottomans, no pastilles, no baths, no Psyche to dress by. What vulgar wretches they would seem to her. What insupportable horror she would feel at the dreadful inelegance of the farm. Meg was pale with terror and dismay as she went into the details of anticipation.

Something must be done, however. A sleepless night of reflection and contrivance sufficed to give some shape to the capabilities of the case, and by daylight the next morning the whole house was in commotion. Meg had fortunately a large bump of constructiveness, very much enlarged by her habitual dilemmas-toilet. A boudoir must be constructed. Farmer Bracely slept in the dried apple-room, on the lower floor, and he was no sooner out of his bed than his bag and baggage were tumbled up stairs, his gun and Sunday whip were taken down from their nails, and the floor scoured, and the ceiling white-washed. Eph. was by this time returned from the village with all the chintz that could be bought, and a paper of tacks, and some new straw carpeting; and by ten o'clock that night the four walls of the apartment were covered with the gayly-flowered material, the carpet was nailed down, and old Farmer Bracely thought it a mighty nice, cool-looking place. Eph. was a bit of a carpenter, and he soon knocked together some boxes, which, when covered with chintz, and stuffed with wool, looked very like ottomans; and, with a handsome cloth on the round-table, geraniums in the windows, and a chintz curtain to subdue the light, it was not far from a very charming boudoir, and Meg began to breathe more freely.

But Eph. had heard this news with the blood hot in his temples. Was that proud woman coming to look again upon him with contempt, and here, too, where the rusticity, which he presumed to be the object of her scorn, would be a thousand times more flagrant and visible? And yet, with the entreaty on his lip that his cousin would refuse to receive her, his heart had checked the utterance—for an irresistible desire sprung suddenly within him to see her, even at the bitter cost of tenfold his former mortification.

Yet, as the preparations for receiving Miss Hampson went on, other thoughts took possession of his mind. Eph. was not a man, indeed, to come off second best in the long pull of wrestling with a weakness. His pride began to show its colors. He remembered his independence as a farmer, dependant on no man, and a little comparison between his pursuits, and life, such as he knew it to be, in a city, soon put him, in his own consciousness at least, on a par with Miss Hampson's connexions. This point once attained, Eph. cleared his brow, and went whistling about the farm as usual—receiving without reply, however, a suggestion of his cousin Meg's, that he had better burn his old straw hat, for, in a fit of absence, he *might possibly* put it on while Miss Hampson was there.

Well, it was ten o'clock on the morning after Miss Hampson's arrival at Bracely farm, and, as we said before, Miss Pifflit was in despair. Presuming that her friend would be fatigued with her journey, she had determined not to wake her, but to order breakfast in the boudoir at eleven. Farmer Bracely and Eph. must have their breakfast at seven, however, and what was the dismay of Meg, who was pouring out their coffee as usual, to see the elegant Julia rush into the first kitchen, courtesy very sweetly to the old man, pull up a chair to the table, apologise for being late, and end this extraordinary scene by producing two newly-hatched chickens from her bosom! She had been up since sunrise, and out at the barn, down by the river, and up in the haymow, and was perfectly enchanted with everything, especially the dear little pigs and chickens!

"A very sweet young lady!" thought old Farmer Bracely.

"Very well—but hang your condescension!" thought Eph., distrustfully.

"Mercy on me!—to like pigs and chickens!" mentally ejaculated the disturbed and bewildered Miss Pifflit.

But with her two chicks pressed to her breast with one hand, Miss Hampson managed her coffee and bread and butter with the other, and chattered away like a child let out of school. The air was so delicious, and the hay smelt so sweet, and the trees in the meadow were so beautiful, and there were no stiff sidewalks, and no brick houses, and no iron railings, and so many dear speckled hens, and funny little chickens, and kind-looking old cows, and colts, and calves, and ducks, and turkeys—it was delicious—it was enchanting—it was worth a thousand Saratogas and Rockaways. How anybody could prefer the city to the country, was to Miss Hampson matter of incredulous wonder.

"Will you come into the boudoir?" asked Miss Pifflit, with a languishing air, as her friend Julia rose from breakfast.

"Boudoir!" exclaimed the city damsel, to the infinite delight of old Bracely, "no, dear! I'd rather go out to the barn! Are you going anywhere with the oxen to-day, sir?" she added, going up to the gray-headed farmer caressingly, "I should *so* like to ride in that great cart!"

Eph. was a little suspicious of all this unexpected agreeableness, but he was naturally too courteous not to give way to a lady's whims. He put on his old straw hat, and tied his handkerchief over his shoulder (not to imitate the broad riband of a royal order, but to wipe the sweat off handily while mowing), and offering Miss Hampson a rake which stood outside the door, he begged her to be ready when he came by with the team. He and his father were bound to the far meadow, where they were cutting hay, and would like her assistance in raking.

It was a "specimen" morning, as the magazines say, for the air was temperate, and the whole country was laden with the smell of the new hay, which somehow or other, as everybody knows, never hinders or overpowers the perfume of the flowers. Oh, that winding green lane between the bushes was like an avenue to paradise. The old cart jolted along through the ruts, and Miss Hampson, standing up and holding on to old Farmer Bracely, watched the great oxen crowding their sides together, and looked off over the fields, and exclaimed, as she saw glimpses of the river between the trees, and seemed veritably and unaffectedly enchanted. The old farmer, at least, had no doubt of her sincerity, and he watched her, and listened to her, with a broad honest smile of admiration on his weather-browned countenance.

The oxen were turned up to the fence, while the dew dried off the hay, and Eph. and his father turned to mowing, leaving Miss Hampson to ramble about over the meadow, and gather flowers by the river-side. In the course of an hour, they began to rake up, and she came to offer her promised assistance, and stoutly followed Eph. up and down several of the long swaths, tilll her face glowed under her sunbonnet as it never had glowed with waltzing. Heated and tired at last, she made herself a seat with the new hay under a large elm, and, with her back to the tree, watched the labors of her companions.

Eph. was a well-built and manly figure, and all he did in the way of his vocation, he did with a fine display of muscular power, and (a sculptor would have thought) no little grace. Julia watched him as he stepped along after his rake on the elastic sward, and

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she thought, for the first time, what a very handsome man was young Bracely, and how much more finely a man looked when raking hay, than a dandy when waltzing. And for an hour she sat watching his motion, admiring the strength with which he pitched up the hay, and the grace and ease of all his movements and postures; and, after a while, she began to feel drowsy with fatigue, and pulling up the hay into a fragrant pillow, she lay down and fell fast asleep.

It was now the middle of the forenoon, and the old farmer, who, of late years, had fallen into the habit of taking a short nap before dinner, came to the big elm to pick up his waistcoat and go home. As he approached the tree, he stopped, and beckoned to his son.

Eph. came up and stood at a little distance, looking at the lovely picture before him. With one delicate hand under her cheek, and a smile of angelic content and enjoyment on her finely cut lips, Julia Hampson slept soundly in the shade. One small foot escaped from her dress, and one shoulder of faultless polish and whiteness showed between her kerchief and her sleeve. Her slight waist bent to the swell of the hay, throwing her delicate and well-moulded bust into high relief; and all over her neck, and in large clusters on the tumbled hay, lay those glossy brown ringlets, admirably beautiful and luxuriant.

And as Eph. looked on that dangerous picture of loveliness, the passion, already lying *perdu* in his bosom, sprung to the throne of heart and reason.

(We have not room to do more than hint at the consequences of this visit of Miss Hampson to the country. It would require the third volume of a novel to describe all the emotions of that month at Bracely farm, and bring the reader, point by point, gingerly and softly, to the close. We must touch here and there a point only, giving the reader's imagination some gleaning to do after we have been over the ground.)

Eph. Bracely's awakened pride served him the good turn of making him appear simply in his natural character during the whole of Miss Hampson's visit. By the old man's advice, however, he devoted himself to the amusement of the ladies after the haying was over; and what with fishing, and riding, and scenery-hunting in the neighborhood, the young people were together from morning till night. Miss Pifflit came down unwillingly to plain Meg, in her attendance on her friend in her rustic occupations, and Miss Hampson saw as little as possible of the inside of the *boudoir*. The barn, and the troops of chickens, and all the out-door belongings of the farm, interested her daily, and with no diminution of her zeal. She seemed, indeed, to have found her natural sphere in the simple and affectionate life which her friend Margerine held in such superfine contempt; and Eph., who was the natural mate to such a spirit, and himself, in his own home, most unconsciously worthy of love and admiration, gave himself up irresistibly to his new passion.

And this new passion became apparent, at last, to the incredulous eyes of his cousin. And that it was timidly, but fondly returned by her elegant and high-bred friend, was also very apparent to Miss Pifflit. And after a few jealous struggles, and a night or two of weeping, she gave up to it tranquilly—for, a city life and a city husband, truth to say, had long been her secret longing and secret hope, and she never had fairly looked in the face a burial in the country with the "pigs and chickens."

She is not married yet, Meg Pifflit—but the rich merchant, Mr. Hampson, wrecked completely with the disastrous times, has found a kindly and pleasant asylum for his old age with his daughter, Mrs. Bracely. And a better or lovelier farmer's wife than Julia, or a happier farmer than Eph., can scarce be found in the valley of the Susquehannah.

THE WIDOW BY BREVET.

Let me introduce the courteous reader to two ladies.

Miss Picklin, a tall young lady of twenty-one, near enough to good-looking to permit of a delusion on the subject (of which, however, she had an entire monopoly), with cheeks always red in a small spot, lips not so red as the cheeks, and rather thin, sharpish nose, and waist very slender; and last (not least important), a very long neck, scalded on either side into a resemblance to a scroll of shrivelled parchment, which might or might not be considered as a *mis*-fortune—serving her as a title-deed to twenty thousand dollars. The scald was inflicted, and the fortune left in consequence, by a maiden aunt who, in the babyhood of Miss Picklin, attempted to cure the child's sore throat by an application of cabbage-leaves steeped in hot vinegar.

Miss Euphemia Picklin, commonly called Phemie—a good-humored girl, rather inclined to be fat, but gifted with several points of beauty of which she was not at all aware, very much a pet among her female friends, and admitting, with perfect sincerity and submission, her sister's exclusive right to the admiration of the gentlemen of their acquaintance.

Captain Isaiah Picklin, the father of these ladies, was a merchant of Salem, an importer of figs and opium, and once master of the brig "Simple Susan," which still plied between his warehouse and Constantinople—nails and codfish the cargo outward. I have not Miss Picklin's permission to mention the precise date of the events I am about to record, and leaving that point alone to the imagination of the reader, I shall set down the other particulars and impediments in her "course of true love" with historical fidelity.

Ever since she had been of sufficient age to turn her attention exclusively to matrimony, Miss Picklin had nourished a presentiment that her destiny was exotic; that the soil of Salem was too poor, and the indigenous lovers too mean; and that, potted in her twenty thousand dollars, she was a choice production, set aside for flowering in a foreign clime, and destined to be transplanted by a foreign lover. With this secret in her bosom, she had refused one or two gentlemen of middle age, recommended by her father, beside sundry score of young gentlemen of slender revenues in her own set of acquaintances, till, if there had been anything beside poetry in Shakspere's assertion that it is—

> "*Broom* groves
> Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,"

the neighboring "brush barrens" of Saugus would have sold in lots at a premium. It was possibly from the want of nightingales, to whose complaining notes the gentleman of Verona "turned his distresses," that the discarded of Salem preferred the consolations of Phemie Picklin.

News to the Picklins! Hassan Keui, the son of old

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Abdoul Keui, was coming out in the "Simple Susan!" A Turk—a live Turk—a young Turk, and the son of her father's rich correspondent in Turkey! "Ah me!" thought Miss Picklin.

The captain himself was rather taken aback. He had known old Abdoul for many years, had traded and smoked with him in the *cafés* of Galata, had gone out with him on Sundays to lounge on the tombstones at Scutari, and had never thought twice about his yellow gown and red trowsers; but what the deuce would be thought of them in Salem? True, it was his son; but a Turk's clothes descend from father to son through three generations; he knew that, from remembering this very boy all but smothered in a sort of saffron blanket, with sleeves like pillowcases—his first assumption of the *toga virilis* (not that old Picklin knew Latin, but such was "his sentiment better expressed"). Then *he* had never been asked to the house of the Stamboul merchant, not introduced to his wives nor his daughters (indeed, he had forgotten that old Keui was near cutting his throat for asking after them)—but of course it was very different in Salem. Young Keui must be the Picklin guest, fed and lodged, and the girls would want to give him a tea-party. Would he sit on a chair, or want cushions on the floor? Would he come to dinner with his breast bare, and leave his boots outside? Would he eat rice pudding with his fingers? Would he think it indecent if the girls didn't wear linen cloths, Turkey fashion, over their mouths and noses? Would he bring his pipes? Would he fall on his face and say his prayers four times a day, wherever he should be (with a clean place handy)? What would the neighbors say? The captain worked himself into a violent perspiration with merely thinking of all this.

The Salemites have a famous museum, and know "what manner of thing is your crocodile;" but a live Turk consigned to Captain Picklin! It set the town in a fever!

It would leave an indelicate opening for a conjecture as to Miss Picklin's present age, were I to state whether or not the arrival of the "Simple Susan" was reported by telegraph. She ran in with a fair wind one Sunday morning, and was immediately boarded by the harbor-master and Captain Picklin; and there, true to the prophetic boding of old Isaiah, the young Turk sat cross-legged on the quarter-deck, in a white turban and scarlet *et ceteras*, smoking his father's identical pipe—no other, the captain would have taken his oath!

Up rose Hassan, when informed who was his visiter, and taking old Picklin's hand, put it to his forehead. The weather-stained sea-captain had bleached in the counting-house, and he had not, at first sight remembered the old friend of his father. He passed the pipe into Isaiah's hand and begged him to keep it as a memento of Abdoul, for his father had died at the last Ramazan. Hassan had come out to see the world, and secure a continuance of codfish and good-will from the house of Picklin, and the merchant got astride the tiller of his old craft, and smoked this news through his amber-mouthed legacy, while the youth went below to get ready to go ashore.

The reader of course would prefer to share the first impressions of the ladies as to the young Mussulman's personal appearance, and I pass at once, therefore, to their disappointment, surprise, mortification, and vexation; when, as the bells were ringing for church, the front door opened, their father entered, and in followed a young gentleman in frockcoat and trowsers! Yes, and in his hand a hat—a black hat—and on his feet no yellow boots, but calfskin, mundane and common calfskin, and with no shaved head, and no twisted shawl around his waist; nothing to be seen but a very handsome young man indeed, with teeth like a fresh slice of cocoa-nut meat, and a very deliberate pronunciation to his bad English.

Miss Picklin's disappointment had to be slept upon, for she had made great outlay of imagination upon the pomp and circumstance of wedding a white Othello in the eyes of wondering Salem; but Phemie's surprise took but five minutes to grow into a positive pleasure; and never suspecting, at any time, that she was visible to the naked eye during the eclipsing presence of her sister, she sat with a very admiring smile upon her lips, and her soft eyes fixed earnestly on the stranger, till she had made out a full inventory of his features, proportions, manners, and other stuff available in dream-land. What might be Hassan's impression of the young ladies, could not be gathered from his manner; for, in the first place, there was the reserve which belonged to him as a Turk, and, in the second place, there was a violation of all oriental notions of modesty in their exposing their chins to the masculine observation; and though he could endure the exposure, it was of course with that diffidence of gaze which accompanies the consciousness of improper objects—adding to his demeanor another shade of timidity.

Miss Picklin's shoulders were not invaded quite to the limits of *terra cognita* by the cabbage-leaves which had exercised such an influence on her destiny; and as the scalds somewhat resembled two maps of South America (with Patagonia under each ear), she usually, in full dress, gave a clear view of the surrounding ocean—wisely thinking it better to have the geography of her disfigurement well understood, than, by covering a small extremity (as it were the isthmus of Darien), to leave an undiscovered North America to the imagination. She appeared accordingly at dinner in a costume not likely to diminish the modest embarrassment of Mr. Keui (as she chose to call him)—extremely *decolleté*, in a pink silk dress with short sleeves, and in a turban with a gold fringe—the latter, of course, out of compliment to his country. "Money is power," even in family circles, and it was only Miss Picklin who exercised the privilege of full dress at a mid-day dinner. Phemie came to table dressed as at breakfast, and if she felt at all envious of her sister's pink gown and elbows to match, it did not appear in her pleasant face or sisterly attention. The captain would allow anything, and do *almost* anything, for his rich daughter; but as to dining with his coat on, in hot weather, company or no company, he would rather—

> "be set quick i' the earth,
> And bowled to death with turnips"—

though that is not the way he expressed it. The *parti carré*, therefore (for there was no *Mrs.* Picklin), was, in the matter of costume, rather incongruous, but, as the Turk took it for granted that it was all according to the custom of the country, the carving was achieved by the shirt-sleeved captain, and the pudding "helped" by his bare-armed daughter, with no particular commotion in the elements. Earthquakes do not invariably follow violations of etiquette—particularly where nobody is offended.

After the first day, things took their natural course—as near as they were able. Hassan was not very quick at conversation, always taking at least five minutes to put together for delivery a sentence of English, but his laugh did not hang fire, nor did his nods and smiles; and where ladies are voluble (as ladies sometimes are), this paucity of ammunition on the gentleman's part is no prelude to discomfiture. Then Phemie had a very fair smattering of Italian, and that being the business language of the Levant, Hassan took refuge in it whenever brought to a stand-still in English—a refuge, by the way, of which he seemed inclined to avail himself oftener than was consistent with Miss Picklin's exclusive property in his attention. Rebellious though Hassan might secretly have been to *this* authority over himself, Phemie was no accomplice, natural modesty combining with the long

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habit of subserviency to make her even anticipate the exactions of the heiress; and so Miss Picklin had "Mr. Keui" principally to herself, promenading him through the streets of Salem, and bestowing her sweetness upon him from his morning entrance to his evening exit; Phemie relieving guard very cheerfully, while her sister dressed for dinner. It was possibly from being permitted to converse in Italian during this half hour, that Hassan made it the only part of the day in which he talked of himself and his house on the Bosphorus, but that will not account also for Phemie's sighing while she listened—never having sighed before in her life, not even while the same voice was talking English to her sister.

Without going into a description of the Picklin tea-party, at which Hassan was induced to figure in his oriental costume, while Miss Picklin sat by him on a cushion, turbaned and (probably) cross-legged, *à la Sultana*, and without recording other signs satisfactory to the Salemites, that the young Turk had fallen to the scalded heiress—

> "As does the ospray to the fish, that takes it,
> By sovereignty of nature" –

I must come plump to the fact that, on the Monday following (one week after his arrival), Hassan left Salem, *un*accompanied by Miss Picklin. As he had asked for no private interview in the best parlor, and had made his final business arrangements with the captain, so that he could take passage from New York without returning, some people were inclined to fancy that Miss Picklin's demonstrations with regard to him had been a little premature. And "some people" chose to smile. But it was reserved for Miss Picklin to look round in church, in about one year from this event, and have her triumph over "some people;" for she was about to sail for Constantinople—"sent for," as the captain rudely expressed it. But I must explain.

The "Simple Susan" came in, heavily freighted with a consignment from the house of Keui to Picklin & Co., and a letter from the American consul at Constantinople wrapped in the invoice. With the careful and ornate wording of an official epistle, it stated that Effendi Hassan Keui had called on the consul, and partly from the mistrust of his ability to express himself in English on so delicate a subject, but more particularly for the sake of approaching the object of his affections with proper deference and ceremony, he had requested that officer to prepare a document conveying a proposal of marriage to the daughter of Captain Picklin. The incomplete state of his mercantile arrangements, while at Salem the previous year, would account for his silence on the subject at that time, but he trusted that his preference had been sufficiently manifest to the lady of his heart; and as his prosperity in business depended on his remaining at Constantinople, enriching himself only for her sake, he was sure that the singular request appended to his offer would be taken as a mark of his prudence rather than as a presumption. The cabin of the "Simple Susan," as Captain Picklin knew, was engaged on her next passage to Constantinople by a party of missionaries, male and female, and the request was to the intent that, in case of an acceptance of his offer, the fair daughter of the owner would come out, under their sufficient protection, to be wedded, if she should so please, on the day of her arrival in the "Golden Horn."

As Miss Picklin had preserved a mysterious silence on the subject of "Mr. Keui's" attentions since his departure, and as a lady with twenty thousand dollars in her own right is, of course, quite independent of parental control, the captain, after running his eye hastily through the document, called to the boy who was weighing out a quintal of codfish, and bid him wrap the letter in a brown paper and run with it to Miss Picklin—taking it for granted that she knew more about the matter than he did, and would explain it all, when he came home to dinner.

In thinking the matter over, on his way home, it occurred to old Picklin that it was worded as if he had but *one* daughter. At any rate, he was quite sure that neither of his daughters was particularly specified, either by name or age. No doubt it was all right, however. The girls understood it.

"So, it's *you*, miss!" he said, as Miss Picklin looked round from the turban she was trying on before the glass.

"Certainly, pa! who else should it be?"

And there ended the captain's doubts, for he never again got sight of the letter, and the turmoil of preparation for Miss Picklin's voyage, made the house anything but a place for getting answers to impertinent questions. Phemie, whom the news had made silent and thoughtful, let drop a hint or two that she would like to see the letter; but a mysterious air, and "La! child, you wouldn't understand it," was check enough for her timid curiosity, and she plied her needle upon her sister's wedding dress with patient submission.

The preparations for the voyage went on swimmingly. The missionaries were written to, and willingly consented to chaperon Miss Picklin over the seas, provided her union with a pagan was to be sanctified with a Christian ceremonial. Miss Picklin replied with virtuous promptitude that the cake for the wedding was already soldered up in a tin case, and that she was to be married immediately on her arrival, under an awning on the brig's deck, and she hoped that four of the missionaries' wives would oblige her by standing up as her bridesmaids. Many square feet of codfish were unladen from the "Simple Susan" to make room for boxes and bags, and one large case was finally shipped, the contents of which had been shopped for by ladies with families—no book of oriental travels making any allusion to the sale of such articles in Constantinople, though, in the natural course of things, they must be wanted as much in Turkey as in Salem.

The brig was finally cleared and lay off in the stream, and on the evening before the embarkation the missionaries arrived and were invited to a tea-party at the Picklins. Miss Picklin had got up a little surprise for her friends with which to close the party—a "walking *tableau*," as she termed it, in which she should suddenly make her apparition at one door, pass through the room, and go out at the other, dressed as a sultana, with a muslin kirtle and satin trowsers. She disappeared accordingly half an hour before the breaking up; and, conversation rather languishing in her absence, the eldest of the missionaries rose to conclude the evening with a prayer, in the midst of which Miss Picklin passed through the room unperceived—the faces of the company being turned to the wall.

The next morning at daylight the "Simple Susan" put to sea with a fair wind, and at the usual hour for opening the store of Picklin and Co., she had dropped below the horizon. Phemie sat upon the end of the wharf and watched her till she was out of sight, and the captain walked up and down between two puncheons of rum which stood at the distance of a quarter-deck's length from each other, and both father and daughter were silent. The captain had a confused thought or two besides the grief of parting, and Phemie had feelings quite as confused, which were not all made up of sorrow for the loss of her sister. Perhaps the reader will be at the trouble of spelling out their riddles while I try to let him down softly to the catastrophe of my story.

Without confessing to any ailment whatever, the plump Phemie paled and thinned from the day of her sister's departure. Her spirits, too, seemed to keep

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ner flesh and color company, and at the end of a month the captain was told by one of the good dames of Salem that he had better ask a physician what ailed her. The doctor could make nothing out of it except that she might be fretting for the loss of her sister, and he recommended a change of scene and climate. That day Captain Brown, an old mate of Isaiah's, dropped in to eat a family dinner and say good-by, as he was about sailing in the new schooner Nancy for the Black sea—his wife for his only passenger. Of course he would be obliged to drop anchor at Constantinople to wait for a fair wind up the Bosphorus, and part of his errand was to offer to take letters and nicknackeries to Mrs. Keui. Old Picklin put the two things together, and over their glass of wine he proposed to Brown to take Phemie with Mrs. Brown to Constantinople, leave them both there on a visit to Mrs. Keui, till the return of the Nancy from the Black sea, and then re-embark them for Salem. Phemie came into the room just as they were touching glasses on the agreement, and when the trip was proposed to her she first colored violently, then grew pale and burst into tears; but consented to go. And, with such preparations as she could make that evening, she was quite ready at the appointed hour, and was off with the land-breeze the next morning, taking leave of nobody but her father. And this time the old man wiped his eyes very often before the departing vessel was "hull down," and was heartily sorry he had let Phemie go without a great many presents and a great many more kisses. * * * * * * *

A fine, breezy morning at Constantinople!

Rapidly down the Bosphorus shot the caique of Hassan Keui, bearing its master from his country-house at Dolma-batchi to his warehouses at Galata. Just before the sharp prow rounded away toward the Golden Horn, the merchant motioned to the caikjis to rest upon their oars, and, standing erect in the slender craft, he strained his gaze long and with anxious earnestness toward the sea of Marmora. Not a sail was to be seen coming from the west, except a man-of-war with a crescent flag at the peak, lying off toward Scutari from Seraglio point, and with a sigh that carried the cloud off his brow, Hassan gayly squatted once more to his cushions, and the caique sped merrily on. In and out, among the vessels at anchor, the airy bark threaded her way with the dexterous swiftness of a bird, when suddenly a cable rose beneath her and lifted her half out of the water. A vessel newly-arrived was hauling in to a close anchorage, and they had crossed her hawser as it rose to the surface. Pitched headlong into the lap of the nearest caikji, the Turk's snowy turban fell into the water and was carried by the eddy under the stern of the vessel rounding to, and as the caique was driven backward to regain it, the bareheaded owner sank back aghast—SIMPLE SUSAN OF SALEM staring him in the face in golden capitals.

"Oh! Mr. Keui! how *do* you do!" cried a well-remembered voice, as he raised himself to fend off by the rudder of the brig. And there she stood within two feet of his lips—Miss Picklin in her bridal veil, waiting below in expectant modesty, and though surprised by his peep into the cabin windows, excusing it as a natural impatience in a bridegroom coming to his bride.

The captain of the Susan, meantime, had looked over the tafferel and recognised his old passenger, and Hassan, who would have given a cargo of opium for an hour to compose himself, mounted the ladder which was thrown out to him, and stepped from the gangway into Miss Picklin's arms! She had rushed up to receive him, dressed in her muslin kirtle and satin trousers, though, with her dramatic sense of propriety, she had intended to remain below till summoned to the bridal. The captain, of course, kept back from delicacy, but the missionaries stood in a cluster gazing on the happy meeting, and the sailors looked over their shoulders as they heaved at the windlass. As Miss Picklin afterward remarked, "it would have been a *tableau vivant* if the deck had not been so very dirty!"

Hassan wiped his eyes, for he had replaced his wet turban on his head, but what with his escape from drowning, and what with his surprise and embarrassment (for he had a difficult part to play, as the reader will presently understand), he had lost all memory of his little stock of English. Miss Picklin drew him gently by the hand to the quarter-deck, where, under an awning fringed with curtains partly drawn, stood a table with a loaf of wedding-cake upon it, and a bottle of wine and a bible. She nodded to the Rev. Mr. Griffin, who took hold of a chair and turned it round, and placing it against his legs with the back toward him, looked steadfastly at the happy couple.

"Good morning—good night—your sister—*aspetta! per amor' di Dio!*" cried the bewildered Hassan, giving utterance to all the English he could remember, and seizing the bride by the arm.

"These ladies are my bridesmaids," said Miss Picklin, pointing to the missionaries' wives who stood by in their bonnets and shawls. "I dare say he expected my sister would come as my bridesmaid!" she added, turning to Mr. Griffin to explain the outbreak as she understood it.

Hassan beat his hand upon his forehead, walked twice up and down the quarterdeck, looked around over the Golden Horn as if in search of an interpreter to his feelings, and finally walked up to Miss Picklin with a look of calm resignation, and addressed to her and to the Rev. Mr. Griffin a speech of three minutes, *in Italian*. At the close of it he made a very ceremonious salaam, and offered his hand to the bride; and, as no one present understood a syllable of what he had intended to convey in his address, it was received as probably a welcome to Turkey, or perhaps a formal repetition of his offer of heart and hand. At any rate, Miss Picklin took it to be high time to blush and take off her glove, and the Rev. Mr. Griffin then bent across the back of the chair, joined their hands and went through the ceremony, ring and all. The ladies came up, one after another, and kissed the bride, and the gentlemen shook hands with Hassan, who received their good wishes with a curious look of unhappy resignation, and after cutting the cake and permitting the bride to retire for a moment to calm her feelings and put on her bonnet, the bridegroom made rather a peremptory movement of departure, and the happy couple went off in the caique toward Dolma-batchi amid much waving of handkerchiefs from the missionaries, and hurrahs from the Salem hands of the Simple Susan.

And now, before giving the reader a translation of the speech of Hassan before the wedding, we must go back to some little events which had taken place one month previously at Constantinople.

The Nancy arrived off Seraglio Point after a very remarkable passage, having still on her quarter the northwest breeze which had stuck to her like a blood-hound ever since leaving the harbor of Salem. She had brought it with her to Constantinople indeed, for twenty or thirty vessels which had been long waiting a favorable wind to encounter the adverse current of the Bosphorus, were loosing sail and getting under way, and the pilot, knowing that the destination of the Nancy was also to the Black sea, strongly dissuaded Captain Brown from dropping anchor in the horn, with a chance of losing the good luck, and lying, perhaps a month, wind-bound in harbor. Understanding that the captain's only object in stopping was to leave the two ladies with Keui the opium-merchant, the pilot, who knew his residence at Dolma-batchi, made

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signal for a caique, and kept up the Bosphorus. Arriving opposite the little village of which Hassan's house was one of the chief ornaments, the ladies were lowered into the caique and sent ashore—expecting of course to be received with open arms by Mrs. Keui—and then, spreading all her canvass, the swift little schooner sped on her way to Trebisond.

Hassan sat in the little pavilion of his house which looked out on the Bosphorus, eating his pillau, for it was the noon of a holyday, and he had not been that morning to Galata. Recognising at once the sweet face of Phemie as the caique came near the shore, he flew to meet her, supposing that the "Simple Susan" had arrived, and that the lady of his love had chosen to come and seek him. The reader will understand of course that there was no "Mrs. Keui."

And now to shorten my story.

Mrs. Brown and Phemie were in Hassan's own house, with no other acquaintance or protector on that side of the world, and there was no possibility of escaping a true explanation. The mistake *was* explained, and explained to Brown's satisfaction. Phemie was the "daughter" of Captain Picklin, to whom the offer was transmitted, and as, by blessed luck, the Nancy had outsailed the Simple Susan, Providence seemed to have chosen to set right for once, the traverse of true love. The English embassy was at Burgurlu, only six miles above, on the Bosphorus, and Hassan and his mother and sisters, and Mrs. Brown and Phemie were soon on their way thither in swift caiques, and *the* happy couple were wedded by the English chaplain. The arrival of the Simple Susan was of course looked for, by both Hassan and his bride, with no little dismay. She had met with contrary winds on the Atlantic, and had been caught in the Archipelago by a Levanter, and from the damage of the last she had been obliged to come to anchor off the little island of Paros and repair. This had been a job of six weeks, and meantime the Nancy had given them the go-by, and reached Constantinople.

Hassan was daily on the look-out for the brig in his trips to town, and on the morning of her arrival, his mind being put at ease for the day by his glance toward the sea of Marmora, the stumbling so suddenly and so unprepared on the object of his dread, completely bewildered and unnerved him. Through all his confusion, however, and all the awkwardness of his situation, there ran a feeling of self-condemnation, as well as pity for Miss Picklin; and this had driven him to the catastrophe described above. He felt that he owed her some reparation, and as the religion which he was educated did not forbid a plurality of wives, and there was no knowing but possibly she might be inclined to "do in Turkey as Turkeys do," he felt it incumbent on himself to state the fact of his previous marriage, and then offer her the privilege of becoming Mrs. Keui No. 2, if she chose to accept. As he had no English at his command, he stated his dilemma and made his offer in the best language he had—Italian—and with the results the reader has been made acquainted.

Of the return passage of Miss Picklin, formerly Mrs. Keui, under the charge of Captain and Mrs. Brown, in the schooner Nancy, I have never learned the particulars. She arrived at Salem in very good health, however, and has since been distinguished principally by her sympathy for widows—based on what, I can not very positively say. She resides at present in Salem with her father, Captain Picklin, who *is* still the consignee of the house of Keui, having made one voyage out to see the children of his daughter Phemie and strengthen the mercantile connexion. His old age is creeping on him, undistinguished by anything except the little monomania of reading the letters from his son-in-law at least a hundred times, and then wafering them up over the fireplace of his counting-room—in doubt, apparently, whether he rightly understands the contents.

THOSE UNGRATEFUL BLIDGIMSES.

"For, look you, he hath as many friends as enemies; which friends, sir (as it were), durst not (look you, sir) show themselves (as we term it) his friends, while he's in directitude."—*Coriolanus.*

"*Hermione.*—Our praises are our wages."—*Winter's Tale.*

F——, the portrait-painter, was a considerable ally of mine at one time. His success in his art brought him into contact with many people, and he made friends as a fastidious lady buys shoes—trying on a great many that were destined to be thrown aside. It was the prompting, no doubt, of a generous quality—that of believing all people perfect till he discovered their faults—but as he cut loose without ceremony from those whose faults were not to his mind, and as ill-fitting people are not as patient of rejection as ill-fitting shoes, the quality did not pass for its full value, and his abusers were "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa." The friends who "wore his bleeding roses," however (and of these he had his share), fought his battles quite at their own charge. What with plenty of pride, and as plentiful a lack of approbativeness, F—— took abuse as a duck's back takes rain—buoyant in the shower as in the sunshine.

"Well, F——!" I said, as I occupied his big chair one morning while he was at work, "there was great skirmishing about you last night at the tea-party!"

"No!—really? Who was the enemy?"

"Two ladies, who said they travelled with you through Italy, and knew all about you—the Blidgimses."

"Oh, the dear old Blidgimses—Crinny and Ninny—the ungrateful monsters! Did I ever tell you of my nursing those two old girls through the cholera?"

"No. But before you go off with a long story, tell me how you can stand such abominable backbiting? It isn't once in a way, merely!—you are their whole stock in trade, and they vilify you in every house they set foot in. The mildest part of it is criminal slander, my good fellow! Why not do the world a service, and show that slander is actionable, though it is committed in good society?"

"Pshaw! What does it amount to?

'The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,'

and in this particular instance, the jury would probably give the damages the other way—for if they

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hammer at me till doomsday, I have had my fun out of them—my *quid pro quo!*"

"Well, preface your story by telling me where you met them. I never knew by what perverse thread you were drawn together."

"A thread that might have drawn me into much more desperate extremity—a letter from the most lovable of women, charging me to become the trusty squire of these errant damsels wherever I should encounter them. I was then studying in Italy. They came to Florence, where I chanced to be, and were handed over to me without dog, cat, or waiting-maid, by a man who seemed ominously glad to be rid of them. As it was the ruralizing season, and all the world was flocking to the baths of Lucca, close by, they went there till I could get ready to undertake them—which I did, with the devotion of a *courier* in a new place, one fig-desiring evening of June."

"Was there a delivery of the great seal?" I asked, rather amused at F——'s circumstantial mention of his *introitus* to office.

"Something very like it, indeed. I had not fairly got the blood out of my face, after making my salaam, when Miss Crinny Blidgims fished up from some deep place she had about her, a memorandum-book, with a well-thumbed brown paper cover, and gliding across the room, placed it in my hands as people on the stage present pocket-books—with a sort of dust-flapping parabola. Now if I have any particular antipathy, it is to the smell of old flannel, and as this equivocal-looking object descended before my nose—faith! But I took it. It was the account-book of the eatables and drinkables furnished to the ladies in their travels, the prices of eggs, bread, figs, *et cetera*, and I was to begin my duties by having up the head waiter of the lodging-house, and holding inquisition on his charges. The Blidgimses spoke no Italian, and no servant in the house spoke English, and they were bursting for a translator to tell him that the eggs were over-charged, and that he must deduct threepence a day for wine, for they never touched it!"

"'What do the ladies wish?' inquired the dumbfounded waiter, in civil Tuscan.

"'What does he say? what does he say?' cried Miss Corinna, in resounding nasal.

"'Tell the impudent fellow what eggs are in Dutchess county!' peppered out Miss Katrina, very sharply.

"Of course I translated with a discretion. There was rather an incongruity between the looks of the damsels and what they were to be represented as saying—Katrina Blidgims living altogether in a blue opera-hat with a white feather."

I interrupted F—— to say that the blue hat was immortal, for it was worn at the tea-party of the night before.

"I had enough of the blue hat and its bandbox before we parted. It was the one lifetime extravagance of the old maid, perpetrated in Paris, and as it covered the back seam of a wig (a subsequent discovery of mine), she was never without it, except when bonneted to go out. She came to breakfast in it, mended her stockings in it, went to parties in it. I fancy it took some trouble to adjust it to the wig, and she devoted to it the usual dressing-hours of morning and dinner; for in private she wore a handkerchief over it, pinned under her chin, which had only to be whipped off when company was announced, and this, perhaps, is one of the secrets of its immaculate, yet threadbare preservation. She called it her *abbo!*"

"Her what?"

"You have heard of the famous Herbault, the man-milliner, of Paris? The bonnet was his production, and called after him with great propriety. In Italy, where people dress according to their condition in life, this perpetual *abbo* was something *à la princesse*, and hence my embarrassment in explaining to Jacomo, the waiter, that Signorina Katrina's high summons concerned only an overcharge of a penny in the eggs!"

"And what said Jacomo?"

"Jacomo was incapable of an incivility, and begged pardon before stating that the usual practice of the house was to charge half a dollar a day for board and lodging, including a private parlor and bedroom, three meals and a bottle of wine. The ladies, however, had applied through an English gentleman (who chanced to call on them, and who spoke Italian), to have reductions made on their dispensing with two dishes of meat out of three, drinking no wine, and wanting no nuts and raisins. Their main extravagance was in eggs, which they ate several times a day between meals, and wished to have cooked and served up at the price per dozen in the market. On this they had held conclave below stairs, and the result had not been communicated, because there was no common language; but Jacomo wished, through me, respectfully to represent, that the reductions from the half dollar a day should be made as requested, but that the eggs could not be bought, cooked, and served up (with salt and bread, and a clean napkin), for *just* their price in the market. And on this point the ladies were obstinate. And to settle this difficulty between the high contracting parties, cost an argument of a couple of hours, my first performance as translator in the service of the Blidgimses. Thenceforward, I was as necessary to Crinny and Ninny—(these were their familiar diminutives for Corinna and Katrina)—as necessary to Crinny as the gift of speech, and to Ninny as the wig and *abbo* put together. Obedient to the mandate of the fair hand which had consigned me to them, I gave myself up to their service, even keeping in my pocket their frowsy grocery-book—though not without some private outlay in burnt vinegar. What penance a man will undergo for a pretty woman who cares nothing about him!"

"But what could have started such a helpless pair of old quizzes upon their travels?"

"I wondered myself till I knew them better. Crinny Blidgims had a tongue of the liveliness of an eel's tail. It would have wagged after she was skinned and roasted. She had, beside, a kind of pinchbeck smartness, and these two gifts, and perhaps the name of Corinna, had inspired her with the idea that she was an *improvisatrice*. So, how could she die without going to Italy?"

"And Ninny went for company?"

"Oh, Miss Ninny Blidgims had a passion too! She had come out to see Paris. She had heard that, in Paris, people could renew their youth, and she thought she had done it, with her *abbo*. She thought, too, that she must have manners to correspond. So, while travelling in her old bonnet, she blurted out her bad grammer as she had done for fifty years, but in her blue hat she simpered and frisked to the best of her recollection. Silly as that old girl was, however she had the most pellucid set of ideas on the prices of things to eat. There was no humbugging her on that subject, even in a foreign language. She filled her pockets with apples, usually, in our walks; and the translating between her and a street-huckster, she in her *abbo* and the apple-woman in Italian rags, was vexatious to endure, but very funny to remember. I have thought of painting it, but, to understand the picture, the spectator must make the acquaintance of Miss Fanny Blidgims—rather a pill for a connoisseur! But by this time you are ready to *approfond*, as the French aptly say, the depths of my subsequent distresses.

THE STORY.

"I had been about a month at Lucca, when it was suddenly proposed by Crinny that we should take a

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vetturino together, and go to Venice. Ninny and she had come down to dinner with a sudden disgust for the baths—owing, perhaps, to the distinction they had received as the only strangers in the place who were *not* invited to the ball of a certain prince, our next-door neighbor. The Blidgimses and their economies, in fact, had become the joke of the season, and, as the interpreter in the egg-trades, I was mixed up in the omelette, and as glad to escape from my notoriety as they. So I set about looking up the conveyance with some alacrity.

"By the mass, it was evidently a great saving of distance to cross the mountains to Modena, and of course a great saving of expense, as vetturinos are paid by the mile; but the guide-books stated that the road was rough, and the inns abominable, and recommended to all who cared for comfort to make a circumbendibus by the way of Florence and Bologna. Ninny declared she could live on bread and apples, however, and Crinny delighted in mountain air—in short, economy carried it, and after three days' chaffering with the owner of a rattletrap vettura, we set off up the banks of the Lima without the blessing of Jacomo, the head waiter.

"We soon left the bright little river, and struck into the mountains, and as the carriage crept on very slowly, I relieved the horses of my weight and walked on. The ladies did the same thing whenever they came in sight of an orchard, and for the first day Ninny munched the unripe apples and seemed getting along very comfortably. The first night's lodging was execrable, but as the driver assured us it was the best on the route, we saved our tempers for the worst, and the next day began to penetrate a country that looked deserted of man, and curst with uninhabitable sterility. Its effect upon my spirits, as I walked on alone, was as depressing as the news of some trying misfortune, and I was giving it credit for one redeeming quality—that of an opiate to a tongue like Crinny Blidgims's—when both the ladies began to show symptoms of illness. It was not long after noon, and we were in the midst of a waste upland, the road bending over the horizon before and behind us, and neither shed nor shelter, bush, wall, or tree, within reach of the eye. The only habitation we had seen since morning was a wretched hovel where the horses were fed at noon, and the albergo, where we should pass the night, was distant several hours—a long up-hill stretch, on which the pace of the horses could not possibly be mended. The ladies were bent double in the carriage, and said they could not possibly go on. Going back was out of the question. The readiest service I could proffer was to leave them and hurry on to the inn, to prepare for their reception.

"Fortunately our team was unicorn-rigged—one horse in advance of a pair. I took off the leader, and galloped away.

"Well, the cholera was still lingering in Italy, and stomachs must be cholera-proof to stand a perpetual diet of green apples, even with no epidemic in the air. So I had a very clear idea of the remedies that would be required on their arrival.

"At a hand-gallop I reached the albergo in a couple of hours. It was a large stone barrack, intended, no doubt, as was the road we had travelled, for military uses. A thick stone wall surrounded it, and it stood in the midst, in a pool of mud. From the last eminence before arriving, not another object could be descried within a horizon of twenty miles diameter, and a whitish soil of baked clay, browned here and there by a bit of scanty herbage, was foreground and middle and background to the pleasant picture. The site of the barrack had probably been determined by the only spring within many miles, and by the dryness without and the mud within the walls, it was contrived for a monopoly by the besieged.

"I cantered in at the unhinged gate, and roared out 'casa!' 'cameriere!' 'botega!' till I was frightened at my own voice.

"No answer. I threw my bridle over a projection of the stone steps, and mounted, from an empty stable which occupied the ground floor (Italian fashion), to the second story, which seemed equally uninhabited. Here were tables, however, and wooden settees, and dirty platters—the first signs of life. On the hearth was an iron pot and a pair of tongs, and with these two musical instruments I played a tune which I was sure would find ears, if ears there were on the premises. And presently a heavy foot was heard on the stair above, and with a sonorous yawn descended mine host—dirty and stolid—a goodly pattern of the 'fat weed on Lethe's wharf,' as you would meet in a century. He had been taking his siesta, and his wife had had a *colpo di sole*, and was confined helplessly to her bed. *The* man John was out tending sheep, and he, the host, was vicariously, cook, waiter, and chambermaid. What might be the pleasure of *il signore?*

"My *pleasure* was, first, to see the fire kindled and the pot put over, and then to fall into a brown study.

"Two fine ladies with the cholera—two days' journey from a physician—a fat old Italian landlord for nurse and sole counsellor—nobody who could understand a word they uttered, except myself, and not a drug nor a ministering petticoat within available limits! Then the doors of the chambers were without latches or hinges, and the little bed in each great room was the one article of furniture, and the house was so still in the midst of that great waste, that all sounds and movements whatever, must be of common cognisance! Should I be discharging my duty to ladies under my care to leave them to this dirty old man? Should I offer my own attendance as constant nurse, and would the service be accepted? How, in the name of Robinson Crusoe, were these delicate damsels to be 'done for'?

"As a matter of economy in dominos, as well as to have something Italian to bring home, I had bought at Naples the costume of a sister of charity, and in it I had done all my masquerading for three carnivals. It was among my baggage, and it occurred to me whether I had not better take the landlord into my confidence, and bribe him to wait upon the ladies, disguised in coif and petticoat. No—for he had a mustache, and spoke nothing but Italian. Should I do it myself?

"I paced up and down the stone floor in an agony of dilemma.

"In the course of half an hour I had made up my mind. I called to Boniface, who was watching the boiling pot, and made a clean breast to him of my impending distresses, aiding his comprehension by such eye-water as landlords require. He readily undertook the necessary lies, brought out his store of brandy, added a second bed to one of the apartments, and promised faithfully to bear my sex in mind, and treat me with the reverence due my cross and rosary. I then tore out a leaf of the grocery book, and wrote with my pencil a note to this effect, to be delivered to the ladies on their arrival:—

"'DEAR MISS BLIDGIMS: Feeling quite indisposed myself, and being firmly persuaded that we are three cases of cholera, I have taken advantage of a return calesino to hurry on to Modena for medical advice. The vehicle I take, brought hither a sister of charity, who assures me she will wait on you, even in the most malignant stage of your disease. She is collecting funds for an hospital, and will receive compensation for her services in the form of a donation to this object. I shall send you a physician by express

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from Modena, where it is still possible we may meet. With prayers, &c., &c.

"'Yours very devotedly, "'F.

"'P. S. Sister Benedetta understands French when spoken, though she speaks only Italian.'

"The delivery of this was subject, of course, to the condition of the ladies when they should arrive, though I had a presentiment they were in for a serious business.

"And, true to my boding, they did arrive, exceedingly ill. An hour earlier than I had looked for him, the vetturino came up with foaming horses at a tugging trot, frightened half out of his senses. The ladies were dying, he swore by all the saints, before he dismounted. He tore open the carriage door, shouted for *il signore* and the landlord, and had carried both the groaning girls up stairs in his arms, before fat Boniface, who had been killing a sheep in the stable, could wash his hands and come out to him. To his violent indignation, the landlord's first care was to unstrap the baggage and take off my portmanteau, condescending to give him neither why nor wherefore, and as it mounted the stairs on the broad shoulders of my faithful ally, it was followed by a string of oaths such as can rattle off from nothing but the voluble tongue of an Italian.

"I immediately despatched the note by the host, requesting him to come back and 'do my dress,' and in half an hour sister Benedetta's troublesome toilet was achieved, and my old Abigail walked around me, rubbing his hands, and swore I was a '*meraviglia di belleza*.' The lower part of my face was covered by the linen coif, and the forehead was almost completely concealed in the plain put-away of a 'false front;' and, unless the Blidgimses had reconnoitred my nose and eyes very carefully, I was sure of my disguise. The improvements in my figure were, unluckily, fixtures in the dress, for it was very hot; but by the landlord's account they were very becoming. Do you believe the old dog tried to kiss me?

"The groans of Ninny, meantime, resounded through the house, for, as I expected, she had the worst of it. Her exclamations of pain were broken up, I could also hear, by sentences in a sort of spiteful monotone, answered in regular 'humphs!' by Crinny—Crinny never talking except to astonish, and being as habitually crisp to her half-witted sister as she was fluent to those who were capable of surprise. Fearing that some disapprobation of myself might find its way to Ninny's lips, and for several other reasons which occurred to me, I thought it best to give the ladies another half hour to themselves, and by way of testing my *incognito*, bustled about in the presence of the vetturino, warming oil and mixing brandies-and-water, and getting used to the suffocation of my petticoats—for you have no idea how intolerably hot they are, with trowsers under.

"Quite assured, at last, I knocked at the door.

"'That's his nun!' said Ninny, after listening an instant.

"'Come in!—that is to say, *entrez!*' feebly murmured Crinny.

"They were both in bed, rolled up like pocket-handkerchiefs; but Ninny had found strength to bandbox her wig and *abbo*, and array herself in a nightcap with an exceedingly broad frill. But I must not trench upon the 'secrets of the prison-house.' You are a bachelor, and the Blidgimses are still in a 'world of hope.'

"I walked in and leaned over each of them, and whispered a *benedicite*, felt their pulses, and made signs that I understood their complaints and they need not trouble themselves to explain; and forthwith I commenced operations by giving them their grog (which they swallowed without making faces, by-the-by), and, as they relaxed their postures a little, I got one foot at a time hung over to me from the side of the bed into the pail of hot water, and set them to rubbing themselves with the warm oil, while I vigorously bathed their extremities. Crinny, as I very well knew, had but five-and-twenty words of French, just sufficient to hint at her wants, and Ninny spoke only such English as Heaven pleased, so I played the ministering angel in safe silence—listening to my praises, however, for I handled Ninny's irregular *doigts du pied* with a tenderness that pleased her.

"Well—you know what the cholera is. I knew that at the Hotel Dieu at Paris, women who had not been intemperate were oftenest cured by whiskey punches, and as brandy toddies were the nearest approach of which the resources of the place admitted, I plied my patients with brandy toddy. In the weak state of their stomachs, it produced, of course, a delirious intoxication, and as I began very early in the morning, there were no lucid intervals in which my incognito might be endangered. My ministrations were, consequently, very much facilitated, and after the second day (when I really thought the poor girls would die), we fell into a very regular course of hospital life, and for one, I found it very entertaining. Quite impressed with the idea that sister Bellidettor (as Ninny called me) understood not a word of English, they discoursed to please themselves, and I was obliged to get a book, to excuse, even to their tipsy comprehension, my outbreaks of laughter. Crinny spouted poetry and sobbed about Washington Irving, who, she thought, *should* have been her lover, and Ninny sat up in bed, and, with a small glass she had in the back of a hair-brush, tried on her *abbo* at every possible angle, always ending by making signs to sister Bellidettor to come and comb her hair! There was a long, slender, mustache remaining on the back of the bald crown, and after putting this into my hand, with the hair-brush, she sat with a smile of delight till she found my brushing did not come round to the front!

"'Why don't you brush this lock?' she cried, 'this—and this—and this!' making passes from her shining skull down to her waist, as if, in every one, she had a handful of hair! And so, for an hour together, I threaded these imaginary locks, beginning where they were rooted 'long time ago,' and passing the brush off to the length of my arm—the cranium, when I had done, looking like a balloon of shot silk, its smooth surface was so purpled with the friction of the bristles. Poor Ninny! She has great temptation to tipple, I think—that is, 'if Macassar won't bring back the lost *chevelure!*'

"About the fifth day, the ladies began to show signs of convalescence, and it became necessary to reduce their potations. Of course they grew less entertaining, and I was obliged to be much more on my guard. Crinny fell from her inspiration, and Ninny from her complacency, and they came down to their previous condition of damaged spinsters, prim and peevish. 'Needs must' that I should 'play out the play,' however, and I abated none of my *petits soins* for their comfort, laying out very large anticipations of their grateful acknowledgments for my dramatic chivalry, devotion, and delicacy!"

"Well—they *are* ungrateful!" said I, interrupting F—— for the first time in his story.

"Now, are not they? They should at least, since they deny me my honors, pay me for my services as maid-of-all-work, nurse, hair-dresser, and apothecary! Well, if I hear of their abusing me again, I'll send in my bills. Wouldn't you? But, to wind up this long story.

"I thought that perhaps there might be some little circumstances connected with my attentions which would look best at a distance, and that it would be more delicate to go on and take leave at Modena as

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sister Benedetta, and rejoin them the next morning in hose and doublet as before—reserving to some future period the clearing up of my apparently recreant desertion. On the seventh morning, therefore, I instructed old Giuseppe, the landlord, to send in his bill to the ladies while I was dressing, and give notice to the vetturino that he was to take the holy sister to Modena in the place of *il signore*, who had gone on before.

"Crinny and Ninny were their own reciprocal dressing-maids, but Crinny's fingers had weakened by sickness much more than her sister's waist had diminished, and, in the midst of shaving, in my own room, I was called to 'finish doing' Ninny, who backed up to me with her mouth full of pins, and the breath, for the time being, quite expelled from her body. As I was straining, very red in the face, at the critical hook, Giuseppe knocked at the door, with the bill, and the lack of an interpreter to dispute the charges, brought up the memory of the supposed 'absquatulator' with no very grateful odor. Before I could finish Miss Ninny and get out of the room, I heard myself charged with more abominations, mental and personal, than the monster that would have made the fortune of Trinculo. Crinny counted down half the money, and attempted, by very expressive signs, to impress upon Giuseppe that it was enough; but the oily palm of the old publican was patiently held out for more, and she at last paid the full demand, fairly crying with vexation.

"Quite sick of the new and divers functions to which I had been serving an apprenticeship in my black petticoat, I took my place in the *vettura*, and dropped veil, to be sulky in one lump as far as Modena. I would willingly have stopped my ears, but after wearing out their indignation at the unabated charges of old Giuseppe, the ladies took up the subject of the expected donation to the charity-fund of sister Benedetta, and their expedients to get rid of it occupied (very amusingly to me) the greater part of a day's travel. They made up their minds at last, that half a dollar would be as much as I could expect for my week's attendance, and Crinny requested that she should not be interrupted while she thought out the French for saying as much when we should come to the parting.

"I was sitting quietly in the corner of the *vettura*, the next day, felicitating myself on the success of my masquerade, when we suddenly came to a halt at the gate of Modena, and the *doganiere* put his mustache in at the window, with '*passaporti*, signore!'

"Murder! thought I—here's a difficulty I never provided for!

"The ladies handed out their papers, and I thrust my hand through the slit in the side of my dress and pulled mine from my pocket. As of course you know, it is the business of this gatekeeper to compare every traveller with the description given of him in his passport. He read those of the Blidgimses and looked at them—all right. I sat still while he opened mine, thinking it possible he might not care to read the description of a sister of charity. But to my dismay he did—and opened his eyes, and looked again into the carriage.

"'*Aspetta, caro!*' said I, for I saw it was of no use. I gathered up my bombazine and stepped out into the road. There were a dozen soldiers and two or three loungers sitting on a long bench in the shade of the gateway. The officer read through the description once more, and then turned to me with the look of a functionary who has detected a culprit. I began to pull up my petticoat. The soldiers took their pipes out of their mouths and uttered the Italian 'keck' of surprise. When I had got as far as the knee, however, I came to the rolled-up trowsers, and the officer joined in the sudden uproar of laughter. I pulled my black petticoat over my head, and stood in my waistcoat and shirt-sleeves, and bowed to the merry official. The Blidgimses, to my surprise, uttered no exclamation, but I had forgotten my coif. When that was unpinned, and my whiskers came to light, their screams became alarming. The vetturino ran for water, the soldiers started to their feet, and in the midst of the excitement, I ordered down my baggage and resumed my coat and cap, and repacked under lock and key the sister Benedetta. And not quite ready to encounter the Blidgimses, I walked on to the hotel and left the vetturino to bring on the ladies at his leisure.

"Of course I had no control over accidents, and this exposure was unlucky; but if I had had time to let myself down softly on the subject, don't you see it would have been quite a different sort of an affair? I parted company from the old girls at Modena, however, and they were obliged to hire a man-servant who spoke English and Italian, and probably the expense of that was added to my iniquities. Anyhow, abusing me this way is very ungrateful of these Blidgimses. Now, isn't it?"

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DASHES AT LIFE

WITH A FREE PENCIL.

PART IV;

EPHEMERA.

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TO

GEORGE P. MORRIS, ESQ.,

THE FOLLOWING PAGES ARE

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

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EPHEMERA.

FROM SARATOGA.

TO THE JULIA OF SOME YEARS AGO.

August 2, 1843.

I HAVE not written to you in your boy's lifetime—that fine lad, a shade taller than yourself, whom I sometimes meet at my tailor's and bootmaker's. I am not very sure, that after the first month (bitter month) of your marriage, I have thought of you for the duration of a revery—fit to be so called. I loved you—lost you—swore your ruin and forgot you—which is love's climax when jilted. And I never expected to think of you again.

Beside the astonishment at hearing from me at all, you will be surprised at receiving a letter from me at Saratoga. Here where the stars are, that you swore by—here, where the springs and colonnades, the woodwalks and drives, the sofas and swings, are all coated over with your delicious perjuries, your "protested" protestations, your incalculable bankruptcy of sighs, tears, caresses, promises! Oh, Julia—*mais, retiens toi, ma plume!*

I assure you I had not the slightest idea of ever coming here again in the world—not the slightest! I had a vow in heaven against it, indeed. While I hated you—before I forgot you, that is to say—I would not have come for your husband's million—(your price, Julia!) I had laid Saratoga away with a great seal, to be reopened in the next star I shall inhabit, and used as a lighthouse of warning. There was one bannister at Congress Hall, particularly—across which we parted nightly—the next object my hand touched after losing the warm pressure of yours—the place I leaned over with a heart under my waistcoat which would have scaled Olympus to be nearer to you, yet was kept back by that mahogany and your "no"—and I will believe that devils may become dolls, and ghosts play around us like the smoke of a cigar, since over that bannister I have thrown my leg and sat thinking of the past without phrensy or emotion! And none have a better right than we to laugh now at love's passionate eternities! For we were lovers, Julia—I, as I know, and you, as I believe—and in that entry, when we parted to dream, write, contrive for the blissful morrow—anything but sleep and forget—in that entry and over that bannister were said words of tenderness and devotion, from as deep soundings of two hearts as ever plummet of this world could by possibility fathom. You *did* love me—monster of untruth and forgetfulness as you have since been bought for—*you did love me!* And that you can ride in your husband's carriage and grow fat, and that I can come here and make a mock of it, are two comments on love worthy of the commonplace-book of Mephistophiles. Fie on us!

I came to Saratoga as I would look at a coat that I had worn twenty years before—with a sort of vacant curiosity to see the shell in which I had once figured. A friend said, "Join me at Saratoga!" and it sounded like, "Come and see where Julia was adorable." I came in a railcar, under a hot sun, and wanted my dinner, and wished myself where Julia, indeed, sat fat in her *fauteuil*—wished it, for the good wine in the cellar and the French cook in the kitchen. And I did not go down to "Congress Hall," the old *palais d'amour*—but in the modern and comfortable parlor of the "United States," sat down by a pretty woman of these days, and chatted about the water-lily in her bosom and the boy she had up stairs—coldly and every-day-ishly. I had been there six hours, and you had not entered my thoughts. Please to believe that, Julia!

But in the evening there was a ball at Congress Hall. And though the old house is unfashionable now, and the lies of love are elsewhere told and listened to, there was a movement among the belles in its favor, and I appended myself to a lady's arm and went boldly. I say boldly, for it required an effort. The twilight had fallen, and with it had come a memory or two of the Springs in *our* time. I had seated myself against a pillar of the colonnade of the "United States," and looked down toward Congress Hall—and *you* were under the old vineclad portico, as I should have seen you from the same spot, and with the same eye of fancy, sundry years ago. So it was not quite like a passionless antiquary that I set foot again on that old-time colonnade, and, to say truth, as the band struck up a waltz, I might have had in my lip a momentary quiver, and some dimness in my world-weary eye. But it passed away.

The ball was *comme ca*, and I found sweet women (as where are they not—given, candles and music?) and aired my homage as an old stager may. I danced without thinking of you uncomfortably, though the ten years' washing of that white floor has not quite washed out the memory of your Arab instep with its embracing and envied sandal, gliding and bounding, oh how airily! For you had feet, absolute in their perfection, dear Julia!—had you not?

But I went out for fresh air on the colonnade, in an evil and forgetful moment. I strolled alone toward the spring. The lamp burned dim, as it used to burn, tended by Cupid's minions. And on the end of the portico, by the last window of the music-room, under that overhanging ivy, with stars in sight that I would have sworn to for the very same—sat a lady in a dress like yours as I saw you last, and black eyes, like jet lamps framed in velvet, turning indolently toward me. I held by the railing, for I am superstitious, and it seemed to me that I had only to ask why you were there—for, ghostly or bodily, there I saw you! Back came your beauty on my memory with yester-

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day's freshness of recollection. Back came into my heart the Julia of my long-accursed adoration! I saw your confiding and bewildering smile, your fine-cut teeth of pearl, your over-bent brow and arch look from under, your lily-shoulders, your dimpled hands. You were there, if my senses were sufficient evidence, if presence be anything without touch—bodily there!

Of course it was somebody else. I went in and took a julep. But I write to tell you that for a minute—a minute of enormous capacity—I have loved you once more. For one minute, while you probably were buried deep in your frilled pillow—(snoring, perhaps—who knows?)—for one minute, fleeting and blissful, you have been loved again—with heart, brain, blood, all on fire with truth, tenderness, and passionate adoration—by a man who could have bought you (you know I could!) for half the money you sold for! And I thought you would like to know this, Julia! And now, hating you as before, in your fleshy forgetfulness, Yours not at all.

Did it ever strike you how much more French than English we are in many of the qualities, especially the superficies and physiognomy, of our national character? In dressing, dancing, congregating—in chivalry to women, facility of adaptation to new circumstances, inflammability of excitement, elasticity of recuperation from trouble—in complexion and figure even, how very French! The remark, perhaps, is more particularly true of New York. Where in the world is there such a copy of the *sweeter* features of the *jour de l'an* at Paris, as to-day in the *bons-bons* shops of Broadway? Here, as there, ingenuity and art are taxed to their utmost to provide gay and significant presents of confectionary for children and friends, and the shops are museums of curiosities. Everybody has a child or two by the hand; everybody is abroad, and alive to the spirit and baby-supremacy of the hour; everybody abandons his monotone of daily life, to strike into the general diapason, a full octave higher, for Christmas. But Christmas has not these superficial features in England. This is the way they keep Christmas in France; and the French extravagance of confectionary is one of the outer indices of the original from which we copy, and points us directly to Paris.

Were the language of the three countries the same, we should seem to a traveller's eye, I am inclined to think, much more like a nation of French origin than English. Although our communication with England is much more intimate, we hardly copy anything English except its literature and religion. Our fashions in dress, male as well as female, are principally Parisian. The style of cookery in our hotels, and at all private tables of any pretension, is French. Our houses are furnished *a la Française;* our habits of society, our balls, private concerts, and places of entertainment for the idlers about town, are all French. We have a hundred French bootmakers to one English. We have a large colony of Americans in Paris engaged in the business of exporting French fabrics, elegancies, and conveniences, for this country, and almost none of the same class in England. In fact, if England is our mother-country, France is the foster-nurse from whom we draw the most of our nourishment, of the tasteful and ornamental order.

In the society of New York I think the predominance of Gallicism over Anglicism is still more striking. The French language is heard all over a crowded drawing-room; and with costume entirely, and furniture mainly, French, it is difficult sometimes at a party in this city, not to fancy one's self on the other side of the Atlantic. Frenchmen are quite at home in New York, while no Frenchman is at home in England. And lately the fashion of *soirées*, beginning with music and ending with a dance, another Parisian usage, has followed on the heels of the *matinées* which I referred to in a previous letter. We certainly have not inherited, with our English blood, the English reluctance to copy even an excellence, if it be French; and it is a curious mark of the difference made in such matters by national antipathy, that, with a separation of only twenty miles from the French coast, the English assimilate not at all, even to the acknowledged superiorities of French life, while we, at a distance of three thousand miles, copy them with the readiness of a contiguous country.

There was, of course, a period when every work on the country was English; and it would be a curious chapter in a historical memoir to trace back our Gallicism to its incipient point, and give its rise and progress in detail. And, apropos of suggestions, which sometimes travel like the seed in the migrating bird, what an interesting book might be written (and by no man living so admirably and ably as by your correspondent, Mr. Walsh) tracing the influences that have spread from our country *eastward;* and to what degree our institutions, opinions, and discoveries, have affected European countries, and paid back our debt of literature and refinement!

The snow-storm of Wednesday cleared up at nightfall with an old-fashioned frosty and sparkling northwester. While the south wind was disputing his ground, however, the sun found a chink to creep through, and quietly took to himself the scanty remainder of the city's mantle of snow. I chanced to look down upon the Park while the ground was covered, and I wished that the common council might see it with my eyes, for the fountain was playing beautifully in a basin of spotless white, which, if exactly imitated in marble, would be better worthy of that radiant column than the mingled mud and greensward that commonly surround it. I have been surprised to notice the complete satiety of public curiosity to this superb object. A column of water, fifty or sixty feet high, is continually playing in the most thronged thoroughfare of the city, and it already attracts as little attention as the trees in the Park, or the liberty-cap on Tammany hall. Seldom a passer-by stops to gaze at it; and I have watched in vain, in my daily stroll through Broadway, for the turning toward it of the refined eyes of shoppers and danglers. I understand there is to be another jet in the Bowling-Green, and another on the Battery—though this last will be bringing the rural water-nymph into very close contact with the uproarious Neptune.

The joy of New York comes to *Broadway* as color comes with the same impulse to the cheek. The excitement of shoving off the old year and helping in the new, was made visible by a *pave* as thronged on Saturday night at twelve, as it commonly is on a holyday at noon. Sunday (the superseded first) was pretty gayly infringed upon by sleighing parties; for even in Broadway the sleighing was tolerable, and, out of town, said to be excellent. To-day is "black Monday" for horse-flesh! Such ringing of sleigh-bells and plunging of runners through the mud-holes, and laughing, and whipping, and hurrying by, is enough to give inexperienced Forty-three a most confused impression of the world he is called upon to govern. It is snowing slightly at this moment, and gives promise of a violent storm by noon.

The temperance people have made a strong effort to discountenance, this year, the giving of wine and

other stimulants to visiters on New Year's day. But there is a much more powerful principle at work in the same cause, or rather in a cause which covers this—the destroying of the custom of New Year's visiting altogether—and that principle is omnipotent *fashion*. The aristocratic feeling now is against the receiving on that day; and some of the leading fashionables have reduced their observance of the custom to a matter of pasteboard—a servant standing at the door to take in cards. The truth is, the good feeling of the day has been abused of late years. The hilarity amounted to a general saturnalia, in which everybody went anywhere and everywhere to drink and shake hands, and exclusiveness was very much offended, and so, very often were propriety and delicacy—three very implacable members of society! Once well understood that fashionable people do not receive—*presto!* the custom will vanish like a ghost at cock-crowing. If this formidable gun could be brought to bear upon some other things, now?

A score at least of the aristocratic dames in the upper part of Broadway have adopted the fashion of a *matinée*—receiving visits one morning only in the week. This is rather a usage *en prince*, but, ambitious as it seems, it is a novelty which common sense might father if it had been disowned by fashion. In the first place, it leaves to those who thus entertain, six mornings in the week, if they please, of excusable closed doors—a very available privilege for very many important uses. In the second place, it saves much outlay of time consumed in ineffectual attempts to see people; it times your visit when the ladies are in a *dress-humor* to receive! and (last, though perhaps least important) the class of gregarious idlers, so fast increasing in our country, are provided with a resource against *ennui*, which may profitably take the place of less innocent amusement. It may be put down as an accidental advantage, also, that ladies may dress very gayly with propriety to pass two or three hours in a reception-room, and, with this compensation, perhaps our fair countrywomen may be willing to forego that showiness of street costume which has been so often objected to. The most becoming toilet (which is undoubtedly that of out-doors, at least to all women past seventeen) *must have* its field of display, and this necessity has been amply proved by the fashion peculiar to our country of dressing highly for steamboat-decks and street promenades—the only opportunities for showing the hat and its accompaniments. In England, ladies dress plainly in the street, but they dress showily for Hyde park and the opera. In default of a Hyde park and an opera, our persevering countrywomen have adopted the *matinée*. *Sequitur*—Broadway will be shorn of the genteeler rays of its splendor; ladies will heighten the style of their visiting toilets till they can not visit without equipages, and so the *aristocracy of money* takes another long stride toward exclusiveness and empire.

An advertisement of "*fifteen Indians and squaws to be seen at the American Museum in their* NATIVE *costume*," drew me into this place of popular resort last evening. I found a crowd of five or six hundred people collected in the upper story, and the performances of a small theatre going on, with the Indians sitting, in full costume, on the stage; not "*native* costume," certainly, unless they are born in wampum and feathers. There were only nine Indians upon the stage, and several of these seemed to have bad coughs; and I was told that those who were not visible were confined to their *skins* with severe colds and fevers. I am not surprised that these hardy sons of the forest succumb under the delicacies (?) of civilization. They all sleep in one small room in the museum building, their buffalo-skins spread around a stove—heated to an insufferable degree with anthracite coal—and they ascend to the terrace-roof of the house to smoke their pipes, and are regaled with a daily sleigh-ride, changing their temperature continually from ninety to zero. The old chief who "has killed with his own hand one hundred Osages, three Mohawks, two Sioux, and one Pawnee," and "*No-chee*, or the Man of Fire," are the principal victims to the luxury of anthracite. I saw but one of the squaws, "*Do-hum-me*, or the Productive Pumpkin," a handsome and benign looking woman, who was married a few days ago to *Cow-kick-ke*, son of the principal chief of the Iowas. The bride and bridegroom sat together, she leaning very affectionately upon her husband; but I observed that the "Productive Pumpkin" modestly turned her eyes away during the pirouettes of *La Petite Celeste*, a savage *niaiserie* which will, of course, wear away with civilization. Still, I could wish that some of the "daughters of the pale faces," in this respect, at least, were more like "Productive Pumpkin." These Indians, I believe, are well authenticated as the first people of their important tribes; and the question arises whether, in becoming a shilling show at the museum, they have entered civilized society upon a *stratum* parallel to their own. Is "*No-nos-ee*, the She-Wolf" (a niece of Blackhawk, and, of course, an Indian princess), on a level, as to rank, with the dancing and singing girls of a museum? But this question of comparative rank would lead a great way, and, as it stands, it makes a very pretty topic of discussion for your female readers.

You will have seen mentioned in the papers the death of the young squaw at the museum. She had been married but six weeks, and was a very beautiful creature. I saw her, a few days ago, at the Park theatre, with a circlet of jewels around her head, and thought her by far the prettiest woman in the house. She was the survivor of the two females of the party, the other squaw having died a few weeks since. The immediate cause of her death was a violent cold, taken in coming home a night or two before from a ball at the Tivoli. The omnibus in which they were returning broke down in Hudson street, and they were obliged to walk a mile through a light snow falling at the time. Their thin moccasins were no protection, and four or five of the Indians were ill the next morning, the bride worst of all. She died in dreadful agony, of congestion of the blood, on the third day, spite of the best medical attendance and every care on the part of the ladies of the neighborhood. The Indians were all standing around her, and on being told that she was dead, they tore the rings from their ears, and stood for some minutes in silence, with the blood streaming upon their cheeks. Their grief afterward became quite uncontrollable. They washed off all the paint with which they have been so gayly bedecked while here, and painted the dead bride very gaudily for burial. She was interred in the Greenwood cemetery. The most passionate affection existed between her and her husband. He is a magnificent fellow, the handsomest Indian we have ever had in the cities, and a happier marriage was never celebrated. She followed close at his heels wherever he went, and had scarce been separated from him five minutes at a time since her marriage. The poor fellow is an object of great commiseration now, for he seems completely inconsolable. His wife was the idol of the party. They are very impatient to be away since this melancholy event, and will start westward as soon as the sick recover.

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Public opinion, which is notoriously unkind to the misdoings of old men, has at last taken up the matter of—

"Winter lingering in the lap of May."

There are strong symptoms (in everything but the inflexible thermometer) that the spring is universally believed to have arrived. A steamboat made its way on Wednesday as far as Poughkeepsie, ploughing up the ice where it was at least eighteen inches thick. People were running out from every side to meet her, and many climbed up her sides while she was making way. Some heavily-laden sleighs were obliged to whip up to get out of her course, and altogether the skirmish between hot and cold water (both *a l'outrance*) is said to have been very daringly fought.

The "town" is "verdant." The enchanting spring-hats of the ladies are breezily exposed in the plate-glass windows of the milliners. The airy, delicate, daisy-mead patterns for ladies' wear in the transition month make every shop-window like a landscape of May in Arcady; the men-tailors "turn out for lining to the sun" the light woofs of the "demme!" tribe for the *demi*-season; the Croton pipers water the streets; the small wooden signs hang on every leafless tree in the park, warning you to "keep off the grass;" people are beginning to discuss the resorts of the sultry season; and, in fact, everything is here but the month itself. The table is set, and the hour and the appetite come, but the dinner is not served.

"Oh! ever thus from childhood's hour!" &c.

Apropos of Croton water—there has been a great overturn lately of "mill-privileges" in some of the cellars of New York. The authorities have ferreted out, it is said, an incredible quantity of usurped water-power. applied to almost every branch of mechanism, and drawn very quietly from the main "race" down Broadway. One scratches one's head and wonders he never thought of it before, the adaptation seems so simple; but as the Common Council will hear no argument about "natural privileges" and "backwater," the interloping wheels will easily be stopped turning.

As I presume you are interested in the one portion of New York made classic by a foreign pen, let me jot you down a *mem.* or two from my first visit to Dickens's Hole at the Five Points, made one evening last week with a distinguished party under the charge of the Boz officer.

I had had an idea that this celebrated spot was on the eastern limit of the city, at the end of one of the omnibus-routes, and was surprised to find that it was not more than three minutes' walk from Broadway, and in full view from one of the fashionable corners. It lies, indeed, in a lap between Broadway and the Bowery, in what was once a secluded valley of the island of Manhattan, though to believe it ever to have been green or clean, requires a powerful effort of imagination. We turned into Anthony street at half-past ten, passed "the Tombs," and took the downward road, as did Orpheus and Dickens before us. It was a cold night, but women stood at every door with bare heads and shoulders, most of them with something to say, and, by their attitudes, showing a complete insensibility to cold. In everything they said, they contrived to bring in the word "shilling." There were very few men to be seen, and those whom we met skulked past as if avoiding observation—possibly ashamed to be there, possibly shrinking from any further acquaintance with officer Stevens, though neither of these feelings seemed to be shared by the females of the community. A little turn to the left brought us up against what looked to me a blind, tumble-down board fence; but the officer pulled a latch and opened a door, and a flight of steps was disclosed. He went down first and threw open a door at the bottom, letting up a blaze of light, and we followed into the grand subterranean Almack's of the Five Points. And really it looked very clean and cheerful. It was a spacious room with a low ceiling, excessively white-washed, nicely sanded, and well lit, and the black proprietor and his "ministering *spirits*" (literally fulfilling their vocation behind a very tidy bar) were well-dressed and well-mannered people, and received Mr. Stevens and his friends with the politeness of grand chamberlains. We were a little early for the fashionable hour, the "ladies not having arrived from the theatres;" and, proposing to look in again after making the round of the other resorts, we crept up again to the street.

Our next dive was into a cellar crowded with negroes, eating, drinking, and dancing, one very well made mulatto-girl playing the castinets, and imitating Elssler in what she called the *cracoveragain*. In their way, these people seemed cheerful, dirty, and comfortable. We looked in afterward at several drinking-places, thronged with creatures who looked over their shoulders very significantly at the officer; found one or two barrooms kept by women who had preserved the one virtue of neatness (though in every clean place the hostess seemed a terrible virago), and it was then proposed that we should see some of the dormitories of this Alsatia. And at this point must end all the cheerfulness of my description. This is called "murdering alley," said our guide. We entered between two high brick walls, with barely room to pass, and by the police-lantern made our way up a broken and filthy staircase, to the first floor of a large building. Under its one roof the officer thought there usually slept a thousand of these wretched outcasts. He knocked at a door on the left. It was opened unwillingly by a woman who held a dirty horse-blanket over her breast, but at the sight of the police-lantern she stepped back and let us pass in. The floor was covered with human beings asleep in their rags; and when called by the officer to look in at a low closet beyond, we could hardly put our feet to the ground, they lay so closely together, black and white, men, women, and children. The doorless apartment beyond, of the size of a kennel, was occupied by a woman and her daughter, and the daughter's child, lying together on the floor, and covered by rags and cloths of no distinguishable color, the rubbish of bones and dirt only displaced by their emaciated limbs. The sight was too sickening to endure, but there was no egress without following close to the lantern. Another door was opened to the right. It disclosed a low and gloomy apartment, perhaps eight feet square. Six or seven black women lay together in a heap, all sleeping except the one who opened the door. Something stirred in a heap of rags, and one of the party removing a dirty piece of carpet with his cane, discovered a newborn child. It belonged to one of the sleepers in the rags, and had had an hour's experience of the tender mercies of this world! But these details are disgusting, and have gone far enough when they have shown those who have the common comforts of life how inestimably, by comparison, they are blessed! For one, I had never before any adequate idea of poverty in cities. I did not dream that human beings, within reach of human aid, could be abandoned to the wretchedness which I there saw—and I have not described the half of it, for the delicacy of your readers would not bear it, even in description. And all these horrors of want and abandonment lie almost within sound of your voice, as

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you pass Broadway! The officers sometimes make a descent, and carry off swarms to Blackwell's Island—for all the inhabitants of the Five Points are supposed to be criminal and vicious—but still thousands are there, subjects for tears and pity, starving, like rats and dogs, with the sensibilities of human beings!

As we returned we heard screams and fighting on every side, and the officers of the watch were carrying off a party to the lock-up-house. We descended once more to the grand ballroom, and found the dance going on very merrily. Several very handsome mulatto women were in the crowd, and a few "young men about town," mixed up with the blacks; and altogether it was a picture of "amalgamation," such as I had never before seen. I was very glad to get out of the neighborhood, leaving behind me, I am free to confess, all discontent with my earthly allotment. One gentleman who was with us left behind him something of more value, having been robbed at Almack's of his keys, pencilcase, and a few dollars, the contents of two or three pockets. I wind up my "notes" with the hope that the true picture I have drawn may touch some moving-spring of benevolence in private societies, or in the Common Council, and that something may be soon done to alleviate the horrors of the Five Points.

I took a stroll or two while in Boston, and was struck with the contrast of its physiognomy to that of New York. There is a look of staid respectability and thrift in everything that strikes the eye in Boston. The drays, carts, omnibuses, and public vehicles, are well horsed and appointed, and driven by respectable-looking men. The people are all clad very warmly and very inelegantly. The face of every pedestrian in the street has a marked errand in it—gentlemen holding their nerves to the screw till they have achieved the object of being out of doors, and ladies undergoing a "constitutional" to carry out a system. There are no individuals in Boston—they are all classes. It is a cohesive and gregarious town, and half a dozen portraits would give you the entire population. Every eye in Boston seems to move in its socket with a check—a fear of meeting something that may offend it—and all heads are carried in a posture of worthy gravity, singularly contagious. It struck me the very loaves in the bakers' windows had a look of virtuous exaction, to be eaten gravely, if at all.

New York seems to me to differ from all this, as a dish of rice, boiled to let every grain fall apart, differs from a pot of mush. Every man you meet with in our city walks with his countenance free of any sense of observation or any dread of his neighbor. He has evidently dressed to please himself, and he looks about with an eye wholly at ease. He is an integer in the throng, untroubled with any influence beyond the risks of personal accident. There is neither restraint nor curiosity in his look, and he neither expects to be noticed by the passers-by, nor to see anything worthy of more than half a glance in the persons he meets. The moving sights of the city have all the same integral and stand-alone character. The drays, instead of belonging to a company, are each the property of the man who drives it; the hacks and cabs are under no corporate discipline, every ragged whip doing as he likes with his own vehicle; and all the smaller trades seem followed by individual impulse, responsible to nothing but police-law. Boston has the advantage in many things, but a man who has any taste for *cosmopolitism* would very much prefer New York.

Wednesday was a long warm summer's day, with no treachery in it to the close; and the rivulet of Croton, which ripples round the sidewalk of the park, and goes down the great throat of the drain, seemed giving the dry city to drink. The pavement of Broadway burst into flower. Birds were hung out at the windows; hyacinths were put out to breathe; and open casements and doors, lounging footsteps and cheerful voices in the street, all gave sweet token of summer. Thursday was a fine day, too, with a little *soupcon* of east wind in its blandishments, and the evening set in with a gentle summer rain, welcome as most things are after their opposites, for the dust was a nuisance; and to-day, Friday, it rains mildly and steadily.

March made an expiring effort to give us a spring-day yesterday. The morning dawned mild and bright, and there was a voluptuous contralto in the cries of the milkmen and the sweeps, which satisfied me, before I was out of bed, that there was an arrival of a south wind. The Chinese proverb says, "when thou hast a day to be idle, be idle for a day;" but for that very elusive "time when," I irresistibly substitute the day the wind sweetens after a sour northeaster. Oh, the luxury (or *curse*, as the case may be!) of breakfasting leisurely with an idle day before one!

I strolled up Broadway between nine and ten, and encountered the *morning tide down;* and if you never have studied the physiognomy of this great thoroughfare in its various fluxes and refluxes, the differences would amuse you. The clerks and workies have passed down an hour before the nine o'clock tide, and the sidewalk is filled at this time with bankers, brokers, and speculators, bound to Wall street; old merchants and junior partners, bound to Pearl and Water; and lawyers, young and old, bound for Nassau and Pine. Ah, the faces of care! The day's operations are working out in their eyes; their hats are pitched forward at the angle of a stagecoach with all the load on the driver's seat, their shoulders are raised with the shrug of anxiety, their steps are hurried and short, and mortal face and gait could scarcely express a heavier burden of solicitude than every man seems to bear. They nod to you without a smile, and with a kind of unconscious recognition; and, if you are unaccustomed to walk out at that hour, you might fancy that, if there were not some great public calamity, your friends, at least, had done smiling on you. Walk as far as Niblo's, stop at the greenhouse there, and breathe an hour in the delicious atmosphere of flowering plants, and then return. There is no longer any particular current in Broadway. Foreigners coming out from the *cafés*, after their late breakfast, and idling up and down, for fresh air; country-people shopping early; ladies going to their dress-makers in close veils and demi-toilets; errand-boys, news-boys, duns, and doctors, make up the throng. Toward twelve o'clock there is a sprinkling of mechanics going to dinner—a merry, short-jacketed, independent-looking troop, glancing gayly at the women as they pass, and disappearing around corners and up alleys, and an hour later Broadway begins to brighten. The omnibuses go along empty, and at a slow pace, for people would rather walk than ride. The side-streets are tributaries of silks and velvets, flowers and feathers, to the great thoroughfare; and ladies, whose proper mates (judging by the dress alone) should be lords and princes, and dandies, shoppers, and loungers of every description, take crowded possession of the *pavé*. At nine o'clock you look into the troubled faces of men going to their business, and ask yourself "to what end is all this burden of care?" and at two, you gaze on the universal prodigality of exterior, and wonder what fills the multitude of pockets that pay for it! The faces are beautiful, the shops are thronged, the sidewalks crowded for an hour, and

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then the full tide turns, and sets upward. The most of those who are out at three are bound to the upper part of the city to dine; and the merchants and lawyers, excited by collision and contest above the depression of care, join, smiling, in the throng. The physiognomy of the crowd is at its brightest. Dinner is the smile of the day to most people, and the hour approaches. Whatever has happened in stocks or politics, whoever is dead, whoever ruined since morning, Broadway is thronged with cheerful faces and good appetites at three! The world will probably dine with pleasure up to the last day—perhaps breakfast with worldly care for the future on doomsday morning! And here I must break off my Daguerreotype of yesterday's idling, for the wind came round easterly and raw at three o'clock, and I was driven in-doors to try industry as an opiate.

The first day of freedom from medical embargo is equivalent, in most men's memories, to a new first impression of existence. Dame Nature, like a provident housewife, seems to take the opportunity of a sick man's absence to whitewash and freshen the world he occupies. Certainly, I never saw the bay of New York look so beautiful as on Sunday noon; and you may attribute as much as you please of this impression to the "Claude Lorraine spectacles" of convalescence, and as much more as pleases you to the fact that it was an intoxicating and dissolving day of spring.

The Battery on Sunday is the Champs-Elysées of foreigners. I heard nothing spoken around me but French and German. Wrapped in my cloak and seated on a bench, I watched the children and the poodle-dogs at their gambols, and it seemed to me as if I were in some public resort over the water. They bring such happiness to a day of idleness—these foreigners—laughing, talking nonsense, totally unconscious of observation, and delighted as much with the passing of a rowboat, or a steamer, as an American with the arrival of his own "argosy" from sea. They are not the better class of foreigners who frequent the Battery on Sunday. They are the newly-arrived, the artisans, the German toymakers and the French bootmakers—people who still wear the spacious-hipped trousers and scant coats, the gold rings in the ears, and the ruffled shirts of the lands of undandyfied poverty. They are there by hundreds. They hang over the railing and look off upon the sea. They sit and smoke on the long benches. They run hither and thither with their children, and behave as they would in their own garden, using and enjoying it just as if it were their own. And an enviable power they have of it!

There had been a heavy fog on the water all the morning, and quite a fleet of the river-craft had drifted with the tide close on to the Battery. The soft south wind was lifting the mist in undulating sweeps, and covering and disclosing the spars and sails with a phantom effect quite melo-dramatic. By two o'clock the breeze was steady and the bay clear, and the horizon was completely concealed with the spread of canvass. The grass in the Battery plots seemed to be growing visibly meantime, and to this animated seapicture gave a foreground of tender and sparkling green; the trees look feathery with the opening buds; the children rolled on the grass, and the summer seemed come. Much as Nature loves the country, she opens her green lap first in the cities. The valleys are asleep under the snow, and will be for weeks.

I think I may safely announce to you the opening of a new channel for literature. Mr. Stetson, mine host of the Astor, as you are aware, is a man of genius, whose advent, like Napoleon's, was the answer to a demand in the national character. The peculiarly American passion for life in hotels, and the mammoth size to which these luxurious caravansaries have grown, demanded some mind capable of systematizing and generalizing, and of bringing these Napoleonic qualities to bear upon the confused details of comfort and comestibles. I need not enlarge upon the well-known military discipline of the Johns and Thomases at the Astor, as most of your readers have witnessed their matutinal drill, and seen the simultaneous apparition of the smoking joints, when the hundred and ten covers have been whisked off by the word of command, like the heads of so many Paynim knights decapitated in their helmets. It has been reserved for this epoch to take and digest beef and pudding by platoon, in martinet obedience to a controlling spirit in white apron and carving-knife; but, as I said before, it was the exigency of the era, and the historian who records the national trait will emblazon the name of Stetson as its interpreter and moulding genius. I am wandering a little from my design, however, which was simply to make an admiring comment on the tact and adaptation of Mr. Stetson, and to show how such minds open the doors to important changes and innovations. Mr. Stetson's observing eye had long since detected, that, if there was any point in which his *table d'hote* suffered by comparison with private and princely banquets, it was in the poverty of conversation and the absence of general hilarity. This, of course, was owing partly to the temperance reform, but more particularly to the want of topics common to the guests, the persons meeting there being but slightly acquainted. Music would have furnished a good diapason for harmonizing the animal spirits of the company, but this was too expensive; and the first tentative to the present experiment was the introduction of a very facetious wine list on the back of the *carte*. When people no longer smiled at "Wedding Wine," "Wanton Madeira, exceedingly delicate," &c., the French *carte* was suddenly turned into English (explaining many a sphinx riddle to faithful believers in the cook), and a postscript was added, containing a list of the times of arrival and departure of the mails, and information relative to steamboats and railroads. And with the spring, I understand, this is to be extended into a "Daily Prandial Gazette," and a copy to be furnished to each guest with the soup, containing the arrivals of the day at the hotel, the range of the thermometer, the prospect of rain, "burstings-up" in Wall street, and general advice as to the use of the castors—the whole adapted to the meridian of a *table d'hote*, and the ascertained demand of subjects for conversation.

In this improvement your prophetic eye will see, probably, a new field for the ambition of authors (the addition of one poem *per diem*, for example, coming quite within the capacity of such a gazette), and, if I might venture to saddle Mr. Stetson with advice, I should recommend that it be confined as long as possible to the *debuts* of young poets, the genial criticism with which they would be read at such time and place being an "aching void" in their present destiny.

The City Hotel re-opens to-morrow under the care of the omni-recognisant Willard and his partner of the olden time. The building has been entirely refreshed, refitted, and refurnished, and I am told that in comfort and luxury it far exceeds any hotel in this country. The advances in the commodiousness and elegance of these public houses, their economy compared with housekeeping, and the difficulty of obtaining tolerable servants, combine to make an inroad upon the Lares and Penates of the metropolis, which

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may have an influence upon national character at least worth the noting. Hundreds of persons who, up to these disastrous times, have nursed their domestic virtues in the privacy of their own firesides, are now living at these gregarious palaces, passing their evenings in such society as chance brings together, and subjecting their children to such influences of body and mind as belong more properly to a community of Owen. Other more obvious objections aside, these collections of families are not the most harmonious communities in the world, and the histories of the conflicting dignities and jostling interests of these huddled masses will yet furnish most amusing material to some future Pickwickian writer. The ladies of the Carlton have lately sent in a remonstrance against the admission of errandless bachelors into their privileged drawing-room, and the brawls of the Guelphs and Ghibellines are but a faint type of the contentions in the ladies' wing of the Astor for places at table, &c., &c. I should like to have the opinion of some such generalizing mind as Dr. Channing's or Mr. Adams's as to whether the peculiar gregariousness of Americans is a crudity of national character which will refine away, or is only a kind of bolder crystallization characteristic of the freer *nuclei* of our institutions. Channing long ago fastened the reproach upon us of having weaker domestic ties than the nations of Europe, though he did not see in it a possible adaptation of Providence to the wants of a wide country waiting for emigrants from families easily dismembered; and it would not require much ingenuity, perhaps, to find a special Providence in the fact commented on above. But this is getting to be a sermon.

Since commencing this letter, I have taken a stroll up Broadway, and looked in at the City hotel. Willard was in his place behind the bar, a little fatter than of old, and somewhat gray with cabbage-growing, but his wonderful memory of names and faces seemed in full vigor; and, what with the tone of voice, the dexterity of furnishing drinks, the off-hand welcome to every comer-in, and the mechanical answering of questions and calling to servants, he seemed to have begun precisely where he left off, and his little episode of farming must seem to him scarcely better than a dream. A servant showed us over the house. A new gentlemen's dining-room, lighted from the roof, has been built in the area behind, and the old dining-room is cut up into a reading-room and private parlors. The famous assembly-room in the second story is also divided up into parlors and ladies' dining-room; but the garnishing and furnishing of the public and private parlors are quite beyond anything I know of short of the houses of nobility and royal palaces. The carpets are of the finest Wilton and Brussels; the paper upon the walls of the latest Parisian pattern; a new piano in every parlor; and the beds and their belongings of the most enticing freshness and comfortability. The proprietors have not seen fit, however, to adopt the fashion of "prices to suit the times," but have begun, plump and bold, at two dollars a day, and a shilling a drink. Until the fine edge of all this novelty wears off, they may reap a harvest which will repay them for their outlay in paint and garnish. One remark might be dropped into Willard's ear to some advantage—that while he has been resting on his oars at Dorchester, the people "on the town" have become over-epicurean in their exactions of luxuries at hotels, and it will take some "sharp practice" to beat the "United States" at Philadelphia, and the Astor here. People, at first, who have been accustomed to live at the latter place, will find a certain relief at not being helped to fish and pudding by fire of platoon, but in the long run the systematic service of the Astor achieves comfort. The Atlantic hotel, opposite the Bowling Green, is also in progress of *rifacimento*; and its old landlord, Anderson, who made a fortune in it once, and kept one of the best houses in the country, opens with it again on the 1st of May.

I am happy to announce to you that the leaves of the trees in Trinity churchyard have fairly come to light. The foliage in this enclosure is always a week in advance of all others in the city, possibly from cadaverous stimulus ("to such base uses may we come at last"), and perhaps accelerated particularly, this year, by the heat of the steam-engine, which, with remorseless travestie, perpetually saws stone for the new building over the "*requiescat in pace!*" I read the names on desecrated tombstones every day in passing, and associate them in my mind with the people aggrieved (of whom one always has a list, longer or shorter). Poor ghosts! as if there was no other place for a steam-engine and a stonecutter's saw than a-top of the sod which (if hymn and prayer go for anything) is expected to "lie lightly on the dead man's breast!" There is many a once wealthy aristocrat, powdered over with the pumice of that abominable saw, who, if he could rise and step down into Wall street, would make sharp reckoning with heirs and executors for suffering his small remainder of this world's room and remembrance to be so robbed of its poetry and respect! Meantime, this exquisitely-conceived piece of architecture (Trinity church) is rising with admirable effect, and, when completed, it will doubtless be the first Gothic structure in America.

We had rather a novel turn-out of a four-in-hand yesterday in Broadway—a vehicle drawn by four elephants. There was some grandeur in the spectacle, and some drollery. These enormous specimens of the animal, most like us in intellect and least like us in frame, are part of a menagerie; and they drew, in the wagon to which they were attached, a band of music belonging to the concern. They were, all four, *en chemise*—covered with white cotton cloths to the knees—but, Elssler-like, making great display of their legs and ivory. The ropes were fastened to their tusks, and they were urged by simple pounding on the rear—which was very like flogging the side of a hill, for they were up to the second stories of the houses. To walk round one of these animals in a tight fit of a booth is a very different thing from seeing him paraded under the suitable ceiling of the sky. I had no idea they could go over the ground so swimmingly. They glided along with the ease of scows going down with the tide, and, with their trunks playing about close to the pavement, seemed to be walking Broadway like some other loafers—looking for something *green!*

The Battery, or, as it has been called in England, the "Marine Parade," is never lovelier than in the early freshness of the morning. The air is yet unimpaired by the myriad fires of the city—the dew is untrodden, and the velvet sheen sparkles in the sunshine—the walks are all neatly swept; and, treading pleasantly upon the elastic earth, invigorated by the fresh breeze from the sea, we cast our eyes over a scene of beauty and enchantment unsurpassed in the world. The correspondent of the Intelligencer says: I have been out on the Battery this morning enjoying life, and everything I saw was in the same humor—trees, children, ladies, and ships-of-war. The very portholes of the Warspite seemed pleased to have their eyelids up. The Battery is a good deal thronged before breakfast, and really I do not remember a promenade in Europe which contains so much that is beautiful. Just now we have three men-of-war lying

on the stream—the majestic North Carolina and the Independence having come round to their summer moorings. Jersey shore looks fringed with willows, and the islands and Brooklyn heights are bright and verdant. The Croton river is bubbling up in a superb fountain in Castle Garden. The craft in the bay always seem doing a melo-drama—they cross and mingle so picturesquely; and the trees are always there; and the grass grows better for the children's playing on it. Many thanks to fashion for having taken the rich up-town and left their palaces and the Battery to those who "board."

I have spent an afternoon, since I wrote to you, in the "animal kingdom" of Herr Driesbach. Four elephants together were rather an uncommon sight, to say nothing of the melo-drama performed by the lion-tamer. There was another accidental feature of interest, too—the presence of one or two hundred deaf and dumb children, whose gestures and looks of astonishment quite divided my curiosity with the show. Spite of the repulsiveness of the thought, it was impossible not to reflect how much of the difference between us and some of the brute animals lies merely in the gift of speech, and how nearly some human beings, by losing this gift, would be brought to their level. I was struck with the predominating *animal*-look in the faces of the boys of the school, though there were some female children with countenances of a very delicate and intellectual cast.

I was an hour too early for the "performances," and I climbed into the big saddle worn by "Siam," and made a leisurely study of the four elephants and their keepers and visiters. I had not noticed before that the eyes of these huge animals were so small. Those of "Hannibal," the nearest elephant to me, resembled the eyes of Sir Walter Scott; and I thought, too, that the forehead was not unlike Sir Walter's. And, as if this was not resemblance enough, there was a copious *issue* from a bump between his forehead and his ear! (What might we not expect if elephants had "eaten paper and drunk ink?") The resemblance ceased with the legs, it is but respectful to Sir Walter to say; for Hannibal is a dandy, and wears the fashionable gaiter-trowser, with a difference—the gaiter fitted neatly to every toe! The warlike name of this elephant should be given to Siam, for the latter is the great warrior of the party, and in a fight of six hours with "Napoleon," some three months since, broke off both his tusks. He looks like a most determined bruise. "Virginius" (the showman told me) killed his keeper, and made an escapade into the marshes of Carolina, not long ago; and, after an absence of six weeks, was subdued and brought back by a former keeper, of whose discipline he had a terrific recollection. There are certainly different degrees of amiability in their countenances. I looked in vain for some of the wrinkles of age, in the one they said was much the oldest. Unlike us, their skins grow smoother with time—the enviable rascals! I noticed, by-the-way, that though the proboscis of each of the others was as smooth as dressed leather, that of Siam resembled, in texture, a scrubbing-brush, or the third day of a stiff beard. Why he should travel with a "hair-trunk," and the others not, I could not get out of the showman. The expense of training and importing these animals is enormous, and they are considered worth a great deal of money. The four together consume about two hundred weight of hay and six bushels of oats *per diem*. Fortunately they do their own land transportation, and carry their own trunks.

At four o'clock Siam knelt down, and four or five men lifted his omnibus of a saddle upon his back. The band then struck up a march, and he made the circuit of the immense tent; but the effect of an elephant in motion, with only his legs and trunk visible (his body quite covered with the trappings), was singularly droll. It looked like an avenue taking a walk, preceded by a huge caterpillar. I could not resist laughing heartily. After one round, Siam stopped, and knelt again to receive passengers. The wooden steps were laid against his eyebrow, and thence the children stepped to the top of his head, though here and there a scrambler shortened the step by putting his foot into the ear of the patient animal. The saddle was at last loaded with twelve girls; and with this "fearful responsibility" on his back, the elephant rose and made his rounds, kneeling and renewing his load of "innocence" at every circuit.

The lion-tamer presently appeared, and astonished the crowd rather more than the elephant. A prologue was pronounced, setting forth that a slave was to be delivered up to wild beasts, etc., etc. A green cloth was spread before the cages in the *open tent* ("parlous work," I thought, among such tender meat as two hundred children), and out sprung suddenly a full-grown tiger, who seized the gentleman in flesh-colored tights by the throat. A struggle ensues, in which they roll over and over on the ground, and finally, the victim gets the upper hand, and drags out his devourer by the nape of his neck. I was inclined to think once or twice that the tiger was doing more than was set down for him in the play; but as the Newfoundland dog of the establishment looked on very quietly, I reserved my criticism.

The Herr next appeared in the long cage with all his animals—lions, tigers, leopards, etc. He pulled them about, put his hands in their mouths, and took as many liberties with his stock of peltry as if it was already made into muffs and tippets. They growled and showed their teeth, but came when they were called, and did as they were bid, very much to my astonishment. He made a bed of them, among other things—putting the tiger across the lion for a pillow, stretching himself on the lion and another tiger, and then pulling the leopard over his breast for a "comforter!" He then sat down, and played nursery. The tiger was as much as he could lift, but he seated him upright on his knees, dandled and caressed him, and finally rocked him apparently asleep in his arms! He closed with an imitation of Fanny Elssler's pirouette, with a tiger standing on his back. I was very glad, for one, when I saw him go out and shut the door.

A man then brought out a young anaconda, and twisted him round his neck (a devil of a *boa* it looked), and, after enveloping himself completely in other snakes, took them off again like cravats, and vanished. And so ended the show. Herr Driesbach stood at the door to bow us out, and a fine, handsome, determined-looking fellow he is.

Pardon us, ladies—those riding-hats let the sun look in upon your alabaster foreheads—ay, and even cross the bridge of your delicate noses! Take advice! Wear your hats with a pitch forward rather, like the dames in Charles the Second's time. You look very charmingly on Roulstone's well-broken and well-trained horses, but take not your pleasure at the expense of the bright complexions which we admire. "Sun-burnt," in old English, was an epithet of contumely, and

> "The chariest maid is prodigal enough,
> If she unveil her beauty to the *moon*,"

let alone the *sun*.

We have been paid for letting the world know a great many things that were of no consequence to the world whatever—and, among other nothings, a certain metropoliphobia of our own, on which we have expended a great deal of choice grammar and punctuation. We trust the world believes, by this, that, capable as we are of loving our entire species (one at a

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time), we hate a city collectively. Having a little moan to make, with a little moral at the close, we put this private prejudice once more into type, trusting to your indulgence, good reader.

This is June—and "where are you going this summer?" though a pertinent question enough, and seasonable, and just what anybody says to everybody he meets, has to our ear a little offence in it. If it were asked for information—*a la bonne heure!*—we are willing to tell any friend where we are going—this side the Styx. But though the question (asked with most affectionate earnestness by your friend) is merely a preface to enlightening you as to his own "watering-place," there must still be an answer! And suppose that answer, though not a whit attended to, touches upon your secret sorrow—your deucedest bore! Suppose——but you see our drift! You *understand*, that we are to sweat out the summer solstice within the "bills of mortality!" You *see* that we are to comfort our bucolic nostrils as we best may, with municipal grass—picking here and there a clover-top or an aggravating dandelion 'twixt postoffice and city-hall. Heaven help us!

True, New York is "open at the top." We are prepared to be thankful for what comes *down* to us—air, light, and dew. But alas! Earth is our mother!—Earth, who sends all her blessings *upward*—Earth, who, in the city, is stoned over and hammered down, paved, flagged, suffocated—her natural breath quite cut off, or driven to escape by drain and gas-pipe—her flowers and herbs prevented—her springs shut down from gushing! This arid pavement, this hot smell of dust, this brick-color and paint—what are they to the fragrant lap of our overlaid mother, with her drapery of bright colors and tender green? Answer, oh omnibus-horse! Answer, oh worky-editor!

But there be alleviations! It is to these that hangs "the moral of our tale." We presume most men think themselves more worthy than "sparrows" of the attention of Providence, and of course most men believe in a special Providence for themselves. We do. We believe that we shall not "fall to the ground without" (a) "notice." (But this, let us hope, is anticipating.) We wish to speak now of the succedaneum thrown in our path for our pastoral deprivations—for the lost brook whose babbling current turned the wheel of our idleness. Sweet brook, that never robbed the pebbles of a ray of light in running over them! It became a type to us—that brook. Our thoughts ran brook-wise. Bright water, braiding its ripples as its ran, became our vehicle of fancy. We lagged, we dragged, we were "gravelled for lack of matter" without it. And now mark!—Providence has supplied it—(through his honor the mayor). A brook—a clear brook—not pellucid, merely, but transparent—a brook with a song, tripping as musically (when the carts are not going by) as the beloved brook now sequestered to the Philistines—trips daily before us! Our daily walk is along its border—for (say) a rod and a half. Meet us there if you will, oh congenial spirit! As we go to the postoffice, we span its fair current at the broadest, and take a fillip in our fancy for the day. Would you know its geography more definitely? Stand on the steps of the Astor, and gaze over to the sign of "P. Pussedu, wig-maker, from Italy." Drop then the divining-rod to the left, and a much frequented pump will become apparent, perched over a projecting curb-stone, around which the dancing and bright water trips with sparkling feet, and a murmur audible at least to itself. It is the outlet of the fountain in the Park, and, as Wordsworth says,

> "Parching summer hath no warrant
> To consume this crystal well,"

as an order is first necessary from the corporation. Oh! (if it were not for being taken to the watch-house) we could sit by this brook in the moonlight, and pour forth our melancholy moan! But the cabmen wash their wheels in it now, and the echo would be, "Want a cab, sir?" Metropolises, avaunt!

Lady Sale's Journal of the Disasters in Affghanistan impresses us somewhat with the idea that her ladyship was a Tartar; and she was, perhaps, as "well bestowed" in the army as anywhere else, in a world so generally peaceful. It is a roughly-written book, too, in point of style. Indeed she avows: "I do not attempt to shine in rounded periods, but give everything that occurs as it comes to my knowledge." It appears, however, that some injustice to officers, committed, as she acknowledges, "in the heat of temper," have awakened a little censure in England, and have been apologized for by her ladyship. This allowed, there is much to admire—her manly modesty, among other things. Toward the close of her journal, she remarks: "Nothing can exceed the folly I have seen in the papers regarding my wonderful self—how I headed the troops, &c. Certainly I have headed the troops, for the chiefs told me to come on with them for safety sake; and thus I certainly did go far in advance of the column; but it was no proof of valor, though one of prudence." We can readily believe that the qualities which gained her ladyship such general admiration, were not of a showy order. As a "soldier's wife," the title she gives herself, she esteemed it her duty to take her part in danger, hardship, and captivity, without complaint—to oppose a brave resistance to the foe when others thought only of base submission, and to set an example of invincible fortitude to the host of meaner spirits in the camp. In the extremity of peril and suffering she never murmurs, except when the weakness of the commanders wrings from her some expression of disgust and contempt. Of all the persons attached to the army, she had the most real cause of alarm, yet manifested the least. Unlike the other ladies, she was separated from her husband, and heard continually of his battles, his exposure, his wounds. Her son-in-law dies in her arms, and she is left with her widowed daughter in the hands of a band of merciless savages, without one male relative to support her. She is harassed by continual marches in the depth of winter among mountain passes, where the path is so thickly strewn with the mangled corpses of her countrymen, that the hoofs of her horse tread them into the earth; yet these multiplied ills fail to quell her spirits or conquer her presence of mind. A bullet pierces her arm; but when the ball is extracted, she treats the wound as a scratch. This kind of fortitude is the only courage which appears estimable or becoming in a woman, and shines with as much lustre in the conduct of Lady Sale throughout those trying transactions, as in any character of which history makes mention. It is scarcely necessary to add, that few books published of late years have such strong claims upon the attention of the public as the present. The author evidently does not desire display; but her courage and magnanimity will secure, in the annals of heroic women, a foremost place for the name of FLORENTINE SALE.

Porcelain and crockery, champagne and cider, sunshine and candlelight, silver cup and tin dipper, are not of more different quality to our apprehension, than people beautiful and people plain. We do not believe they are to have the same destiny. We believe that the plain and the beautiful are to be reproduced in their own likeness in another world, and that beauty must be paramount alike among men and an-

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gels. We believe everything should be given to beauty that beauty wants—everything forgiven if beauty err. We have no limit to our service of beauty—no imaginable bound to our devotion. We are secondary—subject—born thrall to beauty. And in this faith we shall die.

But beauty in America is a very differently prized commodity from beauty in England. Let us keep clear of making an essay of this, and show what we mean by parallel examples. Take two beautiful girls, of the same comparative station—Miss Smith, of London, daughter of a master-in-chancery, and Miss Brown, of New York, daughter of a master-carpenter: —for the former gentleman is about as far below an earl as the latter is below any aristocrat of New York, supposed or acknowledged.

Miss Brown, of the Bowery, is a lovely creature. She excites curiosity in Broadway. She hinders devotion, right and left, when she turns round in church. In the best society of New York there is not a prettier girl, and nature has made her elegant in her manners, and education has done as much for her as was at all necessary. Her father delights in her beauty, and her mother is very proud of her, and she carries her heart in her bosom to do what she pleases with it —but neither Mr. Brown, nor Mrs. Brown, nor Miss Brown, ever dream that her beauty will advance their condition in life one peg. They love her for it—she controls the family by it—she exercises influence as a belle in their own circle of acquaintance—but that is all. She lives a very gay and pleasant life, hears of balls in more fashionable parts of the town without dreaming that, for her beauty, she should be there, and continues a Bowery belle till she marries a Bowery beau. And beauty, once married, in that class of our country, is like a pair of shoes once sold—never inquired for again.

Miss Smith, of London, is a superb girl. Her father was of dark complexion and her mother a blonde; and jet and pearl have done their daintiest in her dark eyes and radiant skin. At twelve she is considered a beauty past accident. Her sisters, who were either "all father" or "all mother," grimy dark, or parsnip blonde, are married off to such husbands as would undertake them. But for the youngest there is a different destiny—for she is a beauty. The father wishes for advancement and a title. The mother wishes to figure in high life before she dies. And Miss Smith, young as she is, is taught the difference between a plain young lord in a cab and a handsome lawyer's clerk with a green bag. Beauty, well managed, may be made to open every door in England. Masters—the best of masters for Miss Smith! More money is spent in "finishing" her than was given to all her sisters for dowries. She is permitted to form few acquaintances of her own sex, none of the other. And when Miss Smith is sixteen, Mrs. Smith makes her first strong push at Lady Frippery (for Mr. Smith has put Lord Frippery under obligations, which make it inevitable that the first favor asked should be granted), and out comes Miss Smith, chaperoned by Lady Frippery at a mixed subscription ball. It is for the benefit of the Poles, and the liberal nobility are all there; and all the beaux of St. James's street, of course, for they like to see what novelty will turn up in such places. One hour after the ball opens, Miss Smith's beauty has been pronounced upon by half the noble eyes of London, and Lady Frippery is assailed for introductions. The beauty turns out high-bred. Lord George and Lord Frederick torment their Right Honorable mammas into calling on Mrs. Smith, and having the beauty at their next ball; and so climbs Miss Smith to a stratum of society unattainable by her father's law or her mother's wealth, or anything in the world *but* beauty. She is carefully watched, keeps herself chary, and by-and-by chooses between Lord Frederick and Lord George, and elevates her whole family by an alliance with the peerage—for in England there is no *mésalliance* if the lady descended to be of *great beauty*, as well as virtuous, modest, and well educated.

But—as we would show by these examples—personal beauty is undervalued in America. At least, it is less valued than in England and older countries. An eminent English artist, recently returned home, expressed his surprise that he had so few beauties among his sitters. "The motive to have a miniature done," said he, "seems, in America, to be *affection*. In England it is *pride*. Most of my sitters" (and he had a great many at a very high price) "have been old people or invalids, or persons going away; and though they wished their pictures made as good-looking as possible, their claim to good looks was no part of the reason for sitting. It was only to perpetuate that which was loved and would soon be lost."

Pray take notice, madam, that we give no opinion as to the desirableness of the English value of beauty. Whether beauty and worldly profit should be kept separate, like church and state—whether it is desecrated by aiding the uses of ambition—whether it should be the loadstar of affection or pride—we leave with you as an open question.

We know nothing of a more restless tendency than a fine, old-fashioned June day—one that begins with a morning damp with a fresh south wind, and gradually clears away in a thin white mist, till the sun shines through at last, genial and luxurious, but not sultry, and everything looks clear and bright in the transparent atmosphere. We know nothing which so seduces the very eye and spirit of a man, and stirs in him that gipsy longing, which, spite of disgrace and punishment, made him a truant in his boyhood. There is an expansive rarity in the air of such a day —a something that lifts up the lungs, and plays in the nostrils with a delicious sensation of freshness and elasticity. The close room grows sadly dull under it. The half-open blind, with its tempting glimpse of the sky, and branch of idle leaves flickering in the sun, has a strange witchery. The poor pursuits of this drossy world grow passing insignificant; and the scrawled and blotted manuscripts of an editor's table —pleasant anodyne as they are when the wind is in the east—are, at these seasons, but the "Diary of an Ennuyee"—the notched calendar of confinement and unrest. The commendatory sentence stands half-completed; the fate of the author under review, with his two volumes, is altogether of less importance than five minutes of the life of that tame pigeon that sits on the eaves washing his white breast in the spout; and the public good-will, and the cause of literature, and our own precarious livelihood, all fade into dim shadow, and leave us listening dreamily to the creeping of the sweet south upon the vine, or the far-off rattle of the hourly, with its freight of happy bowlers and gentlemen of suburban idleness.

What is it to us, when the sun is shining, and the winds bland and balmy, and the moist roads with their fresh smell of earth tempting us away to the hills—what is it, then, to us, whether a poor-devil-author has a flaw in his style, or our own leading article a "local habitation and a name?" Are we to thrust down our heart like a reptile into its cage, and close our shutter to the cheerful light, and our ear to all sounds of out-door happiness? Are we to smother our uneasy impulses, and chain ourselves down to a poor, dry thought, that has neither light, nor music, nor any spell in it, save the poor necessity of occupation? Shall we forget the turn in the green lane where we are wont to loiter in our drive, and the cool

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claret of our friend at the Hermitage, and the glorious golden summer sunset in which we bowl away to the city—musing and refreshed? Alas—yes! the heart *must* be closed, and the green lane and the friend that is happier than we (for he is idle) *must* be forgotten, and the dry thought *must* be dragged up like a wilful steer and yoked to its fellow, and the magnificent sunset, with all its glorious dreams and forgetful happiness, *must* be seen in the pauses of articles, and the "bleared een" of painful attention—and all this in June—prodigal June—when the very worm is all day out in the sun, and the birds scarce stop their singing from the gray light to the dewfall!

What an insufferable state of the thermometer! We knock under to Heraclitus, that fire is the first principle of all things. Fahrenheit at one hundred degrees in the shade! Our curtain in the attic unstirred! Our japonica drooping its great white flowers lower and lower. It is a fair scene, indeed! not a ripple from the pier to the castle, and the surface of the water, as Shelley says, "like a plane of glass spread out between two heavens"—and there is a solitary sloop, with the light and shade flickering on its loose sail, positively hung in the air—and a gull, it is refreshing to see him, keeping down with his white wings close to the water, as if to meet his own snowy and perfect shadow. Was ever such intense, unmitigated sunshine? There is nothing on the hard, opaque sky, but a mere rag of a cloud, like a handkerchief on a tablet of blue marble, and the edge of the shadow of that tall chimney is as definite as a hair, and the young elm that leans over the fence is copied in perfect and motionless leaves like a very painting on the broad sidewalk. How delightful the night will be after such a deluge of light! How beautiful the modest rays of the starlight, and the cool dark blue of the heavens will seem after the dazzling clearness of this sultry noon! It reminds one of that exquisite passage in Thalaba, where the spirit-bird comes, when his eyes are blinded with the intense brightness of the snow, and spreads her green wings before him!

I went to the Opera last night for the first time. The theatre was filled half an hour before the rising of the curtain, and with a very fashionable audience. The ladies had not quite made up their minds whether it was a full-dress affair, but the pit and boxes had a very *paré* look. The neighborhood of the orchestra, particularly, looked very Parisian and dressy, as the French beaux (whose heads are distinguishable from Yankee heads by their *soigne* trimness and polish) crystallize to the beau-nucleus of foreign theatres—the *stalles* between stage and pit! One of the drop-curtains was a view of Paris; and the principal curtain, though representing, I believe, the Croton reservoirs, had a foreground of figures such as are never to be seen on this side of the Atlantic.

The opera was "L'Ambassadrice, by Auber," and the orchestra played the overture with a spirit and finish of execution which was quite enchanting. It was much the highest treat in music which I have yet had in this country. The story of the opera has been the rounds of the papers—an actress marrying an ambassador, trying the mortifications and vexations of sudden elevation to high-life, and returning to her profession. As a play, it was very indifferently performed, with the exception only of the part of the duenna by Madame Mathieu. As an actress of comedy (if I may judge after seeing her once) we have no one in our theatres at all comparable to this lady. Madame Lecourt was next best, and the rest, as players, were not worth criticising. As an opera, the music rested entirely on the orchestra and the *prima donna*, the tenor being good for nothing, and the rest mere stopgaps. The great attraction put forward in the advertisements was Mademoiselle Calvé, the *prima donna*, and, seeing and hearing her over such very large capitals, I was somewhat disappointed. Mademoiselle Calvé has had a very narrow escape of being a remarkably pretty person. Indeed, filled out to her model—plump as Nature intended her to be—she would be very handsome; and to be what every young Frenchwoman is, is far on the road to beauty—grace and manner, which are common to them all, having so much to do with the effect of the celestial gift. But though she trips charmingly across the stage, gives charming glances, dresses charmingly, and would probably be a very charming acquaintance, she is an inanimate and inexpressive actress. When, for example, she discovers suddenly that her old lover is in her presence (she becomes a dutchess and he still in his profession as first tenor), she exclaims, "Benedict!" as quietly as if she were calling her brother to bring her a chair. There is no interest in her acting—far less any enthusiasm or passion. She sings, however, with great sweetness and correctness, and, if she were not over-advertised, she would probably surprise most persons agreeably. After all, she is a great acquisition to the amusements of the city, and I hope, for one, that she and the "troop" may find it worth their while to do pendulum regularly between this and New Orleans.

Niblo's Garden opened last week for the season, and to compare it to "a scene of enchantment" would be doing great injustice to its things to drink. I specify this because public gardens are commonly very slipslop in what they term their "refreshments," and (as it was a very exhausting night for the bodily juices) we had an opportunity of testing the quality of ices and "coblers." This aside, there is a great deal about Niblo's, probably, that is very like enchantment. The ticket (price fifty cents) admits you to a brilliantly-illuminated hall, opening on one side to a delicious conservatory full of the rarest plants, and on the other to a labyrinthine garden glittering with lights and flowers; large mirrors at either end of the hall make it look interminable, and the walks are so ingeniously twisted around fountains and shrubberies, as to seem interminable too; and in the immense hall of refreshment there is a *bifrons bar*, which effectually embarrasses you as to the geography of your julep—all very mystical and stimulative. Thus far, however, it is only tributary to the French theatre, which is completely open on one side to the garden, with half the audience out of doors, and the lobby as cool and summery as a garden-alley. Between the acts the audience go out and air and ice themselves, and a resounding gong gives notice to the stragglers in the labyrinths that the curtain is rising. I have seen no public place so well appointed as this—waiters badged and numbered—seats commodious, and service prompt—and, above all, a very strict watch at the door for the exclusion of miscellany.

The play was "*Le Vicomte de Peturieres*"—a kind of Frenchification of Don Juan. The young *vaurien* was played by *Madame Lecourt*, and played with a charm of talent and vivacity for which her personification of Charlotte, in "*L'Ambassadrice*," had not prepared me. She is the very soul of witching *espieglerie*, and made love and did mischief in her hose and doublet to the perfect delight of the audience. The other members of the French company have very much improved on the public liking since their first appearance, and, with more or less excellence, they all belong to a good school of acting. The *prima donna*, Mademoiselle Calvé, is too ill to appear.

One likes to see every best thing of its kind in the world, and never having been present at any of the

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Fashion's races, I took a cold ride to Long Island to see her gallop over the course. On the way I picked up some of the *statistics of milk*, from a communicative fellow-passenger "who knew," and it may or may not surprise you to know that there are three qualities in this supposed innocent simple of nature. There is *milk*—milk *once* watered, and milk *twice* watered; and sold *as such*, with three prices, by the owners of the dairies, to the venders in the city. A friend of my companion is a dairyman, he told me, and supplies the American hotel with *milk No.* 1, at a high price; so that in the milk line, at least, we may certify that Mr. Cozzens cozens us not. Unluckily for the Long Island cowmongers, the long arm of the Erie railroad has taken to milking Orange county for the New York market, and the profits of milk and water have very much diminished with the competition.

It was the great day of the Union races, but the course presented a very dreary sight. There were just people enough to make solitude visible, and the "timer" in the stand looked as bleak as a bell-ringer setting the clock on a cold day in a country belfry. Here and there one of the jockey-club walked about with his blue badge forlorn in his buttonhole, and here and there an unhappy-looking pie-seller set down his full baskets to blow his fingers; and there were a few sporting trotters in sulkies, and two turnouts such as are common at races, and a wight or two like myself wondering who enjoyed the "sport" except the riders. All of a sudden a single horse was discovered half round the course, and before I could find out what it was, *Fashion* had made one of her two-hundred-dollar rounds. To take the eight hundred (uncontested sweepstakes), she was obliged to go around four times, and I had a good opportunity to see her movement. She is smaller than I expected, and runs less like a horse and more like a greyhound than any racer I have seen. Sorrel is a color I dislike in beard or horsehair, and her complexion suited me not; but, in make, action, and particularly in expression of face, *Fashion* is an admirable creature. Of course it takes a sporting-eye to admire the tension of muscle in high training, and the queen of the course would be a better model for a sculptor after a month's grass; but she is a beautiful sight, and even with the little I have seen of her, I should know her again among a thousand horses—so marked is superiority, in horse or man.

The other races were nothing very extraordinary. I started for home, cold and sorry. On the road our jarvey stopped to "water horses and liquor passengers," and I got sight of a dance calculated to soften my next criticism of the Park ballet. A ferret-eyed fiddler struck up a tune, and an old farmer with gray hairs and one "hermit tooth," jumped into the middle of the barroom and commenced a jig. As the spring of his instep had gone with his teeth, he did the work on his unmitigated heels, and a more sturdy performance I never saw. He danced in greatcoat and hat, with whip in hand, and, after ending his dance by jumping up into a chair and dropping down from it like a pavior's beetle, he paid for amusing the spectators (and this was not *à la* Fanny the "divine") by giving the fiddler half a dollar. With a look round at the company, and an inquiry whether anybody would like "something wet," he took his drink and got into his wagon. This is *one* man's taste in a flare-up.

There is a great change in the "surface of society" within the last two days—straw and white hats having become nearly universal. As we are a nation of black coats (the English call Broadway a procession of undertakers), this somewhat brightens up the superficial aspect of the city. Summer came upon us with a jump out of a raw easterly fog, and what with the lack of premonition, and the natural incredulity of flannel waistcoats, people went about yesterday clad for cold weather and looking uncomfortably hot. To-day the surprised clouds are gathering for a thunder-storm.

I see by the papers that the snow prophesied for June by Lorenzo Dow, has fallen in several parts of the country. The other two horns of his triple prophesy for June, 1843, have also come true, for there is "no king in England," and "no president over the United States"—strictly speaking.

I quite longed yesterday for a magnetic eye, to look into the heads of two or three Chinese who were let loose in the vestibule of the Astor, newly landed from a Canton trader. Their "first impressions" of New York, fully daguerreotyped, would be amusing. I understand they have come over in the suite of the Rev. Mr. Boone, missionary from Kulang-sa (wherever that is).

During the summer solstice, the guests at the gentleman's ordinary at the Astor are to be furnished with linen jackets to dine in—one on the back of every chair, "without respect of (the size of) persons." I am told privately that half the expense of these airy furnishings is borne by the venders of fancy suspenders, as it is presumed that no gentleman will be willing to "shift himself" before company who is not daintily provided in this line.

Fond, as we are reproached with being, of foreigners in the ornamental walks of society, I observe, by the general tenor of advertisements, that we prefer the indigenous *worky*. "*Wanted*," says an advertiser in the True Sun, "a smart *American* woman *who can go right through* with the work of a small religious family." Vague as this specification would seem to an English eye, the advertiser's want is most definitely expressed to an American.

You will have seen with regret the accounts of the sudden death of Mr. Abbott—one of the few remaining actors of the Kemble school. He was, in private life, one of the most agreeable and cultivated of men, and is deeply regretted. I understand that his widow is entitled to a pension from the Theatrical Fund of London, of about seven hundred dollars per annum. She was married to him a few months since—a Miss Buloid of the Park theatre. Abbott is said to have been, in his youth, one of the gay associates of the Prince of Wales.

The Broughams have returned from Boston, and commenced an engagement at the Park Theatre. We are likely to have no more theatrical importations for some time, I think, the late declension of the drama having somewhat damped the repute in London of American starring. Actors coming out, now, require an advance, and an insurance of a certain degree of success, and this our managers are not in a condition to pay. The sufferers by theatrical depression in this country are the actors, who do not get their money unless they draw it. In England the manager *must* pay his company, by the law of rigorous usage, and he is the sufferer till his theatre closes.

Booth has been playing wonderfully well at the Park of late, and I understand that the pretty Mrs. Hunt has been cast in one or two new characters, which have drawn out her abilities, very much to the pleasure and surprise of the theatre-goers.

Broadway has a very holyday aspect now from the competition in the splendor of omnibuses. Several new ones of mammoth size have been turned out, drawn by four and six horses, and painted in the gayest colors. The handsomest one I have seen is called "The Edwin Forrest."

The Scotch, who have formed themselves into a military company, and dress in the uniform of the

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highland regiments of the British army, came out yesterday in philebig and tartan, making a most imposing and gallant appearance. The bare legs looked rather cool in Broadway, but nature suits the animal to his native climate, and Scotch legs are very comfortably hairy. I observed that a physician, with no distinctive dress except a plaid scarf over his shoulder, walked with the lieutenant—ready for ministering to any member of the corps who might find the exposure unsalutary. He should be skilled in curing rheumatism, I should say. Apropos of adaptations of the physiological features to climate, it is said, I know not with how much truth, that there are islands north of Great Britain where the females are web-footed. Hence, perhaps, Grace Darling's heroic self-confidence on the water.

New York is all alive with a new musical prodigy—Mr. Wallace. There is no doubt that he is so far the best pianist we have ever heard in this country, as to dwarf all others in comparison. The musical people all allow this with enthusiasm. As a violinist, *those who should know* say he is equal to Paganini. I have not heard him, but I understand he is a most unconscious man of genius, very eccentric, and is on his way back to Ireland, after having traversed South and North America on foot. His pedestrian and musical passions are strangely compounded. He has set to a magnificent air a national anthem, which has been sung by the class under the direction of Mr. George Loder, of this city, with immense effect. In this anthem Mr. Wallace has made a remarkable contribution to the musical stores of this country.

Editors have a very sublime way of lumping Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and under the diminished monosyllable of the "world," spanning it with their reflections as they would shade an ant-hill with an umbrella. We tell you with becoming coolness what the "gay world" is about, viz.: that a few families up-town have taken to giving *matinées*. By the "pious world," we convey the Broadway Tabernacle—by the "mercantile world," Wall street or Pearl. The English have become tired of the phrase, and call the world "Mrs. Grundy." What will be said about anything, anywhere between the antipodes, is, "what will Mrs. Grundy say?" And we like this—(as we like anything which aggrandizes the editorial individual)—only there is the little inconvenience, that when we wish to speak of *the world*, as defined in the dictionary, we are subjected to a periphrasis which cumbers our style, or we have to explain that we *really mean* Europe, Asia, Africa, and America.

The world is getting on—wrote we at the head of this article, and scratched it out again till we had made a comment on the phrase. We were going into a little disquisition on the evident approach of a new order of things under the sun, as shown by wonderful changes and discoveries all over the world—apropos, however, of a very interesting book which has just fallen into our hands, and of which we wish to give the essence to the reader, in brief. We will omit the disquisition on the approach of the millenium (to write which, to say the truth, we sat down this morning), for the weather is too hot, on second thoughts, to do more than allude to a subject connected with a general conflagration. Let us come at once to the book in question.

Elevation by hemp has been considered a sovereign remedy for low spirits, and indeed for most of the intolerable evils of life—subject, however, to the drawback that *the remedy could be used but once*. Will our readers believe that this drawback is entirely removed by a late discovery?

Intoxication has been long known to be a state of very considerable happiness, subject to a "tariff which amounts to a prohibition," viz.: complete destruction of the physical man by the residuum. Will the reader believe that, by this same discovery, the residuous penalty is removed?

By the same discovery, the hydrophobia is changed to a death of physical pleasure—acute and chronic rheumatism are first modified into ecstasy, then cured—a "persuasion of high rank" is engendered in the bosom of the humblest, a "feeling as if flying" is communicated to the dullest and most plethoric. And all this with no penalty, no subsequent physical prostration, none of the long train of evils which, till now, have been the inseparable pursuers of intoxication.

In telling our readers thus much, we have given them the butt-end of one of the most curious subjects we have for a long time been called upon to handle. What we have said is far from a joke. A drug has been discovered by the English in India, which has these wonderful properties; and the mode in which it is gathered, which we will tell with the same buttendity, is as novel as the drug. "Men clad in leathern dresses run through the fields, brushing through the plant with all possible violence; the soft resin adheres to the leather, and is subsequently scraped off, and kneaded into balls. In Nipal the leathern attire is dispensed with, and the resin is gathered on the skins of naked natives."

The plant from which this extraordinary drug is extracted, is *Indian hemp;* differing from the hemp of this and other northern countries only by the presence of this narcotic stimulant. There are several preparations of it—one for smoking, one for sweetmeats, and others for beverages and medical compounds—but the effects are, with slight variations, the same. "From the beverage, intoxication ensues in half an hour. The inebriation is of the most cheerful kind, causing the person to sing and dance, to eat food with great relish. The intoxication lasts about three hours, when sleep supervenes. No nausea or sickness of the stomach succeeds, nor are the bowels at all affected."

The preparation for smoking is called *gunjah*, the confection is called *majoon*, and the resin is called *churrus*. *Gunjah* is used for smoking only. One hundred and eighty grains, and a little dried tobacco, are rubbed in the palm of the hand, with a few drops of water. This suffices for three persons. A little tobacco is placed in the pipe first, then a layer of the prepared *gunjah*, then more tobacco, and the fire above all.

Four or five persons usually join in this debauch. The hookah is passed round, and each person takes a single draught. Intoxication ensues almost instantly; and from one draught to the unaccustomed, within half an hour; and after four or five inspirations to those more practised in the vice. The effects differ from those occasioned by the *sidhee*. Heaviness, laziness, and agreeable reveries, ensue; but the person can be readily roused, and is able to discharge routine occupations, such as pulling the punkah, waiting at table, &c. We add the following passages from the treatise:—

"The fourth case of trial was an old muscular cooley, a rheumatic malingerer, and to him half a grain of hemp resin was given in a little spirit. The first day's report will suffice for all: In two hours the old gentleman became talkative and musical, told several stories, and sang songs to a circle of highly-delighted auditors, ate the dinners of two persons subscribed for him in the ward, sought also for other luxuries we can scarcely venture to allude to, and finally fell soundly asleep, and so continued till the following morning. On the noonday visit, he expressed himself free from headache or any other unpleasant sequel, and begged hard for a repetition of the medicine, in

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which he was indulged for a few days and then discharged.

"While the preceding case was under treatment, and exciting the utmost interest in the school, several pupils commenced experiments on themselves to ascertain the effects of the drug. In all, the state of the pulse was noted before taking a dose, and subsequently the effects were observed by two pupils of much intelligence. The result of several trials was, that in as small doses as a quarter of a grain the pulse was increased in fulness and frequency; the surface of the body glowed; the appetite became extraordinary; vivid ideas crowded the mind; unusual loquacity occurred; and, with scarcely any exception, great aphrodisia was experienced.

"In one pupil, Dinonath Dhur, a retiring lad of excellent habits, ten drops of the tincture, equal to a quarter of a grain of the resin, induced in twenty minutes the most amusing effects I ever witnessed. A shout of laughter ushered in the symptoms, and a transitory state of cataleptic rigidity occurred for two or three minutes. Summoned to witness the effects, we found him enacting the part of a rajah giving orders to his courtiers. He could recognise none of his fellow-students or acquaintances; all, to his mind, seemed as altered as his own condition. He spoke of many years having passed since his student's days; described his teachers and friends with a piquancy which a dramatist would envy; detailed the adventures of an imaginary series of years, his travels, his attainment of wealth and power. He entered on discussions on religious, scientific, and political topics, with astonishing eloquence, and disclosed an extent of knowledge, reading, and a ready, apposite wit, which those who knew him best were altogether unprepared for. For three hours, and upward, he maintained the character he at first assumed, and with a degree of ease and dignity perfectly becoming his high situation. A scene more interesting, it would be difficult to imagine. It terminated nearly as suddenly as it commenced, and no headache, sickness, or other unpleasant symptom, followed the innocent excess."

The treatise on this subject, from which we have made the foregoing extracts, is a reprint from the Transactions of the Medical Society of Calcutta, and written by a surgeon in the Bengal army, Mr. O'Shaughnessy, now in this country. It is, as our readers will have seen by the extracts, a very able treatise; and the experiments, of which we had only room to quote here and there an exponent passage, are described with most lucid clearness. We may refer to this interesting topic again.

On the day the president arrived, the be-windowed houses of New York seemed to have none too many windows, and if all the men on the *tiles* had been Tyler men, the president's party might for once have been declared formidably uppermost. We know several things since Mr. Tyler's visit: how many people roofs will hold; how many heads can look out of one window; for how little ladies will wave their pocket-handkerchiefs; "what swells the soldier's warlike breast" (or, rather, what becomes of all the cotton); how much extra horse hair it takes to make a dragoon; how unanimous a prayer may be put up by four hundred thousand people, for the cutting of the hair of a "prince royal;" how the devils may be cast out of a barouche and four, commonly used to take frailty to the races, and how a chief magistrate and his suite may innocently enter in; how gayly a city may be dressed with flags, partly for the president of fifteen millions of freemen, and partly for the "fat girl" of the museum; what endurance of horses' hoofs lies in the toes of female "freemen;" and how long and far, at a "sink-a-pace," will last the smile of Mr. Tyler.

I presume the entire sanitary and locomotive population of New York turned out to the *show*, and a very fine show it was altogether. The military companies would alone have made a sight worth coming far to see, for (by the measurement on Broadway) their brilliant uniforms cover a mile and a half—an expanse of tailoring (with the exception of the trouserless Highlanders) that should make politicians deal kindly with "cross-legs." I remarked, by the way, that, though all the officers of the companies are not fat men, all the fat men among them are officers—a tribute to *avoirdupois* which should delight the ghost of Sir John Falstaff, spite of his "give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones." I saw one of the plethoric captains rubbing the calf of his leg, after his march of five or six miles over the round stones, and I presume he might have said to the "prince royal," as Sir John did at Gadshill, "S'blood! I'll not bear mine own flesh as far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer."

Some English friends who were with me, expressed continual wonder at the total absence of raggedness or poverty in the dress of the populace. We can hardly realize how striking is this feature of our country to the eye of a European. They were a good deal amused, too, with the republican license given to a fellow on horseback, either drunk or saucy, who chose to ride in the staff of one of the generals with his coat off, and with the good-nature and forbearance manifested by the crowd in their occasional resistings of the encroachments of mounted constables.

I was told that not only the president, but his friends and *suite*, were exceedingly surprised at the reception given him. It was certainly, in every way, calculated to show the honor paid by the people to the office of the chief magistrate; and Mr. Tyler can not but feel, that while hedged in with the dignity of his office, he is an object of interest and attention with which mere politics could have but little to do.

The president having got through with the weather of New York, it was at liberty to rain next day, and it rained. The clouds parenthesised his visit, laying the dust the night before he arrived, and holding up till the night after his departure. I presume it did not rain in Boston next morning—King Lucky having occasion for a dry day. I have heard of but one partial exception to the accurate culmination of the Tyler star. The officer in command on the Battery, finding that he could not see through the walls of Castle Garden, requested to have a flag raised, or some other sign given, to make the movement for the salute, when the president should land. "Oh!" said the marshal, "you needn't bother about that. You'll know by the cheers." The cheers not being audible, however, the artillery rather "hung fire," letting off their congratulatory welcome as the president landed—from the high flight of his oration. He had been landed from the steamboat some time before! Perhaps the congratulation was well timed, and so, very likely, his star (which must be a *planet*) intended to *plan it*. A man should be felicitated when he touches *terra firma* once more, after most public speeches.

There seems to be a finger pointing the way, even in the picking of flowers by the wayside, for his happy "Accidency." Some pleasurable surprise has been expressed at the careful zeal with which the president kissed the ladies twice round on several occasions, where a limited number had been introduced to him. I was at a loss to know how a man, bred in a state distinguished for the deferential proprieties, should have jumped, ready-armed, to such an act of popularity, when a visit to the presidential parlor at Howard's explained the "starry influence." A French painting, with figures of the size of life, representing

Don Juan giving Haidee a most realizing kiss, had been introduced into the apartment by the sumptuary committee! There it stood, a silent indication to thought during his hours of revery, and as the mystic intimation occupied, frame and all, one entire wall of the room, the lesson was inevitable. *Sequitur*—the above-mentioned liberal dispensation of kisses.

I am told that a game of chess is child's play to the diplomacy at work, during the president's visit, for the control of his movements. Office-seekers and office-holders, "authorities," private friends, Spartans, repealers, whigs, and locofocos, tugged at his ear and button continually. I trust, if he is fond of contrast, that his ex-excellency will try a second first impression of New York a year or two hence.

The president's departure was most felicitous as to weather—the loveliness of the sunset, and the beauty of the bay, making up for him the finest of background effects. Some hundreds of people were on the Battery, and the steamboat-wharf was crowded with spectators. As the boat started, the crews of the men-of-war ran up the rigging like disturbed ants, and saluted her as she passed with three cheers. He went out of the harbor with relays of "Hail Columbia," the band on board the boat beginning with it, and the two ships taking it up as he went along. So Columbia is decidedly hailed—if it will do it any good!

I saw an amusing resurrection of a horse yesterday. One of the military companies were marching gayly down the street on their way to embark for Boston, when a blind horse in a swill-cart, whose calamity was forgotten for the instant by his occupied master, walked deliberately into one of the Croton excavations. The harness was just strong enough to break his fall, the cart was left above ground, and he stood on the bottom, as comfortably out of the way as "truth in a well." The driver was a man for an emergency, and, indeed, acted so much as if it was "part of the play," that a Chinese traveller would probably have recorded it as a melo-dramatic accompaniment to the show. He took off his coat very quietly, picked up one of the shovels of the absent workmen, and commenced filling up the ditch. The loose dirt went in very fast, and the horse, with an instinct against being buried alive, rose with the surface. From being some inches below the pavement, his head was getting above ground when I left him; and as the old man was still piling on very industriously, I presume he soon had him once more at the level of cock-crowing.

There have been various definitions of "a gentleman," but the prettiest and most poetic is that given by a young lady of this city the other day: "A gentleman," said she, "is a human being, combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage."

"Cheap literature" is shaking in its shoes. I understand the publishers "see the expediency" of making their editions more costly, and accommodating them to the smaller sales. The great American maw is surfeited with "new novels" at last. I trust that booksellers and authors will now become slightly acquainted.

What shall it be? If we understand you rightly, you would prefer on this last page, some well-contrived nonsense—to wind off trippingly, as it were. Wisdom is respectable. Pictures, poetry, prose, pathos, and puffery, are all very well—but after being instructed, you wish to be let out of school. Is that it?

Something about "town," of course. Folly lives here, all the year round. Fashion is exclusively urban. And when we have mentioned these two, we have named the persons in our acquaintance about whom there is, by much, the liveliest curiosity. What Folly is doing in town, and what is the last antic of Fashion, are departments of news that are read before the deaths and marriages—"as nobody can deny." Fashion be our theme, then, "for the nonce." We would devote this page to it eternally, if we dared. That we should please you by so doing, we very well know. But the owl is the king of types, and wisdom has, of print, a chartered monopoly—hang her!

Well, madam, the fashions. Let us begin at the small end of the horn, and touch first upon the crockery sex—winding off with the china and porcelain.

The gentlemen, who had been previously *let up*, have been lately *let down*. Straps were abandoned by the *cognoscenti* last autumn—with the first "slosh." Suspenders were abandoned with the first intimation of the present summer solstice. There is at present no unnatural restraint upon trousers. They are prevented from coming *up* by their natural gravity—from coming *down* by being "caught on the hip." Shoulders are emancipated from the caprices of genuflection. The hollow of the foot suffers no longer from the shrug of incredulity. The nether man, in short, is free, sovereign, and independent.

Among the advantages of this revolution is the cleanly circumstance that the boot, in its nightly exit, is no longer compelled to make a thoroughfare of the leg of the pantaloon. This is an "inexpressible" relief. Buttons, also, are subjected no longer to the severe trials of stooping. Boots, unhappily, can no longer conceal their "often infirmities"—high polish and indifference to surprise and exposure being indispensable accompaniments to their present loose associations. As an offset to the expensiveness of this, the pantaloons themselves will not be so frequently *in-kneed*.

Frock-coats are going out of fashion, and Newmarket cut-aways are worn for the morning. Very well for those who have small hips, as the latter are rather spready. This exacts also great tidiness in the cut of the "continuations." Waistcoats are made longer, and with drooping wings, to conceal any little vagaries in the newly emancipated trousers. But this, too, exaggerates unbecomingly the apparent size of the hips. "The pyramid inverted" is our model, by the laws of art, as the "pyramid proper" is that of the ladies. Gaiters are the mode—but they require a neat pastern. Your greyhound breed of man looks well in them. They should be made separate from the shoe, for they require washing, and your unscrupulous dingy shoe is an abomination. Patent leather, of course, till death.

Hats are a delicate subject. There should be as many fashions of them as there are varieties of human faces. Indeed, hats should be destined and allotted to men, as irrevocably as noses and hair—suitable by infallible harmonies of physiognomy. We should be born in hats—hats that would grow without materially altering in shape or expression. We would as soon let a barber choose us a nose as a hatter a hat. And as to a fashion in hats—one fashion for all men—where is thy rebuke, oh Nature, tortured and travestied! But still, fashions there be! John Bull is at present wearing his hat very small—the Frenchman is wearing his very large. The Yankee wears his very peaked—the Gorman wears his very flat. We scorn to give the encouragement of print to any one of these. Suit yourself—since Nature has left you unfinished. Take counsel of an artist or of a woman. Buy no hat rashly.

As to the ladies, we would not, like

> "Fools, rush in where angels fear to tread,"

but we must be permitted to record our little private distress and apprehension at the utter cessation of all novelty in their fashions. The one new stuff of "Balzarine," unless we are in a most benighted state of ignorance, comprises the entire variety of the sea-

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son. We meet our few sins of idolatry in the very bonnets, the very boddices, the very namelessnesses of last year's product and admiration! Are the brains of milliners subject to drought? Is invention dried up—fancy, imagination, quite squeezed dry? Are we to be subjected to sameness in angels—one eternal and unchanging exterior? Forbid it, while the world continues sinful, oh sumptuary powers! We could not bear, in our present state of mind, the angelic livery of one eternal gown (wings, if you like to call it so), with no new hat, no ravishing garniture for the shoulders! Oh no! Immolate the milliners for their dull brains! Turn your genius into this seemingly exhausted channel, oh, unemployed painters! Show us woman—like the opal or the cloud—dressed in new colors whenever she comes into the sun! Adorably sweet as she is, she is sweeter for the outer spice of variety!

If to lack classes of society which another nation possesses, be a falling behind that nation in refinement (query, whether!), we are behind England, at least, in this degree, that we possess no class of table-talkers. Dinner-parties in this country are gatherings-together of friends, chiefly to eat, and to chat, as it may happen. The host has been at great pains to procure a haunch of venison, but he has not thought of "the wit" for dinner. He has neither overlooked the olives nor the currant-jelly—but, alas! the attic salt is forgotten! The tomatoes will flank the roast, and the celery-sauce the boiled—but who is to listen to Doctor Gabble, or draw out Alderman Mumchance? There will be two misses and no "eligible," or two eligibles and no miss. The dinner is arranged with studied selection, but the guests are invited by the alphabet. The eating will be zealous and satisfactory, but the "entertainment" as the god of dulness pleases.

So provides not his dinner, this gentleman's foreign correspondent (we take one of the same class), in Russell square. Mr. Mordaunt Figgins (large trader and small banker, of Throgmorton street) wishes, we will say for example, to give a very smart and impressive dinner to Mr. Washington, Wall street, just arrived with a travelling credit from New York. The butler sees to the dinner—*ca va sans dire*. Who shall be asked? Smith, of course. His jokes will be all new to the Yankee, and it will look *spirituelle* to have an author. He will be sure to come—for Figgins discounts his bills. Put down Smith. Who next? We must have a lord. Smith won't show off without a lord, and the American will all but go into fits to meet one at dinner. Let's see! There's old Lord Fumble, always wanting to borrow ten pounds. Put down Lord Fumble. So—a lord and a wit. Now, two good listeners. They must be ladies, of course. We shall have too many black-coats. What, ladies listen, Mrs. Figgins? The Pimpkinsons. Well—they are poor and stylish-looking, and the Yankee knows nothing of the blue-book. Say the Pimpkinsons. Now for a dandy or two, and one handsome woman that flirts, in case Jonathan is a gay man. And, I say, Mrs. Figgins, there'll be a spare seat, and you may ask your mother—only she must dress well and say nothing of "the shop." And duly at eight o'clock Mr. Figgins's guests arrive—Smith wishing bills could be discounted without black-mail interest—my Lord Fumble turning up his (inward) nose, but relieved to meet Smith—the dandies hungry and supercilious—the Misses P. delighted and frisky—and the Yankee excessively well-dressed and dumbfounded to meet Smith and a live lord. Smith talks *to* the lord and *at* the Yankee, the rest play their parts "as cast in the bill," and everybody goes off delighted. The dinner was a hit, and Smith was "never so brilliant"—if Mrs. Figgins and Mr. Washington, Wall street, can be relied on.

Let us glance at another phase of the "life of the diner-out." Mr. Smith has accepted one of his most agreeable invitations—a west-end dinner, with a nobleman for his host. Mr. Smith is the son of a music-master, and of course was born with an indisputable claim to the supreme contempt of his noble convives. By his talents, and more particularly by his agreeable powers, however, he has uncurled the lip of scorn, and moves in aristocratic society, a privileged intruder. In the drawing-room, before dinner, Mr. Smith is ceremoniously polite—he is the one man in the company who dare not venture to be at his ease. Dinner is announced. The ladies are handed down by those who are born his betters, and he follows, silent and alone. He takes the seat that is left, wherever it be, and feels that he must be agreeable to his neighbor, whoever it be—at least till the conversation becomes general, when he is expected to shine. Meantime his brain is busier than his stomach, for he is watching for an opening to a pun, and studying the guests around him to arm his wit and lay traps for his stories. If, by chance, he is moody or ill at ease, he has not the noble privilege of reserve or silence. Not to talk—Smith not to be funny—were outrageous! "What was the man asked for?" would have been the first exclamation after his departure. Oh, no! he must be brilliant, *coute qu'il coute;* and as he is expected to extemporize verses at the piano after dinner, he must be cudgelling his invention at the same time to get together the material, and weave in the current news of the day, and the current scandal of the hour, with, of course, the proper seasoning of compliment to lords and ladies present. *Hic, labor, hic opus est!* The dishes are removed and the desert is set on the table, and Mr. Smith, who has hitherto kept up a small fire of not *very* old puns on the meats and their concomitants, becomes the object of general, but impassive and supercilious expectation. His listeners are waiting to be amused, without feeling the slightest obligation to draw out his wit by their own, and after this wet blanket has made his efforts hang fire for some time, the master of the house calls for "that very droll story"—the same song and story having been not only told often before, but expanded and embellished in the New Monthly or the John Bull. Wishing lords would tell stories of their own (which they never do), and dreading lest the company are already familiar with his story, Smith affects to select one listener to whom it is quite new, and to tell it for his individual amusement. In the midst of his narration, he discovers by some maladroit interruption that this person knows the story by heart, and, obliged to finish it without the zest of novelty, he makes a failure, and concludes amid a general silence. We have seen this happen once, and, from the nature of things, it must happen often. Who would wear such laurels? Who would wish this state of society introduced—this yet unforged link added to the social chain of America?

It is the common argument with the advocates of a monarchical form of government, that the arts and literature would be better fostered—that the wealth of which *patronage* is a growth, is only accumulated by primogeniture and entail. Heaven defend us from such fostering, say we! Heaven defend us from such patronage! No, no! Genius is proud! Genius is humbled and cowed, damped and degraded by patronage—"patronage" so called, we mean. The man gifted by his God with superiority to his fellows, does not, without an anguish of shame, yield precedence to the nobility of a king's patent. He is self-humbled when he does it. He loses the *sense* of superiority, without which he is no more noble in genius than the knight is noble in the field when his spurs are hacked

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off by the herald. There is no equality, felt or understood, between lord and author in England. It pleases authors so to represent it in books, but they never felt it. We have seen the favorites of the day in their hour of favor, and heard enough said of them to show us how much more would be said to ears more confidential. Through all the *abandon*, through all the familiarity of festive moments, when there is nothing which could be *named* which marks a distinction between noble and simple, there is an invisible arm for ever extended, with reversed hand, which the patronized author feels on his breast like a bar of iron. He never puts it aside. He never loses the remembrance of his inferiority. He is always a parasite—always a belier of God's mark of greatness, the nobility of mind.

If we are remarkable for anything worth putting your finger on, it is for a kind of divining-rod faculty that we have—useful to everybody but ourself. We can point to hidden treasure with a dip infallible—if it be for another man's benefit. In our own case, and for our own profit, we are, like all enchanted rods when dropped from the hand of the enchanter—a manifest and incapable stick. In the exercise of this vicarious faculty, we are about to take a walk up Broadway (on paper), and by pointing to undiscovered values, show to several persons how they can make their fortunes.

Here we are at the Battery—the most popular resort in town, and the most beautiful promenade in the known world. Within three minutes' walk of this lovely spot reside at least two or three thousand foreigners, the lower part of Broadway being their chosen and favorite quarter, and the "marine walk" their constant lounge. Bachelors innumerable of our own nation herd hereabout. The great baths of the city are near by, and any additional inducement would be the last drop in the bucket of attraction, and would double the number of Battery-frequenters. Where in the world beside, is there—unoccupied—such a place for a *café?*

Dispossess yourself, dear reader, of all impressions of *cafés* as you see them now, and of all idea of *coffee* and other *friandises* such as are commonly served to you in places so called. We speak of a Parisian *café*—a palace of cushions, gilding and mirrors, sumptuous as a thing rubbed out of the lamp of Aladdin, and presided over by a queen of the counter in the shape of a lady only less pretty than respectable. We speak of a luxurious and fashionable saloon, where, in the neighborhood of a lovely promenade, gentlemen and their dames and daughters can find faultless coffee, and faultless ices and fruits—a place to resort to in the slow hours, to rest in after a walk, to find refreshment after a bath, to meet friends and acquaintances. Why, in any city of Europe there would be dozens of *cafés* around a spot so enchanting. And we are fast overtaking Europe in the taste for these approved luxuries, and, in our opinion, the public is quite ready for *this!* In the month of April just gone by, there were placards "to let" upon the doors of the two houses facing the Battery between Greenwich street and Broadway. What an opportunity lost! What safer investment of capital could there be than to have expended a few thousand dollars upon the lower story and basement of this block, making of it a grand *café?* What in Europe could exceed the beauty of the prospect from its windows and doors, the freshness of its unpolluted air, the shade upon its sidewalk from the magnificent trees in front, and the charms of scenery and promenade immediately adjoining? We only wonder that to such a "call" of opportunity, a *café* did not spring through the ground like a mushroom, ready furnished with coffee and curaçoa, silver spoons and a lady at the counter!

Since we are not a Frenchman, nor a German, nor an "adult alien" of any description, we are sorry to say that these ultra-marine dwellers among us have more taste than we for fine scenery, elegant resorts, and fresh air. Foreigners monopolize the bright spot of Manhattan. The Battery is their nucleus. Fashion, indigenous fashion, has gone up town—an "uptown" hedged off from the rivers on either side by streets unfootworthy, and neighborhoods never penetrated to the water-side on any errand but business—leaving to foreigners the only spot in this vast island-city where the view and fresh air of the sea are decently accessible. On this string we have harped before, and we leave it now with a little suggestion that we can not so well bestow elsewhere—that while this *café* project is in process of incubation, the authorities would oblige us and the remainder of the public by giving us a comfortable seat or two with backs to them in the shady avenues of the Battery.

And now, to come up Broadway a little. In all countries but this, *rooms commanding advantages of view* have a proportionate high value as lodgings, and are furnished and let accordingly. Without stopping at the buildings whose value as residences are so much increased by the *oppositeness* of the superb structure and its leafy surroundings in Trinity churchyard, let us come at once to the Park. From the corner of the American Museum to the church in Beekman street extends a line of buildings, the advantages of which as to neighborhood and prospect would command the highest price, as lodgings, in any other city in the world. The superb fountain—the trees and grass of the enclosure—the views of the magnificent church and hotels, and the thronged pavement of Broadway opposite, are all visible from those desirable chambers. The large company of single gentlemen who occupy rooms similarly situated in other cities—gentlemen who want lodging-rooms and breakfast, and dine wherever they like—are compelled to dive into the dark side-streets, and either live in pent-up quarters quite away from this centre of attraction, or undertake the life of hotels which has, for many of them, serious objections. Luxuriously fitted and furnished, with a housekeeper and the usual appliances of English lodging-houses, this line of buildings would be unequalled in attractions to bachelors. Everything they desire in a residence would be there attained—centrality, comfort, and accessibility. We recommend to the landlords who now let rooms, commanding such advantages, for cheap lodgings, barber's shops, and lumber-rooms, to turn their attention forthwith to this obviously better account, and at the same time embellish and improve the most conspicuous part of the city.

We were going into various other details of the unimproved capabilities of New York, but *verbum sap.* Our drift is visible, and it is only necessary in reference to such subjects to set the wide-awake to thinking.

The extreme heats of the last week or two have depopulated country-seats, and driven thousands from the open glare and thin roofs of rural resorts, to the shady sidewalks and stone walls of the more temperate city. The dim and cool vestibules of the large hotels are thronged with these driven-in strangers; and in the refreshing atmosphere of the manifold iced drinks and their varied odors of mint and pine-apple, they bless Heaven for the cooling luxuries of cities, pitying all those whose destiny or poverty confines them to the unmitigated country. Enjoying, as we do, the blessings of metropolitan protection in July, we feel called upon to express our deep sympathy with those

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unfortunate beings, who, in places of public resort, or in private cottages, are fulfilling their sad destiny of sultry exposure. The once porous hill-sides and valleys, baked by the sun to the induration of a paved street, lack the delicious sprinklings of Croton water-pipes. The warm milestones, few and far between, do but remind the scorched passer-by of the gushing hydrants of Broadway. The tepid spruce-beer and chalky soda-water of the country-inns only deepen the agony of absence from "juleps" and "cobblers." What would not these poor sufferers give for a brick block between them and the sun! How would they not bless Heaven for the sight of the cold sweat on a wall of unheated and impermeable granite! What celestial bliss would it not be, to see, on a country road, at every few yards' distance, black boys, unpaid and unthanked, directing, like benign angels, streams of the pellucid element across their sultry way! Ah! the luxury, in the summer-heats, of city-walls and city refrigerations!

It has been unreflectingly thought that there were two classes of human beings overworked and uncared for. It has been said that there was no Providence for housemaids and editors. The predecessors of these laborious animals, it was supposed, had, in some previous metempsychosis, committed sins which doomed their posterity to perpetual toil. It is true, theirs is a destiny of crash, in a world, for others, of comparative diaper and dimity. But, mark the alleviations! The first of July comes round, and Heaven inflicts upon the task-masters and mistresses of these oppressed maids, a locomotive insanity. With toil and sweat they pack up their voluminous traps, and embarking in a seething boat they depart, panting and red-faced, on their demented travels. They go from place to place, packing and unpacking, fretting and sweating from day to day, and arriving at last at the grand fool-dom of Saratoga, they take up their lodging for a month in chambers of pill-box dimensions, pitiably persuaded that the smell of pine partitions, and the pitchy closeness of shingled roofs reeking in the sun, are the fragrance of the fields, and a blessed relief from the close air of the city! So, for weeks, they absent themselves, deluded. The housemaid, meantime, has possession of the cool and spacious dwellings deserted for her use. The dragged muscles relax over her collar-bone and shoulders, for she has now no water to carry up-stairs and down. She recovers the elasticity in the small of her back, and the natural distribution of red and white in her flushed and overheated complexion. The well-contrived blinds, closed in the freshness of the morning-hours, keep the house cool and dim for her noontide repose. The spacious drawing-rooms are hers, in which to wander at will, barefoot if she likes, on the luxurious carpets. The bath-rooms are near her bed, and the ice-man comes daily to the door, and unless she choose to step out upon the sidewalk at noon, she scarce need know it is summer. Ah, the still coolness of thick brick walls and ample rooms within! Her worn-out frame recovers its powers, and in the goodness of her heart she can afford to send pitying thoughts after the exiled and infatuated sufferers at Saratoga!

Negatively blessed is her fellow-sufferer, the editor, meantime—liable as he is to this same locomotive lunacy, and kept within reach of enjoyable and health-preserving luxuries by the un-let-up-able nature of his vocation. Nor this alone. He has his minor reliefs. Omni-acquainted as he necessarily is, and mostly with the unhappy class self-exiled to the inclement country, his weary arm now lies supine in delicious indolence at his side. The habitual five hundred visits, *per diem*, of his right hand to the rim of his hat, are no more exacted. The two hundred and fifty suggestions, *per diem*, as to the conduct of his paper, the course of his politics, and his private morals, are no longer to be thankfully received. The city is full, but full of strangers, charmingly unconscious of his extreme need of counsel. He walks to and fro at ease, looking blandly at the hydrants, blandly at the strange faces, blandly at the deliciously unfamiliar contents of the omnibuses. He dwells in a crowd, in heavenly solitude. He is like a magnetized finger on the body of a man with a toothache—apart from the common pulse, sequestered from the common pain—yet in his habitual place and subject to no separation. He has no engagements to meet gentlemen or committees, for the better manufacture of public opinion. He can shilling it to Staten Island for sea-air, or sixpence it to Harlem for an evening sight of the blood-warm grass, in blessed silence! And so fly the summer months, like three leaves of the book of paradise turned back by chance; and, refreshed with new courage, the doomed editor renews, in September, the multitudinous extras of his vocation. Oh kindly Providence, even for housemaids and editors!

A true leaf from the thoughts of a woman of genius on the subject of woman's love, is stuff to dwell upon in the reading. We totally differ from one of the sweetest writers of the time, Mrs. Seba Smith, on the following disparaging passage touching the love of a gentle and confiding woman as contrasted with that of a proud one. Let our readers judge. The passage occurs, by-the-way, in a story which is the gem of the whole year of monthlies, called "The Proud Ladye"—in Godey's Lady's Book. "The love of a gentle and confiding woman, with its perpetual appeals to tenderness and protection, must be dear, very dear to a manly heart; but then it too often lacketh that exclusive and earnest devotion which imparts a last touch of value, its sympathies are too readily excited, and the images of others, faint and shadowy it may be, yet still images, too often sit, side by side, with the beloved. But the love of a proud woman, with its depths of untold tenderness, rarely stirred, yet, when once awakened, welling up a perpetual fountain of freshness and beauty, its concentred and earnest faith, its unmingled sympathies, its pure shrine, raised to the beloved, burning no incense upon strange altars, and admitting no strange oblations, the love of such a one should invest manhood with tenfold dignity—should make him feel as a priest in the very presence of the divinity."

"Things lost in air" are not always unproductive, Signora Castellan having received, last night, about two thousand dollars for singing four songs. Signor Giampietro, her husband, may well say that "a sweet voice is a most excellent thing in woman." I made one of the twenty-five hundred who composed the audience of this successful *cantatrice* last evening, and having missed her introductory concert, this was the first time I had seen her. I should take Madame Castellan to be about twenty-three. She is a plump little Jewess, with an advantage not common to plumptitude—a very uppish and thoroughbred neck, charmingly set on. A portrait of her dimpled shoulders and the back of her head would be a fit subject for Titian. Her countenance expresses an indolent sweetness, with none of the wide-awakity so common to her tribe—and, indeed, the description of the Persian beauty by Hafiz occurred to me in looking at her:—

"Her heart is full of passion and her eyes are full of sleep."

A most amiable person I am sure she is—but, unless I am much mistaken, there is none of Malibran's intellectual volcano in the "craythur," and the molten lava is what is wanting to make her equal or compar-

able to that wonderful woman. I certainly do not think we have heard a voice in this country, not even Malibran's, of more astonishing compass than Madame Castellan's. There is not a chamber in her throat where a cobweb could remain unswept for a moment. Her *contralto* notes are far beyond the plummet of ordinary "soundings," and as rich and effortless as the gurgle of a ringdove, while her soprano tones go up with the buoyancy of a lark, and raise on tiptoe all the audience who are not fortunate enough to obtain seats. Still, in ascending and descending on this angel's ladder, she misses a round now and then. There are transitions which *catch*, somehow. She wants *fusion*. In her trills more particularly, the balance is one-sided, and there is a nerve in the listener's *besoin* which is not reached by the warble. Give her more practice, however, more passionateness or brandy and water, and she would melt over these trifling flaws, without a doubt. So near perfection as she is, it seems almost impertinent to criticise her.

New York has some *radii* to its outer periphery which are well worth the stranger's following in the way of excursions. The promontory which makes the jumping-off place at the seaward end of the Narrows, is one of these, and upon it (next door to the fishing-huts of Galway), stands one of the most luxurious hotels in this country. A friend gave me a delightful drive to it the other day, *via* a little flourish among the knolls of Long Island, and, as it chanced to be the hottest day of the season, I can speak advisedly of the ocean air of Fort Hamilton. To be handed over from the Battery to such a cool place, in half an hour, by the long arm of a steamer, is one of the possibilities that make New York very habitable.

The marvel of New York just now is "THE ALHAMBRA"—an ice-cream resort lately opened a little below Niblo's. The depth of the building on Broadway is pierced for a corridor entrance, and this is lined with counters tended by the prettiest Hebes of their class. Traversing this alley of temptation, you descend to a marble-paved circular court, tented with gayly-striped awnings and gorgeous colors of barbaric architecture. The seats are around a fountain, and a statue of a water-nymph stands in the centre, holding above her head a horn, from which issues the water, in a jet resembling a glass umbrella. The basin is rimmed with flowers, the falling water makes the constant murmur which is needful for a *tête-à-tête*, the sky looks in through the lacings of the blue and white awning, and "the ices are made of pure cream." The whole scene is more oriental than Spanish, and would have been better named a *serail* or a *kiosk* than the Alhamra, but it is a "fairy-spot" (as well as a man can judge who has not seen fairy-land), and, for the price of an ice-cream, it gives the untravelled a new idea of luxury.

Great as the difference is between the scents of moist earth and splashed dust, the latter, *faute de mieux*, comes up to your nostrils very agreeably, as you sit at your summer morning's work in a city window. It is a day to be thankful for "wet" in almost any shape. Yet it shows of what accommodating stuff we are made, when, instead of the gentle ministry of the exhaling dews, we feel prepared to bless a fat negro with a leathern pipe, dispensing, as it were, the city branch of nature's distribution of moisture. The sable vicegerent of the Croton, whom I have in my eye (hight Jackson)—now brushing the boots of Mr. Stopintown, the poor scribbler, now directing at will the prodigal outgush of water that comes forty miles to do his bidding—stands, as well he may, petrified with astonishment at the zealous activity with which the obedient element follows the turn of his finger. Negro amazement is evidently taken in at the mouth. My friendly moistener airs his trachea very fixedly from the beginning to the end of his easy function. Thanks to his influence, the thermometer beside me, I observe, has sunk two degrees with the tepid abatement of the morning air.

Whatever else may be left unfinished at the end of the world, we are quite sure that there has been *enough written!* The "bow of promise" was no security against a *deluge of books*—and it has come!

> "Oh, for a perch on Ararat with Noah"—

the waves of this great flood receding, and nothing visible but the "unwritten" mud! We would fain have books "done away." We would begin again with "two of every kind," and wait with patience for a posthumous work by Ham, Shem, or Japhet!

> "Our eyes are sick of this perpetual flow
> Of (*Extras*)—and our heart of (things to read!)"

which, we believe are Shelley's "sentiments better expressed."

And, by-the-way, it is a marvel where all these books go to. We do not mean, of course, the type and paper. We mean the spirit, black, or white, or gray, that on this bridge of print passes from the author's heart into the reader's and there abides—more difficult to cast out than the devils exiled into pork three thousand years ago, and still guarded against by the abhorrent synagogue. Fifteen millions of people, all ductile, imitative, and plastic—all, at some moment or other, waiting for a type upon which to mould their characters—and all supplied, helter-skelter, at a shilling the pair, with heroes and heroines made to sell—the creatures God has first created in his own image, taken soft from his hand, and shaped, moulded, and finished by De Kock and Bulwer! Who is there, high or low, that is not reached by these possessing and enchanting spirits? We are sure we do not overrate their power. In our own case, a novel of Bulwer's, read in a day, possesses us exclusively and irresistibly for a week, and lingers in our brain for many a day after. Like or dislike the character he draws—we can not resist the fascination. Yet you would think the reading of a book, by an editor, would be like sweeping out the water from a brook. What must it be to the farmer who reads it by his pine-knot fire in the country, and thinks of it all day over his plough—to the apprentice who reads it on Sunday and ponders on it for a week over his bench. We are only looking at them as infusions into the fountains of opinion and impulse; and, if we had time, we should like to trace them till they appeared in classes of events, or in features of national character. To do this in detail would require the space of a lecture or an essay. But, at a glance—to what do we owe the fact, that, throughout all the middle and lower classes of American life, everything except toil and daily bread is looked at through the most sentimental and romantic medium? In their notions, affections, and views of life, the Americans are really the most romantic people on earth. We do not get this from our English forefathers—the English are as much the contrary as is possible. We do not get it from our pursuits—what can be more unromantic than the daily cares of an American? We do not get it from our climate—it is a wonder how romance, fled from the soft skies of Spain and Italy, can stay among us. We get it from books—from the hoisting of the floodgates of copyright—from the inundation of works of fiction. There are few, we venture to say—few below the more intellectual classes, whose views of life are not shaped and modelled, and whose ambitions are not aimed by characters and impulses found in the attrac-

tive pages of "cheap literature." We do not condemn this, we repeat—we do not know that we would stop it if we could. At any rate, we prefer it to the inoculation of English low life—the brutality of the Jack Sheppard school of novels; and we vastly prefer it to the voluptuousness of the literature most popular in France. Thieves are not heroes among us, and woman is enshrined in respect and honor; and with these respective differences from England and France, we can almost rest content under the influences that make us what we are.

Sit back in your chair, and let me babble! I like just to pull the spiggot out of my discretion, and let myself run. No criticisms if you please, and don't stare! Eyelids down, and stand ready for slip-slop.

I was sitting last night by the lady with the horn and the glass umbrella, at the Alhamra—I drinking a julep, she (my companion) eating an ice. The water dribbled, and the moon looked through the slits in the awning, and we chatted about Saratoga. My companion has a very generalizing mind, situated just in the rear of a very particularly fine pair of black velvet eyes, and her opinions usually come out by a little ivory gate with a pink portico—charming gate, charming portico, charming opinions. I must say I think more of intellect when it is well lodged.

I am literally at a dead loss to know whether she said it, or I said it—what my mind runs on at this moment. It's all one, for if I said it, it was with the velvet approbation of her ineffable eyes, and before such eyes I absorb and give back, like the mirror that I am. These, then, are *her* reflections about Saratoga.

Why, in mamma's time, it was a different affair. There was a cabinet of fashion in those days, and the question was settled with closed doors. Giants have done being born, and so have super-beautiful women—such women as used to lay down hearts like blocks in the wooden pavement, and walk on nothing else. There were about three in each city—three belles of whom every baptized person in the country knew the name, style, and probable number of victims. Their history should have been written while they lasted—for of course the gods loved them, and "whom the gods love die first," and they are dead, and have left no manuscripts nor models. Well, these belles were leagued, and kept up their dynasty by correspondence. New York was the seat of government, and the next strongest branch was at Albany (where the women at one time were lovelier than at any known place and period since the memory of woman). In New York alone, however, were married ladies admitted to the councils. Here and there a renowned beau was kept in the antechamber for advice. April came, and then commenced a vigorous exchange of couriers. "The Springs," of course, but which? Saratoga, or Lebanon, or Ballston? What carried it, or who decided it, was enshrined in the most eternal mystery—but it was decided and known to a few beaux and the proprietors of the hotels by the middle of May. Wine and Johnson's band were provided accordingly. The summer was more punctual in those days, and July particularly was seldom belated. After the fourth, the cabinet started, and then commenced a longitudinal radiation from north to south—after what, and to follow whom, was only a secret to the uninitiated. And such times—for then the people had fortunes, and the ladies drank champagne! La! how 'ma talks about it!

But now!—*Eheu fugaces!* (Latin for "bless my soul")—change has drank all the spirit of our dream. There is so much aristocracy in New York that there is none at all. Beauty has been scrambled for, and everybody has picked up a little. There must be valleys to make mountains—ugly people before there can be belles—but everybody being rather pretty, who can be divine? *Idem*, gentility! Who knows who isn't "genteel" in New York? There are fifty circles as like as peas—and not even an argument as to the perihelion. Live where you please, know whom you please, wear what you please, and ride freely in the omnibuses, and nobody makes a remark! Social anarchy!

Why, what a state of things it is when it is as much trouble to find out where the prettiest people have gone to pass the summer as it is to inquire out "good"ness in Wall street! No cherishing, either, of belle or beau descent! The daughters of the charming tyrants of ten or twenty years ago, the boys of the beaux of that time, walk about unpointed at and degenerate. The "good society" of twenty years ago is most indifferent society now.

"The vase in which roses have once been distilled"

goes for a crockery pipkin.

A great pity they don't have coffee at the Alhamra! And no curaçoa—and what is ice-cream without a drop of curaçoa! It's a pretty place—a very pretty place! And there should be nobody to wait on you here but dainty and dapper slaves—such as the Moors had, with golden rings on their ankles, in the veritable Alhambra. That tall, crooked blackamoor hurts my eye.

So there was no "Mr. Hicks," and no "legacy to Washington Irving." More's the pity! I wish a Mr. Hicks might be created impromptu, on purpose. And more Mr. Hickses for more authors. Birds that sing should be provided with cages and full cups. What could be done better with spare moneys than to take the footworn pilgrim of genius and send him softly down from the temple of fame shod with velvet! In every rich man's will there should be at least one line illuminated with a bequest to genius. Heaven give us a million that we may set the glorious example!

And now, lady, who are you that in this gossiping dream has held converse with me! I have murmured to the black cross, suspended by its braid of hair upon your throat of ivory, without asking your name—content that you listened. But now (if spiritual visiters have arms)—put your arm in mine and come out under a better-devised ceiling! The night is fragrant. Heaven is sifting love upon us through the sieve of the firmament—starlight, you took it for! And as much falls in Broadway as elsewhere. And the stars are as sweet, seen from this sidewalk, as they are from the fountain of Egeria. I have sighed in both places, and know. "*Allons! faites moi l'amour—car je suis dans mon humeur des Dimanches.*"

We are making a study of this big book of a city we live in. We mean, in good time, to peruse it all—its blotted passages no less than the lines of it which fall in pleasant places. And we'll tell you what we think of it as we go along. Not with shovel and pickaxe. Order is a law of industry, and industry, as the child of sin, we virtuously abhor. We shall read this great book, as we do everything else—in the style of the antelapsarians—idly and paradise-wise. The ant and the "little busy bee" were unknown to Adam and Eve, it may be safely conjectured; and we scorn to take them for models, as enjoined in the primer. Butterflies for ever! We shall flit from flower to flower, and tilt upon any stem that we fancy will support us—as do these full-dress and faineant gentlemen of no care. Pray expect nothing in particular! Stand ready to hop off. Any perfume that comes down the wind may tempt us to follow its invisible track back—for so butterflies detect the self-betraying

flowers of Paradise. (Though, for this zigzagery in our courses it is, that we butterflies are called volatile and capricious—as if we had no right, in our own way, to follow our more spiritual and finer noses! And to be blamed, too, for imitating, as far as in us lies, the innocent nothing-to-do-ity of angels!)

But, the animated book of Manhattan. Turn we to a plain passage, on which we were just now pondering.

There seems to us a poor economy of the animal spirits in the mode of life of the New-Yorkers. Let us take a single example, for the convenience of our over-worked adjectives and pronouns.

Mr. Splitfig, the eminent wholesale grocer, is at the age of virtue—thirty-five. He rises in the morning at half-past seven, makes so much of his toilet as appears above the tablecloth, and makes his breakfast of the morning paper, a nibble at a roll, and coffee at discretion. He is too newly up to eat—too recently arrived from the spiritual land of dreams, as my adorable friend Lyra would express it. He is grave and quiet. The sobriety of a fifteen hours' fast is upon him—for he has not eaten meat since yesterday at three. Refreshed by sleep, however, and cheerful after his coffee, he draws on his walking seldom-alluded-tos, and goes out to be gone till dinner. At eleven, or thereabout, his spirits begin to flag. He would rather not see a friend, except on business, for he hates the trouble of talking. Debts and peccadilloes lie at the bottom of the stomach, and his heart drops down to them for want of a betweenity of beefsteak. He begins to be faintish, but he is principled against lunching or drinking before dinner, and by one o'clock his animal spirits have sunk into his boots, and, from that time till three, he is a dispirited fag, going through with his habitual routine of business, but, of a civil word or a smile as incapable as Caliban. It is while the chambers of his head are thus unlighted and untenanted, however, that the most of his friends and acquaintances see him and judge of his capacity for entertainment. He speaks to fifty people in the course of those two exhausted hours, and speaks sullenly and coldly, and, of these fifty, not one considers that

"The very road into his kindness"

lies over a floating bridge of comestibles which has sunk with an unnatural ebbtide. What says Menenius, the rough and wise?—

> "He had not dined:
> The veins unfilled, the blood is cold, and then
> We pout upon the morning; are unapt
> To give or to forgive; but when we have stuffed
> These pipes and these conveyances of our blood
> With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
> Than in our priest-like fasts."

But, at three, Mr. Splitfig dines—and as he gives them something to stand on, his spirits jump up and look out of his eyes. His tongue feels the moisture at its root, and grows flowery, and the one man who sits opposite to the unctuous grocer at table thinks him the best of fellows.

Splitfig keeps a trotter, and, after dinner, happy and agreeable, he jumps into his wagon, and distributes, along the milestones and hedges of the Bloomingdale road, smiles and good-natured glances, that were much more wisely got up four hours earlier in the day, and sown among his friends for a crop of popularity. To change the similitude, Splitfig makes his day's voyage with a cold boiler, and gets up the steam on arriving at the wharf!

Not so Monsieur Toutavous, the French importer. Toutavous takes a cup of coffee at waking, and on the strength of it, dresses, reads the papers, and writes the two or three business-letters which require the coolest head. He keeps for his own society exclusively the melancholy hour or two of every day, during which "the stomach is apprehensive that the throat is cut"—the communication is so interrupted. Yet as these unsmiling hours are excellent for thought and calculation, he so shapes his business that he can pass them, alone, without inconvenience. He has taken his coffee, observe, but he has not breakfasted. At eleven he goes to Delmonico's on his way to the "shop." A beefsteak and a pint of claret dress his countenance in smiles, and invigorate his fingers for the friendly clasp exacted by courtesy. He gets to his counting-house a little before twelve, enters upon the hard work of the day with a system alert and lively, and impresses everybody whom he sees with the idea that he is born to good fortune, and has the look of it, and is a good fellow, with no distrust of his credit nor of himself. Sensible of Toutavous—is it not?

Pity, we say again, that the personal, physical economies are so little regarded among us. The ladies lack also a little "fernseed in their ears," but we would not put them off with the tail of a paragraph. We have, for them, a chapter in lavender; not of our own devising altogether! A superb female Machiavel whom we once knew, who came always to a ball at three in the morning, fresh as a rosebud after a night's sleep, entrancing you with her dewy coolness when everybody else was hot and weary—she, capable of this brilliant absurdity, once discoursed to us on the economies of heart-breaking. We will show you the trick some day. Meantime, salaam!

"As much good stay with thee as go with me!"

The first visiter to the bay of New York, and the writer of the first description on record, was John de Verrazzano, a Florentine, in the service of Francis the First. This bold navigator had been for some time in command of four ships, cruising against the Spaniards. But his little fleet being separated in a storm, Verrazzano determined, with one of them, the Dauphin, to take a voyage in search of new countries. He arrived on the American coast, somewhere near North Carolina, and first proceeded south as far as "the region of palm-trees," probably Florida. He then turned, and proceeded north till he entered a harbor, which he describes thus, in a passage of a letter addressed by him to his royal master:—

"This land is situated in the paralele of Rome, in forty-one degrees and two terces; but somewhat more colde by accidentall causes. The mouth of the haven lieth open to the south, half a league broad; and being entred within it, between the east and the north, it stretcheth twelve leagues, where it wareth broader and broader, and maketh a gulfe about twenty leagues in compass, wherein are five small islands, very fruitfull and pleasant, full of hie and broad trees, among the which islands any great navie may ride without any feare of tempest or other danger."

In this harbor Verrazzano appears to have remained about fifteen days. He and his men frequently went on shore to obtain supplies and see the country. He says, in another part of his letter: "Sometimes our men stayed two or three daies on a little island neere the ship for divers necessaries. We were oftentimes within the land five or six leagues, which we found as pleasant as is possible to declare, very apt for any kind of husbandry, of corne, wine, and ayle. We entered afterward into the woods, which we found so thicke that any army, were it never so great, might have hid itself therein; the trees whereof are okes, cypress-trees, and other sorts unknown in Europe."

These were probably the first European feet that ever trod on any part of the territory now included in the state of New York. Verrazzano and his crew

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seem to have had considerable intercourse with the natives, and generally to have been treated well, though by his own account he did not always deserve it. Speaking of an excursion made by his men somewhere on the coast, he says: "They saw only one old woman, with a young maid of eighteen or twenty yeeres old, which, seeing our companie, hid themselves in the grasse for feare. The old woman carried two infants on her shoulders, and the young woman was laden with as many. As soon as they saw us, to quiet them and win their favors, our men gave them victuals to eate, which the old woman received thankfully, but the young woman threw them disdainfully on the ground. *They took a child from the old woman to bring into France; and going about to take the young woman, which was very beautiful, and of tall stature*, they could not possibly, for the great outcries that she made, bring her to the sea; and especially having great woods to pass thorow, and being far from the ship, we proposed to leave her behind, *bearing away the child only*."

In a subsequent part of this narrative, Verrazzano presents a very favorable picture, not only of the amenity, but of the discretion of the aborigines: "They came in great companies of their small boats unto the ship, with their faces all bepainted with divers colors, and bringing their wives with them, whereof they were very jealous; they themselves entering aboard the ship, and staying there a good space, but causing their wives to stay in their boats; and for all the entreatie that we could make, offering to give them divers things, we could never obtaine that they would suffer them to come aboard the ship. And oftentimes one of the two kings coming with his queene, and *many gentlemen* for their pleasure to see us, they all stayed on shore, two hundred paces from us, sending us a small boat to give us intelligence of their coming; and as soon as they had answere from us they came immediately, and wondered at hearing the cries and noyses of the mariners. The queene and her maids stayed in a very light boat at an island a quarter of a league off, while the king abode a long space in our ship, uttering divers conceits with gestures, viewing with great admiration the furniture of the shippe. And sometimes our men staying one or two days on a little island near the ship, he returned with seven or eight of *his gentlemen* to see what we did; then the king drawing his bow, and running up and down with *his gentlemen*, made much sport to gratify our men."

The sail-studded bay of New York at this day presents another scene; and one of these same "*gentlemen*" is now almost as great a curiosity here as was John de Verrazzano, only three centuries ago, to the rightful lords of this fair land and water.

If we are not "qualifying" for the doom of Sodom and Gomorrah, we must look elsewhere for the causes of the accelerated pace at which goes on our national demoralization. How many pegs down we have dropped within three or four years, in political principle, how many in mercantile honor and credit, how many in the demand and consequent quality of literature, and how many in the dignity of the periodical press, are four very pregnant texts for sermons, as well as questions for political economy. But more striking than any of these changes for the worse, seems to us the demoralization of private life—the increase of scenes of bloodshed, of shocking immorralities, of violence toward the unprotected, of calumnies, revenges, sabbath-breakings, and all the abominations common to more corrupt and older countries. When is this unnaturally rapid tide to ebb, and to what is it tending?

In the comparative idleness of Americans at present—the stagnation of business and the food for bad passions, which always lies under misfortune and desperation—we may doubtless find the immediate causes of these evil changes, and in this there lies a hope, that, with the country's reviving prosperity and industry, its morals, public and private, will mend. But there are other and more permanent principles of evil at work among us, which will grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength—as they have grown and strengthened with the progress and prosperity of every country under the sun. In a most philosophical and able letter on the condition of the different countries of Europe, which appeared lately in the National Intelligencer, the writer (President Durbin) remarks upon the gradual diminution of the middle classes in England, and the "widening separation between the rich, who are becoming richer, and the poor, who are becoming poorer." This middle class —which is the population without its extremes of aristocracy and beggary—constitutes the body and strength of England, and when its wealth has been drawn to the aristocracy, and its wants to the beggary of that country, she will be ready for the next stages of national history—revolution and downfall. America, however, has as yet neither extreme to any considerable extent. Our population are almost entirely persons of such means and pursuits as would place them within the pale of the middle class in England. There is no well-defined aristocracy—no inevitable and irremediable beggary. But the tendency is *toward* these extremes, and in that tendency—irritated and strengthened just now by the peculiar prostration of "the times"—we see the causes of no small portion of the evils we have alluded to. The first step taken toward the formation of an aristocracy is the adoption of its vices, as the first result of inevitable or impending beggary is the contemplation of crime. The refined pursuits of a man born to a certainty of wealth and station, can not be adopted in a moment, nor can suffice for the desires of a man suddenly grown rich. Nor are the higher pleasures of taste and intellect at all satisfying, except after a youth of high culture and ennobled association. The result is, that the corrupted or vacant mind of the fortunate possessor of wealth turns to the pursuit of pleasure, and pleasure in such minds soon degenerates into vice. A virtuous aristocracy, if it ever exist at all, is the slow creation of pride of ancestry, and a well-instilled conviction of the true path of distinction and honor—but meantime the beginners at luxury and power are established as a class of ostentatious and unprincipled members of society, and the license and indulgence they exact is yielded them with exasperation on the part of those they displace and injure. Seduction and intrigue, hushed up, winked at, paid for with money, in European countries, is here resented with the murder of the offender. Public opinion, which, in Europe, under such circumstances, would forgive the offence, and sympathise only with the seducer, takes, in this country, as yet, the other side. To be idle, which was formerly a reproach, is becoming a merit here, as it is in countries where none are gentlemen but the idle. But gambling by night for the means of extravagant idleness takes the place of industry by day, and the heart-burnings, jealousies, and unemployed passions of this class, lead almost certainly to scenes of violence and bloodshed. The presence in our community of a large body of idlers (such as exists in all the countries of Europe), whose whole occupation in life is profligacy, is an evil very fast coming upon this country, and one which should at least be guarded against by a total change in the education and guardianship of women.

If you have never been on the Beacon course at Hoboken, you have never seen the opening lips of the Hudson river to advantage. As if nature was of

the same opinion, the long city, with the dot of Governor's island below it, looks like a note of admiration jotted down on the other side. This high table of land in so near neighborhood to New York is a superb natural esplanade, and I marvel much that such unequalled sites for villas can be monopolized by a racecourse. I will spare you the "fine writing" with which the view inspired me while there. It cools too rosy for prose.

I went over in the suite of a choice "Spirit of the Times," to see the great match between saddle and wheels—the Oneida Chief, a pacer in harness, against Lady Suffolk and Beppo, two trotters, under jockeys in stirrups. It was rather a new mode of racing—new to me, at least—and I expected a great crowd, but the spectators were in scores instead of thousands. On the way, and in the stand, I was amused with the physiognomy and phraseology of the persons drawn from the city by the sporting nucleus. There was a sprinkling of nobodies, like myself, of course, and some strangers from the hotels; but the remainder had a peculiarity which marked them as a class, and at which I can only fling a conjecture in the way of a definition. Every sense and faculty about them seemed abandoned to jollity, except the eye. The eye looked cool and unsympathetic. In the heartiest laugh, the lids did not relax. The sharp scrutinizing wrinkle and the brow pressed down, remained immovable while the sides were shaking. I am not sure that the whole expression lay in this; but there *was* an expression, very decided, about them of a reservation from fun *somewhere*, and, with all their frolic and nonsense, they looked as cool and ready as a slate and pencil. Sharp boys, I should take them to be, seen singly anywhere.

The horses were breathed a little before the race, and as they went to and fro before the stand, I had a fair look at them. Lady Suffolk has all the showiness of the trio, and she looks more like a narrow escape of beauty than beauty itself. She is a large dappled gray mare, with a tail fit for a pacha's standard, legs not particularly blood-like, stiff walking gait, and falls off behind and slopes under the hamstrings like a corn-crib built to shed rain. Cover her head up (which looks knowing enough for a Wall street broker's), and she would not sell, standing still at a country market, for a hundred dollars. A little study of her structure, however, shows you that she is made for something or other very extraordinary, and when she starts from you with a rider on her back, she goes off like something entirely different from any velocity of leg that you are acquainted with. The speed of two passing steamers going at twenty miles an hour—you on one and a horse on the deck of the other—would give you the same sensation of unnatural go-away-ness. Seen coming, from a little distance, she rocks like a pendulum swinging from the rider's head, and when she goes by at full speed, a more pokerish, awkward, and supernatual gait could scarce be got out of a cross between a steam-paddle and an ostrich. Every time her haunches draw up, she shoots ahead as if she was hit behind with an invisible beetle. Nothing in the way of legs seems to explain it.

The Oneida Chief is not half so fine an animal to look at as his driver, Hiram Woodruff, the great whip of the turf. He is as fine a specimen of the open-air man, born for a field open to all comers, as I have met with in my life. He has a fine frank countenance, a step like a leopard, a bold eye, and a most compact, symmetrical, and elastic frame, fit for a gladiator. In his sulky, he looked as all riders in those ugly contrivances do, like an animal with an axletree through him, and wheels to his hips, but he drove so beautifully as to abate the usual ridicule of the vehicle. The Oneida Chief is a sorrel, and a wonderful pacer, but, as he was beaten, I will say no more about him.

Beppo, the second best horse, is the most comical little animal I have ever seen. His color is like a shabby brown plush, and he looks, at a first glance, as if he might have been a cab-horse, or a baker's horse, or in some other much-abused line, but retaining, withal, a sort of cocked-pistol expression of eye and limb, and a most catgut extension of muscle. His loins are like a greyhound, and every hair on him seems laid in the most economical way to *go*, and when he does go there is no outlay for any other purpose. A more mere piece of straightforward work than Beppo's action I could never imagine. Whatever balk there was in starting, he was just at the mark, and he neither broke nor bothered, but did it all in round honest trotting, coming up on the last quarter stretch like a whipped-up arrow. As he only lost the first heat by a head, he of course did his mile, as Lady Suffolk did, in two minutes twenty-six seconds—the fastest trotting on record.

"How d'ye do!—how d'ye do!" as greetings, have passed away. Those two never-answered interrogatories have yielded to the equally meaning salutations, "Eh, back!" "Where?" In your autumn trip to the city remember to salute your friends and acquaintances. For some three weeks this has been the vogue, and (grown a gravity with use) people now shake hands over "Eh back!" "Where?" with all the sober earnestness which attended the habitual "how d'ye do?" "how d'ye do?" I give it you by way of early report of the prevailing fashion.

Since I wrote to you I have aired my magnetic circle with a trip into the solitude of the Highlands. "Retiring from the crowd" is an impoverished phrase for the withdrawal of one's ten thousand spiritual feelers from the interlaced contact and influence of four hundred thousand neighbors. We can get used to anything—thanks to the adaptability of our natures—and my four hundred thousandth part of the space, light, air, and locomotion of the island of Manhattan, had grown by habit to be a comfortable allowance; but it was no less a relief to send up my breath to the sky without mixture, and to look about without tangling my retina with the optic nerves of other people. The ordinary accompaniments of departure from town give the fullest effect to the contrast. The pellet of potato, crowded into the quill of a boy's popgun, does not escape with a more sudden relief than the passenger departing by the North river steamer. The crowd grows closer and tighter as you get to the wharf, and the last five minutes before casting off are as close a pressure of flesh, blood, and personal atmosphere, as can well be endured with any prospect of recovered elasticity. Suddenly there is a rush ashore, and you shoot out into the calm and open bay, and dropping into a chair, instantly commence the perusal of a rural shore, gliding stilly athwart your eye like the lines of a pastoral poem:—no people between you and it, no eyes looking at you from the Palisades, no hats on the trees, no bows from the ripples as you pass, no jostle in the fresh air, no greeting, no beggar, no bore. As a sudden release of mind and body from a tight place, I know nothing (short of death at the Five Points) to exceed it.

I was on board "the Swallow," the stillest skimmer of the waters in which I have yet travelled, and I trust the green trees, and indented bays, nooks, and knolls of Hoboken and Westchester, were sensible of the fresh intensity of my admiration, as we glided, dream-like and un-steamer-like, by. I made one or two mundane and gregarious observations, by-the-by, on the voyage, and the principal one was the watchful and delicate attention of the captain of the boat to the

comfort of the ladies and children on board, and, apropos of that, the superiority of this class in our country over those of every other. I could wish the foreign travellers among us might take our steamboat captains on the Hudson as specimens of our habits and manners, and, for the three whom I have the pleasure to know (the captains of the Troy, Swallow, and Empire), I am quite sure that no gentleman could desire, for wife or daughter, more courteous and well-bred care than they habitually bestow on the passengers who embark with them. As an instance (which I noticed and think worth recording), Captain McLean chanced to discover, at the moment a lady was going ashore with a child and a nurse at nine o'clock at night, that her destination was on the other side of the river, near a landing where the boats do not regularly touch. As it looked like rain, and she was to cross in a row-boat, he stopped the baggage on the plank, begged her to be seated for a few minutes, and ran "The Swallow" across, landing her almost at her own door, very much to her delight and relief. It should be set down in his honor, and long may devotion to women be, as it certainly is now, a national and peculiar feature of the Americans.

When I stated to you that Mr. Morse would probably be the biographer of Allston, I had for the moment forgotten that the great artist married a sister of Richard Dana, who, by every claim and qualification, is, of course, the proper person to undertake it. I trust it will not be a "cold abstraction." It is true, the personal and familiar character of all men of genius will not bear posthumous unveiling—but Allston's will. He was, in the phraseology of the old dramatists, "a sweet gentleman." God never wove the woof and warp of taste, feeling, and intellect, under a more clear and transparent surface than in the "Paint King" of our country. You read his mind first, in seeing him. His frame was but the net that held it in. Everybody loved him. Everybody did homage to him—as a man no less than as an artist. Mr. Dana would write for his family circle the kind of memoir we want for the world. He lives in an atmosphere of cold, un-cosmopolite, provincial observance, in Boston, and I am afraid his book will smack of the place and climate. I wish he would go to Florence and write it—off, among the artists, at a proper perspective distance, and with his blood warmed up with the climate and his kinsman's far-off praises. The biography of Allston should embrace the history of the first cycle of American art—from the beginning to Allston's death. It is truly a rare chance for a model biography, and Dana has it in him—*minus* fusion. But he will think "the schoolmaster is abroad," and I will say no more.

If you are not particularly acquainted with us, dear reader, pray consider this last page in the light of a private letter—inviolable if not addressed simply to yourself. We have tried to convey this for some weeks past by caption—as "More Particularly," "Confidentially," "Just you and I," etc., etc.—but with no apparent success. We are evidently read. Our private slip-slop, twaddled under the secrecy of this page *en dishabille*, comes back to us, commented on with full-dress criticism by the pastoral editors. Now (courage, while we administer a slice of the dictionary!) our idiosyncracy is a passion for individual proximity. We would fain be familiar—with one at a time. We write and compile fifteen mortal pages, addressed to the universe. We know by education that it is proper to do so. The snail comes out occasionally from his suitable house, and walks in the open globe. But we are a-cold out of our privacy. We want something between us and the promiscuous points of compass. We yearn to be personal and particular—*tête-à-tête*. And on this sixteenth page we indulge our little weakness. If you do not love us—you that have turned over this leaf—pardon us, but you intrude!

If there be a time for all things, there is a time to cease to be gregarious. To measure age by years is to weigh gems against paving-stones—but there is a point in middle age—(from thirty to fifty, as you wear)—when the card-case should be burnt in solemn holocaust. For acquaintances you have no more time. The remainder of life is little enough for friends, and, between friends, pasteboard is superfluous. We have ripened to that point—*we!* In our pyramid of life the base was broad and sympathetic. We spread ourselves as far as we could reach—but with the rise of the pyramid of years the outer edges have dropped away, and the planes have lessened. We are limited to friends, now. Our mind runs friendship-wise. We *tu-toi*, as the French say. We like to chat familiarly—with the world shut out—indulged and slip-shod.

We have knocked our head against this corner of speculation, while making threescore or more bows of acknowledgment to editors kind and complimentary. Somebody loves us, there is no doubt. We are wished well in our vocation. And that is much in a world where it is so difficult to butter the dry crust of industry. But, with no design to annoy or rebuke us, there is a leaning, in these friendly notices, to find fault with our frivolity. We are too frisky for breakfast reading. "The spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us." And for this we are sorry.

That the following (from the New Bedford Bulletin) was written by a man who loves us, nobody will doubt—yet see the word we have underlined!—

"The New Mirror for last week is an exquisite number. Willis has scattered his gems of humor, wit, and *puppyism*, all over it, making it odorous and sparkling as a fountain playing rose-water. Willis *is* the best American prose-writer of a certain class now living. He is as delicious as Tom Moore, and a great deal more decent."

Now, what is "puppyism?" That it is "odorous," we may venture to take upon our friend's authority. But, if "sparkling as a fountain playing rose-water," Heaven bless the puppy-most, still say we! Would you have us graver? Is there not gravity enough in the world that you can forego our little contribution? Have you no funerals, no false friends, no leaden politics, and no notes to pay—that you must come for *our* gravity to eke you out? Or do you find fault with our dabble in the superfineries? Is that it? Mustn't we mention "patent leather" and "velvet eyes?" Can't we call the mouth of a charming woman a "pink portico with an ivory door"—without offending you? Come, come, you are not quite the anchorite you would label yourself, and, while flowers will bloom, *hortus siccus* be hanged—say you not so? Let us talk about the things we like. Life is too short for hypocrisy. Try the trick yourself. Write a paragraph or two in our flummery way, and see how trippingly it comes off, and what an uncoiling from your heart it is of the dull serpent of care!

Put this French proverb in your pipe and smoke it—"*Ne pouvoir tolerer les faiblesses d'autrui, voila la faiblesse.*" If you never thought of that, thank us for a new precept, and slip a copy of it under your friendships. It keeps out moths like camphor.

Not quite one hundred years after Verrazzano's discovery of the bay of New York, during all which period we have no account of its having been visited by a European vessel, Hudson made the capes of Virginia on his third cruise in search of the northwest

passage. Standing still on a northward course, he arrived in sight of the Narrows, distinguishing from a great distance the highlands of Neversink, which his mate, Robert Juet, described in the journal he kept as a "very good land to fall with, and a pleasant land to see."

The most interesting peculiarity of our country to a European observer, is the freshness of its early history, and the strong contrast it presents of most of the features of a highly-civilized land, with the youth and recent adventures of a newly-discovered one. The details of these first discoveries are becoming every day more interesting; and that part of the journal of the great navigator which relates to his first view of them is very interesting. The following extracts describe the Narrows as they were two hundred years ago:

"At three of the clock in the afternoone we came to three great rivers. So we stood along to the northernmost, thinking to have gone into it, but we found it to have a very shoald barre before it, for we had but ten foot water. Then we cast about to the southward, and found two fathoms, three fathoms, and three and a quarter, till we came to the souther side of them, then we had five or six fathoms, and anchored. So we sent in our boat to sound, and they found no less water than foure, five, six, and seven fathoms, and returned in an hour and a halfe. So we weighed and went in, and rode in five fathoms, ose ground, and saw many salmons, and mullets, and rayes, very great.

"The fourth, in the morning, as soone as the day was light, we saw that it was good riding farther up. So we sent our boate to sound, and found that it was a very good harbour; then we weighed and went in with our ship. Then our boat went on land with our net to fish, and caught ten great mullets, of a foot and a half long apeece, and a ray as great as foure men could hale into the ship. So we trimmed our boat, and rode still all day. At night the wind blew hard at the northwest and our anchor came home, and we drove on shore, but took no hurt, thanked bee God, for the ground is soft sand and ose. This day the people of the country came aboard of us, seeming very glad of our comming, and brought greene tobacco, and gave us of it for knives and beads. They go in deere skins loose, well dressed. They have yellow copper. They desire cloathes, and are very civill. They have great store of maise, or Indian wheate, whereof they make good bread. The country is full of great and tall oaks.

"The fifth, in the morning, as soone as the day was light, the wind ceased; so we sent our boate in to sound the bay. Our men went on land there and saw great store of men, women, and children, who gave them tobacco at their coming on land. So they went up into the woods, and saw great store of very goodly oakes, and some currants.

"The sixth, in the morning, was faire weather, and our master sent John Colman with foure other men in our boat over to the north side, to sound the other river" (the Narrows). "They found very good riding for ships, and a narrow river to the westward" (probably what is now called the Kills, or the passage between Bergen Neck and Staten Island), "between two islands. The lands, they told us, were as pleasant, with grasse and flowers, and goodly trees, as they ever had seen, and very sweet smells came from them. So they went in two leagues and saw an open sea, and returned; and as they came backe they were set upon by two canoes, the one having twelve, the other fourteen men. The night came on, and it began to raine, so that their match went out; and they had one man slain in the fight, which was an Englishman, named John Colman, with an arrow shot into his throat, and two more hurt. It grew so dark that they could not find the shippe that night, but laboured to and fro on their oares.

"The seventh was fair, and they returned aboard the ship, and brought our dead man with them, whom we carried on land and buried."

On the eighth, Hudson lay still, to be more sure of the disposition of the natives before venturing farther in. Several came on board, but no disturbance occurred, and on the ninth he got under weigh, passed the Narrows, and proceeded by slow degrees up the river destined to bear his name.

The current of life seems to be too rapid in America to allow time for reflection upon anything which can possibly be deferred. The monuments are left unfinished on our battle-field; the tombs of great men become indistinguishable before marked with a stone; and the sacred places where patriotism has dwelt, are rated by the value of their material, and left to decay. It is difficult to visit Mount Vernon, and feel, from any mark of care or respect visible about it, that America owes anything to the sacred ashes it entombs.

The family tomb at Mount Vernon has once been robbed by a sacrilegious ruffian, whose ignorance alone preserved for us the remains of Washington. It has been proposed to Congress to buy Mount Vernon, and establish a guard over relics so hallowed. Why should not this be done, and a sufficient sum be appropriated to enclose and keep in order the whole estate, improve the execrable road leading to it from Alexandria, and employ persons to conduct strangers over the place?

The vault in which the ashes of Washington repose, is at the distance of, perhaps, thirty rods from the house, immediately upon the bank of the river. A more romantic and picturesque site for a tomb can scarcely be imagined. Between it and the Potomac is a curtain of forest-trees, covering the steep declivity to the water's edge, breaking the glare of the prospect, and yet affording glimpses, of the river, where the foliage is thickest. The tomb is surrounded by several large native oaks, which are venerable by their years, and which annually strew the sepulchre with autumnal leaves, furnishing the most appropriate drapery for the place, and giving a still deeper impression to the *memento·mori*. Interspersed among the oaks, and overhanging the tomb, is a copse of red cedar, whose evergreen boughs present a fine contrast to the hoary and leafless branches of the oak; and while the deciduous foliage of the latter indicates the decay of the body, the eternal verdure of the former furnishes a fitting emblem of the immortal spirit. The sacred and symbolic *cassia* was familiar to Washington, and, perhaps, led to the selection of a spot where the evergreen flourished.

One of the most interesting associations with the tomb of Washington, is Lafayette's visit to it, as related by Levasseur:—

"After a voyage of two hours, the guns of Fort Washington announced that we were approaching the last abode of the father of his country. At this solemn signal, to which the military band accompanying us responded by plaintive strains, we went on deck, and the venerable soil of Mount Vernon was before us. At this view an involuntary and spontaneous movement made us kneel. We landed in boats, and trod upon the ground so often trod by the feet of Washington. A carriage received General Lafayette; and the other visiters silently ascended the precipitous path which conducted to the solitary habitation of Mount Vernon. In re-entering beneath this hospitable roof, which had sheltered him when the reign of terror tore him violently from his country and family, George Lafayette felt his heart sink within him, at no more finding him whose paternal care had softened his misfortunes; while his father sought with emotion for everything which reminded him of the companion of his glorious toils.

"Three nephews of General Washington took La-

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fayette, his son, and myself, to conduct us to the tomb of their uncle; our numerous companions remained in the house. In a few minutes the cannon, thundering anew, announced that Lafayette rendered homage to the ashes of Washington. * Simple and modest as he was during life, the tomb of the citizen hero is scarcely perceived among the sombre cypresses by which it is surrounded. A vault, slightly elevated and dotted over—a wooden door without inscriptions—some withered and green garlands, indicate to the traveller who visits the spot where rest in peace the puissant arms which broke the chains of his country. As we approached, the door was opened. Lafayette descended alone into the vault, and a few minutes after reappeared, with his eyes overflowing with tears. He took his son and me by the hand, and led us into the tomb, where, by a sign, he indicated the coffin. We knelt reverentially, and rising, threw ourselves into the arms of Lafayette, and mingled our tears with his."

There are manifest signs that the summer is here. The ladies who are on their travels, and the ladies who are not, wear alike the toilet of transit—dust-proof dresses and green veils. "Bound for the Springs" is palpably intended to be expressed by every apparition of beauty in Broadway. The gentlemen, in the absence of the more approved targets at which their irresistiblenesses are aimed, go about in calico coats, ungloved, unwaistcoated, unstrapped, and uncravatted. Hot corn is cried at midnight. Raspberries are treacherous. Green apples and pears grace the tables of the hucksters. The daily papers show signs of the rustication of the leading editors. Hotels crammed, and a pervading odor of the fruity drinks extending a hundred yards from them in every direction. The summer has arrived, I believe—but I feel called upon to admit that count D'Orsay and Lady Blessington have not. Colonel Stone's virtuous horrification at the mention of such improper people by your correspondent has probably driven them into an incognitude which has cost the count his whiskers, at least. Without them, Niagara itself would not recognise him—brother wonder as he is—and, if in the land of Boz-worship at all, they probably pass for a big Kentuckian and his handsome mother. Keep a look out as you travel, however, *amis voyageurs!*

Kissing has no longer the drawback of wear and tear. I see that Dr. Ellsworth of Hartford has succeeded in restoring a lost upper lip. The paper which describes it says: "Upon the red facing may possibly be detected the point of connexion between the two halves. The lip is really a handsome one—quite equal to the best cures of hare-lip. No one would for a moment suspect that it had travelled from the cheeks to its present location, which it graces as well as the original, except that it has not quite as free and easy a motion, although enough for all common purposes."

Passengers up the Hudson who wish to take the early trains west, embark at present on the forward deck of the "Empire." Those who are not in a hurry take passage in the after cabin, and on the mooring of the boat at Albany, pay their respects to the ex-president at Kinderhook, from the stern taffrail. She is commanded by Captain Roe, who, in the extent of his jurisdiction, ranks with the governor of Rhode Island, and is a potentate to be propitiated in politics. Seriously, this noble steamer is a very great curiosity. The saloon on her promenade deck is nearly three hundred feet long, and, with four or five hundred people on board, she seems to have few passengers. The sight of her engine at work is an imposing affair. Some of the state-rooms above are small drawing-rooms to accommodate parties, and she is furnished and managed with a luxury and tact worth making a trip to see.

I understand it has lately occurred to some gentlemen with open eyes, that anchorage is cheaper than ground-rent—that a ship-of-war is but a spacious hotel upside-down, and that the most desirable site for a summer residence, as to pure air, neighborhood, novelty, and economy, is now occupied by the "Independence" and "North Carolina," the men-of-war just off the Battery. The latter ship being unseaworthy, it is proposed to purchase her of the government for the experiment. It is estimated that she can accommodate comfortably three hundred persons. The immense upper-deck is to be covered with a weather-proof awning, blue and white, in the style of the Alhamra, and given up entirely to dining, dancing, lounging, and the other uses of hotel drawing-rooms. A more magnificent promenade than this immense deck, cleared of guns and lumber fore-and-aft, and surrounded entirely by luxurious sofas, could scarcely be imagined. The kitchens and offices are to occupy the forward part of the second deck, or, if the vessel is crowded, to be transferred to a small tender alongside. The port-holes are to be enlarged to spacious windows, and the two decks below, which are above the water-line, will be entirely occupied by splendid rooms, open to the entire breadth of the bay, and furnished in the oriental and cushioned style, suitable to the luxurious wants of hot weather. Minute-barges will ply to and from the shore, connected with the Waverley line of omnibuses; bath-houses will be anchored just astern; a *café* and ice-cream shop will be established in the main and mizen-tops (to be reached by a covered staircase); and sofas, for the accommodation of smokers, will be put under a pent-house roof, outside the vessel, in the main-chains. The cockpit and hold will of course unite the uses of a hotel-garret and cellar. It will have the advantage of other hotels, in swinging round with the tide, so that the lodgers on both sides of the ship will see, by turns, from the windows, the entire panorama of the bay. When lightened of her guns, and her upper spars and rigging, it is thought she will float so much higher as to bear piercing for another line of port-hole windows, affording some bachelor's rooms at the water-line, corresponding in price and convenience with the sky-chambers of the Astor. An eccentric individual, I am told, has bargained for a private parlor, to be suspended under the bowsprit, in imitation of the nest of the hanging-bird. Altogether, the scheme seems charming and feasible. The name of the hotel, by-the-way, is to be "Saratoga Afloat;" the waiters are to be dressed in the becoming toggery of tars; and the keeper of the house is to wear a folded napkin, epaulet fashion, on either shoulder, and to be called invariably "commodore."

This seems to be the age of invention. Several houses in the city are being made rather higher, by raising them ten feet on screws, and building a story under them—a great economy of the loins of hod-carriers.

As a metropolis of wealth and fashion, New York has one great deficiency—that of a *driving park*. Rome has its Pincian Hill, Florence its Cascine, Paris its Bois de Bologne, and London its Hyde Park; and most other capitals have places of resort-on-wheels, where fresh air and congenial society may be met in the afternoon hours. Such a place is only *not* considered indispensable in New York, because it has never been enjoyed. It is, for the rich, the highest of luxuries. The Cascine of Florence,

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for example, is a park of two miles square, laid out in wooded avenues; and to its winding roads and forest glades resort, every afternoon, the entire equipaged population of the court and city. At sunset, the carriages meet in an open square in the centre, and the "lords and ladies" pass the two hours of the delicious twilight in visiting from vehicle to vehicle, forming parties for the evening, flirting, making acquaintances, talking scandal, and other dainty diversions—breaking up in time to go to the opera or dress for a ball. There is enough room for such a park in the neighborhood of Union square, or on the East or North river; and the importance of such spaces, left open for lungs to a crowded city, has been long inculcated by physicians. I think it possible such an exclusive resort might be at first a little unpopular (remembering that some three years ago a millionaire was stoned for riding through Broadway with a mounted servant in livery behind him), but, as one of the hand-to-mouth class, I do not care how soon the rich get richer and the poor poorer—leaving a comfortable middle class, in which ambition might stop to breathe.

I notice the introduction of the Italian verandah curtains to New York—the sort of striped demi-umbrella, put out from the top of the window with falling side folds, which are so common in Venice and Naples. Two or three shops in Broadway have them, and Cozzens has lately fitted them on to the windows of his ladies' dining-room—and most showy and picturesque luxuries they are.

Howard has chosen, for the decoy of his hotel, an intermittent relay of governors. The immense flag which sweeps the top of the omnibuses in Broadway on the arrival of such functionaries, seems to have no sinecure of it, and his house is, in consequence, continually overrun. He keeps a table suitable to a court hotel, and seems to be the only one of his class who is independent of "travelling seasons."

I observe that the paviors are at work in the upper part of Broadway, removing the wooden pavement, and substituting the broad, flat stones, such as are laid in the streets of Florence. The wooden blocks were certainly in a deplorable condition, but I do not think they have had fair play as an experiment. They were badly laid, and were left to annoy the public long after they should have been repaired.

A periodical journal in Boston gives the name and true history of Tom Thumb, the dwarf now at the Museum. He was christened Charles Stratton. His parents were of the usual size, and he has two sisters of the usual proportions. General Thumb has not grown since he was six months old, and he is now eleven, and twenty-two inches tall. He is perfectly formed, very athletic for his size, and in perfect health and spirits. In *mind* he remains childish and unchanged, as in body.

You may have noticed in the New York papers, ately, a great abundance of essays upon bathing. Since the Croton facilities, public attention has been urned a good deal that way, and the prices of baths have been universally diminished, while new bathing establishments have been advertised in various parts of the city. The new one lately opened by Stoppani in Broadway, near the Apollo rooms, exceeds in splendor anything we have yet seen in this line. A sumptuous refectory is part of it; and the long, arched passages of bathing-rooms remind one of the Roman establishments in the way of baths. These were, anciently, the centres around which luxuries of every description were clustered; and Stoppani seems to have built this with a view to sumptuous idling and enjoyment.

The most comprehensive view of Niagara is, no doubt, that from the galleries of Clifton house; but it is, at the same time, for a first view, one of the most unfavorable. Clifton house stands nearly opposite the centre of the irregular crescent formed by the Falls; but it is so far back from the line of the arc, that the height and grandeur of the two cataracts, to an eye unacquainted with the scene, are deceptively diminished. After once making the tour of the points of view, however, the distance and elevation of the hotel are allowed for by the eye, and the situation seems most advantageous. This is the only house at Niagara where a traveller, on his second visit, would be content to live.

Clifton house is kept in the best style of hotels in this country; but the usual routine of such places, going on in the very eye of Niagara, weaves in very whimsically with the eternal presence and power of the cataract. We must eat, drink, and sleep, it is true, at Niagara, as elsewhere; and indeed, what with the exhaustion of mind and fatigue of body, we require at the Falls perhaps more than usual of these three "blessed inventions." The leaf that is caught away by the rapids, however, is not more entirely possessed by this wonder of nature, than is the mind and imagination of the traveller; and the arrest of that leaf by the touch of the overhanging tree, or the point of a rock amid the breakers, is scarce more momentary than the interruption to the traveller's enchantment by the circumstances of daily life. He falls asleep with its surging thunders in his ear, and wakes—to wonder, for an instant, if his yesterday's astonishment was a dream. With the succeeding thought, his mind refills, like a mountain channel, whose torrent has been suspended by the frost, and he is overwhelmed with sensations that are almost painful, from the suddenness of their return. He rises and throws up his window, and there it flashes, and thunders, and agonizes—the same almighty miracle of grandeur for ever going on; and he turns and wonders—what the deuce can have become of his stockings! He slips on his dressing-gown and commences his toilet. The glass stands in the window, and with his beard half achieved, he gets a glimpse of the foam-cloud rising majestically over the top of the mahogany frame. Almost persuaded, like Queen Christina at the fountains of St. Peter's, that a spectacle of such splendor is not intended to last, he drops his razor, and with the soap drying unheeded on his chin, he leans on his elbows, and watches the yesty writhe in the abysm, and the solemn pillars of crystal eternally falling, like the fragments of some palace-crested star, descending through interminable space. The white field of the iris forms over the brow of the cataract, exhibits its radiant bow, and sails away in a vanishing cloud of vapor upon the wind; the tortured and convulsed surface of the caldron below shoots out its frothy and seething circles in perpetual torment; the thunders are heaped upon each other, the earth trembles, and—the bell rings for breakfast! A vision of cold rolls, clammy omelets, and tepid tea, succeeds these sublime images, and the traveller completes his toilet. Breakfast over, he resorts to the colonnade, to contemplate untiringly the scene before him, and in the midst of a calculation of the progress of the fall toward Lake Erie—with the perspiration standing on his forehead, while he struggles to conceive the junction of its waters with Lake Ontario—the rocks rent, the hills swept away, forests prostrated, and the islands uprooted in the mighty conflux—some one's child escapes from its nurse, and seizing him by the legs, cries out, "*Da-da.*"

The *ennui* attendant upon public houses can never be felt at Clifton house. The most common mind finds the spectacle from its balconies a sufficient and untiring occupation. The loneliness of uninhabited parlors, the discord of baby-thrummed pianos, the dreariness of great staircases, long entries, and bar-

rooms filled with strangers, are pains and penalties of travel never felt at Niagara. If there is a vacant half-hour to dinner, or if indisposition to sleep create that sickening yearning for society, which sometimes comes upon a stranger in a strange land, like the calenture of a fever—the eternal marvel going on without is more engrossing than friend or conversation, more beguiling from sad thought than the Corso in carnival-time. To lean over the balustrade and watch the flying of the ferry-boat below, with its terrified freight of adventurers, one moment gliding swiftly down the stream in the round of an eddy, the next, lifted up by a boiling wave, as if it were tossed up from the scoop of a giant's hand beneath the water; to gaze hour after hour into the face of the cataract, to trace the rainbows, delight like a child in the shooting spray-clouds, and calculate fruitlessly and endlessly by the force, weight, speed, and change of the tremendous waters—is amusement and occupation enough to draw the mind from anything—to cure madness or create it.

I met Weir, the painter, at West Point, and he was kind enough to give me a look at his just-finished picture for the Rotundo at Washington. It was but a glimpse of five minutes, while I was waiting for the boat, but I have remembered every line of the picture so distinctly since, that I can speak confidently, at least, of its effect and power of possessing the spectator. Let me transcribe for you the historical passage taken for illustration:—

"And the time being come that they must depart, they were accompanied with most of their brethren out of the city to a town called Delft-Haven, where the ship lay ready to receive them. The next day the wind being fair, they went on board, and their friends with them, where truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting, to hear what sighs and sobs and prayers did sound amongst them, what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each other's heart, that sundry of the Dutch strangers that stood on the key as spectators could not refrain from tears; yet comfortable and sweet it was to see such lively and true expressions of dear and unfeigned love. But the tide, which stays for no man, calling them away that were thus loath to depart, their reverend pastor falling down on his knees, and they all with him, with watery cheeks commended them with most fervent prayers unto the Lord and his blessing; and then, with mutual embraces and many tears, they took their leave one of another, which proved to be the last leave to many of them. Thus hoisting sail, with a prosperous gale of wind, they came in a short time to Southampton, where they found the bigger ship come from London."

It would be a curious subject of thought to a man unfamiliar with the wardrobe of the imagination, if he would keep this plain and simple passage of history in his mind while he looks at the gorgeous investiture in which it is clad by the genius of the painter—to compare the picture in his mind while he read it with the picture made of it on this canvass. I will not attempt here—indeed I could not attempt, without seeing it again—anything like a criticism on this painting—but may say what I feel while it deepens in my memory, that I have seen no such glorious work of art in this country, and I have not been more filled and wrought upon by any of the great *chefs d'œuvre* of the masters in Europe. The effect on the mind is that of expanding the capacity to embrace it. Weir has drawn his figures on a scale larger than life, and the immense canvass is filled with groups of the most exquisite naturalness of posture and relation to each other, but at the same time finished with a breadth and strength of effect that looks done with a hand accustomed to minister only to power without limit. The coloring in the two wings of the picture is exceedingly gorgeous, but the centre, around the kneeling pastor, is admirably subdued in middle teints appropriate to the objects they envelope, and the pastor himself, in face, attitude, and costume, is the most masterly embodiment of hallowed piety and devotion which it is possible for poet to conceive. The presence, on board of the vessel, of Mr. and Mrs. Winslow (the new-married people of fortune, who, while travelling for pleasure, fell in with and joined the emigrants for conscience sake), gives the artist the necessary liberty to enrich the costume of his picture, and there are two or three other female figures very splendidly drawn and colored—among them the wife of Miles Standish, whose soldierly form in the foreground is one of the most conspicuous objects. Of the twenty-odd figures in this grand picture, there is not one about which a great deal might not be written, even with my transiently impressed memory of it, but I reserve it for a more detailed description after another visit. Weir has flung his soul upon this work with the complete abandonment of inspiration, and he has wrought out of it, for his country as well as himself, honor imperishable.

I think it is some thirty miles from Albany to Saratoga, and we did it at the respectable leisure of five hours—rather more time than it took formerly on wheels. True, we did not "devour the way" as we used to do, and it was a comfort to arrive without a lining of dust in one's mouth, but I missed the blowing of the horn, the chirrup and crack of the whip with which we used to dash through the sandy hollow of Congress Spring and pull up at Congress Hall, and I missed the group in the portico, and the greetings and the green vines, and I missed—alas, for *all* the *misses* of the past! The cars stop in the rear of the "United States," and the outstretched arms of that new caravansary, in the shape of two yellow wings extending to the depot, embrace you as you come to the ground. My friends were all there, and Congress Hall was down hill, in fact and in figure of speech, and casting poetry and the past behind me, I rattled to the rising sun and took lodgings with the Marvins. The ex-president was there, with the thirty or forty pounds of flesh that would not be recognised by the presidential chair, and from five to six hundred of his former subjects sat down with him to dine. Mr. Van Buren has stuck to the "United States," till fashion has gone over to him, for he frequented the house when the belles were on the other side of the street. Whether in the dance of politics, the democracy "*chassez* across," and leave him on the fashionable side, remains to be seen.

I had not been at "The Springs" for some years, and between the changes in the place and the changes in myself, I was, for a while (as the French charmingly express it) *desorienté*. In the times that were, a gentleman, on arriving at Saratoga, made his submission to one or two ladies in whom was vested the gynocracy of the season—the mother of a belle, or an ex-belle well preserved, or some marvellous old maid, witty and kindly. Through this door, and this only, could the society of the place be reached, and to this authority the last appeal was made in all cases of doubt and difficulty. The beaux and belles conformed and submitted, exchanged hearts and promised hands, and drove and danced, fished and picnicked, in obedience to this administration—Coventry the dreadful alternative. There were fashionable old-bachelor beaux in those days who were the masters of ceremony, and there were belles, upon whom, individually, was concentrated the beauty now distributed in small parcels over the female population of a state. Every girl is tolerably pretty now. Everybody is, to the extent of

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his natural capacity, a beau. There is no authority higher than every young lady's mamma. Sent to Coventry by one party, you may stay "at court" with another. Flirts are let flirt without snaffle or martingal. Fortunes are guarded only by the parental dragon. Nabobs and aristocrats are received upon their natural advantages without *prestige* or favor, and everybody knows everybody, particularly if not from the same city. Having been happiest myself under the old *régime*, this agrarian anarchy somewhat offended me; and the more, perhaps, that among the company at the "United States," naturally secluding herself somewhat from the crowd, is one of the concentrations of the beauty of ten years ago—a most magnificent woman whom that lustrum of time has passed over as lightly as a night's sleep.

Still, there is beauty at Saratoga—enough, indeed, for all purposes of dreaming or waking. The ball at the "United States" on Friday evening was exceedingly brilliant, and at the concert of Castellan on Saturday, when the more serious beauties of Union Hall were added to the assembly, the large saloon was thought to be very thickly spangled with loveliness. At this last-named hotel, by the way, they have introduced family prayers at nine o'clock, and at another less-frequented house they give tea with the dinner—little differences which seem to classify the patronage very effectively. This is the great season of Saratoga, more persons being now at its different hotels than were ever recorded in any previous season. I must not omit to mention the charming improvements by Mr. Clark in the gem of a valley above Congress spring (by walks, shrubbery, etc.), nor the elegance of Marvin's grounds and embellishments at the United States—a superb hotel indeed, in all its appointments.

This is "hop-night" at the Astor, and among the crowd of ladies in the house are a few on their return from Saratoga. The beaux tire of "The Springs" sooner than the belles, and in Broadway yesterday I saw a thick sprinkling of the desirables. Indeed, the weather has been temperate enough to make the city agreeable, and the southerners prefer enjoying Niblo's and the comfortable hotels, when the thermometer ranges below ninety. The boats down the river are very full just now. I came down from West Point in the Empire on Thursday, and found her crowded with presentable company; and with the elegance of the saloons and decks, looking very drawing-roomsical and gay. There is a great deal of gammon in the reasons given for going and for not going to the Springs; and it is the fashion now for those who are not there to ascribe their absence to a horror of the letter-writers, as if any would be mentioned at all by those immortality-bestowing gentry who did not, by flirting and display, show an appetite for notoriety, and in a crowd, too, quite as promiscuous as the reading public! It would surprise a believing Judeus, after listening to the indignation current in the saloon of Saratoga in the evening, on the subject of the penny papers, to see with what eagerness they are read the next morning, and with what manifest pleasure each lady mentioned shows to her admirers the paragraph peccant. That such letters as I refer to are a very great evil no man who respects the delicacy of private life can doubt; but one half of the mischief, at least, lies in the unwomanly passion for notoriety to which they minister.

Those who linger longest at Saratoga are the families of resident New-Yorkers, their return to town being the return to the solitude of a house to themselves. For "mineral waters" read "society in large doses;" and the real object of attraction is as easily found at the "Astor" or the "American" as at Saratoga. The sea air of Rockaway may stand for a tenth of its attractions, and the other nine parts lie in the necessity of some excusable resort in the neighborhood of the city, which shall supply to the New-Yorkers what the hotels (as a sequel to the Springs) are to travelling strangers. From about the twentieth of this month to the first cool weather, Rockaway will be thronged with excellent society, mostly from this city; and there is a nucleus of half a dozen of the most delightful women in any country, summering there regularly; three admirably lively and accomplished ladies of one family the leading constellation. It is a part of the commonplacery of fashionable chat to fret at the crowd, and wish for more suitable privacy; but it is amusing to observe what a difference of opinion there seems to be between the feet and tongue of the fair exclusive. The belle at Saratoga rises at six and walks to Congress spring. The ostensible object is to drink the waters, which she might have in quite as salutary a state by ringing the bell of her apartment. The platform around the spring is crowded with fashionables; and, elbowed and stared at rather freely, and complaining of both very feelingly, she remains in the crowd till breakfast—solitary walks of the most shaded coolness though there be, hard by and accessible. She breakfasts with five hundred persons, and from the table comes to the drawing-room, where she promenades, and is elbowed as before, till eleven. At that hour she goes with a party to the bowling-alleys, where she amuses herself till the dressing-bell for dinner. And after dinner she mingles in the full-dress crowd once more till tea-time (with perhaps the parenthesis of a drive with a party to the lake), and from tea-time till midnight she is in the same crowd, and goes to bed late to get up again early, and so, burning her candle at both ends, finds Saratoga enchanting. But it is not the less "dreadfully crowded," and "horridly mixed."

The music at Saratoga was one of its pleasures to me. The band plays at the spring from six to eight in the morning, and the morning hours (anacreontics to the contrary notwithstanding) are the part of the day when the senses are most acutely sensitive to pleasure. If I am to see a fine picture with the clearest eye, or read a page of poetry with the subtlest appreciation, or listen to the sweet divisions of music with the nicest and most interpreting ear, or hear a deep-found thought of love, friendship, or philosophy, give it me in the early morning of midsummer. The perturbed blood flows evenly, and the perceptions have settled over-night like a roiled well; and (if in temperate health) the heart is softer and more susceptible. To express a plain fact poetically—the marble lid is lifted from the fountain of tears at that hour, and though the waters do not "well forth," they are open to the dropping in of those pearls of attendant angels—love, beauty, and music. Yet, "before breakfast" is said commonly to be the *prose* of the day.

One hour of music after dinner is made tributary to the smokers. The ladies and the tobacco *eschewers* are out of its reach in the drawing-room, but the papas and the inveterates bring their chairs out to the grassy area of the "United States," and smoke under the shade, listening to the German band contentedly and contemplatively. And that is a very pleasant hour; and taken advantage of by those who, like myself, find comfort in the ellipses of conversation.

As to living at Saratoga, no reasonable person would expect a comfortable dinner, sitting down with five or six hundred persons. The meats get cold in the spreading. But, to those who are drinking the waters, any check upon the appetite is not unsalutary, and, for the *gourmet*, the Lake House, and one or two other resorts in the neighborhood, offer game and fish dinners in compensatory perfection. I went over to Barhydt's dark lake, the scene of the loves of the lustrum gone by, and found it looking neglected and forsaken. The old Dutchman is dead, and his quiet successors look out with repelling surprise upon the

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gay and intruding visiters. It has ceased to be frequented.

I saw at the engraver's yesterday a portrait of Halleck, engraved for Graham's Magazine, which exceeds anything I have before seen, as a worthy and truthful representation of a poet. It is to be published in the September number, I believe, and is one of the well-conceived series of portraits in progress of publication in that magazine. The keen, joyous, analytical gusto which give such a "sauce Robert" to Halleck's poetry is admirably conveyed in this picture, and a more faithful likeness was never drawn. The original is by Inman.

Broadway in August is like a pocket-full of change with the gold and silver picked out of it; and like the disrespectful finger thrust by its owner into its scarce diminished bulk, Mr. Stopintown, the lounger, contemptuously threads the crowd, of which he knows the less precious and residual quality. But let us try again—for this beginning is too Jeremy-Taylor-ous.

Have you ever started at Niblo's, dear reader, and, with your eyes particularly open, walked down the "shilling side" of Broadway to the Park? You must have done this, and with speculation in your eyes too, before you can detect, on the fashionable side of Broadway in August, a certain class of promenaders visible there in no other month, by gas or daylight. Now it occurs to us, that, in the spiritual geography of this shop-and-show land, we can very possibly give you a lesson.

Few people live more in the eye of the world than than those who are in transition from poverty to riches, bound *upward*. None are so invisible as those who are going over the same road, *downward*. The eye, in the city, acquires a habit of selecting what it shall see. Glimpse, the porter (to put it figuratively), sits in the outer vestibule of sight, and passes his judgment on all comers before they are admitted to the presence of consciousness. Prosperity has a color of its own, and a coat with a needy pocket in its skirt is as invisible as the sick heart it is buttoned over. You walk Broadway from the Battery to Bond street (on the golden side), and you remark every flippery-flirt and boy-beau, and could recal upon oath their respective riband and waistcoat; yet a man of genius has gone by, with a thought in his brain new from God, but under a hat set distrustfully on, and you would swear in a witness-box that he never crossed your eye. *Visible* is an arbitrary word in large cities.

But it is a devilish truth that in proportion as the poverty-stricken become invisible, their consciousness of being seen becomes painfully sensitive. They feel pointed at with the finger when they are as totally unobserved as the driver of an omnibus. The prosperous and gay, too—the very persons who are blindest to their presence—seem to them their most vigilant and insulting observers. And as there is a side of the street proper to the rich and the happy, the poor and wretched walk on the other. The great haunt of the distressed—the Alsatia of poverty and crime—the lair of the outcast of hope and pity—borders Broadway on the east. In their recoil from the abyss they hang over—turning back in terror from the fiendish abandonment of the Five Points, the last platform between despair and death—the unhappy come to that limit of Broadway and look across. And up and down, between Prince street and Chamber, they walk, with a shunning gait, and shoulders shrinking at your look as from a blow, and watch the happy on the other side—wretched men of all degrees of desperation, from the first downward step to the last.

Oh, you should walk there, now and then! You *will* walk there—perhaps you have, with unconscious selection, already—when in want of money. With the same clothes you wore when you had enough—with a cravat as saucily expensive—gloved and booted *comme il faut*—you will instinctively take the other side of the street if out of pocket—if a five-dollar bill, that is to say—unconsidered rag not long before—covers now as much void as the zodiac! Oh, most comparative five-dollar bill!

But the *faces* on the "shilling side" of Broadway! If you want a heart-ache, to be succeeded by content with your lot and a prayer to God, cross over and look at one or two. The eyelid unrelaxed—the mouth shut up within, and the lips bloodless with the compression of the tongue matted to the teeth—the livid pits beneath the eyes, and the veins blood-shot round the pupil—the rigid neck—the jaw set up with desperate endurance—the contracted nostril, and the complexion set and dead. And this is the countenance of only poverty—only the agony of one man wanting a little of what another has too much of—of which the church, building for the God of mercy at the head of Wall street, has millions more than it can spend without ingenuity of extravagance! Are you and I parts of a world like this, dear reader!

But in August the gay and prosperous go off, and the golden-side of Broadway is left to the mechanical and the stranger. Of these the shabby and unhappy have no dread, and they come over and walk, with only their despair, in the haunts they once frequented. You will see them in Broadway now—your attention once directed to them—and if it be on Saturday, preach who will on Sunday, you will have profited the day before by a better sermon.

In looking down on the valley of Wyoming, made memorable by savage barbarity and famous by the poet's wand of enchantment, it is natural to indulge in resentful feeling toward the sanguinary race whose atrocities make up its page in story. It is a pity, however, that they, too, had not a poet and a partial chronicler. Leaving entirely out of view the ten thousand wrongs done by the white man to the Indian, in the corruption, robbery, and rapid extinction of his race, there are personal atrocities, on our own records exercised toward that ill-fated people, which, in impartial history hereafter, will redeem them from all charge except that of irresistible retaliation. The brief story of the famous Cornstalk, sachem of the Shawanees, and king of the northern confederacy, is sermon enough on this text.

The northwestern corner of Virginia, and that part of Pennsylvania contiguous, on the south, was the scene of some of the bloodiest events of Indian warfare. Distinguished over all other red men of this this region, was Cornstalk. He was equally a terror to the men of his own tribe (whom he did not hesitate to hew down with his tomahawk if they showed any cowardice in fight), and a formidable opponent to our troops, from his military talents and personal daring. He was, at the same time, more than all the other chiefs of the confederacy, a friend to the whites; and, energetic as he was when once engaged in battle, never took up arms willingly against them. After the bloody contest at Point Pleasant, in which Cornstalk had displayed his generalship and bravery, to the admiration of his foes, he came in to the camp of Lord Dunmore, to make negotiations for peace. Colonel Wilson, one of the staff, thus describes his oratory: "When he arose, he was nowise confused or daunted, but spoke in a distinct and audible voice, without stammering or repetition, and with peculiar emphasis. His looks, while addressing Dunmore, were truly grand and majestic, yet graceful and attractive. I have

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heard many celebrated orators, but never one whose powers of delivery surpassed those of Cornstalk on this occasion."

In the spring of 1777, it was known that an extensive coalition was forming among the tribes, and that it only waited the consent and powerful aid of the Shawanees, to commence war upon the whites. At this critical time, Cornstalk, accompanied by Red Hawk, came on a friendly visit to the fort at Point Pleasant, communicated the intentions of the tribes, and expressed his sorrow that the tide set so strongly against the colonists, that he must go with it in spite of all his endeavors.

Upon receiving this information, given by the noble savage in the spirit of a generous enemy, the commander of the garrison seized upon Cornstalk and his companion as hostages for the peaceful conduct of his nation, and set about availing himself of the advantage he had gained by his suggestions. During his captivity, Cornstalk held frequent conversations with the officers, and took pleasure in describing to them the geography of the west, then little known. One afternoon, while he was engaged in drawing on the floor a map of the Missouri territory, its water-courses and mountains, a halloo was heard from the forest, which he recognised as the voice of his son Ellinipsico, a young warrior, whose courage and address were almost as celebrated as his own. Ellinipsico entered the fort, and embraced his father most affectionately, having been uneasy at his long absence, and come hither in search of him.

The day after his arrival, a soldier went out from the fort on a hunting excursion, and was shot by Indians. His infuriated companions instantly resolved to sacrifice Cornstalk and his son. They charged upon Ellinipsico that the offenders were in his company, but he declared that he had come alone, and with the sole object of seeking his father. When the soldiers came within hearing, the young warrior appeared agitated. Cornstalk encouraged him to meet his fate composedly, and said to him, "My son, the Great Spirit has sent you here that we may die together!" He turned to meet his murderers the next instant, and receiving seven bullets in his body, expired without a groan.

When Cornstalk had fallen, Ellinipsico continued still and passive, not even raising himself from his seat. He met death in that position with the utmost calmness. "The other Indian," says the chronicle, "was murdered piecemeal, and with all those circumstances of cruelty with which the savage wreaks his vengeance on his enemy."

The day before his death, Cornstalk had been present at a council of the officers, and had spoken to them on the subject of the war, with his own peculiar eloquence. In the course of his remarks, he expressed something like a presentiment of his fate. "When I was young," he said, "and went out to war, I often thought each would be my last adventure, and I should return no more. I still lived. Now I am in the midst of you, and, if you choose, you may kill me. I can die but once. It is alike to me whether now or hereafter!"

His atrocious murder was dearly expiated. The Shawanees, the most warlike tribe of the west, became thenceforward the most deadly and implacable foes to the white man.

Nine o'clock—an August morning—and every breath out of doors like a bird's life pressed into a minute! The breast of the earth naked to the sun—the air in a trance—the river breathless with the beauty of the sky it mirrors—and at such an hour to see the ghost of a mended pen and a stubborn resolution! Out upon the art of writing! Is there no honest woodchopper, no dog, no squirrel, no anything out of doors, that will change lives with me! Down, schoolboy heart! and come hither, since thou must, pen, ink, and paper!—*stationary*, indeed!

Close the shutters now, and bring candles! If I am to sit at this table till noon, I will have it night. Slippers, Thomas! And then shut the stable-door; my horse neighs; lock up the saddle and lose the key! And, Thomas! lend old Peter my boat, and break the fishing-rod, and scare away the birds from the window. Has a skylark possessed my soul or no—that I so hate the roof over my head this radiant morning.

Play to me ere I begin! Music is creative! What a benefactor to the world is John Chickering! How exquisitely balanced are those octaves, and how gloriously (with that touch) the rich instrument revels through the music! The builder of these caves of harmony has a poet's vocation. What is poetry but the vehicle of man's enthusiasm—the element in which float fancy and feeling—the suggestive awakener of intellect—the soother of care and pain! He who writes a poem that is read and loved by a thousand hearths, links himself with an angel's round of delight and sympathy; and the builder of a thousand harmonious instruments follows in the same bright orbit of influence. It has been said that "he who can not find happiness can not find an easy-chair." For easy-chair I read one of the evenly-balanced, rich, true, round-toned and incomparable instruments of John Chickering. I have erected mine into a household god!

Play me those "Hope Waltzes" again. They come off like Ariel's spiriting. But to bewitch the heels and stir the brain the "Flower Waltzes" against the world! I have made out their language by daily listening to them, and if I can not divine the composer's thought when they were born, I can tell what they express, as I can what all music expresses that I love and hear often. It is the difference between good and bad music, that one is an articulate thought, and the other mere jingle and gibberish. Among the "coming events" that "cast their shadows before," is, I think, a *musical era*, in which the intellectual qualities of harmony in sounds will be studied and understood. For one of the most powerful levers on the human heart, singly or in mass, music has been strangely undervalued, and its professors and masters have been as strangely stigmatized as an idle and unintellectual class of people. A revolution has begun in church music, and in Boston (by the efforts of one educated and enthusiastic man, Mr. Mason) the church choirs have become as effective and eloquent as the sermon. The perfection to which Chickering has brought the structure of that universal instrument, the piano; this musical reform in Boston; the introduction of singing into the systems of education for children, and last (not least surprising), the adoption of music as a political engine, and its powerful operation, are "signs of the times" which would warrant a musical man of genius in creating a new liberal profession—the adaptation of expression to sound, and the marriage of emotion to music. Moore understands this mystery, and when in Spain (I once heard him say) wrote several of his most pathetic songs to the gayest airs of the peasantry. We have tried rewording old songs with some effect, and it is like bringing notes to their right mind and making them talk sense. There is a delicious thing by Topliff—"Consider the lilies how they grow"—which makes one feel as if the whole Bible should be chanted; and the "Six Songs from Scripture," by Moore, are very beautiful. But admirably as Moore's words are always married to his music, there is one song of his set to an air of Bellini's, which seems to me the masterpiece of sense linked to corresponding harmony. I can not at this moment name the opera from which

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the air is taken, nor the volume of Moore which contains the poetry. It commences

"Is it not sweet to think, hereafter,
When the spirit leaves this sphere,"

and is published in a book called "Kingsley's Choir." It is a song to "lap you in Elysium."

From Memnon to Helicon is but to "jump Jim Crow." Who is writing poetry? Nobody in England, I think, but Mrs. Norton, and out of her sorrows this beautiful woman is beginning to weave herself an immortality. The allusion to her mother in one of her late fugitive pieces, and the frequent mention of her children, are touched in the very deepest truth of nature as well as in the finest skill of the poet. It was necessary for the world that this fine genius should be "tried by fire." With her remarkable beauty, naturally gay spirits, and unequalled powers of fascination, Mrs. Norton, had the course of her life and love run smooth, would never have sounded those sorrowful depths of her heart from which wells out the bitterness so sweet in song. Happy—we should have heard but of her beauty. Wronged, persecuted, and robbed of her children and her good name—we build her an altar in our hearts as the most gifted poetess of her time, and posterity will perpetuate the worship. Is this compensation or no?

By that blast upon the farmer's dinner-horn, twelve o'clock! Avaunt, *quill!* "sweat of my brow!" In how many shapes comes the curse of the fall upon us! This horn, which calls in my farmer to repose from his curse in his chair, releases me from mine to let me amuse myself with his labor. My curse is worked out indoors—his in the field. The literal "sweat of the brow" is my greatest happiness, and his heavy fulfilment of the anathema. Light sits his curse, however, to my thinking, who bears it out of doors! The yearning for physical action, impatience of confinement, dislike of the cobweb niceties of life, seem to me feelings which grow into passions with increasing years. Will no one invent a daguerreotype for the mind, that our thoughts may record themselves—letting us walk where we list? The pencil is to be done away with—why not the pen?

Weir, the painter, is moving his glorious picture to Boston, for exhibition. It will be opened to visiters there by the first of September. It is to be exhibited, afterward, at the National Academy in New York—the first home of the pilgrims having, very properly, the honor of the first sight of it. Weir will steep himself in his countrymen's hearts, as his picture shows them how honestly, as well as with what splendor of genius, he has executed their commission. I understand that Vanderlyn's picture is very fine. There are several persons employed in filling up his design, but Mr. Vanderlyn's own pencil is to harmonize and finish it. Mr. Morse has given up his palette and brushes, to devote himself to his electro-galvanic telegraph, which is now being laid down. The visit of Inman, the painter, to England, is partly an errand for the study of costume and data required for his picture for the rotunda.

There seems to be a lull in literature, which I hope is the precursor of a storm on the subject of copyright. No new books of any description since the "Last of the Barons." The "Change for American Notes" is *not* by Miss Sedgwick, and I presume that the editor of the Enquirer, who must be acquainted, as well as anybody, with her propriety "thrice bolted o'er," had not looked into the free-and-easy pages of the book when he pronounced her the authoress. There is some dispute over julep-straws about the authorship of "Philip in Search of a Wife." It is "by a Gentleman Butterfly," and is a sequel to "Kate in Search of a Husband," by Lady Chrysalis. But public rumor, which was foiled in striving to identify the lady chrysalis with the brightest of the callow divinities of Broadway, has covered the wings of the gentleman butterfly with the same attractive petticoat. Having no eyesight to spare, I wait for an Appleton edition before reading the book. I think that the two or three tricks practised upon title-pages not long ago, have materially hurt the credit of those respectable old truth-tellers, and at the same time have dampened the interest in new publications.

TO MISS VIOLET MABY, AT SARATOGA.

ASTOR HOUSE, *August*, 1843.

Start fair, my sweet Violet! This letter will lie on your table when you arrive at Saratoga, and it is intended to prepare you for that critical campaign. You must know the ammunition with which you go into the field. I have seen service, as you know, and, from my retirement (on half-pay), can both devise strategy and reconnoitre the enemy's weakness, with discretion. Set your glass before you on the table, and let us hold a frank council of war.

You never were called beautiful, as you know; and at home you have not been a belle—but that is no impediment. You are to be beautiful, *now*, or at least to produce the result of beauty, which is the same thing; and of course you are to be a belle—*the* belle, if I mistake not, of the season. Look in your mirror, for a moment, and refresh your memory with the wherewithal.

You observe that your mouth has blunt corners—which, properly managed, is a most effective feature. Your complexion is rather darkly pale, your forehead is a shade lower than is thought desirable, your lips are full, sweet, and indolent, and your eyes are not remarkable unless when well handled. The lids have a beauty, however, which a sculptor would understand, and the duskiness around them may intensify, exceedingly, one particular expression. Your figure is admirably perfect, but in this country, and particularly among the men you are to control, this large portion of female beauty is neither studied nor valued. Your hair is too profuse to be dressed quite fashionably, but it is a beauty not to be lost, so it must be coiffed *a l'abandon*—a very taking style to a man once brought to the point of studying you.

There are two phases in your character, Violet—earnestness and repose. The latter shows your features to the most advantage, besides being a most captivating quality in itself. I would use it altogether for the first week. Gayety will never do. A laugh on a face like yours is fatal. It spreads, into unmeaning platitude, the little wells in the corners of your mouth (the blunt corners I spoke of above), and it makes your eyes smaller—which they can not well bear. Your teeth are minion and white, it is true, but they show charmingly when you speak, and are excellent, as reserved artillery, to follow an introduction. Save your mirth till the game is won, my dear Violet!

Of course you will not appear at breakfast the first morning after your arrival. The mental atmosphere of the unaired hours is too cold and questioning for a first appearance. So is the hungry half-hour till the soup is removed. Go down late to dinner. Till after the first glass of wine, the heart of man is a shut book—opened then for entries, and accessible till shut again by sleep. You need no table-lesson. You eat elegantly, and, with that swan's-neck wrist, curving and ivory-fair, your every movement is ammunition well-bestowed. But there may, or may not, be a victim on the other side of the table.

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After dinner is the *champ de bataille!* The men are gallant, the ladies melted out, impulses a-top, the key of conversation soprano, and everybody gay and trivial. *So be not you.* It is not your style. Seat yourself where you will have a little space for a foreground, lean your light elbow on your left wrist, and support your cheek languidly in the hollow of your gloved thumb and forefinger. Excuse the particularity, but try the attitude as you sit, now. Pretty—is it not?

Look only out of the tops of your eyes! If women's glances were really the palpable shafts the poets paint them, the effective ones would cut through the eyebrows. Stupid ones slide over the under lid. Try this! How earnest the glance with the head bent downward!—how silly the eyes with the chin salient! And move your eye indolently, my charming Violet! It traverses the frippery gayety-woof of the hour with a pretty thread of contrast that looks like superiority. Men have a natural contempt for themselves when in high spirits, and repose comes over them like a star left in heaven after the turn of a rocket.

Nothing is prettier in woman than *a leaning head!* Bow without removing the supporting hand from your cheek when a man is introduced to you; smile tranquilly, and look steadfastly in his eyes and hear what he has to say. Lucky for you—it is his *devoir* to commence conversation! And in whatever tone he speaks, *pitch your reply a note lower!* Unutterably sweet is the *contralto* tone of woman, and the voices of two persons, conversing, are like the plummets of their hearts—the deeper from the deeper—so felt, and so yielded. If you think it worth your while to harmonize with his tone afterward, either in argument or tenderness, the compliment is only less subtle than overpowering.

There is a great deal of promenading at Saratoga, and natural instinct will teach you *most of* its overcomingnesses; but I will venture a suggestion or two. If you are bent on damage to your man, *lay your wrist forward to his*, and let you hand drop over it, when you take his arm. No mortal eye would think it particular, nor would he—but there is a kind of unconscious affectionateness about it which is electric. Of course you would not resort to manifest pressure, or leaning heavily, except you were carrying on the war *a l'outrance*. Walk with your head a little drooped. If you wish to walk more slowly, tell him so, but *don't hang back*. It is enchanting to have a woman "head you off," as the sailors say, as if she were trying to wind around you—and it has the charm, too, of not looking particular!

As to conversation, the trick is born with woman. If her person is admired to begin with, this is the least of her troubles. But though you are sweet subjects, and men like to hear you talk about yourselves, there is a sweeter subject, which they like better than you—*themselves*. And lean away from merriment, Violet! No man ever began to love, or made any progress in loving, while a woman was laughing. There is a confidingness in subdued tones and sad topics which sinks through the upper-crust of a man like a stone through the thin ice of a well. And if he is a man of natural sentiment or feeling, though a worldling himself, the less worldliness in *you*, the better. Piety, in those who are to belong to us, is a spell that, in any but mythological days, would have superseded the sirens.

I believe that is all, Violet. At least it is all I need harp upon, to *you*. Dress, you understand to a miracle. I see, by the way, that they are wearing the hair now, like the chains on the shoulder of a hussar—three or four heavy curls swung from the temples to the back-knot. And that will be pretty for you, as your jaw is not Napoleonesque, and looks better for partial hiding. Ruin your father, if necessary, in gloves and shoes. Primroses should not be fresher. And whatever scarfs are made for, wear nothing to break the curves from ear-tip to shoulder—the sculpture lines of beauty in woman. Keep calm. Blood out of place is abominable. And last, not least, for Heaven's sake *don't fall in love!* If you do, my precepts go for nothing, and your belleship is forgotten by all but "the remainder biscuit."

Your affectionate uncle, CINNA BEVERLEY.

The above curious letter was left in the dressing-table drawer of No. ——, United States Hotel. It was not generally known that the young lady who had occupied the room before a certain respectable spinster (who handed us the letter, taking the responsibility of its publication as a warning), eloped after the third day of her belleship—as was to be expected. The result of such pestilent advice is its own proper moral.

Next to eating, drinking, loving, and money-making, the greatest desire of human beings seems to be to discover the lining of each other's brains; and the great difference between authors and other people seems mainly to consist in the faculty of turning out this lining to the view. But in this same lining there are many plaits, wrinkles, and corners, which even authors scarce think it worth their while to expand, but which, if accidentally developed, create an interest, either by their correspondence with other people's wrinkles, or by their intrinsic peculiarity.

Let us see if we can give a sketchy idea of the rise and progress of literary celebrity in London; or, in other words, the climbing into society, and obtaining of notice by men who have a calling to literature. Sterne's method of generalizing, by taking a single instance, is a very good one, and we will touch here and there upon the history of an individual whom we know, and who, after achieving several rounds of the ladder of society, is still, we believe, slowly making his way upward—or downward. Let us call him Snooks, if you please, for we can not give his real name, and still speak as freely as we wish to do of his difficulties in mounting. Snooks was a Manchester boy of good birth, brought up to business—his position at home about equal to that of a merchant's son in New York. He began writing verses for the country papers, and at last succeeded in getting an article into the London New Monthly, and with this encouragement came up to town to follow literature for a livelihood. With a moderate stipend from his father, he lived a very quiet life for a couple of years, finding it rather difficult to give away his productions, and quite impossible to sell them. There was no opening at the same time through which he could even make an attempt to get a footing in desirable society. In the third year he became proof-reader to one of the publishers, and being called upon to write anticipatory puffs of works he had examined in manuscript, he came under the notice of the proprietor of one of the weeklies, and by a lucky chance was soon after employed as sub-editor. This was his first available foothold. It was his business, of course, to review new books, and, as a "teller" in the bank of fame, he was a personage of some delegated importance. His first agreeable surprise was the receipt of a parcel in scented paper, containing the virgin effusions of a right honorable lady, who, in a little note, with her compliments to Mr. Snooks (for she had inquired the name of her probable critic through a literary friend), begged a notice of her little book, and a call from Mr. Snooks when he should have committed his criticisms to paper. Snooks was a man of very indifferent personables, his hair of an unmitigated red, and his voice of a very hair-splitting treble; but he had a

violent taste for dress, and a born passion for countesses; and he wrote most unexceptionable poetry, that would pass for anybody's in the world, it was so utterly free from any peculiarity. This last quality made him an excellent verse-tinker, and he was the man of all others best suited to solder over the cracks and chasms of right honorable poetry. He wrote a most commendatory criticism of her ladyship's book, quoting some passages, with here and there an emendation of his own, and called at the noble mansion with the critique in his pocket. By this bridge of well-born vanity, paying the humiliating toll of insincere praise, he crossed the repelling barrier of aristocratic life, and entered it as the necessary incumbrance in her ladyship's literary fame. Her ladyship was "at home" on Thursday evenings, and Snooks became the invariable first comer and last goer-away; but his happiness on these Thursday evenings could only be called happiness when it was reconnoitred from the distance of Manchester. He went always in an irreproachable waistcoat, fresh gloves, and varnished shoes, but his social performances for the evening consisted in his first bow to her ladyship, and her ladyship's "How d'ye do, Mr. Snooks?" After this exciting conversation, he became immediately interested in some of the *bijoux* upon the table, striding off from that to look at a picture in the corner, or to procure the shelter of a bust upon a pedestal, behind which he could securely observe the people, so remarkably unconscious of his presence. Possibly, toward the latter part of the evening, a dandy would level his glass at him and wonder how the devil he amused himself, or some purblind dowager would mistake him for the footman, and ask him for a glass of water; but these were his nearest approaches to an intimacy with the set in which he visited. After a couple of years of intercourse with the nobility on this footing, he becomes acquainted with one or two other noble authors at the same price, frequents their parties in the same way, and having unequivocal evidence (in notes of invitation) that he visits at the West End, he now finds a downward door open to society in Russell square. By dint of talking authentically of my lady this, and my lord the other, he obtains a vogue at the East End which he could only get by having come down from a higher sphere, and through this vestibule of aristocratic contempt he descends to the highest society in which he can ever be familiar. Mr. Snooks has written a novel in three volumes, and considers himself fully established as one of the notabilities of London; but a fish out of water is happy in comparison with Snooks when in the society of the friends he talks most about, and if he were to die tomorrow, these very "friends" would with difficulty remember anything but his red head, and the exemplary patience with which he submitted to his own society.

The fact is, that the position of a mere literary man in England, in any circle above that to which he is born, is that of a jackall. He is invited for what he contributes to the entertainment of the aristocratic lions and lionesses who feed him. He has neither power nor privilege in their sphere. He dare not introduce a friend, except as another jackall, and it would be for very extraordinary reasons that he would ever name at the tables where he is most intimate, his father or mother, wife, sister, or brother. The footman, who sometimes comes to him with a note or book, knows the difference between him and the other guests of his master, and by an unpunishable difference of manner, makes the distinction in his service. The *abandon* which they feel in his presence, *he* never feels in *theirs;* and we doubt whether Thomas Moore himself, the pet of the English aristocracy for forty years, ever forgot, in their company, that he was in the presence of his superiors, and an object of condescension.

Now we have many people in this country, Americans born, who are monarchists, and who make no scruple in private conversation of wishing for a defined aristocracy, and other infrangible distinctions between the different classes of society. In the picture they draw, however, they themselves figure as the aristocrats; and we must take the liberty, for the moment, of putting them "below the salt," and setting forth a few of their annoyances. Take the best-received Americans in London—yourself, for example, Mr. Reader! You have no fixed rank, and therefore you have nothing to keep you down, and can rise to any position in the gift of your noble entertainer. As a foreigner, you circulate freely (as many well-introduced Americans do) through all the porcelain *penetralia* of the West End. You are invited to dine, we will say, with his grace, the Duke of Devonshire. There are ten or twelve guests, all noble except yourself; and when you look round upon the five other gentlemen, it is possible that, without vanity, you may come to the conclusion, that in dress, address, spirit, and natural gifts, you are at least the equal of those around you. Dinner is late in being announced, and meantime, as you know all the ladies, and are particularly acquainted with the youngest and prettiest, you sit down by the latter, and promise yourself the pleasure of giving her an arm when the doors are thrown open, and sitting by her at dinner. The butler makes his appearance at last, and the lady willingly takes your arm—when in steps my Lord Flummery, who is a terrible "spoon," but undoubtedly "my lord" takes the lady from you, and makes his way to the dinner-table. Your first thought is to follow and secure a place on the other side of her, but still another couple or two are to take precedence, and you are left at last to walk in alone, and take the seat that is left—perhaps between two men who have a lady on the other side. Pleasant—isn't it?

Again. You are strolling in Regent street or the park with an Englishman, whose acquaintance you made on your travels. He is a man of fortune, and as independent in his character as any man in England. On the continent he struck you as particularly high-minded and free from prejudice. You are chatting with him very intimately, when a young nobleman, not remarkable for anything but his nobility, slips his arm into your friend's and joins the promenade. From that moment your friend gives you about as much of his attention as he does to his walking-stick, lets your questions go unanswered, let them be never so clever, and enjoys with the highest zest the most remote spoonyosities of my lord. You, perhaps, as a stranger, visit in my lord's circle of society, and your friend does not; but he would as soon think of picking my lord's pocket as of introducing you to him, and, if you begin to think you are *Monsieur de Trop*, and say "good morning," your friend, who never parted from you before without making an engagement to see you again, gives you a nod without turning his head from his lordship, and very dryly echoes your "good morning." And this, we repeat, the most independent man in England will do, for he is brought up to fear God and honor a lord, and it is bred in his bone and brain.

We could give a thousand similar instances, but the reader can easily imagine them. The life of a commoner in England is one of inevitable and daily eclipse and mortification—nothing but the force of early habits and education making it tolerable to the Englishman himself, and nothing at all making it in any way endurable to a republican of any pride or spirit. You naturally say, "Why not associate with the middle classes, and let the aristocracy go to the devil?" but *individually* sending people to the devil is of no use, and the middle classes value yourself and each other only as your introduction to them is

aristocratic, or as their friends are approvable by an aristocratic eye. There is no class free from this humiliating weakness. The notice of a lord will at any time take the wind out of your sails when a lady is in the case; your tailor will leave you half-measured to run to my lord's cab in the street; your doctor will neglect your fever for my lord's cold; your friend will breakfast with my lord, though engaged particularly to you; and the out-goings and in-comings, the sayings and doings, the stupidities, impudencies, manners, greetings, and condescensions of lords and ladies, usurp the conversation in all places, and to the interruption or exclusion of the most grave or personal topics.

Understand us, we grudge no respect to dignities or authorities. Even to wealth as power, we are willing to yield the wall. But we say again, that *a republican spirit must rebel against homage to anything human with which it never can compete*, and in this lies the only distinction (we fervently hope) which will ever hedge in an American aristocracy. Let who will get to windward of us by superior sailing—the richer, the handsomer, the cleverer, the stronger, the more beloved and gifted—there was fair play at the start, and we will pay deference and duty with the promptest. But no lords and ladies, Mr. President, if you love us.

I am very sorry to record a good piece of news for the coachmakers:—that the ladies are beginning to get superfine about riding in omnibuses. The omnibus convenience has been upon an excellent footing for the last few years, used, indeed, with a freedom and propriety peculiar to this country, and somewhat characteristic of its deference to the sex. From the longitudinal shape of New York, it is easy to go anywhere by omnibus, at any moment, and even if a carriage could be kept for a shilling a day, the trouble and delay attending a private equipage, would induce many to give them up, and spend their shilling in the "Broadway lines." The gentility of the custom, too, has induced the proprietors to embellish and enlarge their vehicles, and for sixpence you may ride two or three miles in a very elegant conveyance, and mostly with very elegant people. Of late, however, it has become a habit with an improper class of persons to ride backward and forward, instead of walking Broadway, and propriety has very naturally taken a fright. I am very much afraid, from the symptoms, that omnibuses will become in New York, what they are in England and Paris—useful only to the un-ornamental classes of society. If so, it will be another step (among many I have noticed lately) toward separating the rich from the middle classes by barriers of expense. With an errand, or an acquaintance two miles off, a lady must ride, at some cost, as a habit, if omnibuses are tabooed.

I understand, by inquiry, that there are one hundred and fifty omnibuses plying in New York city. The receipts amount to about eight dollars *per diem* for each one, and the expense wear and tear, &c., substract five from this sum, leaving a profit of three dollars a day on each vehicle. Yet some of them go a course of three miles for the invariable sixpence. There are certain parts of the day when it is difficult to get a place in an omnibus—wishing to ride up Broadway, for instance, at the dinner hour or at dusk. There are several drawn by four horses, which contain twenty odd persons. One named for Forrest, the tragedian, with "Edwin Forrest" splendidly emblazoned on the body, is particularly magnificent. I saw one last night for the first time on three wheels—with two rows of seats, like two omnibuses put lengthwise together. The change from hackney-coaches to cabs is very unsatisfactory to passenger as well as horse. The old New York jarveys were the best in the world, with the offset of the most abominable imposition in the known world, in the charges of drivers. Cabs were introduced to remedy this; and now one horse draws the load of two, and reduces the owner's expenses one half, while the imposition is in no way lessened. There are laws, but as ninety-nine persons in a hundred would rather be fleeced than prosecute or bully, the extortion goes on very swimmingly.

I was honored yesterday by being called in to a private view of the fall fashion of hats, lying at present *perdu* in tissue paper, and not to be visible to the promiscuous eye till the first of September. I ventured modestly to suggest an improvement, but was told, with the solemnity of conviction, that the hatters had decided upon the fashion, and the blocks were cut, and the hats made, and there was no appeal. It is rather a lower crown than has been worn—slightly bell, brim a thought wider, and very much arched underneath. The English hat that comes over now is very small, and narrow brimmed, and the Parisian is shaped like an inverted cone, truncated at the base. Of course we have a right to a fashion of our own, but a hat is, more than any article of dress, a matter of whimsey, and any inexorable style, without reference to particular physiognomy, seems to me somewhat in the line of the bed of Procrustes. I recollect hearing the remark made abroad, that Americans could always be known by their unmitigated newness of hat. Certain it is, that the hatters in this country are a richer class, and many pegs higher in tradesman dignity, than those of France or England—*tant mieux*, of course. Apropos—in some slight research yesterday for material to refresh the thread bareness of my outer man, I looked in at one or two of the crack shops, and was quite taken by surprise with the splendor and variety of masculine toggeries. The waistcoat patterns, the scarfs, the pantaloon stuffs, and dressing-gowns, are sumptuous beyond all modern precedent. A man must have a gentleman's means, now, to allow *carte blanche* to his tailor. I was about to turn aside some rich stuffs, as being, I was sorry to say, quite beyond my style and condition, when the tailor forestalled me, by the assurance that by the next packet, he should receive something much more splendid and worthy my attention! As I have remarked once or twice before, those who live on literary profits will soon find themselves stranded on the middle class—the rich ebbing from their reach in one direction, and the poor in the other. I have an aversion to the clerk's salt-and-pepper, but I should be content with any other outward mark of my means and belongings.

We had a very melo-dramatic out-of-doors exhibition the other evening, in the illumination of the Bowling Green fountain. An illuminated waterfall is a very phantom-like affair, and the eight ghostly gas-burners, set round the rim of the basin in green hoods, looked as much like demons, popping their heads above water to gaze at the white spirit, as would have been at all necessary for diabolical pantomime. The fountain grows upon the public liking, I think, and certainly, when lighted by red and blue fires (which is part of the Friday evening show) it is a magnificent object. The private fountains in the court-yards of the hotels are very handsome. Bunker, in the rear of his well-kept and most comfortable mansion, has a fine jet under the noble old trees; and Cozzens has opened an ornamental fountain in the rear of the American—great luxuries, both, to the respective

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hotels. I am told, by the way, that the Croton water does not keep at sea.

The literary arena is now unoccupied, and it could be wished that some of our own knights out of practice would don their armor for a tilt—that Wetmore would come away from his crockery, and Halleck from his leger, Bryant from his scissors and politics, and Sprague from his cerberus post at the Hades of Discount—and give us some poetry. Another sea or forest novel by Cooper would be most welcome now, or a volume of prose by Longfellow, and these two, I think, as the only American authors not regularly harnessed in the car of Mammon, should have store laid away for such exigencies of famine. Kendall's Recollections of the chain round his neck in Mexico, and Brantz Myer's, of his gold coat and court experience at the same place and time, will come out pretty nearly in the same week, and be excellent sauce to each other. Epes Sargent is somewhere in the high grass, rusticating and writing a book, and I hope, if it is not a tragedy for Forrest, it is a novel of good society—either of which would come out from under his raven locks with little trouble, and of most excellent quality. Placide, who has a scribli-phobia on his own account, has offered his "Life and Times" to a friend, to be delivered verbally over woodcock and sherry, and several of the first chapters are uncorked and digested. Mr. Richard Willis, younger brother of one of the editors of the New Mirror, is residing at Frankfort, in Germany, and preparing a book on the land of beer and the domestic virtues. Mrs. Ellet's masculine pen is nearly idle. Simms, the novelist, is in New York, residing with his literary friend Lawson, but not coquetting with the publishers to our knowledge. Morris will not "die and leave the world no copy," as he has half a dozen songs about being married to music—the banns shortly to be published. I do not hear that Hoffman is doing anything except the looking after his bread and butter. Mrs. Embury is editing "The Ladies' Companion," and the authoress of "The Sinless Child" editing "The Rover," and Mrs. Stephens editing "The Ladies' World;" and these are three ladies worthy the binding and gilding of less ephemeral volumes. Neal and Snow edit "The Brother Jonathan," Neal living at Portland, and snow being "on the ground." Witty and racy "Mrs. Mary Clavers" is about returning to "the settlements" from her seclusion in Michigan—an event to be rejoiced over like the return of the Lost Pleiad. She is an accomplished linguist, and with her pure, classic, and flowing style, she might occupy, here, the position of Mary Howitt or Mrs. Austin in England—gaining all the honors of authorship by eminence in translation.

I understand a great enthusiasm is about to make itself manifest on the subject of the STATE MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON. The association is now incorporated by the legislature, and the design, as it stands formed at present, is one of unequalled magnificence, worthy (and no more than worthy) of the subject. *Four hundred and twenty-five feet* is the proposed height; and this, one of the New York papers states, will make it the highest building in the world—not quite correctly, as the pyramid of Cheops is six hundred feet high. To realize this prodigious elevation, however, one must remember that the steeple of the new Trinity church, which is to be the tallest in this country, will only reach to two hundred and seventy-five feet. It is not to be merely a monument, but an immense public building, containing halls, libraries, and other appropriate apartments. The shape is to be a pentagon, and the style a florid Gothic. Union square is named as the site; but the immense size of the base, I should suppose, would require an area of much greater extent—and it would be a pity, besides, to break up the salutary fountain and open park, already ornamental enough, in that part of the city. The placing of this noble monument on the central elevation now occupied by the Tabernacle, and the opening of a new square, extending back to the Bowery and the Five Points, would, in the first place, turn that festering sink into lungs for this crowded metropolis, and in the next place centralize, in the neighborhood of the City Hall, the prominent public buildings. This great monument is to be built by subscriptions of one dollar each. Fifty thousand dollars were collected some time since, and are now at interest; and there is a sum of one hundred thousand dollars in the treasury at Washington, which it is hoped will be given to this. The object is one which every American must feel interested in; and there is no citizen, I presume, who would not give his dollar toward it. Let it be, if Mr. Dickens chooses so to call it, a "dollar" monument to Washington—showing that, devoted to dollars as we are (and yet not more than Englishmen to pounds, shillings, and pence), our dollar-patriotism can raise to the first patriot of history, the grandest monument of modern times.

The respectable and zealous spinster who sent us for publication, as a salutary warning, the very worldly and trappy epistle, addressed to Miss Violet Maby, at Saratoga, and published on a previous page, has laid her fingers on another specimen of the same gentleman's correspondence, which we give, without comment or correction, as follows:—

ASTOR HOUSE, *August* 10, 1843.

MY DEAR WIDOW: For the wear and tear of your bright eyes in writing me a letter you are duly credited. That for a real half-hour, as long as any ordinary half-hour, such well-contrived illuminations should have concentrated their mortal using on me only, is equal, I am well aware, to a private audience of any two stars in the firmament—eyelashes and petticoats (if not thrown in) turning the comparison a little in your favor. Thanks—of course—piled high as the porphyry pyramid of Papantla!

And you want "a pattern for a chemisette." Let me tell you, my dear widow, you have had a narrow escape. Had you unguardedly written to your milliner for an article so obsolete—but I'll not harrow up your feelings. Suffice it, that that once-privileged article has passed over, with decayed empires, to history—an aristocracy of muslin too intoxicated to last. "*Fuit!*"

The truth is, *shams* are tottering. The linen cuff which was a shallow representation of the edge of a linen sleeve, and the linen collar or embroidered chemisette, which as faintly imagined forth the spotless upper portion of the same investiture, are now *bona-fide* continuations of a garment, "though lost to sight to memory dear!" The plait on the throat and wrist is scrupulously of the same fineness, and simply emerges from the neck and sleeve of the dress without turning over.

The hem of the skirt is beyond my province of observation, but as the plaited edge would be pretty (spread over the instep when sitting), the unity is probably preserved.

Apropos of instep—the new discovery of a steel spring in the shoe to arch the hollow of the foot, has directed attention to the curves of those bewitching locomotives, and *heels* are coming into fashion. This somewhat improves the shapeliness of the pastern,

lifts the sex a half inch nearer heaven—more out of reach than ever, of course. Adieu in time—should you lose sight of me!

And now—(for I believe you may trust "The Lady's Book" for the remainder of the chronicle of fashion)—how comes on, oh, charming widow, the little property I have in your empire of alabaster? Shall I recall the title-deed to your recollection? Did you not, on a summer's night, having the full possession of your senses, lay a rose-leaf wetted with dew on your left temple? Did you not, without mental reservation, scratch it round with a thorn of the same rose, and then and there convey to me the territory so bounded, to have and to hold for my natural life, to be guarded, at your peril, from trespass or damage? Did you not, at the same place and time, with blood taken from your pricked finger, write me out, to this effect, a rosy conveyance, of which, if needful, I can send you, in red ink, a paler copy? Of course I do not ask for information. You know you did. And you know you had for it a consideration—of such immortality as was in my power to bestow:—

"Where press this hour those fairy feet?" &c.

You married—and with so prying a neighbor as your remainder's husband, I did not very frequently visit my little property. You had the stewardship over it, and I presume that you respected, and made others respect, the rights of the proprietor. I never heard that your husband was seen invading the premises. I have every reason to believe that he was uniformly directed to plant his *tulips* elsewhere than in my small garden. It was to me a slumbering investment—and the *interest*, I must be permitted to advise you, has accumulated upon it!

And now that my prying neighbor is dead, and the property in the opposite temple and the remainder of the demesne, has reverted to the original proprietor, I may be permitted to propose myself as an occupant of my own territory, *pro tem.*, with liberty to pluck fruit from the opposite garden as long as it remains untenanted. Take care how you warn me off. That peach upon your cheek would make a thief of a better man.

You disdain news, of course. China is taken by the English, and the Down-Town-Bard has recovered his appetite for champagne, and writes regularly for the New Mirror. The Queen's Guards have done coming over; the town dull; and bonnets (I forgot to mention) are now worn precipitated over the nose at an angle of forty-five degrees.

Adieu, my dear widow. Command me till you lose your beauty. Yours at present,

CINNA BEVERLEY.

CINNA BEVERLEY, ESQ., TO ALEXIS VON PHUHL.

ASTOR HOUSE, *Sept.* 1, 1843.

MY DEAR NEPH-LING: I congratulate you on the attainment of your degree as "Master of Arts." In other words, I wish the sin of the Faculty well repented of, in having endorsed upon parchment such a barefaced fabrication. Put the document in your pocket, and come away! There will be no occasion to air it before doomsday, probably, and fortunately for you, it will then revert to the Faculty. *Quiescat adhuc*—as I used to say of my tailor's bills till they came through a lawyer.

And now, what is to become of you? I do not mean as to what your grandmother calls your "temporal welfare." You were born to gold-dust like a butterfly's wing. Ten thousand a year will ooze into your palm like insensible perspiration—(principally from investments in the "Life and Trust"). But your *style*, my dear boy—your idiosyncrasy of broadcloth and beaver, satin and patent-leather—your outer type—your atmosphere—your cut! Oh, Alexis!

But let us look this momentous matter coolly in the face.

America has now arrived at that era of civilized aggrandizement when it is worth a gentleman's while to tie his cravat for the national meridian. We can afford to wish St. James street "*bon voyage*" in its decline from empire. We dress better than Great Britain. *Ilium fuit.* The last appeal of the universe, as to male toggery, lies in the approval of forty eyes lucent beneath twenty bonnets in Broadway. In the decision of twenty belles or thereabout, native in New York, resides, at this present crisis, the *eidolon* of the beau supreme. *Homage à la mode Manhattanesque!*

But, to the sanctum of fashion there is no thoroughfare. Three persons, arriving at it by the same road, send it flying like "Loretto's chapel through the air." Every man his own guide thither, and his path trackless as a bird's alley to his nest! I can but give you some loose data for guidance, and pray that "by an instinct you have" you may take a "bee-line" of your own.

Of course you know that during the imitative era just past, there have been two styles of men's dress—the Londonish and the Parisian—pretty equally popular, I should say. The London man dresses loose above, the Paris man loose below—tight hips and baggy coat in St. James street—baggy trousers and pinched coat on the Boulevard. The Englishman puts on his cravat with summary energy and a short tie—the Frenchman rejoices in a voluptuous waterfall of satin; and each, more particularly in this matter of neckcloth, abhors the other. John Bull shows his shirt-collar till death—Monsieur sinks it with the same pertinacity. English extravagance, fine linen—French extravagance, primrose kids.

Something is due, of course, to the settled principles of art. By the laws of sculpture, the Frenchman is wrong—the beauty of the male figure consisting in the breadth of the shoulders and the narrowness of the hips; and this formation shows blood and breeding, moreover, as to have small hips, a man's progenitors must not have carried burdens. So—for me—trousers snug to the barrel, and coat scant of skirt, but prodigal above. Decide for yourself, notwithstanding. There *is* a certain *je ne sçais quoi* in bagginess of continuation—specially on a tall man. It only don't suit *my* style!

And, as to cravat, I have the same weak leaning toward Bond street. The throat looks poulticed in those heavy voluminousnesses. Black diminishes the apparent size, too, and the more shirt-bosom visible, the broader the apparent chest. It depends on the stuff, somewhat. Very rich billows of flowered satin look ruinous—and that the ladies love. But in every other particular, if you *will* wear these eclipsers of linen, you must be as lavendered as a lily at dawn—compensatory, as it were! And if you show your collar, for Heaven's sake let it follow the curve of your jawbone, and not run athwart it like a rocket aimed at the corner of your eyebrow! I am sensitive as to this last hint. The reform was my own.

One caution—*never* be persuaded that there is such a thing as a fashion of hat! Believe me, the thing is impossible! Employ an artist. George Flagg has a good eye for a gentleman's belongings, and he'll make a drawing of you with reference to a hat. No hat is endurable that will not look well in a picture. Ponder the brim. Study how the front curve cuts the line of the eyebrow. Regulate it by the expression of face common to you when dawdling. See if you require lengthening or crowding down—physiognomically, I mean. Low crowns are monstrous vindictive. Bell crowns are dressy—white hats rowdy. And, once fixed in your taste by artistical principles, be pretty constant through life to that hat. Have it reproduced (rigidly without consultation with your hatter), and

give it a shower-bath before wearing. Unmitigated new hat is truly frightful. Orlando Fish takes your idea cleverly, touching a tile of your own.

As to the Castaly of coats, I am driven to believe that the true fount is at Philadelphia. One marvellous coat after another arrived at Saratoga while I was there, and to my astonished research as to their origin, and there was but one reply—"Carpenter." What may be the address of this Carpenter of coats, I know not yet. But I shall know, and soon—for he builds to a miracle. Trousers, as you know, are sent home in the rough, and adapted by perseverance. They are a complex mystery, on the whole. Few makers know more than a part in the science of cutting them, and you must supply the rest by clear expounding and pertinacious experiment. The trade is trying, and should be expiative of crime in the "sufferer."

There is but one simple idea in boots—patent-leather and straight on the inside. But, by-the-way, to jump abruptly to the other extremity, how do you wear your hair? For Cupid's and the Grace's sake, don't be English in *that!* Short hair on a young man looks to me madhousey. Ugh! Straight or curly, leave it long enough to make a bootlace for a lady! And see that it looks threadable by slight fingers—for if you should chance to be beloved, there will be fingers unemployed but for that little endearment. So at least I conjecture—bald myself, and of course, not experienced authority.

But, whatever you decide, don't step into the street rashly! Keep yourself "on private view" for a few days after you are made up, and call in discreet judges for the benefit of criticism—an artist or two among them for the general effects. First impressions are irrevocable.

Adieu, my boy! Caution!—and ponder on Balzac's dictum: "*Les femmes aiment les fats, parceque les fats sont les seuls hommes qui eussent soin d'eux-mêmes.*"

Your affectionate uncle,

CINNA BEVERLEY.

P. S. A short cane—say as long as your arm—is rather knowing, now. Nobody carries a long stick, except to poke at snakes in the country.

MOORE AND BARRY CORNWALL.

Well—how does Moore write a song?

In the twilight of a September evening he strolls through the park to dine with the marquis. As he draws on his white gloves, he sees the evening star looking at him steadily through the long vista of the avenue, and he construes its punctual dispensation of light into a reproach for having, himself a star, passed a day of poetic idleness. "Damme," soliloquizes the little fat planet, "this will never do! Here have I hammered the whole morning at a worthless idea, that, with the mere prospect of a dinner, shows as trumpery as a 'penny fairing.' Labor wasted! And at my time of life, too! Faith!—it's dining at home these two days with nobody to drink with me! It's eyewater I want! Don't trouble yourself to sit up for me, brother Hesper! I shall see clearer when I come back!

'Bad are the rhymes
That scorn old wine,'

as my friend Barry sings. Poetry? hum! Claret? Prithee, call it claret!"

And Moore is mistaken! He draws his inspiration, it is true, with the stem of a glass between his thumb and finger, but the wine is the least stimulus to his brain. *He talks and is listened to admiringly*, and that is his Castaly. He sits next to Lady Fanny at dinner, who thinks him "an adorable little love," and he employs the first two courses in making her in love with herself, i. e., blowing everything she says up to the red heat of poetry. Moore can do this, for the most stupid things on earth are, after all, the beginnings of ideas, and every fool is susceptible of the flattery of seeing the words go straight from his lips to the "highest heaven of invention." And Lady Fanny is not a fool, but a quick and appreciative woman, and to almost everything she says, the poet's *trump* is a germ of poetry. "Ah!" says Lady Fanny with a sigh, "this will be a memorable dinner—not to you, but to me; for you see pretty women every day, but I seldom see Tom Moore!" The poet looks into Lady Fanny's eyes and makes no immediate answer. Presently she asks, with a delicious look of simplicity, "Are you as agreeable to everybody, Mr. Moore?"—"There is but one Lady Fanny," replies the poet; "or, *to use your own* beautiful simile, 'The moon sees many brooks, but the brook sees but one moon!'" (Mem. jot that down.) And so is treasured up *one* idea for the morrow, and when the marchioness rises, and the ladies follow her to the drawingroom, Moore finds himself sandwiched between a couple of whig lords, and opposite a past or future premier—an audience of cultivation, talent, scholarship, and appreciation; and as the fresh pitcher of claret is passed round, all regards radiate to the Anacreon of the world, and with that suction of expectation, let alone Tom Moore. Even our "Secretary of the Navy and National Songster" would "turn out his lining"—such as it is. And Moore is delightful, and with his "As you say, my lord!" he gives birth to a constellation of bright things, no one of which is dismissed with the claret. Every one at the table, except Moore, is subject to the hour—to its enthusiasm, its enjoyment—but the hour is to Moore a precious slave. So is the wine. It works for him! It brings him money from Longman! It plays his trumpet in the reviews! It is his filter among the ladies! Well may he sing its praises! Of all the poets, Moore is probably the only one who is thus *master of his wine.* The glorious *abandon* with which we fancy him, a brimming glass in his hand, singing "Fly not yet!" exists only in the fancy. He keeps a cool head and coins his conviviality; and to revert to my former figure, they who wish to know what Moore's electricity amounts to *without* the convivial friction, may read his History of Ireland. Not a sparkle in it, from the landing of the Phenicians to the battle of Vinegar Hill! He wrote *that* as other people write—with nothing left from the day before but the habit of labor—and the the travel of a collapsed balloon on a man's back, is not more unlike the same thing, inflated and soaring, than Tom Moore, historian, and Tom Moore, bard!

Somewhere in the small hours the poet walks home, and sitting down soberly in his little library, he puts on paper the half-score scintillations that collision, in one shape or another, has struck into the tinder of his fancy. If read from this paper, the world would probably think little of their prospect of ever becoming poetry. But the mysterious part is done—the life is breathed into the chrysalis—and the clothing of these naked fancies with winged words, Mr. Moore knows very well can be done in very uninspired moods by patient industry. Most people have very little idea what that industry is—how deeply language is ransacked, how often turned over, how untiringly rejected and recalled with some new combination, how resolutely sacrificed when only tolerable enough to pass, how left untouched day after day in the hope of a fresh impulse after repose. The vexation of a Chinese puzzle is slight, probably, to that which Moore has expended on some of his most natural and flowing single verses. The exquisite nicety of his ear, though

it eventually gives his poetry its honeyed fluidity, gives him no quicker choice of words, nor does more, in any way, than pass inexorable judgment on what his industry brings forward. Those who think a song dashed off like an invitation to dinner, would be edified by the progressive phases of a "Moore's Melody." Taken with all its re-writings, emendations, &c., I doubt whether, in his most industrious seclusion, Moore averages a couplet a day. Yet this persevering, resolute, unconquerable patience of labor is the secret of his fame. Take the best thing he ever wrote, and translate its sentiment and similitudes into plain prose, and do the thing by a song of any second-rate imitator of Moore, one abstract would read as well as the other. Yet Moore's song is immortal, and the other ephemeral as a paragraph in a newspaper, and the difference consists in a patient elaboration of language and harmony, and in that only. And even thus short, *seems* the space between the *ephemeron* and the immortal. But it is wider than they think, oh, glorious Tom Moore!

And how does Barry Cornwall write?

I answer, from the efflux of his soul!. Poetry is not labor to him. He *works* at *law*—he plays, relaxes, luxuriates in *poetry*. Mr. Proctor has at no moment of his life, probably, after finishing a poetic effusion, designed ever to write another line. No more than the sedate man, who, walking on the edge of a playground, sees a ball coming directly toward him, and seized suddenly with a boyish impulse, jumps aside and sends it whizzing back, as he has not done for twenty years, with his cane—no more than that unconscious schoolboy of fourscore (thank God there *are* many such live coals under the ashes) thinks he shall play again at ball. Proctor is a prosperous barrister, drawing a large income from his profession. He married the daughter of Basil Montague (well known as the accomplished scholar, and the friend of Coleridge, Lamb, and that bright constellation of spirits), and with a family of children of whom, the world knows, he is passionately fond, he leads a more domestic life, or, rather, a life more within himself and his own, than any author, present or past, with whose habits I am conversant. He has drawn his own portrait, however, in outline, and as far as it goes, nothing could be truer. In an epistle to his friend Charles Lamb, he says:—

> "Seated beside this Sherris wine,
> And near to books and shapes divine,
> Which poets and the painters past
> Have wrought in line that aye shall last,—
> E'en I, with Shakspere's self beside me,
> And one whose tender talk can guide me
> Through fears and pains and troublous themes,
> Whose smile doth fall upon my dreams
> Like sunshine on a stormy sea, ******

Proctor slights the world's love for his wife and books, and, as might be expected, the world only plies him the more with its caresses. He is now and then seen in the choicest circles of London, where, though love and attention mark most flatteringly the rare pleasure of his presence, he plays a retired and silent part, and steals early away. His library is his Paradise. His enjoyment of literature should be mentioned as often in his biography as the "feeding among the lilies" in the Songs of Solomon. He forgets himself, he forgets the world in his favorite authors, and that, I fancy, was the golden link in his friendship with Lamb. Surrounded by exquisite specimens of art (he has a fine taste, and is much beloved by artists), a choice book in his hand, his wife beside him, and the world shut out, Barry is in the meridian of his true orbit. Oh, then, a more loving and refined spirit is not breathing beneath the stars! He reads and muses; and as something in the page stirs some distant association, suggests some brighter image than its own, he half leans over to the table, and scrawls it in unstudied but inspired verse. He thinks no more of it. You might have it to light your cigar. But there sits by his side one who knows its value, and it is treasured. Here, for instance, in the volume I have spoken of before, are some forty pages of "fragments"—thrown in to eke out the volume of his songs. I am sure, that when he was making up his book, perhaps expressing a fear that there would not be pages enough for the publisher's design, these fragments were produced from their secret hiding-place to his great surprise. The quotations I have made were all from this portion of his volume, and, as I said before, they are worthy of Shakspere. There is no mark of labor in them. I do not believe there was an erasure in the entire manuscript. They bear all the marks of a sudden, unstudied impulse, immediately and unhesitatingly expressed. Here are several fragments. How evident it is that they were suggested directly by his reading:—

> "She was a princess—but she fell; and now
> Her shame goes blushing through a line of kings.
> * * * * * * * * * *
> Sometimes a deep thought crossed
> My fancy, like the sullen bat that flies
> Athwart the melancholy moon at eve.
> * * * * * * * * *
> Let not thy tale tell but of stormy sorrows!
> She—who was late a maid, but now doth lie
> In Hymen's bosom, like a rose grown pale,
> A sad, sweet wedded wife—why is *she* left
> Out of the story? Are good deeds—great griefs,
> That live but ne'er complain—naught? What are tears?—
> Remorse?—deceit? at best weak water drops
> Which wash out the bloom of sorrow.
> * * * * * * * * * *
> Is she dead?
> Why so shall I be—ere these autumn blasts
> Have blown on the beard of winter. Is she dead?
> Aye, she *is* dead—quite dead! The wild sea kissed her
> With its cold, white lips, and then—put her to sleep:
> She has a sand pillow, and a water sheet,
> And never turns her head, or knows 'tis morning!
> * * * * * * * * * *
> Mark, when he died, his tombs, his epitaphs!
> Men did not pluck the ostrich for his sake,
> Nor dyed 't in sable. No black steeds were there,
> Caparisoned in wo; no hired crowds;
> No hearse, wherein the crumbling clay (imprisoned
> Like ammunition in a tumbril) rolled
> Rattling along the street, and silenced grief;
> No arch whereon the bloody laurel hung;
> No stone; no gilded verse;—poor common shows!
> But tears and tearful words, and sighs as deep
> As sorrow is—these were *his* epitaphs!
> Thus—(fitly graced)—he lieth now, inurned
> In hearts that loved him, on whose tender sides
> Are graved his many virtues. When they perish,
> He's lost!—and so't should be. The poet's name
> And hero's—on the brazen book of Time,
> Are writ in sunbeams, by Fame's loving hand;
> But none record the household virtues there.
> These better sleep (when all dear friends are fled)
> In endless and serene oblivion.
> * * * * * * * * * *

The lighthouse near Caldwell's Landing is seen to great effect by the passenger in the evening boat from New York to Newburgh. Leaving the city at five in the summer afternoon, she makes the intervening forty miles between that hour and twilight; and while the last tints of the sunset are still in the sky, the stars just beginning to twinkle through the glow of the west, the bright light of this lofty beacon rises up over the prow of the boat, shining apparently on the very face of the new-starred heaven. As he approaches, across the smooth and still purpled mirror of the silent river is drawn a long and slender line of light, broken at the foot of the beacon by the wild shrubbery of the rock on which it stands; and as he rounds the point, and passes it, the light brightens and looks clearer against the darker sky of the east,

while the same cheering line of reflection follows him on his way, and is lost to sight as he disappears among the mountains.

The waters of the river at this point were the scene of the brief and tragic drama enacted so fatally to poor André. Four or five miles below stands Smith's house, where he had his principal interview with Arnold, and where the latter communicated to him his plans for the delivery of West Point into the hands of the English, and gave him the fatal papers which proved his ruin.

At Smith's house Mrs. Arnold passed a night on her way to join her husband at West Point, soon after he had taken command. The sufferings of this lady have excited the sympathy of the world, as the first paroxysms of her distress moved the kind but firm heart of Washington. There seems to have arisen a doubt, however, whether her long and well-known correspondence with André had not so far undermined her patriotism, that she was rather inclined to further than impede the treason of Arnold; and consequently could have suffered but little after Washington generously made every arrangement for her to follow him. In the "Life of Aaron Burr," lately published, are some statements which seem authentic on the subject. It is well known that Washington found Mrs. Arnold apparently frantic with distress at the communication her husband had made to her the moment before his flight. Lafayette, and the other officers in the suite of the commander-in-chief, were alive with the most poignant sympathy; and a passport was given her by Washington, with which she immediately left West Point to join Arnold in New York. On her way she stopped at the house of Mrs. Prevost, the wife of a British officer, who subsequently married Colonel Burr. Here "the frantic scenes of West Point were renewed," says the narrative of Burr's biographer, "and continued so long as strangers were present. As soon as she and Mrs. Prevost were left alone, however, Mrs. Arnold became tranquillized, and assured Mrs. Prevost that she was heartily sick of the theatrics she was exhibiting. She stated that she had corresponded with the British commander; that she was disgusted with the American cause, and those who had the management of public affairs; and that, through great persuasion and unceasing perseverance, she had ultimately brought the general into an arrangement to surrender West Point to the British. Mrs. Arnold was a gay, accomplished, artful, and extravagant woman. There is no doubt, therefore, that, for the purpose of acquiring the means of gratifying her vanity, she contributed greatly to the utter ruin of her husband, and thus doomed to everlasting infamy and disgrace all the fame he had acquired as a gallant soldier, at the sacrifice of his blood."

It is not easy to pass and repass the now peaceful and beautiful waters of this part of the Hudson, without recalling to mind the scenes and actors in the great drama of the Revolution, which they not long ago bore on their bosom. The busy mind fancies the armed guard-boats, slowly pulling along the shore; the light pinnace of the Vulture plying to and fro on its errands of conspiracy; and not the least vivid picture to the imagination, is the boat containing the accomplished, the gallant André, and his guard, on his way to his death. It is probable that he first admitted to his own mind the possibility of a fatal result, while passing this very spot. A late biographer of Arnold gives the particulars of a conversation between André and Major Tallmadge, the officer who had him in custody, and who brought him from West Point down the river to Tappan, the place of his subsequent execution.

"Before we reached the Clove" (a landing just below the beacon), "Major Andre became very inquisitive to know my opinion as to the result of his capture. When I could no longer evade his importunity, I remarked to him as follows; 'I had a much-loved classmate in Yale college, by the name of Hale, who entered the army in 1775. Immediately after the battle of Long Island, Washington wanted information respecting the strength of the enemy. Hale tendered his services, went over to Brooklyn, and was taken, just as he was passing the outpost of the enemy on his return.' Said I, with emphasis, 'Do you remember the sequel of this story?'—'Yes,' said André, 'he was hanged as a spy. But you surely do not consider his case and mine alike?' I replied, 'Yes, precisely similar; and similar will be your fate.' He endeavored to answer my remarks, but it was manifest he was more troubled in spirit than I had ever seen him before."

Sconcia's "Preceptor for the Pianoforte," just published by Christman, of this city, is a curious and valuable work. Mr. Sconcia is a thorough musician, and he has compiled the edition before us with much labor and a clear understanding of the beautiful science of which it treats. Mr. S. is also the author of a valuable scientific work, entitled "An Introduction to the Art of Singing," which is universally popular among the profession.

The Messrs. Appleton have sent us a volume of delicious poetry, entitled the "Wife of Leon" and other metrical effusions, by two sisters of the west. We know nothing of these delightful authors beyond their writings; but that they are gifted, true-hearted, and accomplished girls, is apparent in every line of their beautiful productions. The west has cause to be proud of these sweet "sisters," and so has the country, to whose literary stores the volume before us is a graceful and valuable contribution. If this is the authors' first appearance in print, it is the most favorable one we have ever witnessed in our whole editorial career, and we shall place the book in our library, on the same shelf with the works of Mrs. Hemans, to be referred to frequently in hours stolen from severer duties. The Messrs. Appleton—ever

("The first true merit to defend—
His praise is lost who waits till all commend——")

deserve the thanks of the public for the elegant edition of the poems before us.

I saw two very distinguished gentlemen sitting *vis-à-vis* at the Astor house table a day or two since—striking exceptions, both, to the *physique* of the climates from which they severally come. The Hon. Mr. Choate, of Massachusetts, was one, with his pale but intellectual countenance, and Judge Wayne was the other, as glowing a specimen of rosy health and vigor as ever came from the more florescent nurture of the north. It is painful to see the precious accumulation of a great mind's treasure intrusted to so fragile a casket as ill-health, and the contrary is proportionably agreeable. Judge Wayne is at present at West Point.

It is a pretty literal fulfilment of the penalty of Adam's transgression to do more than breathe to-day, and I have chopped down and chopped up many a tree of twice my age with half the "sweat of the brow" brought out by the harnessing of this first sentence to grammar. A gentleman is walking up Broadway, fanning himself, as I look out of the window. The omnibus horses drip. What an Eden would come about again (for me, at least) if this penitential sweat would trickle itself into these inky traceries without the medium of brain and finger-work! One

would be almost content to become a *black* man to facilitate the miracle.

Three successive boys have gone under my window, whistling, "Dance, boatman, dance!" The air is one that sticks in the popular memory, and, like some other of these negro melodies, it is probably susceptible of transmutation into a gem of music. I have recorded somewhere else a remark Moore once made in my presence, that one of the most pathetic of his songs stole its air from a merry ballad of Spain, representing a girl complaining of the wind's blowing her petticoats about, and the change in its character was effected by only playing it slower. No song was ever more popular in this country than "On the lake where drooped the willow," which was a transfer of the negro song "As I was a gwyin down Shinbone alley." Horn, who adapted it to a pathetic song by Morris, took his hint from the pathos with which a black boy at Natchez sang one of the songs peculiar to his race and region. "The Northern Refrain," another very popular song by Morris and Horn, is based upon the carol of the sweeps in New York city. Mr. Horn says that "God save the King" was taken from an air sung about the streets of London, and that "Di tanti palpiti" was suggested to Rossini by hearing a fish-woman sing it in the market while attending her stall. "The Marseillaise" had an origin equally obscure. The first attempt to dislocate these airs from their ludicrous words creates a smile, of course, but it is surprising how quickly the better clothing of music throws its long-worn beggar-rag into forgetfulness. Horn relates in one of his prefaces, that when Mrs. Horn commenced singing before an audience, "Long time ago," with a serious air, there was a general smile; but when the song was ended she left her auditors with tears in their eyes. There is no end to tracing back to their origin airs that are afloat among a people, and if Moore's melodies are built upon "Irish airs," without going back to Milesian imagination, these negro melodies may be called American, without giving credit to Guinea or Timbuctoo. I should think it worth a composer's while to travel leisurely in the south, and bring away all the melodies that inhabit the banjo of the slave, and better still worth Morris's while to devote his singular tact and delicacy of taste and ear to the clothing them with appropriate poetry. He has been so successful in the attempts he has already made, that the warrant is good.

A German gentleman, residing at the Astor house, has translated for me an account of a visit to Frederika Bremer, by the Countess Von Hahn-Hahn, and a few of its more personal particulars will not be uninteresting. The countess is a celebrated person in the fashionable world, and has just published her travels in Sweden. She found Miss Bremer at a small country estate near Stockholm, where she resides with her mother and a younger sister. She says: "I had formed some idea about her person from her books. I figured to myself a quiet, serious person, with some humoristic touches. I found her indeed thus in reality, with an addition of an extraordinary degree of sweetness in all her bearing."—"I was offered a promenade. I preferred to remain in the house, though passionately fond of nature, open air, walking. All the attraction for me was within—everything so pleasant, so comfortable! I could comprehend how '*Home*' here could be made so attractive. I desired Miss Frederika to show me her own room. It was arranged with the greatest simplicity—almost a cell. It would not do for me at all. Besides, it was a corner-room, with windows on two sides, consequently a double supply of light. There were three square tables, covered with books, papers, and writing-materials; a sofa in a severe style (I mean one that coolly and merely invites you to sit down without lolling, which is my favorite position). On the walls there were several pictures. 'This is a genuine Teniers, but I know you will not like it,' she said, laughing, pointing to a beautiful little picture of a countryman filling his pipe. I answered honestly, 'no!' and in general I found that I said 'no' when she said 'yes.' Such a difference of opinion is only disagreeable when you have a dislike to a person. I tried to persuade her to make a voyage to Italy. We would go together. But she would not. She does not like travelling. She thinks that one may soon become overpowered, carried away, get confused—and what to do with all these foreign impressions! I said, 'You will soon conquer them—that is just the pleasantest thing, I think.' She still took a lively interest in all I told her of foreign countries, what I had seen, and what I had written about them. I was naturally well-pleased at this. Our conversation was carried on in French and German. She expressed herself with great simplicity and decision. She has beautiful, thinking eyes; a clear, firm, I may almost say, a solid forehead, under which the strongly-delineated eyebrows move very much when she speaks. This becomes her very much, particularly when an idea labors to shape itself into words. She has a light and small figure, and was dressed in black silk. In the parlor there were two large bookcases. Miss Bremer paints beautifully in miniature, and she has a collection of heads, done by herself, to which was added mine. I generally get sleepy when sitting to artists; therefore I do not like to have my picture taken, as it hurts my vanity that all my portraits look so immensely sheepish! This time, however, the sitting went better off, for the Countess Rosen was singing the whole time, with her fine voice, some beautiful Swedish songs."

By this extract the Countess Hahn-Hahn herself seems a nice, natural creature enough.

I have been pleased to find that I rather *under* than over-colored my slight description of Mr. Weir's picture for the rotunda. The Bostonians have received it with a full measure of enthusiasm; and Mr. Weir has himself returned to West Point, laden not merely with bountiful commendations, but with employment for years in commissions for pictures. He will, probably, realize a small fortune from the exhibition, alone, of his great painting in the different cities; and altogether, this is the best exemplification that has occurred in my time of the *policy* (to say no more) of a faithful discharge of a commission, which, because intrusted literally to conscience and honor, *may* be slighted with impunity. Mr. Weir, I understand, has not yet drawn the price of his picture from the treasury, intending to lay it by as an investment for his children, unconscious, probably, how much they will value the father's glory invested in the picture. On it the painter has flung his soul prostrate; and there is a circumstance connected with its working upon his mind while painting it, which we do not feel quite at liberty to mention here, but which will be a thread of the purest gold to weave into the mingled woof of his posthumous biography. By the first of October, I understand, we are to have a view of the "Embarkation" in New York.

I was among the liquesced victims of the buffalo-hunt at Hoboken, and gathered little to compensate me for "larding the lean earth" of the Messrs. Stevens, except a strong impression of the peculiar good-nature of a republican crowd. As our down-

laden ferry-boat reached the shore, another one, heavily overfreighted, was starting to return. Some one on our wheelhouse inquired in a stentorian voice, "How did you like it?" and was answered by the five hundred disappointed and roasted dupes with a general shout of good-natured laughter. The Courier estimates the crowd at twenty or thirty thousand, and certainly the whole Jersey side was black with people, all feeling humbugged and laughing merrily. I thought I would ride up to the ground to see the embroidery of so many moving figures on the green meadows, and this was a fine sight. The lasso-rider, in a fantastical costume, was galloping hard after his shadow, and tossing his long rope into the air; and one of the buffaloes was quietly munching a hollyhock in the small enclosure of an Irish cabin on the roadside. The rest of the herd, I was told, had made their escape to the woods, offering the proprietor a real hunt for a sham. The morning papers give accounts of some serious accidents during the day.

The copyright club is organized with a most active and efficient secretary in Mr. Mathews, and there has been a general summoning of aid and counsel. Bryant, the high-priest of American poetry, is very properly chosen president. In addition to the fact which I mentioned in my last as one that should be "kept before the people," viz., that the increase of price on new publications would be very trifling and go to the author—in addition to this, I say, another should be mentioned. The worthless edition that is bought for a shilling, and read with straining eyes from its bad print, is perused and thrown away. Would it not be as well to subscribe to a reading-club, and get the book *well-printed* for *less* money, and return it at the end of the week? The hint is worth considering—and this is the way that reading is managed cheaply in England.

Macready is to be here in October, and will be accompanied by Miss Phillips (formerly of the National), and Mr. Ryder—a unicorn team of his own breaking. They both know the leader's paces. Conti Damoreau follows later—but there is nothing very spicy on record with regard to this *prima donna;* and the popular telescope of expectation is fixed exclusively on the charming Mrs. Nesbitt. Before I have had time to be bribed by my share of the spell of this enchantress, I may as well give you an honest inventory of her attractions and professional merits. She is, *imprimis*, a widow; that is to say, if she be not married within a year or two, as is said, to the famous Mr. Feargus O'Conner, keeping her previous name for theatrical *eclat*. Mr. Nesbitt was a dashing guardsman (son of Lady Nesbitt, well known in the gay world), who broke his neck driving tandem, and left his widow the idol of the dandies. She is rather above the middle size, with blue eyes, meant to pass for black, black hair, Greek nose, upper lip half scornful, half playful, and a mouth made by none of the Graces' journeymen. This last article is indeed delicious, as seen from any part of the theatre, though, like Madame George Sands, the owner smokes! But her charm lies mainly in "the way she has with her." Nobody that sees her cares whether she plays well or ill. She ministers at another door. Hang your *head*—she plays to your *heart!* And it is one of her ways to play very unevenly; and when she thinks you have pouted long enough at her carelessness, to burst suddenly upon you with a bewitching rally, and "bring the house down," as they alarmingly phrase it. A great actress she probably is not—an enchanting woman she certainly is. It is to be hoped that she will bring over the pieces that have been written expressly for her, as her every peculiarity of look, tone, and gesture, has been most accurately measured and fitted by the dramatic tailors of London.

The world looks disagreeable to us to-day. We are "under the weather;" and, for to-day at least (and it is odd how rare the wish is), we may say, we wish ourselves fairly *above* the weather—that is, in heaven; in heaven, where there are no Saturdays, and of course, no expectations of New Mirrors.

For you forgive the dinner's not forthcoming, if the cook be ill. And your washerwoman has her little indulgences—hand scalded, or child sick. And you forego your drive if your horse be ailing or off his feed. What have *we* done, we should be pleased to know, to be treated less kindly than the other three of your quadruple necessities? We should like very much to drop our head into our hand, and mope. But you wouldn't like it.

No—you want us to chatter. You say as the child says, when the story is done: "Tell us some more." And if we must, we must! But we're sick and savage, and we'll rake up something that we can gnaw as we tell it—some old resentment or other—and if we don't feel better after it, we'll go to bed.

One of the morning papers, a week ago or more, told a fib about us. In an article on American authors, it is said that we (one of "we") made more money by our writings than any other American author, and were fast growing rich! And out of that, a Boston paper picks the reason that we "write so jauntily!" As if a man were not always gayer as his pockets were lighter, and as if our good humor were drawn with a check—bankable!

Now we are not willing to submit to the odium of prosperity. That we *have* made some thousands of unnameables by two or three weeks' work, as this writer asserts, we freely own—but it was not in this country. We have sold, for a large price, in England, books for which we tried in vain to find a publisher in America. We can not now find a publisher in America who will give us anything for a work, though we have been looking for one these three years; and we never found but one publisher who would give us, for half-a-dozen works in a lump, money worth shutting thumb and finger upon; and he gave it in *notes*, payable by *ourself*—after the little privilege of a discount. We don't complain of this—oh no! The worth of a thing is, no doubt, what it will bring. But we are not going to be lifted between human envy and the sun, and be hated for throwing a shadow when we have no substance! Not "we!"

That three meals a day come punctually round to us, we consider no more a marvel than the arrangements for the keeping in motion of any other "heavenly body." For that much we have safely trusted hitherto, and we shall trust hereafter the crank, whatever it may be, that turns our mortal orrery. We are fed, and we don't care who envies us for it—for we think we do work enough to earn it—but the possession, at any time, for any considerable portion of an hour, of one unbespoken dollar, we indignantly deny! We are poor enough (either of us "we") to please the most fastidious, on the contrary. And so, fellow-paupers, take us back to your affections!

But we have hopes (as who has not?) of living to be "rich and envied!" We shall be less loved. That is the tariff, and we are busy laying up love to pay it. But we should like to know *how it feels* to be rich, and whether for more love, one ever sighs to be poor again! Please Heaven, we will know, some day—if the Mirror keep prospering.

Two Sisters of the West.—I have done, almost unawares, within the last twenty-four hours, what I would not willingly have undertaken to do, viz., the reading of two hundred and fifty pages of new poetry. It was a book which came to my hand in the livery of a *début*—cream-colored binding, most daintily lettered—and when I opened it my anticipations extended very little beyond the pleasure of rubbing my thumb and finger on the seductive smoothness of the cover. It is entitled, "*The Wife of Leon, and other Poems*, by Two Sisters of the West," written, as the preface states, to "while away time and gratify a taste for poetry," and published "to gratify a parent to whom they could refuse nothing." With much of the book I think you would be delighted. It seems to me a careless exercise of very uncommon powers—a kind of loitering into dream-land with no particular errand, and here and there plucking a phantom forth to the light as would be done by a concentrated mind gone thither with disciplined determination for the purpose. I speak, of course, now only of the purely imaginative parts of the book. The affections are, with women, no phantoms, and can scarcely be written upon, except well, by any woman of talent; and in this book the touches of feeling are exquisitely true and well expressed. But in verse, which is here and there very incompact and wordy, you will find some bold conceptions, partially done justice to, which show in these sisters a very unusual walk of fancy. A piece called the "Death of the Master Spirit," seems to me particularly strong and unsuggested. And in some lines beginning—

"Never, as I have loved thee,
Shalt thou be loved again,"

there is a most refreshing novelty and meaningness. On the whole, I look upon this as rather a memorable advent in poetry-world, and I hope we shall soon find out who the "Sisters" are.

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Percival has put forth a new volume, after a very long silence as a poet. If poetry were nothing but an exercise of imagination, Percival would doubtless be the first of American poets. In the *art* of poetry, probably he *is*—the art, I mean, as exemplified in this very volume, in which there are no less than "one hundred and fifty modifications of stanza." But Percival's poetry is singularly deficient in the very mundane quality *flesh and blood*. His veins seem filled with ether, and his Pegasus uses his wings always, his legs never. I mention it less as a fault than a peculiarity, for there may be a school of this quality of poetry, and perfect in its way—but it is a peculiarity which accounts fully for the inadequate effect it has produced. Nothing of Percival's is popularly known, except one or two pieces, which will live for ever by the very flesh and blood pathos which he has touched by chance, and which he probably thinks beneath him. The poem beginning,

"He comes not. I have watched the moon go down,"

the mournful plaint of a deserted wife, is one of these, and a most exquisite effusion of feeling. But here is his idea of the harness with which a poet must go into the arena, in a passage of his preface to his new book:—

—"An art [poetry] which requires the mastery of the riches and niceties of a language; a full knowledge of the science of versification, not only in its own peculiar principles of rhythm and melody, but in its relations to elocution and music, with that delicate natural perception and that facile execution which render the composition of verse hardly less easy than that of prose; a deep and quick insight into the nature of man, in all his varied faculties, intellectual and emotive; a clear and full perception of the power and beauty of nature, and of all its various harmonies with our own thoughts and feelings; and, to gain a high rank in the present age, wide and exact attainments in literature and art in general. Nor is the possession of such faculties and attainments all that is necessary; but such a sustained and self-collected state of mind as gives one the mastery of his genius, and at the same time presents to him the ideal as an immediate reality, not as a remote conception."

Now, acknowledged, as Percival must be, to possess these high requirements, I have no doubt that the book I have spoken of above will be more read than his own—though, probably, the alarm with which "The Two Sisters" would have looked on this formidable statement of requisites for poetry, presented to them before they had so unconsciously achieved the task, would have quite equalled the surprise of the gentleman who found that he had all his life been talking grammar without learning it. Percival's is a great mind, however, wonderfully stored with learning, and his poetry is a rich treat to the scholar and the purely imaginative reader.

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The Public Fountains.—The largest audiences we see in the city, assemble on the advertised nights of the illumination of the Bowling Green fountain. The lower part of the city is rendered completely impassable by the packed assemblages. With the aid of the many-colored fires burned around it, it is certainly a splendid fountain; but it would be beautiful by day, and alone, as well as much more beautiful by night, if the same volume of water sprang from some ornamental structure instead of a huge heap of rocks. In all countries but this, an artist would have been employed to make a design for so costly and public a fountain—a man whom peculiar genius and study had qualified for the task. But the designer of this is an engineer, and the designer of the Park fountain, if it had one, was probably a well-digger or a mason. By the way, as the Park is the most frequented part of the city, and much used by persons wishing to get out of the street for a moment's conversation, the plan of the fountain of Lerna, at Corinth, would be a good one. It was encircled by a beautiful portico, under which were seats for the public to sit upon during the extreme heats of summer, to enjoy the cool air from the falling waters. The Park jet would be superb seen between the marble columns of a portico like this, and the seats would be certainly a great luxury, situated as the Park is. For want of an original idea of our own for a smaller fountain, Michael Angelo's conception were a good one to copy—a sturdy woman wringing a bundle of clothes, whence the water issues that supplies the basin.

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First Night of the Season.—The all-a-gogery of the city on the reopening of the Park theatre, drew me in from the country, contrary to my Monday's wont, and as I am bound to ride to your eye on the top wave of the morning talk, I must jot you down the memorabilia of the first night. The wooden Shakspere, by the way, has been hoisted to its niche in the façade of the house, and shows well among the very composite order of the new architectural embellishments. A traveller, aiming simply at the graphic, would probably describe our principal theatre as one long shed put on top of another, with a figure of Shakspere standing in the door of the uppermost. The new paint makes it all right, however. I can not think Mr. Simpson *farmed* out Mr. Wallack to the

best advantage, for the first night of the new embellishments would have filled the house without Wallack. And very sufficient attraction it were too—for the interior is most tasteful and elegant; except that the seats in the boxes are calculated for dwarfs and children, and the grown-up people sit between the knees of the person behind. I see no objection that can be made to the interior of the house. The new drop curtain is admirably painted, and represents Shakspere and two or three of the muses, tributary to the glory of Macready, who sits with a volume in his hand, the most dignified and conspicuous figure of the group. The design, I understand, is taken from a piece of plate presented to the actor in England, and the use it is put to in the Park fairly out-Barnums Barnum. The house was crammed, and the band opened with "Hail Columbia"—(immense applause) —followed by "Yankee Doodle"—(immense applause). The gas was let on—(immense applause)—the curtain was drawn up, and discovered Mrs. Sloman (disinterred after many years of respected histrionic sepulture) in the character of Elvira—(immense applause). Sombody came on as Valverde—(immense applause). Mr. Barry came on as Pizarro—(immense applause). Mrs. Hunt came on looking very handsome—(immense applause). The curtain dropped on the first act and rose again—(two immense applauses). Mr. Wallack came on as Rolla —(immense applause). The high-priest of the Sun sung his hymn—(immense applause)—and so the play went on, and, wherever the actors left pauses, there were immense applauses. And all the actors and supernumeraries got as much applause as Mr. Wallack. All charmingly levelling and republican. It was quite evident, indeed, that the pleasure and interest in the new lining and reopening of the house was, by much, the predominant sentiment of the evening, and, as I said before, Simpson might well have shelved Wallack till he was more wanted. There were quite enough of his special admirers present to have "brought the house down," it is true; but it was "down" all the time, and nothing but an outbreak of pipes and French horns could have emphasized the acclamations any where in the course of the play. And if Wallack's attraction depended at all on opportuneness, the majority of his fashionable friends are out of the city. So that, altogether, we shall hardly have a fair test of his success till his second engagement, after Macready. Meantime, he is barred from all the parts in which the latter is to appear ("Benedict," among others, in which Wallack is far better than Macready), and driven into the melodrame and farce, in which his versatility makes him almost as "good a card." His "Rolla" was superbly played, and in "Dick Dashall" it is well known he is unsurpassed. A plan was struck out by a clever friend of mine, in conversation, of combining the management of a New York and London theatre, and of transferring the "gettings-up" in the way of dresses and the more extensive stage properties. The splendors of costume and scenery with which Macready has represented plays within the last year or two in England, could never be produced here except by some such transfer, and the communication by steam is now so rapid and punctual, that it might be done with economy and convenience. By some such combination we may stand a chance of renewing the splendors of theatres in Rome in Nero's time, though, I fear, the perfuming of the lobbies with "Sicilian saffron," and the leading of *wine and water* all over the house, by pipes concealed within the walls, are luxuries gone irrevocably over Lethe's wharf.

We wish some of our friends knew how much easier it is to go to the ship-chandler for a cable than to find a new cobweb in a much-swept upper-story. "Waste time upon trifles," quotha! We *do* waste time upon them, indeed, if they are not more acceptable to our readers than twice the bulk of disinterred "information." We thought this was settled long ago, and that the "cap and bells" in which we industriously labor at folly were considered a part of our working livery—the least enviable and the most meritorious. Few things are easier or more stupid than to be wise—on paper. Nothing is easier, and few tasks sooner done, than to *cram*, on any subject, and astonish the world with "reading"—astonish without delighting it, that is to say. Give us nothing to do but to be *wise*, oh, "approved good masters," and we have leisure enough at once for some additional vocation—clerk in a bank, or principal in a female seminary—(the two trustworthy offices, we beg leave to record, which have been thought suitable to our abilities). Why, there is information enough on any conceivable subject, and all within ten minutes walk of where we sit and write, to stupify Minerva; and it is as easy to unshelf, pick out, and embroider it upon an editorial, as it is to buy grapes at Bininger's. It is a very great mistake to suppose that anybody but a donkey makes a packhorse of his memory, carrying about the rubbish intended only for a storehouse of reference. Let who likes

> "break his fast
> With Aristotle, dine with Tully, take
> His watering with the Muses, sup with Livy,
> Then walk a turn or two in Via Lactea,
> And after six hours' conference with the stars
> Sleep with old Erra Pater;"

we do not believe he would sell to the newsboys—which is *our* noble ambition. So, if you please (or if you don't please), most worthy critic, we shall go on "wasting our time upon trifles." And, by way of a Parthian fling, let us toss under your nose what Addison says on this subject: "Notwithstanding pedants of a pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite author as flash and froth, they all of them show, upon occasion, that they would spare no pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise." And (Parthian arrow No. 2) what that esteemed model Lord Foppington says: "To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own." And if that is not a brace of quotations pungent and apt, we know as little about quoting as our rebukers aver.

But we have been more specifically snubbed by a morning paper, and we must say a word specifically in reply—for the notice, done by no means in an unfriendly spirit, was wind in our sail, for which we are grateful, now and always. The writer objects to our mentioning the nearest thing to woman—*apropos*, as the allusion was, of a late change in the fashion of it. He calls this frivolous! We are not prepared to go the philosopher's length, that "there is no such thing as a trifle in the world"—but we put it point blank to issue, in any man's judgment, if *this* be a trifle! Now we are called an unread ignoramus, but we *have* read Ovid and Juvenal, and we well remember blushing over the epithet "linen-wearing," applied frequently to the high-priests in the Egyptian ceremonies—no poor precedent for the like of *us*, let us modestly say, and the worthier the precedent the more you disparage us. Sacred from the earliest ages was held "cloth of flax," and sacred in any deferential mind is, to this day, the mention of linen. But, history and precedent apart, how have *we* become so consecrated, that anything, the least, which appertains to woman, is too "frivolous" to be wrapt up in our rhetoric? The particular aim of the peccant allusion was to diffuse the knowledge of a new embel-

lishment for the sex—to give our poor aid to a worthier clothing of beauty, which, after religion, is quite the divinest vouchsafe from our Maker. If this be a trifle, show us your importances! It is no trifle to devote half a column of a newspaper to a new dahlia—no trifle to bring to bear a fine-art criticism on a satin skirt in a painting—no trifle to write for months about the jet of a fountain. Yet what are these and a thousand similar topics—what in worthiness and elevation—even to the outlined shadow of a woman, if (as it can not) that sweet shadow could be improved? No! no!—We are not to be driven from our many-years' worship by such unconsidered taking of exceptions. We write not, besides, to please any critic—(male). The New Mirror shall be masculine enough, but all-tributary to the ladies—God bless them! We are their slave—bound to bring to their use and knowledge all that can please, and especially all that can embellish them. We are here

> "To answer *their* best pleasure; be't to fly,
> To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
> On the curled clouds;"

and "if any man take exception, let him turn the buckle of his girdle."

Saunders, the excellent miniature-painter, went home in the Great Western. He was in this country about three years, and, though his prices were much higher than any of our own painters, he had full occupation from first to last. His delicious miniatures (some of which you will have seen at Washington) are scattered through our principal cities, and the "fleeting show" of some beauty and much worth and talent is preserved in them. He is a very observing man, and he made a remark that interested me. He said that the *motive* for sitting for a picture in this country was almost always *affection*—in England it was almost always *pride*. Though among his sitters were a few of the loveliest women he had ever seen, the majority were invalids, or old persons who might soon die, or persons about going on far journeys—those, in short, who were loved and might soon be lost. In England, the subject of a miniature is usually good-looking. It is a young girl the year she comes out, or a beautiful child before his curls are shorn to send him to a public school, or a young man, in his first uniform after entering the army. Pride appears somewhere in the reason for the doing of the picture. And Mr. Saunders's remark confirms a previous impression of my own—that personal beauty is vastly more valued in countries over the water.

Some years since, Mr. Saunders was appointed miniature-painter to the king of Hanover, and resided some time at the royal palace, painting the different members of the family. I met him subsequently in Italy (ten years ago), where several noble ladies of England were sitting to him. His success in this country should be a stimulus to our own artists, for he has proved that, spite of the depression of the times, there is patronage enough for the high degrees of art. He thought very highly, by-the-way, of Mr. Hite, the miniature-painter, of this city, who is doubtless the legitimate heir to his mantle.

Apropos of high prices for the arts, Mr. Catherwood has opened a subscription, which appeals only to the rich and liberal; and he is very likely to succeed in his enterprise, I think. His splendid drawings in seppia of the ruins of Central America are to be engraved of the size of the originals, and the price of one copy is to be a hundred dollars. I saw one subscription-paper with several names upon it. But a book of drawings by Catherwood at a hundred dollars, and a novel of Bulwer's at a shilling, and both successful, leave at least a wide field of betweenity. Catherwood is an unsurpassed artist in his line, and I trust we shall show our appreciation of his genius while he honors us by residing among us.

The city is somewhat closer packed by the addition to its contents of Thomas Thumb, jun., Esq., who has returned from the south in time to escape the "fell moscheto." He occupies the American Museum as before. Mr. Barnum, who is unsurpassed for felicity of trap, has hit upon an amusing mode of drawing attention to Mr. Thumb, and giving a "realizing sense" of his diminutive proportions. On a pole outside the Museum is placed a well-appointed mansion, two feet square, with "T. Thumb, jun." on the brass-plate of the door. A pair of leather breeches, about the size of a double opera-glass, hang outside to dry; a pair of white-topboots of the same proportions on another nail, and Mr. T.'s hat and coat on another. The fun lies in all these articles being *well-worn*. They are a little shabby indeed; and, in the boots, the leather is represented as worn a little red by the straps of his trousers! Whoever got them up is an artist. Fit as Tommy is to be a "tiger" to Queen Mab, his boots and breeches would require stretching.

There is no end to the rivalry of hotels. Cozzens, of the "American," is making the attractive show of Broadway tributary to his house. The former smoking-room and reading-room on the corner of the second story are being converted into a superb ladies' parlor, with a charming look-out over the park and the new fountain; while the ground floor, formerly a tailor's shop, is to be devoted to the loungers who wish to sit in their chairs and see Broadway without the trouble of walking. As a hotel, from which to see *what is going on* to the best advantage, the "American" will now be the best in the city; and, as mine host is famous for his table, he may soon gather his "plum."

I see by the report of a late trial that an editor, in the eyes of a counsellor-at-law, is considered "a mechanic who carries on a newspaper"—the plea being that a man in this condition of life should be taxed with but small alimony for a divorced wife. It would be convenient to some of the tribe to come down to this classification, though most editors will probably resist it, as ambitious boys sometimes object to being let into a show for half-price. I wish the counsellor had defined the luxuries proper to gentlemen that are not proper for "mechanics."

The races between the "*Empire*" and the other boats on the Hudson occupy the city talk. I trust they will have done their uttermost before anybody I am very fond of has occasion to embark in them—for I presume it is like the proving of guns. If the boilers stand this, they will stand anything. The Empire beats, but not by so much as was anticipated. She is unmatched for comfort and beauty, however, and a trip to Albany in her, a month hence, will be a treat worth looking forward to. She runs as a day-boat hereafter.

One of the papers announces Count D'Orsay as already arrived in New York. It is a mistake; and

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so, I believe, is the announcement that he is coming at all. He resisted strong inducements to come out in the suite of his intimate friend, Lord Durham (late governor of Canada), and if he had ever contemplated a visit to America, he would have availed himself of that opportunity.

Brough, the vocalist, had a concert recently of *renaissance*, well-attended and rapturously applauded. He sung better than ever. Mr. Frank Brown assisted him—a very promising young singer, who is about trying his musical fortune in Italy. He has a handsome person and good talents, as well as an excellent quality of voice, and will be heard of favorably hereafter, I have little doubt.

Previous to the last six months, New York has only been to me a place of transit, and for the benefit of transitory travellers, it is perhaps worth while to mention what I have missed till I became a resident. Like the new Sunday-school pupil who was surprised with the sight of "A," of which he had often heard, though he had never seen it before, I am quite full of raptures about Hoboken—new to me till a day or two since. Its extent, beauty, and particularly its *nearness to Broadway*, were all surprises. With the exception of the ferry, it lies at the foot of Barclay street, which you know runs down from the Astor, and if the proprietors of that hotel chose to advertise the proximity of the "Elysian fields" as an attraction to their establishment, the only objection would lie in the dread of alarming the apoplectic. The stile over which you step into these grounds is at the ferry-landing, and you are immediately under the shade of avenues leading to covert and winding walks, and to a park which covers the beautiful promontory of Hoboken, and which can not be surpassed in the world for union of glade and distant view. Who keeps these walks so smooth and trim, who laid them out and gave them to the public, and who lives in the enviable residence adjoining them, I do not know. But the New-Yorkers may be satisfied that they have at their service, and close at hand, grounds which equal those of any nobleman in England. On week-days they seem little frequented, too; though on Sundays, I am told, the avenues are thronged.

I observed a new fashion in ladies' boots, which would take, I should think, among the Orientals. The Arabs, as you know, judge of aristocracy by the test of a hollow under the instep—that if water will run under the naked foot when standing on marble, the ancestors of the owner could not have borne burdens. Mr. Dick, ladies' bootmaker in Broadway, inserts a steel spring into the sole to keep it snug under the instep, supporting the foot very comfortably in walking, and adding very much to its beauty. The amalgamationists will probably oppose the fashion, as the negro foot is entirely excluded from its advantages.

I think there was what is commonly called "an opening" for a fashionable summer-theatre up town. Gayety in private circles ceases very much by the first of May; strangers, travelling for pleasure, and inclined to bestow themselves for the evenings in the resorts of "silk attire," begin to arrive; few leave the city for touring till August, and the great majority of the better classes do not leave it at all except for country-seats in the neighborhood, or for short periods; the other theatres are shut; and the patrician complexion given to a place by inducements like the foregoing, is the best trap for what the manager would call "miscellaneous patronage;" or, to express it by a maxim of theatrical economy, white gloves in the first circle will insure dirty hands in the third.

Mr. Niblo has cleverly stepped into this opening. His pretty theatre is newly done up in gilding and blue maroon* (an ill-omened stuff for theatrical lining); it is brilliantly lighted; the scenery is peculiar and new, and he begins with addressing his entertainment solely to those who have either aired their manners with travel, or "fed of the dainties that are bred in a book." The French company might as well deliver themselves in pantomime as sing in French to most of the ordinary frequenters of our theatres, but the boxes understand; and it is worth the gallery's time and money to have a three hours' perusal of the unbonneted attractions of the boxes—the opera aside.

An "Admirable Crichton" of music, equally wonderful on the piano-forte and the violin, has appeared among us, in the person of Mr. Wm. Vincent Wallace, Director of the Dublin Anacreontic Society. Those who have heard *Paganini* and *Thalberg*, pronounce decidedly that he is *unsurpassed* even by those hitherto unequalled *maestros!* He performs upon the piano a *grand introduction* and *variations* on the *theme* of the *Cracovienne*, composed by himself. The instrument becomes a full orchestra, under his hands, which seems multiplied into a dozen; while, in the rapid passages, his fingers are invisible as the spokes of a locomotive-wheel in full career. He has no left hand, but two right ones, equally independent of each other. The brilliancy and power of his execution set off admirably the delicate *morceaux* of melody interspersed, and all unite to produce an effect before unknown to us. But his performance on the *violin* surpasses, if possible, that upon the *piano*. He executes on this the *Carnival of Venice*, and the *Witches' Dance* of *Benevento*, and several other difficult compositions, as originally performed by Paganini, and never before heard in this country; and the effect is most startling and thrilling. In his hands, the violin does more than speak—it sings, shrieks, supplicates, reproaches, dies, revives, and realizes the fancy of Balzac, that a soul is imprisoned within it. With his bow he scatters a bright shower of melody through the air, and rasps diamond-sparkles from the strings. Our language may seem extravagant, but it falls far short of the reality. Musicians are in raptures with the fulness and purity of his tones, the decision and accuracy of his stopping, his left-handed *pizzicato*, and his double notes on the fourth string. We rejoice that such an artist bears an English name, and proves that wonderful musical genius is not confined to foreign nations.

At the London Opera, no gentleman is admitted who is not in full dress. Ladies go there jewelled, *decolletées*, and unbonneted of course. It is a dress-place.

Ladies must have a place to "dress."

The New York ladies have ceased to dress gayly in the street.

Private parties are not a sufficient vent for the passion of dress among ladies.

Now, Mr. Niblo, do you see your way?

The above is a literal copy of a memorandum we made for an article, while sitting out the expectant half hour before the rising of the curtain, a night or two ago, at the French Opera. We pitch it at you head foremost, dear reader, because you are sometimes willing to take us in the lump, or *seriatim*, as it is convenient for us to deliver ourselves—but more particularly because the printer is clamorous for copy, and, hurried or not hurried, *copied* we like to be.

But, to our text. A dress-opera is happily entailed upon us by the change of the sumptuary character of Broadway. Ladies now (and very likely we are

* *Marooning*, the act of leaving a person ashore where there are no inhabitants.—*Johnson*.

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telling our country-friends a bit of news) are under the necessity of having *two* bonnets. There must be a plain straw with a green veil, to soften down and properize any appearance in the street, on foot and unattended. There must be a dress-bonnet for morning calls, *matinées*, breakfast-parties, wedding-visits, and, generally, for all daylight departures from home, on errands of ceremony or pleasure. This dress-bonnet requires other concomitants in keeping—lace, feathers, flowers—whatever is required for a full *parure*. And a full *parure* requires a carriage, of course. And a carriage requires a fortune. And as all this is the fashion, nobody can be fashionable who is not rich. And so comes in the dynasty of the aristocracy of money!

Now we like all this—offensive as it seems, at the first blush, to a republican eye. Part the extremes—widen the distance between wealth and poverty—and you make room for a *middle class*, which is not yet recognised in our country—everybody who is not absolutely poor, striving to seem absolutely rich. Of this middle class, literary men are a natural part and parcel. So are many of the worthiest and most intelligent people of this country—people who are now occupying a station in life like Mohammed's coffin, neither on the earth of poverty nor in the heaven of riches, and in sad lack of a resting-place between. Once recognise that station in society—once make it respectable to set aside certain extravagances in dress and living as not proper for a condition in life which is still far above poverty—and you set at ease thousands of families that are now subjected to endless uncertainties and mortifications. It requires, now, both judgment and vigilance for many ladies not to dress far above their condition in life—yet what more distasteful than to have seen the husband in his place of business, careworn and distressed, and the next minute to meet his wife in Broadway, dressed out of all keeping with his gains, and of course with no sympathy for his troubles! We believe that, in fact, the ladies are of our way of thinking in this matter. It is uncomfortable for pride to be always "treading water," as the swimmers say. Better sink, and sink, and sink, till you come to your true level—anybody will say.

Of course we follow nature, however, and of course we except beauty from all homely precepts and economies. The peacock and the butterfly pay no penalty that we know of for their extra-furnishings from the shop of Rainbow & Co. Their business on earth is to delight the eye; and that, we religiously believe, is the errand of human beauty as well. No! Let there be no "condition in life" for beautiful women! Nature's princesses they are by the instinctive consent of human nature; and the homage we can not but pay, let us be bold enough to acknowledge. As to beauty's being, "when unadorned, adorned the most," it is true of nothing but a statue. In real life, we think flowers and gems are the natural belongings and ornaments of personal loveliness. All beauty should be so furnished—even if ugliness be compelled to "service dure" to procure them.

But to return to the opera. Ladies should be reminded that nothing adds more to the cheerfulness of the scene, and its consequent attraction, than light and bright colors. A dark dress has no business at the opera, though indeed the dress itself may be anything, so that the bust and head, which are alone seen, are dressed gayly. No bonnets, and least of all, veils! Let us have a *dress* place of amusement. Let there be a resort in the long and vacant hours after business, where we can seem to enter a brighter chamber of this dingy world, and be compelled (we men) to dress ourselves, and *feel* in a more holyday and liberal atmosphere.

In the window of a Broadway shop we noticed, the other day, a China dinner-set, otherwise magnificent, but deformed by a representation on each plate of "The great fire in New York." Thus, on every festive occasion, the guests would have their gayety dampened by the suggestion of that scene of loss, danger, and suffering. Such bad taste is too frequent. It would be equally easy to impress devices calculated to arouse cheerful and enlivening associations; but, as a people, we are too careless of such matters. Trifles in themselves they may be; but such little items of enjoyment—such grains of pleasure—make up in time quite a mountain of happiness.

Theodore Hook.—Good dinners will not make a man immortal. The prince of diners-out is dead. It would seem as if "good living" meant long living too—for who ever thought Theodore Hook could die!—"a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy." "Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning!" We have carried out the quotation somewhat with a feeling of bitterness—not against the dead, but *for* him. We could have begun the passage with Hamlet—"Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio!" Everybody knew Theodore Hook, who has been "summered and wintered" in London, and we knew him as others did, with that far-reaching and half-pitying admiration which is given to a wit of all work—a joker never out of harness—a "funny man" by profession, as the children thought Mathews. We have seen Theodore Hook make excellent hits, and we have seen him make desperate failures—many failures to one hit, indeed. But so it must be, as every one knows who has thought twice on wit as a "good continuer."

Hook was the editor of the "John Bull" newspaper, and his portrait would have served for its imprint. He was the personification of John Bull, as the French fancy him, and as he is represented on the stage. Above the middle height, he looked short, from being corpulent and short-necked. His person was "stocky" altogether—thick legs, high chest, short arms, and bluff, rubicund, and rather defying features. We have not heard of what he died; but, we presume, of apoplexy, for he looked of that habit, and lived in a way to produce and feed it. Over his brows, however, there seemed to be a region, like the sun above clouds on a mountain-side, brighter than that below. His forehead was ample and white, his head smoothly bald, and, if the observer had seen but that portion of Theodore Hook, he would have formed of him a far higher opinion than in following him downward. To that tablet of intellect his works of imagination, we believe, never did justice. His novels are third-rate, while his native powers were first-rate, and against those two unattained steps on the ladder of immortality, Hook's poor offset was his very mortal celebrity as a table-wit—the diner-out, *par excellence*, of his day.

We believe in omens. In the days of Charlemagne large possessions were transferred, not with wax and paper, but with a ring. A ring has been given us by a well-wishing stranger, and we here signify our belief that, in it is transferred to us the prosperity of the former proprietor—dead two thousand years ago at the very least, but undeniably a most prosperous gentleman. Let us look a little at the evidence.

It is generally supposed, we believe, that the mummies preserved to this day are, in all human probabil-

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ity, from two to three thousand years old. Some time before the advent of our Savior, Egypt had become a Roman province, and the more costly usages of the Egyptians had been done away—the embalming of the bodies of the rich and great being among the most costly. Those which have defied time and corruption, through two thousand years, of course were such as were embalmed with the most cost and care, and the poor, the antiquarians tell us, were merely dried by salt and laid away in the catacombs. The rings and other ornaments of the mummied great were wrapped up with them.

The ring that was given us three days ago is of silver, holding a stone covered with Arabic characters, and was taken from the finger of a mummy, bought at a great price for exhibition, and partly opened. It is of rude work, and if Egypt's jewellers did their best upon it, we can but say that our friend Tenney, of Broadway, was only born too late to astonish the Pharaohs. We have not yet found an Arabic scholar to decipher it, but, if we had not known it to be Arabic (or Coptic), we should have said it was a device of *three stars*, a *wrench*, and *two streaks of lightning*—very properly expressive of our three selves (the editors and publisher), our manner of work, and the way the Mirror is to go. And, on the whole, we shall let it rest at that—without further translation.

We are not sure that, if the former proprietor of this silver ring could wake, he would think his finger-ornament handed down in the same line of life. The classifications of society under the Ptolemies would have put us down low (priests, soldiers, shepherds, swineherds, mechanics, *interpreters*, and fishermen—the literary profession being the last but one), yet, after all, there is a resemblance between us, and I am happy to say (no offence to the mummy) that it is not in our personal appearance! It was necessary, to embalm this gentleman, that his brains should first be extracted through his nostrils. *We* trust to be embalmed by letting ours ooze from our fingers' ends—and, on the whole, we may say, we prefer our way of doing it. But that is all. We see no other resemblance. The Egyptian was circumcised. He was gloomy and superstitious. He increased his poultry by artificially hatching eggs. The husband had the charge of the domestic concerns; the wife of buying and selling, and all affairs that were not of a domestic character. He hated songs and dances. He was a stranger to gayety, and he drank nothing stronger than barley-beer. We trust that it is no vanity on our part to congratulate his ring on conversance for the future with a more pleasant state of things—aristocratic comparisons apart.

Prosperous the Mirror is to be—thanks to the liberal giver of the ring that foreshadows it! But (to "out with a secret") we should feel easier if the envious would begin to manifest their displeasure. We have a dread of "the primrose way to the everlasting bonfire," and should feel safer in a thornier path than we tread now. This pushing all of one side makes us fancy we topple. We would try our friends at opposition. Feathers that go down with one wind mount with a counter-current. We "cotton" to old King Osymandyas, who caused to be graven on his Colossus: "I am King Osymandyas—if any man will know my greatness let him destroy one of my works." And of that jolly old monarch, the first owner of our ring was possibly a subject—conjunctive omen of our road to prosperity.

Beards in New York.—It is odd how a fashion creeps from one country to another, unaware. Has it occurred to you what a *bearded* nation we have become within the last year or two—imitating *La Jeune France* in that and other accompanying particulars? My attention was called to it yesterday by a friend just returned from a long residence in Europe. He was expressing very emphatically his annoyance at the loss of his *mustache*. On coming in sight of land he had gone below and sacrificed it, as a thing "most tolerable and not to be endured," among the sober friends to whom he was returning; when lo! on landing—every second man in a full suit of beard! His mustache and imperial chanced to be very becoming to him, and his mortification, at being compelled to put them again into nascent stubble, was unbounded.

Two schools of dress have prevailed in France for the last six or seven years—the classic and the romantic; the former with the Brutus head, short hair and apparel of severe simplicity, and the other with flowing locks, fanciful beard, and great sumptuousness of cravat and waistcoat. The "romantic" is the only one which has "come over," and it prevails at present in New York, with (to use the popular phrase) "a perfect looseness." Almost every man below forty has tried his beard on, and most of the young men about town show their fancy in something beyond the mere toothbrush-whisker of the military. The latter, by-the-way, is the only beard "let out" by the London men whom the packets bring over, and in England the synonyme is rigorous between "mustache" and "adventurer." It seems to me, however, that the principles of taste which should affect the fashion of a beard are but little regarded among us, and I rather wonder that some ambitious barber has not set himself up as an authority—to decide their shape by private consultation, according to feature and complexion. Perhaps I may feed a want of the era by putting down what I have gathered on the subject of beards by reading and travel.

In a country where all the hair which nature has planted on the face is permitted to grow, a shaved man certainly looks very silly. After a short passage from Asia Minor to Malta, the clean-shaved English officers struck me as a very denuded and inexpressive-looking race, though much more athletic and handsome than the Orientals I had left. The beards of old men, particularly, are great embellishments, covering as they do, the mouth, which most shows age and weakness, by loss of teeth and feebleness of muscle. When the mouth is covered, the whole expression of the face is concentrated in the eyes, and it is surprising how much the eyes gain in character and brilliancy by a full mustache. A luxuriant and silky beard on a young and clear skin is certainly very beautiful, though, according to medical observation, the faculties are much better matured when the beard comes late. In bearded countries, the character is very much judged of by the beard. There is an old Irish proverb which says:—

> "Trust not that man, although he were your brother,
> Whose hair's one color and his beard another."

In irritable persons, the beard grows thin and dry. In those of milder temper it is thick and slightly curling. The beard is affected very sensibly by the nature of a man's nourishment; and this explains why they know an aristocrat in the East by the luxuriance of this appendage—poor food deteriorating its quality. Diplomatists should always wear the mustache, as it is much easier to control the expression of the eye than of the mouth—useful to card-players and stock-brokers, for the same reason. Shaving among the ancients was a mark of mourning—though at the era when beards were out of fashion, they were let grow, by those who had lost friends. When a man's mouth is beautiful and expressive, the beard which covers it is a disadvantage, and we may guess that Scipio Africanus (the first Roman who shaved every day) wore on his lips the tenderness and magnanimity which he displayed toward the bride of the

captive Allucius. The first shaving barber was one Ticinius Mænas, who came from Sicily to Rome about three hundred years before Christ, and then commenced an era of smooth chins, interrupted, for a short while only, by the emperor Adrian, who wore his beard to conceal warts on his chin. With most nations the beard has been considered an ornament. Moses commanded the Jews not to shave, and the ancient Germans, and the Asiatics of a later day, have considered no insult so mortal as the cutting off of one man's beard by another. In France, shaving came into fashion during the reigns of Louis XIII. and XIV., both of these monarchs having ascended the throne when beardless, and their subjects imitating them, of course. And as France gave the law of fashion to all Europe, the sacrifice of part of the beard grew to be common, though it is only since the beginning of the last century that the shaving of the whole beard became universal.

I have noticed, in New York, that men, who had formerly no pretensions to good looks, have become very handsome by the wearing of mustache and imperial, and I have seen handsome men disfigured by adopting the same fashion. The effect of a mustache and full beard is to make the face more masculine, graver, and coarser, and this is, of course, an improvement to one whose features are over-delicate, or whose expression is too frivolous. On a dapper man, it is quite out of place, and he should wear a clipped whisker, if any beard at all. The beard, I think, gives a middle-aged look, and makes a man of twenty look older, and a man of forty younger. The ladies like a beard—naturally thinking faces effeminate which are as smooth as their own, and not objecting to the distinctions which nature has made between the sexes. When the beard is but partially worn, some artistical knowledge should be called in, as a short face may be made longer, and a broad face narrower, a gay face graver, and an undecided chin put in domino. But of all abominations in this way, I think, the goat's beard, growing under the chin only, is the most brutal and disgusting, though just now, in New York, rather the prevailing fashion. The mistake in taste is very common, of continuing to wear a high shirt collar and cravat, with a beard on the cheek and throat—the beauty of a curling beard depending very much on its freedom and natural adaptation to the mould of the face. There are more people than Beatrice, of course, who are willing to let a man's beard be "of the color that God pleases," but there are others who have aversions to red beards and yellow, and there is great trade in *cirages* and gums for the improvement of color and texture. Most of the beards you meet in Broadway glitter in the sun like steel filings. Altogether, I think the fashion of wearing the beard a desirable one, and I particularly wish it would prevail among old men. A bearded senate would make a wiser and more reverend show in congress, and anything which conceals the decrepitude of age and moves respect (as beards certainly do, both), is most desirable.

Macready's first Night.—Macready had a full, not an overflowing house, to witness his debut last night, and there were more of his own profession among the audience than I ever before saw together—(partly, perhaps, from curiosity to hear the "*readings*" of Shakspere which the drop curtain represents Macready as giving to the Muses). The play was Macbeth, and Mr. Ryder, who accompanies Mr. Macready, came on first as Macduff, and was very warmly received—applauded, indeed, throughout the play, as his playing deserved. He is a very correct actor, and a "fine figure of a man." Macready's appearance brought the house "down" of course. He went at his interview with the witches most artistically, and the witches did their bedevilments more artistically than we have seen them done before, and so of all the trick and machinery of the play—for Macready is master of "stage business," and the scenery and supernumeraries had been effectually cleared of cobwebs. The play went on—with a beautiful procession of effects, particularly by Macready in his exits and entrances, his salutations and surprises—and to the theatre-going people present it was an exhibition of drama-panorama curiously managed, and all as clean and neat as machinery—and just as *moving*. The attention was close, but the applause grew less and less. I never saw so *cold* a house. The most stormy and passionate outbreaks of Macbeth's mingled ambition and remorse were received like the catastrophes in a puppet-show—with an unexcited smile of surprise. Each "point" the actor made was looked at like the wheel of a clock shown piecemeal. There was no passion in the audience, no illusion, no general interest in the progress of the story of the play—in short, no *feeling*.

My own sensations during the evening were those of pain and annoyance. Mr. Macready is so accomplished an artificer in his profession—everything he does is so admirably "*studied up*"—

> "So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn"—

that a cold reception of so much pains seems most ungracious. When he came in and knelt to the king—when he entered Duncan's chamber to murder him—when he received the first suggestions of crime from Lady Macbeth—I could have shouted myself hoarse with admiration of the artist—it was all done so differently from another man, and so skilfully in a high and finished conception of the character. Every step he took on the stage was a separate study. Every look, gesture, movement, was consummate. As pantomime it would have been absolutely faultless. Yet, strange to say, he walks the stage like a transparent man—*showing all his anatomy*. He wants clothing with natural flesh and blood. His voice wants nature. It sounds like the breaking of crockery in a dry well. He feels no passion and he moves none. What a pity that scholarship, study, labor, patience, and taste, should fall short, in their result, of the most unlabored off-throwing of genius!

Italian Opera.—I saw only the first act of "*Lucia de Lammermoor*," and found little to admire except the performance of the orchestra. Signor Antognini certainly did not come up to his reputation as a tenor, and he is the great star of the company. He is a curious-looking man to play the lover. The muscles of his face pull, every one, upon his nostrils, like "taut halliards," and with eyebrows pointing fiercely at the bridge of his nose, and the mouth like an angry dash of a pen under an emphasized word, he looks as Mephistophilish as one of Retzch's drawings. Madame Majocchi, the prima donna, is a fat woman with a fat voice. She has a good contralto footing in her throat, but her soprano notes are painfully tiptoe, and you are glad when she is comfortably at the bottom of her *cadenza*. The company appears pretty well drilled, but they want a *prima donna*, and if they could find a *prima donna* in want of *them* (Castellan, for instance) we might have good opera. They say that Antognini's voice is only grass-grown from neglect, and that he would do brilliantly after a little practice. Considering the certain fortune that waits upon a fine tenor, it is surprising that there should continue to be so few aspirants for the honors of the Rubini; for it can not be that there are only half a dozen (if so many) of human voices possessing his capabilities of tone and cultivation. There is probably "full many

a" postillion of Lonjumeau "born to" "waste his sweetness on the desert air," and it would be a good speculation to look them up and buy a life-interest in their thoracic capabilities.

Dr. Howe.—It will be a curious piece of news to you that our countryman, Dr. Howe (lately married and gone abroad) has been stopped on the borders of Prussia by a *cabinet order*, and of course is shut out from so much of the Rhine as lies (if my geography serves me) between Coblentz and Cologne. This special edict on the part of a king with a standing army of two hundred thousand men is no small compliment to Dr. Howe's consequence; but perhaps it would interest you to be made acquainted with the *cetera intus*.

About ten years ago I had the honor (and as such I shall always treasure the memory) of sharing Dr. Howe's lodgings at Paris for some months. He was then employed in learning that system of instruction for the blind upon which he has since grafted improvements that have made him a separate fame among philanthropists. Philanthropy seems to be his engrossing and only mission in life, however; for, though giving the most of his day to the objects of his special errand, he found time to make himself the most serviceable man in France to the cause of Poland. The disasters of Warsaw had filled Paris with destitute refugees, and distinguished men who had shared in that desperate battle were literally houseless in the streets. Our common breakfast-room was thronged with these unfortunate patriots, and, with noble liberality, Dr. Howe kept open table for all who came to him—many of them, to my knowledge, getting no food elsewhere, and, among others, Lelewel, the distinguished poet and patriot, coming in one morning to ask a breakfast, as I well recollect, after having slept out a winter's night in the street. Lafayette was at that time at the head of the Polish committee, and Fenimore Cooper (whose generosity to the Poles should be chronicled, as well as the devotion of his time and talents to the cause) shared with Dr. Howe the counsel and most efficient agency of the benevolent old man. At this time a sum of money was raised to be sent, with some important and secret despatches, to the Poles who had fled into Prussia, and Dr. Howe offered to be the bearer. I went with him to the Mesagerie and saw him off in the *diligence*, very little suspecting the dangerous character of his errand. He arrived at Berlin, and, after passing the evening abroad, returned to his hotel, and found a couple of *gens-d'armes* in his room. They informed him that he must accompany them to the police. The doctor understood his position in a moment. By a sudden effort he succeeded in pitching both the soldiers out of the room and closing the door, for it was all-important that he should gain time to destroy papers that he had about him. The *gens-d'armes* commenced a parley with him through the bolted door, which resulted in a compact that he should be let alone till morning, on condition of his agreeing to go with them peaceably at daylight—they keeping sentry outside. He had no light, but he passed the night in tearing into the smallest possible fragments the important papers, and soaking them in water. Among his papers, however, were two or three letters from Lafayette to himself which he wished to preserve, and after examining the room he secreted these *in the hollow of a plaster cast of the king* which chanced to be there, and so saved them; for, though the minute fragments were picked out and put together again (as he subsequently discovered), he wrote to a friend at Berlin, six months after, who went to the hotel and found the secreted letters safe in the plaster king's keeping!

At dawn Dr. Howe opened his door, and was marched immediately to prison. By chance, on the evening of his arrival, he had met an American in the entry of the hotel, who had recognised him, and the next day came to call. From the mysterious manner in which the people of the house denied all knowledge of what had become of him, this gentleman suspected an arrest, and wrote to Mr. Rives, our then minister to France, stating his suspicion. Mr. Rives immediately demanded him of the Prussian government, and was assured, in reply, that they knew nothing of the person in question. Mr. Rives applied a second time. Dr. Howe had now been six weeks in solitary confinement, and at the end of this period he was taken out in silence and put into a carriage with closed windows. They drove off, and it was his own terrible belief for the first day that he was on his way to Siberia. By the light through the covering of the carriage, however, he discovered that he was going westward.

The sudden transition from close confinement to the raw air, threw him into a fever, and on the third day of his silent journey he begged to be allowed to stop and consult a physician. They refused. On the next morning, while changing horses, a physician was brought to the carriage-door, who, after seeing the prisoner, wrote a certificate that he was able to proceed, and they again drove on. That day they crossed a corner of the Hanoverian dominions, and, while stopping for a moment in a village, Dr. Howe saw the red coats of some officers, and by a bold attempt escaped from his guards and threw himself on their protection. They quietly restored him to the Prussians, and the carriage drove on once more—his guard finally setting him down at Metz, on the borders of Prussia, with orders never to enter again the Prussian dominions. At present he is at Baden-Baden, and Mr. Everett is engaged in a negotiation, through the Prussian minister at London (Chevalier Bunsen), for the revocation of the cabinet order, and permission for a simple citizen of the United States to show his bride the Rhine! Mr. Greene, our consul at Rome, who is now in New York, informs me that Dr. Howe is also on the black list of the king of Naples—of course as a general champion of liberty.

Dr. Howe's first reputation, as is well known, was made as a Philhellene in the Greek revolution. He left this country entirely without means, having just completed his studies in surgery, and worked his passage to Greece. He entered the service as surgeon, and soon gained the highest promotion—serving part of the time on board the armed steamer commanded by Hastings—the only fault found with him being (as a Hanoverian comrade of his told me at Paris) that he *would* be in the fight, and was only a surgeon when the battle was over. His whole career in Greece was one of gallant acts of bravery, generosity, and self-sacrifice, as represented by his companions there—and if he could ever be made to overcome the unwillingness with which he speaks of himself, his history of personal adventure would, without doubt, be one of the most curiously-interesting naratives in the world. Dr. Howe's slight person, delicate and beautiful features, and soft voice, would give one the impression that he was more at home in his patient labor of winding light through the labyrinth of the sense-imprisoned Laura Bridgman; but a more fiery spirit, and one more reluctant to submit to the details of quiet life, does not exist, and the most trying service he has ever done in the cause of philanthropy, I sincerely believe, is this discipline of his tumultuous energies to the patient teaching of the blind. He is still a young man—not yet forty, I believe. I could not trust my admiration and affection to say more of his character than the giving of this simple statement of facts.

The New York American, after quoting from what the editor calls "the agreeably gossiping New York correspondent of the National Intelligencer," remarks that "this correspondence is not, to be sure, very reliable for matters of fact"—which is very like disparaging a hasty pudding for not being a rump-steak. This style of criticising things by telling what they are *not*, suits the "American" in the two respects, that it is both easy and oracular. But I should prefer to be tried rather by what I undertake to do, which is certainly not to send you simply "matters of fact." To wait for the winnowing of error and exaggeration from truth, would be to send you a correspondence as stale as some of the columns in which I am found fault with. I profess nothing of the kind. I send you the novelty and gossip of the hour, and you, and all others (except those who are "nothing if not critical," and *must* find a fault) take it as they take what they hear in their day's walk—as material for conversation and speculation, which may be mere rumor, may be truth. I am happy to amuse a New York editor, but I do not write for one so near my sources of information. I write with only such of your subscribers in my eye as are not resident in New York—who want a gay daguerreotype of the floating news and chit-chat of the hour, such as they would have gathered by observation and conversation, if they had passed in New York the day on which I write. Loose as is all this ministry to the love of news, however, I will lay any bet which I could have the conscience to take from that editor, that, comparing paragraph by paragraph with his own paper, for twenty columns, I will find more misstatements in his than in my own—though you would think by his criticism that he never committed an error in his life.

And *apropos* of my sins of correspondence, I find that propriety begins to require that all words signifying exhilarating drinks must henceforth be decently disembowelled—that cobblers must be written c——s, and julaps j——s, slings s——s, and punches p——s. I have had three letters and one poetic appeal addressed to me, remonstrative against my shameless mention of these iniquitous beverages in so exemplary a paper as the Intelligencer. I consider this an exponent of the leading enthusiasm of the era, and willingly give way. One of my rebukers attacked me more particularly for what he considered a slighting allusion to the coming of Father Mathew to America. To this, in intention at least, I plead not guilty. I revere the character of that great reformer, and I consider his mission sacred and salutary. My submission shall be more emphatic, if necessary.

Macready draws well, and the town is fully occupied in discussing why he only *astonishes* and never *moves* the feelings of his audience. He is a most accomplished player, and in these days, when theatrical criticism can neither help nor harm an actor, he can pursue the even tenor of his style with little interruption.

Longfellow, a poet who combines genius and workmanlike finish, is in New York, under the care of Elliot, the oculist. I trust he will keep an undamaged pair of eyes, though the loss of sight would turn a great deal of new light inward upon his mind—as it did upon Milton's—and be a gain to the glory of his country.

I am ministered to while writing to-day by the most deliciously-tempered autumn air that ever intoxicated the heart of a ripening grape. I only lament that the distinct pleasure I feel in every pore and fibre will not be channelled into the nib of my pen and flow to you in rhetoric. The wind is a little northerly, however, and it may bring you a sample.

To the Ladies.—We have nothing to write about this morning, ladies!—quite nothing. We presume you know that the crocus yellow and the blue of your own eyes are the fashionable colors; that Middleton cuts his slippers low behind for such ladies as know what is becoming to the foot; that the late strain after economy is yielding to a rebound of extravagance (consequently, this winter you can wear nothing too gorgeously sumptuous); that ruinous bracelets are utterly indispensable to wrists with a swan's neck in them, and that the New Mirror (pardon us!) is of the fashionable crocus teint *without*, and as "blue" *within* as is bearable by the copyrighted and intoxicating benightedness of beauty. If you had sent for us to your boudoir and ordered our memory spread out upon a silk cushion, we could tell you no more.

If you are interested at all in *us*—we are having, this morning, our little private mope, with no possible flight of fancy beyond the ends of our fingers. We have been sitting here two hours making caryatides to hold up some spilt ink on our blotting-paper—(rather nicely drawn, one of them, and looks like a Greek girl we saw at Egina). Then we have had a revery on political economy—musing, that is to say, whether we should wear a ring on our right hand (which belongs to the working-classes) or on the left, which is purely an ornamental idler, born but to be gloved and kept gentlemanly. Now, what do you think on that subject? Here is this most virtuous and attached right hand of ours, an exemplary and indefatigable provider for himself and the other members of our family, who has never failed to bring bread to our mouths since we placed our dependance on him, and why should he not be ornamented and made trim and respectable, first and foremost. He is not defiled by his work. He is clean when he is washed. He is made on the same model as the idle dangler opposite, and though he could do very well without that same Mr. Sinister Digits, there would be no "living" for Mr. Sinister Digits without *him!* Most meritorious worky! Put the ring on his forefinger!

Um! it does not *look* so well on that hand! There is a dingy groove on the inside of the second finger (which you would not remark, perhaps, but for the conspicuousness of the jewel)—a nasty soil of an ill-effaced ink-spot, made by a quill. Faith! it calls attention to "the shop," and would do so in good company! He must work in gloves if he is to be observed! And the ring is not so becomingly carried as by that other plumper and more taper gentleman, whose joints, with less dexterity, look supple, and, truth to own, more suitable!

No—no! "Take back the ring!" The bee works hard enough to have his pick of wings, but he would only be cumbered with the butterfly's. Indulgence for ever to the ornamentals! Money to the ladies whether you have it or no! Credit to the dandies! And, befitting brown bread and plain blessings for the labor-stained right hands of society—our own among the worky-most and least complaining!

We have been ring-mad since the mummy's ring (mentioned on a previous page) was slipped upon our finger, and we have pulled out from our store of relics a huge emerald (in whose light is locked up a history) and it was of the wearing of it that we mused in this morning's mope of idleness. The world is set in a solid emerald, says the Mohammedan—"the emerald stone Sakhral, the agitations of whose light cause earthquakes." We would make a pilgrimage (if our

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"travels" would sell) to see the great "mother of emeralds" worshipped by the Peruvians in the valley of Manta—big as a gourd and luminous at murk midnight (or so they say). Excuse us, when we meet you, if we proffer our left hand for courtesy, for, on the forefinger of that sits *our* agitated emerald—the right hand kept, unrewarded by your touch, to serve you only. Adieu—till they are dead who are to die (one a minute) ere another Saturday—for, at the close of our overflowings into your cup, this sad thought runs over! And if, in the midst of our trifling, Providence ministers such thoughts to us, they can scarce be unseasonable, passed on, in the same company, to you.

Mrs. Flimson.—Few women had more gifts than Mrs. Flimson. She was born of clever parents, and was ladylike and good-looking. Her education was that of a female Crichton, careful and universal; and while she had more than a smattering of most languages and sciences, she was up to any flight of fashion, and down to every secret of notable housewifery. She piqued herself, indeed, most upon her plain accomplishments (thinking, perhaps, that her more uncommon ones would speak for themselves); and it was a greater triumph, to her apprehension, that she could direct the country butcher to the sweet-bread in slaughtering his veal, and show a country-girl how to send it to table with the proper complexion of a *riz de veau*, than that she could entertain any manner of foreigner in his own language, and see order in the stars and diamonds in backlogs. Like most female prodigies, whose friends expect them to be matched as well as praised, Mrs. Flimson lost the pick of the market, and married a man very much her inferior. The *pis aller*, Mr. Flimson, was a person of excellent family (after the fashion of a hill of potatoes—the best part of it under ground), and possessed of a moderate income. Near the meridian sun of a metropolis, so small a star would of course be extinguished; and as it was necessary to Mrs. Flimson's existence that she should be the cynosure of something, she induced her husband to remove to the sparser field of a distant country-town, where, with her diplomatic abilities, she hoped to build him up into a member of congress. And here shone forth the genius of Mrs. Flimson. To make herself perfectly *au fait* of country habits, usages, prejudices, and opinions, was but the work of a month or two of stealthy observation. At the end of this short period, she had mastered a manner of rustic frankness (to be put on at will); she had learned the secret of all rural economies; she had found out what degree of gentility would inspire respect without offending, or exciting envy, and she had made a near estimate of the influence, consequence, and worth-trouble-ness of every family within visiting distance.

With this ammunition, Mrs. Flimson opened the campaign. She joined all the sewing-circles of the village, refusing steadily the invidious honor of manager, pattern-cutter, and treasurer; she selected one or two talkative objects for her charity, and was studiously secret in her manner of conveying her benefactions. She talked with farmers, quoting Mr. Flimson for her facts. She discoursed with the parson, quoting Mr. Flimson for her theology. She was intelligent and witty, and distributed plentiful scraps of information, always quoting Mr. Flimson. She managed the farm and the household, and kept all the accounts—Mr. Flimson was so overwhelmed with other business! She talked politics, admitting that she was less of a republican than Mr. Flimson. She produced excellent plans for charitable associations, town improvements, and the education of children—all the result of Mr. Flimson's hours of relaxation. She was—and was only—Mr. Flimson's humble vicegerent and poor representative. And everything would seem so much better devised if he could have expressed it in person!

But Mr. Flimson was never nominated for congress, and Mrs. Flimson was very well understood from the first by her country neighbors. There was a flaw in the high polish of her education—an error inseparable from too much consciousness of porcelain in this crockery world. To raise themselves sufficiently above the common level, the family of Mrs. Flimson habitually underrated vulgar human nature, and the accomplished daughter, good at everything else, never knew where to find it. She thinks herself in a cloud, floating far out of the reach of those around her, when they are reading her at arm's length like a book. She calculates her condescension for "forty fathom deep," when the object of it sits beside her. She comes down graciously to people's capacity, and her simplicity is set down for trap. And still wondering that Mr. Flimson is allowed by his country to remain in obscurity, and that stupid rustics will not fuse and be moulded by her well-studied congenialities, she begins to turn her attention to things more on her own level, and on Sundays looks like a saint distressed to be out of heaven. But for that one thread of contempt woven into the woof of her education, Mrs. Flimson might have shone as a star in the world where she glimmers like a taper.

I think that a walk in New York to-day, if you had been absent a year, would impress you very strongly with the outbreak of showiness in costume. Whatever spirit it is that presides over the fashions we take so implicitly from France, he (this spirit of woof and color) has well suited the last and newest invoice to a moment of reaction from economy. Or (what may better define the present era, perhaps) the moment after prosperity has almost universally changed hands. The stuffs in the shop-windows of Broadway are of a splendor that would scarce be ventured upon (in the street at least) by the severity of last year's aristocratic taste; but the eruption has spread from the shop-windows over the sidewalk, and the ladies are verily rainbow clad! The prevailing colors are yellow and blue; the most of the dresses put all the prismatic colors under contribution, and the wearers would make Chinese figures for Gobelin tapestry. It would be a fine speculation in upholstery, indeed, to buy the cast-off dresses of this period, and lay them up to sell for window-curtains to the next generation. But the ladies have it by no means to themselves. They are only bolder and more consistent in their "bravery of suits." The waistcoats and cravats have taken a long stride into splendor, leaving the coats and trousers in their accustomed sobriety of hue. Jennings's great emporium, opposite the Park, might furnish the knights and courtiers for a new "field of cloth of gold," so effulgent are the velvets and satins; though the bold youths who have ventured to put forth into Broadway with their glittering waistcoats look like butterflies half-born, the dull broadcloth worm still adhering. For one, I should like the age of gauds and such matters to come round again, for I do not see why the lords of nature should leave all the ornament to the birds and flowers, and servants in livery; but let it be consistent, and entire, and when it is that, it will be time to compound a gentleman of "a man, a sword, and an equipage," and to settle the sixty degrees of precedence which are established in the court of England. But as this will not *all* be in my time, I think I shall not venture on the more luminous stratum, to say the least, of Jennings's waistcoats. The Americanism of the matter is the much more

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violent array of these gorgeous stuffs in Chatham street and the Bowery. The small tailors' shops in these Alsatian quarters are quite in a glow with the display of cravats and waistcoats, and their catering for the taste of their customers is, of course, careful and well-considered. The age is, perhaps, for ever gone by, when a privileged class could monopolize finery of garb; and, of all the civilized nations, it were least possible in ours. I have seen already a dozen at least of cheap-booted apprentices wearing velvet waistcoats which, a few years ago, would have delighted D'Orsay. This last lustrum of our history, by-the-way, corresponds somewhat, as to sumptuary matters, with the year 1759, and after, of French history. The nine months' ministry of Silhouette (whose immortality rests on the accident of giving his name to profiles) was a temporary suspension of French extravagance, somewhat similar to ours of the last year or two, during which coats were worn without folds, snuff-boxes made of plain wood, and painting portraits were discarded for outlines in profile; every fashion, in short, giving way to extreme parsimony. This period was succeeded, as our economical days seem promising to be, by a powerful reflux of the suspended extravagance. The parallel must end here, thank Heaven!

Brooklyn is as much a part of New York, for all purposes of residence and communication, as "the Borough" is of London. The steam ferry-boats cross the half-mile between it and New York every five minutes: and in less time than it usually takes to thread the press of vehicles on London Bridge, the elegant equipages of the wealthy cross to Long Island for the afternoon drive; morning visits are interchanged between the residents in both places—and, indeed, the East river is now hardly more of a separation than the same distance in a street. Brooklyn is the shire-town of King's county, and is second in population only to New York. It has become the fashion for business-men of New York to build and live on the fine and healthy heights above the river, where they are nearer their business, and much better situated than in the outskirts of this city itself. Brooklyn is built on the summit and sides of an elevation springing directly from the bank of the river, and commanding some of the finest views in America. The prospect embraces a large part of East river, crowded with shipping, and tracked by an endless variety of steamers, flying through the channel in quick succession; of the city of New York, extending, as far as the eye can see, in closely-piled masses of architecture; of the Hudson, and the shore of Jersey, beyond; of the bay and its bright islands; and of a considerable part of Long and Staten islands, and the Highlands of Neversink.

This is "sodgering week," ladies, and the general has gone to the wars. Provided there be no Banquo to sit in his leather-bottomed chair, I am quite alone, and of course, immeasurably more than usual at your service. Walk in, and make no ceremony—that is to say, draw your foot under you, and sit on your heel. Leave the general's chair unoccupied, if you please. It will remind us that "WE" are out, and that *I* am at home. Sit on that ream of paper, and let's be private and personal.

A little scandal would be appetizing, this cloudy morning. Suppose we put the general on the gridiron and "do him brown!" Poets are so much better for *toasting!*—(reason why: the first lyre was made by the toasting of the sun—the tortoise-shell, found by Hermes on the Nile, drawn tight by the contracted tendons—or "so they say"). His health in a glass of Elsinore cherry! And now, general, come over the coals!

What has *he* to do (a poor various author, tucked away in the "appendix" of the "Poetry of America")—I say, what has he to do with a lodging in the brain and memory of every man, and in the heart and music-making of every woman in the country! What has a "various author" to do with as much popularity as a baker's dozen of the big-bugs with their biographies. What business has a "various author" to get his own price for every scrap of a song, and be the only poet-father in the country whose poetical daughters are run after to be married to music! There is more of him abroad "by heart," than of anybody else! He is more quoted, more sung, more trolled, more parodied, more plucked at on his pedestal, than anybody else! He uses his brevet as if he were full poet! If it weren't for the "damnable iteration" of a cockatoo critic or two, the world would never suspect—never—that Morris is not a song-writer—*the* song-writer—and the most sung and the best one of all the "Poets and Poetry of America." And, la!—to be sure!—what a mistaken world we live in—that never knows what it likes till it is told in a book!

It is something to be universal, as a poet—something to *get that fur*—it must be confessed. The worth of a thing is (partly, at least) what it will bring—particularly in the way of a long-winded popularity. There is some bedevilment or other about Morris's poetry that makes it stick in people's minds, and answer people's *want*, in the way of an expression of their poetical feelings—something that music jumps to, and women remember and love him for—something that satisfies the nine hundred and ninety-nine, and displeases the *nil admirari* thousandth.

Let's try this varlet of a popularity-thief—*you* judge and jury, and *I* the aggrieved plaintiff—one of the robbed. Hand me up that big book, on the floor by you, and let's see the law. He's a lyric poet if there's any truth in the definition of that commodity:—

"Lyric poetry is that species of poetry by which the poet directly expresses his emotions. It is necessary that the feeling represented should be itself poetical, and not only worthy to be preserved, but accompanied by a variety of ideas, beauty of imagery, and a musical flow of language. One distinct feeling should predominate, giving tone to the whole; the feeling must be worthy of the subject which caused it, corresponding to the same both in degree and kind, and must be so exhibited as to give a living picture of the poet's mind; while at the same time, what is merely individual and accidental must be excluded, so that the poet shall be truly the representative of his race, and awaken the sympathy of all. But this requires genius of a high order."

Quash the suit and turn the plaintiff out of court!—there never was a more literal inventory of goods than this of the peculiarities of Morris's poetry! Lyrist he is, if *that* describe lyric poetry, and he has come honestly by his popularity, and the world is right, that said so before the trial. Court's adjourned.

We have sat down once or twice to criticise Weir's picture of the Embarkation—but a criticism of it would be but a recapitulation of its beauties, and as these are quite apparent, and everybody will see the picture, we think it not worth while. We have already described the *feeling* with which it is seen for the first time, and as we have seen it a dozen times with the same glow, and as that description has been quoted, as just, by many of the critics who have since seen the picture, we can well stop where we are—recording only the present thronging to the exhibition-room in New York, and the universal delight the picture gives

to the public. Weir may well be a proud and happy man.

We should be very happy to polish "M.'s" verses, but as we have seldom seen a penknife that was sharp after it was sharpened, so we never saw verses that were good after being bettered—by anybody but the original maker. Beside, it is not our vocation to mend poets—though we might make one—Heaven help us!

A "friend who knew us when a boy" (as if anything but the crust of us be *adult*-erated), wishes us to "write something for posterity." Tut!—posterity is welcome to all we write—though, if posterity will pay us, or if anybody will "down with the dust," as posterity's "paying-teller," we will write something which posterity can publish as "entirely original." For the present we do *not* hold with the Apotactitæ, that "property, wine, meat, and matrimony, are things to be renounced"—and though the three last seem to be the only ones to which our destiny has a free copyhold, we are digging away at prose and poetry, and would peddle pins or pottery to compass the other.

One of the most curious and amusing resorts for a man of taste, idle in New York, is the ANTIQUARIAN BOOK-SHOP* of Bartlett & Welford, under the Astor. The catalogue of rare and valuable books for sale at this repository, numbers nearly four thousand, and most of these are such works as are found only in choice libraries, or in the possession of scholars. Far from being interesting to antiquarians exclusively, the curiosities of this choice shop would amuse the most general reader, and a lounge at the well-stocked counter of B. & W. is no indifferent relief to the fatiguing idleness of a man stranded on the beach of a hotel between the far-apart tides of breakfast and dinner. Most courteous bibliopoles are these two gentlemen, by-the-way, and happy to gratify the curiosity of visiters.

Villanous editions, villanous cheap, are the fruits of our present law of copyright, and if we had an American language all to ourselves, we should have no such thing as beauty in a book. Fortunately, England has the same brick from Babel, and we can corrupt, mutilate, defile, and misprint works of genius, and still import, from our more liberal and appreciative fatherland, a purer and worthier copy. Still it seems to me surprising, that, of the publishers who have grown rich with pirating in this country, no one has felt inclined to distinguish himself by a school of fine editions.† One would think that the example of ALDUS, who made himself as famous as the authors he printed, would be stuff for emulation; and there are some men, probably, even among publishers, who agree with Charles Edwards, that "it is the devil to be growing old as a person of no peculiarity." Aldus's press lasted eminent for near a hundred years, and it is recorded in history that his ink was excellent, his types beautiful, his paper invariably strong and white, and above all, that his press was *next to infallible for correctness.* Celebrity among BOOKBINDERS probably sprung from this renown of a printer, and in England there were famous names in this trade also. Roger Payne received from twenty to thirty guineas for binding a single volume, and he is much better remembered than any lord-mayor of his time. There has been a mania in bookbinding, however, and the world is too poetical for such matters now. Jeffrey, a London bookseller, had *Fox's* History bound in *fox*-skin; and an eccentric bibliomaniast named (descriptively) ASKEW, had a book bound in a *human skin!* In the library at Konigsberg there are twenty books *bound in silver.* Very far short of all this, however, there is in this country an unreached point of excellence in binding, and great opening for an ambitious bookbinder to distinguish himself. *Sat Verbum sapienti.*

Rarity in books is such a difficult thing to define. that a taste for it easily degenerates into absurdity. The mania is very common, but there is a mania for books according to their rare value to read, and a mania for books valuable by accidental circumstances—such as coming from a particular press, being made of singular materials, having once belonged to a celebrated library, or being the only ones of their kind. In Italy they used to print valuable books on *blue* paper; in France on *rose-colored* paper, and in Germany on *yellow* or *green;* and copies of these are much sought after now. Bibliomaniacs value those printed on large paper with wide margin. In the advertisement of rare books, you often see the phrase, "*a tall copy.*" Longman had a single copy printed of "Strutt's Dictionary of Engravers," illustrated and embellished at the cost of ten thousand dollars! The copy sold, I do not know to what book-madman—but his name should be linked in history to that of the priest in Spain, who murdered three men to get possession of their libraries!

By a turn of fortune not worth describing, Mr. Goggins, a shipchandler, became suddenly a millionaire. His half-score of grown-up children spread themselves at once to their new dimensions, and after a preliminary flourish at home, the whole family embarked for foreign travel. They remained but a fortnight in England—none in that land walking often invisible. Germany seemed to the shipchandler a "rubbishy" country, and Italy "very small beer," and, after a short residence in Paris, that gay capital was pronounced the Paradise of money's worth, and there the Gogginses took up their abode. To the apprehension of most of their acquaintance, Mr. Goggins was now in a speedy and fair way to return to his blocks and oakum, poorer for his fortune. No stint seemed put upon the extravagance of sons or daughters, and in dress and equipage their separate displays and establishments became the marvel of Paris. In Goggins himself there was for awhile no great change of exterior. His constitutional hardness of character seemed in no way disturbed or embellished by the splendors he controlled. He gave way to usages and etiquette with patient facility, bowed through the receptions at his first parties with imperturbable propriety, and was voted stolid and wooden by the gay world flaunting at his expense.

In the second year of his Parisian life, however, Goggins took the reins gradually into his own hands. He dismissed his sharp French butler, who had made hitherto all the household bargains, and, promoting to the servile part of his office an inferior domestic, dull and zealous, he took the accounts into his own hands, and exacted, of all the tradespeople he patronized, schedules of their wares in English, and their bills made equally comprehensible. Pocketing thus the butler's perquisite, he reduced the charges of that department one half, beside considerably improving the quality of the articles purchased. Rejecting,

* *Store*, a warehouse. *Shop*, a place for sale of wares. We call *shops* "stores" in this country, and it is well to record these Panglossiana as they occur.

† TICKNOR, of Boston, expends a praiseworthy carefulness on the correctness and beauty of his reprints, and should be excepted from the disparagement of American booksellers. But every press should have a scholar attached to it, and an artist within reach.

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then, the intermediate offices of lease-agents and *hommes d'affaires*, he advertised in Galignani, in good plain English, for the most luxurious house in a certain fashionable quarter, conducted the bargain by a correspondence in English, and finally procured it at a large abatement, at least, from prices paid by millionaires. He advertised in the same way for proposals to furnish his house on the most sumptuous scale, and in the prevailing fashion, and by dint of sitting quietly in his office and compelling everything to reach him through the medium of English manuscript, he created a palace fit for an emperor, by fair competition among the tradesmen and upholsterers, and at a cost by no means ruinous. He advertised in the same way for a competent man of taste to oversee the embellishments in progress, and, when complete, the "Hotel Goggins" was quite the best thing of its kind in Paris, and was looked upon as the "folly" of the ruined lessee. With this groundwork for display, Mr. Goggins turned his attention to the ways and means of balls and dinners, concerts and breakfast, and having acquired a name for large expenditure, he profited considerably by the emulation of cooks and purveyors for the *material*, and privately made use of the *savoir faire* of a reduced count or two who, for a "trifling consideration," willingly undertook the *manner* of the entertainments. He applied the same sagacious system of commissariat to the supplying of the multifarious wants of his children, economizing at the same time that he enhanced the luxury of their indulgences, and the Gogginses soon began to excite other feelings than contempt. Their equipages (the production of the united taste of ruined spendthrifts) outshone the most sumptuous of the embassies; their balls were of unexceptionable magnificence, their dinners more *recherché* than profuse. How they should come by their elegance was a mystery that did not lessen their consequence, and so the Gogginses mounted to the difficult eminence of Parisian fashion—the plain business-tact of a shipchandler their mysterious stepping-stone.

Perhaps we should give more credit to this faculty in Goggins. It is possibly not far removed from the genius of a great financier or eminent state-treasurer. It is the power of coming directly at values and ridding them of their "riders"—of getting for less, what others, from want of penetration, get for more. I am inclined to think Goggins would have been quite as successful in any other field of calculation, and one instance of a very different application of his reasoning powers would go to favor the belief.

While in Italy, he employed a celebrated but improvident artist to paint a picture, the subject of which was a certain event of rather an humble character, in which he had been an actor. The picture was to be finished at a certain time, and at the urgent plea of the artist, the money was advanced. The time expired and the picture was not sent home, and the forfeited bond of the artist was accordingly put in suit. The delinquent, who had not thought twice of the subject, addressed one or two notes of remonstrance to his summary employer, and receiving no reply, and the law crowding very closely upon his heels, he called upon Goggins and appealed, among other arguments, to the difference in their circumstances, and the indulgent pity due from rich to poor.

"Where do you dine to day?" asked Goggins.

"To-day—let me see—Monday—I dine with Lady ——."

(The artist, as Goggins knew, was a favorite in the best society in Florence.)

"And where did you dine yesterday?"

"Yesterday—hum—yesterday I dined with Sir George ——. No! I breakfasted with Sir George, and dined with the grand chamberlain. Excuse me! I have so many engagements——"

"Ah!—and you are never at a loss for a dinner or a breakfast!"

The artist smiled. "No!"

"Are you well lodged?"

"Yes—on the Arno."

"And well clad, I see."

(The painter was rather a dandy, withal.)

"Well, sir!" said Goggins, folding up his arms, and looking sterner than before, "you have, as far as I can understand it, every luxury and comfort which a fortune could procure you, and none of the care and trouble of a fortune, and you enjoy these advantages by a claim which is not liable to bankruptcy, nor to be squandered, nor burnt—without the slightest anxiety, in short."

The artist assented.

"So far, there is no important difference in our worldly condition, except that I have this anxiety and trouble, and am liable to these very casualties."

Goggins paused, and the painter nodded again.

"And now, sir, over and above this, what would you take to exchange with me the esteem in which we are severally held—you to become the rich, uneducated, and plain Simon Goggins, and I to possess your genius, your elevated tastes, and the praise and fame which these procure you?"

The artist turned uneasily on his heels.

"No, sir!" continued Goggins, "you are not a man to be pitied, and least of all by me. And I don't pity you, sir. And what's more, you shall paint that picture, sir, or go to prison. Good morning, sir!"

And the result was a painting, finished in three days, and one of the master-pieces of that accomplished painter, for he embodied, in the figure and face of Goggins, the character which he had struck out so unexpectedly—retaining the millionaire's friendship and patronage, though never again venturing to trifle with his engagements.

Music seems to be the passion of the hour in New-York. Wallack had a house that would hardly pay expenses last night—even the Ravels have somewhat *fallen off* as they were *going off*—while Damoreau, Wallace, and the "Hutchinson family," draw well. The latter are four children of a New Hampshire patriarch—(four out of fifteen, as they say in an autobiographical medley which they sing)—and having been born with a singular natural talent for music, they are turning it to account in a musical tour. There are three brothers under twenty years of age, and a very young sister. Their voices are good (particularly the girl's, who is about fourteen), and they confine themselves to simple melody, such as would suit the least practised ear, while it can not fail, from the truth and expression with which they sing, to please the most fastidious. Their concerts are exceedingly enjoyable.

Mrs. Sutton, well known everywhere as a most charming singer, is about to perform a short engagement as a *prima donna* to the Italian company at Niblo's. I wish the success of the experiment might bring Castellan and Cinti Damoreau upon the stage. The latter, by the way, is the daughter of a French door-porter, and might easily have been "the grave of her deserving," but for her perseverance and ambition. Maroncelli is preparing a memoir of her, under her own direction.

There is a particular season of the year (this is it) when, as most people know, the law forbids the killing and vending of certain game—the zest of illegality, of course, giving great flavor to the birds, and, of course, more than nullifying the law. Not the least in con-

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nexion with this remark—I was very much astonished a day or two since, dining with a friend at a neighboring hotel, to find fairly printed in the bill of fare, "Second Course—Roast Owls." On the succeeding day, at another table, I was startled with the enrolment of a dish called "Just Try Me"—which, on experiment, I found to be a bird—(with an egg-shaped breast, and a very long bill thrust through it)—decently laid on its back, and covered with a pork apron! The latter name seemed very much to the point, and explained the bird's errand. The former I was puzzled with—but knowing the landlord of that hotel to be very much *ultra crepidam*, I was induced to look into ornithology for his meaning. I find that the peculiarity of the owl is "*an external toe which can be turned behind at pleasure*"—symbolical of the perverted beak of the woodcock (as well as the making of false tracks to evade the law), and serving in the same manner to prepare an orifice for the sauce of lemon-juice and cayenne. When this man *cozens*, you see, he cozens with edifying knowledge and discretion.

Appleton is publishing a very neat and handsome edition of *valuable religious books*. Among them is the *Disce Vivere* of Sutton, prebend of Westminster, in 1626—one of the choicest specimens of rich and pregnant English that I have lately seen. Two sentences from his preface will give you an idea of his style, in which every word seems to drive a nail:—

"If to live were for no other but to draw in and to breathe out the soft air, as the wise man speaketh, a needless labor were it, good Christian reader, to lay down any instructions to the world of 'learning to live;' for this is done naturally, both of men and beasts, without any teaching or learning.

"If to live were no other but to cast about for the favor and riches of the world, as some men are wont to call it, the way to live, then would it soon follow, the greater Machiavellians, the better livers. Somewhat more than is required to live Christianly than so, and that all shall one day find, than either drawing in and breathing out the soft air, or the plotting to compass the pleasures and profits of the world."

A cold-water procession is going under my window at this moment, in a very propitious shower of rain. From my elevated look-out, the long line of umbrellas, two and two, gives the street the dress look of a fashionable Taglioni coat, with two rows of big buttons down the middle. I noticed yesterday, by the way, a most stalwart and gallant-looking company of firemen, in an undress military uniform, marching out for exercise at the target. Everything about them was all right, except that their guests of honor were placed before instead of behind—making of it a prisoner's guard instead of a military escort.

I see criticised, in one or two papers, a poem which was sent to me some time since as "printed, not published," called "Donna Florida," by Mr. Simms, the author of Southern Passages, &c. It is in the stanza, and intended as an imitation of "Don Juan." The author says, in his preface, that he fancied "he might imitate the grace and exceeding felicity of expression in that unhappy performance—its playfulness, and possibly its wit—without falling into its licentiousness of utterance and malignity of mood. How he has succeeded in this object, it would not be becoming in him to inquire." One of the easiest things fancied possible, and one of the most difficult *to do*, is an imitation of the qualities of that same poem of Don Juan—and Mr. Simms, who has talent enough when he stumbles on his right vein, has made a woful mistake as to his capabilities for this. Two extracts will show his idea of the slap-dash-ery vein:—

"One moment grows she most abruptly willing,
The next—she slaps the chaps that think of billing."

And, speaking of woman again:—

"Ev'n from his weakness and abandonment
Had woman her first being. Thus hath grown
Her power of evil since;—still uncontent
Hath she explored his weakness and o'erthrown;
And, in the use of arts incontinent,
No longer pacified by one poor vein,
She grapples the whole man, brawn, beef, and muscle,
Helped by the same old snake, that flings him in the tussle."

We should have disclaimed, in giving the portrait of the most ornate man of modern times, all approbation of dandyism—(*as yet*)—on this side the water. Dandyism, in the abstract, we delight in, glorify, and rejoice over. But it has its scenery and its appertainages. A dandy, *in place*, is the foreground to a picture—the forward star of a troop untelescoped by the vulgar—the embroidered flower on the veil before a life of mystery. His superior elegance is like the gold edge of a cloud unfathomable; or (to come to earth) like the soldier's uniform—tinsel but for its association with force and glory. What were the dandies of the firmament, for example—(comets)—without those uninterpretable tails!

But—to alight in Broadway.

A dandy indigenous to New York has no background—no untelescoped associations or connexions—no power and glory—and no uninterpretable tail. He is like a docked comet. He is like Tom Fool in a uniform bought at the pawnbroker's. He is a label on an empty bottle. Count D'Orsay drives by you in the park, and a long ancestry of titled soldiers and courtiers, and a present life of impenetrable scenery and luxury untold, arise up for background to his cab and tiger. Mr. James Jessamy drives by you in Broadway, and you know at what trade his glory was manufactured, and you know "what he does of an evening," and you know his "mechanical rogues" of relations, the tailor who made him, the hatter who thatched him, and the baker who sold him gingerbread when a boy. You admire, or envy, D'Orsay, as you happen to be constituted—but you laugh, you scarce know why, at Mr. Jessamy. The latter, perhaps, has the better right to his toggery and turn-out; but still you laugh!

Very far short of dandyism, however, lies the point of dressing judiciously—dressing, that is to say, so as to make the most of your personal advantages. The favor of women is of course the first of lifetime ambitions, and the dear tyrants have a weakness for the exterior. "*Tu as du remarquer*," says Balzac; "*si toutefois tu es capable d'observer un fait moral, que la femme aime le fat. Sais tu pourquoi la femme aime le fat? Mon ami! les fats sont les seuls hommes qui aient soin d'eux mêmes!*" And there are ladies, even on this plain side of the water, who adore a dandy, and of course there are cases where the dread laugh (mentioned at the close of the preceding paragraph) must be braved to aid a particular magnetism. If your dandy be a sensible man, and past the moulting age, depend upon it he is ticketed for some two eyes only, and can afford, for a consideration he has, to *let* "the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds," &c. Had Count D'Orsay been born in Common-Council-dom and gone home, sometimes by the Waverley line, sometimes by the Knickerbocker, he never would have been a dandy—(except, at least, for a motive para-

mount to ridicule)—though, with his superb person, he could hardly have dressed cleanly without being called a fop by the shallow. D'Orsay is a man of sense, and knows too much to open the public oyster with his private razor. So don't come to America, dear D'Orsay! Stay among your belongings—your

"Tapestries of India; Tyrian canopies;
Heroic bronzes; pictures half divine—
Apelles' pencil; statues that the Greek
Has wrought to living beauty; amethyst urns
And onyx essenced with the Persian rose;
Couches of mother-pearl, and tortoise-shell;
Crystalline mirrors: tables in which gems
Make the mosaic; cups of argentry
Thick with immortal sculptures."

Stay where

"Your meat shall all come in, in Indian shells—
Dishes of agate, set in gold, and studded
With emeralds, sapphires, hyacinths, and rubies;
Your foot-boy shall eat pheasants, calvered salmon,
Knots, godwits, lampreys. And yourself shall have
The beards of barbels served instead of salads,
Oiled mushrooms and the swelling unctuous paps
Of a fat pregnant sow newly cut off,
Dressed with an exquisite and poignant sauce."

Yet, if you *should* take the whim to come over the water, count, I need scarce suggest to your good sense that you had best come with a consignment of buttons from Brummagem!

A gentleman in Saco has taken upon himself some pains and postage to ask "our" two portraits served up in two plates. We don't think the public would stand it. That bold man, Mr. Graham, is to show an outline of one of us in his February number, and then anybody can have us, tale and all, for two shillings—a cheap article, we *must* say! But we are surprised to get this petition from Saco! We "come from" close-by-there, and it strikes us our likeness would go east with the welcome of coals to Newcastle. Doubtless there are more like us in the same soil. We remember hanging over a bridge in Saco half one moonlight night (somewhere in our fourteenth year), and if rivers have any memory or gratitude for admiration, our likeness will be found in the water where we left it.

We wish our contributors would do us the favor to baptize their own bantlings. Their delegation of godfathership costs us sometimes a five minutes' thought over a proofsheet while the press is waiting, and time is "tin." But, by the way, be particular in naming your articles! Old Burton, in his Anatomy of Melancholy, gives, by way of satire, what *we* think an excellent rule ("experto crede Roberto"), and we will lend it you for your uses: "It is a kind of policy in these days to prefix a fantastical title to a book which is to be sold; for, as larks come down to a day-net, many vain readers will stand gazing like silly passengers at an antic picture in a painter's shop, that will not look at a judicious piece."

I observe, looking from my window, that the Park theatre hangs out a large American flag with a tricolor banner appended to each of the two lower corners (looking altogether very much like a pair of oriental trousers), symbolical, probably, of the two arrivals from France which made yesterday memorable. The *more interesting* of these twin events, of course, was General Bertrand's advent by the Boston boat at seven; but the one *which excited the more interest* was the opening of the winter fashions at "Madame Lawson's, in *Park place*," at eight. The latter ceremonial had been duly heralded for some days previous by notes addressed to the leaders of fashion, and (as far as can be known) the secrets of the Graces' unopened cases had been impartially and unexceptionably kept. Having "a friend at court," I had been for some days invited to witness the effulguration, but was privately advised that there would be a rush, and that six in the morning would not be too early to take a stand upon the steps of the grand milliner in Park place. Some unfinished business in dream-land obliged me to waive to the sun the privilege of rising first, however, and to my misfortune I did not arrive at Park place till the *premices de la mode* had been ravished by the most intrepid first-comers. The street was lined with carriages, and the house was thronged. On the staircase we met two or three ladies descending, flushed with excitement, and murmuring millinery; and on arriving at the landing on the second floor, the sharp *soprano* of the hum within betrayed how even the sweetest instruments may outrun modulation, played on with a *crescendo troppo furioso*. The two saloons of the second floor were crowded with the ladies of fashion, and the walls lined all around with a single shelf covered with snowy damask, on which stood the white rods supporting the (*as yet*) brainless, though already fashionable bonnets. And (begging pardon of Greenwich and William streets) they *were* unapproachably exquisite! There were some forced marriages of colors among them—some juxtapositions Heaven would not have ventured upon in bird-millinery—but the results were happy. The bonnets are small, and would probably divide, for the nose, a perpendicular rain-drop; and the shape of the front edge would be defined by the shadow on the wall of an egg truncated at the smaller end—the choice of colors riotously uncontrollable. Feathers, ruinous feathers, are absolutely indispensable. No fashion this winter in a bonnet without feathers—dyed feathers harmonious with the satin. The *plush* bonnets were the first seized on. *Drab satin* with very gay fineries, was the color most complimented. The prices varied from twenty-two dollars to fifty. It was very charming to see so many pretty women trying on so many pretty bonnets, and I feared that the two or three venturesome gentlemen present might be seized upon as intruders upon vestal mysteries; but, thanks to the "*vestalis maxima*," Miss Lawson, we escaped *with credit*.

I have seen General Bertrand several times. He is of a very noble presence, though, like Napoleon, below the middle height. His features express honesty, firmness, and rapid intelligence—the latter expression aided by eyes of unusual brilliancy. His hair is quite white. He is a man of few words, very collected, but withal very courteous. These, at least, are my impressions of him.

It is curious to remark, how the burning of our fingers with Dickens makes us hold back from the fire of enthusiastic receptions. If the general had been *ante* instead of *post*-Dickens, he would have been overwhelmed with popular acclamation. As it is, the dues of honor are only paid *à rigeur*. One or two brigades of artillery are ordered out to-morrow to escort the general on his rounds to visit the objects of curiosity, and the different staffs accompany him to the theatre in the evening. This morning he is visiting the fair of the Institute. The beautiful company of the Life Guards made him a guest of honor at their dinner last evening. Mr. Stetson, of the Astor (who gave the dinner on his appointment as an officer in the corps), complimented General Bertrand very felicitously in his speech, and the applause was rapturous. Stetson is naturally an "orator, as Brutus

is," and has acquitted himself on several such occasions with great credit.

I visited, the other evening, the beautiful rooms of the *Mercantile Library Association*, and was exceedingly interested in the history of its foundation and progress. An advertisement expressing "a call for a meeting of clerks" was the first germ. The paper containing this was preserved and presented to the association by William Wood, of Canandaigua, a very zealous benefactor of the institute. It has at present a library of nearly twenty thousand volumes, and it has four thousand members. The late report of the librarian shows that eight times the number of volumes is annually taken from the library—an activity of use for a library almost unparalleled. It is, without doubt, one of the most useful institutions of the country, and donations to it of books or money would be admirably well bestowed.

Dr. Lardner has grown very much on the public esteem in his last visit to New York. His clear, simple, graphic talent, making abstruse science easy and comprehensible, has never been equalled by another lecturer.

Much honor and glory to the Boston publishers for the beauty of their editions, and the credit (not small) which that brings to this country. The most exquisite edition of the exquisite songs of inspired Barry Cornwall, published by Ticknor, should be between every four walls where resides the relish for poetry or taste in a book. It is a gem of poetry set in a gem of printing, and most fit for a loving man's gift to a sensible woman.

I find that "doctors differ" about Macready; and the graphic and gay correspondent of the Providence Journal, more particularly, gives as his great excellence, that you forget the man in the character he plays—just what I do *not* think. Heaven, it seems to me, has done so little, and Macready so much, in making himself the actor he is, that he deserves infinite credit, and, as a piece of mechanism, his playing is a fine thing to me, though more curious than overcoming. Young Wheatley has turned over quite a golden leaf of opinion with his personation of Ulric, a very fine part in Byron's play of Werner.

I saw yesterday, among the daguerreotypes of Chilton & Edwards, a most perfect one of Dr. Linn, whose death was mentioned in a late paper. The value of these things struck me forcibly—for to any one who had ever seen the fine countenance of Dr. Linn, this is a perfect remembrancer. They color them skilfully now, and the gentlemen I speak of particularly (Chilton & Edwards, who are to have a room in the Capitol this winter), are daily making improvements in the art. Some witty man corrupts the word into *derogatory-types*, but they are derogatory no longer.

We are likely to know something of Mexico between the three authors who are about publishing books on the subject, and the charming book of Madame Calderon. Mr. Prescott's Mexico will of course be a classic. Brantz Mayer and Kendall are up to their elbows in proofsheets—both producing works on Mexico, and both excellent writers.

I never saw, in New York, an audience of better quality, for so large a quantity, than was assembled to welcome the perfected Cinti. I presume there were few "ears polite" anywhere else. At a dollar the pair (long and short alike), Madame must have delighted these fastidious organs to the amount of five thousand francs, to be diminished only by the expense of room-light and accompaniment—a transmutation of "evening wind," that throws Bryant's coinage of that commodity quite into the shade.

Mr. Timm (as is wise and usual) played the audience into tune with an overture, and then the screen gave up its prima donna—Madame Cinti Damoreau in pink satin—three large roses on her breast—the dress, air, and graces of *'teens*, the composure, plentitude, and, alas! the parenthesized smile of *'ties*. Madame Cinti has been a good animal resemblance of the beautiful Mrs. Norton. The general mould of the face, and the low forehead, the dark hair, and the unfathomable dark eyes, are like in each to the other.

With a trepidation which lasted only through the first bar, she commenced the *aria* of "Fatal Goffredo" (from Donisette's opera of Torquato Tasso), and sang it to the breathless delight of the audience. No such finished music has ever been breathed before upon American air, I am persuaded. With not a fourth of the power and volume of Castellan, and none of the passion-lava of Malibran, she reaches a finer fibre of the ear than either. The quality of her voice is exceedingly sweet, and the mingled liquidness and truth of her chromatics could never have been exceeded. The ladder of harmony seemed built a round or two nearer to heaven by her delicious music.

Madame Damoreau, in the beginning of her career, was hissed from the French stage for singing false—a lesson in study and perseverance which I wish could be laid softly into the memory of Castellan. The latter wonderfully-organized creature, with anything like the same skill, would be the world's queen of song. The New Orleans people, by-the-way, who are Parisians in their nice appreciation of operatic talent, consider Castellan a remarkable *actress;* and so great was the enthusiasm for her there, that the necessary sum to engage her was made up by private subscription. It is several thousand pities, at least, that, in the first capital of the country, there is not operatic enthusiasm enough to bring this dormant genius upon the stage.

Monsieur Artot, who accompanies Madame Damoreau in her tour, alternated performances with her. He is a very gentlemanly-looking young man, with a figure that would make a very good case for his own violin—a very long neck and a very small waist—and he plays with execution enough for all practical purposes, but with taste unsurpassed. Wallace knows several heavens of the violin to which Monsieur Artot has not yet ascended, but the latter knows enough to give all the pleasure which that instrument can give to ordinary listeners. The audience applauded Monsieur Artot very long and loudly. I think, by-the-way, that a series of musical contentions between Wallace and Castellan "on the first part," and Artot and Cinti "on the second," would be a most charming and exciting tournament.

Madame Damoreau had the good sense not to desire a musical contention with a performance on the paving-stones by cabs and omnibuses, and the street in front of Washington Hall was coated with tan.

There seems to be a kind of appendix-dawn of literature in Italy. Prescott's Ferdinand and Isabella is about being published at Florence in the Italian translation. Sparks's Life of Washington, translated by a young Neapolitan, is also nearly ready. A society has been formed at Florence, called *Societa Editrice Florentina*, for the publication of translations of the best foreign works, including those of American

literature. The Marquis Gino Capponi, one of the most prominent names in Florentine history, has put our country under obligation by his enthusiasm for our literature, and his aid to the publication of the works I have just mentioned. He is himself a remarkable scholar. Our consul at Rome, Mr. George Greene, has had a large agency in the same cause. Mr. Greene, by-the-way, has devoted a labor of some years to a history of Italy, which is still in progress. He, as is known very well, is a credit to the talent and scholarship of our country. The Marquis Capponi has furnished Mr. Prescott with materials for his history of Philip II.

Weir's picture of the "Embarcation" is now exhibiting to throngs of admirers at the Society Library. Its wonderful ingenuity and beauty of grouping, and the variety and individuality of the faces of the pilgrim company, are the excellences most dwelt upon. I really must venture to record an opinion expressed of this picture by Inman—who (as the artist of a rival-panel in the Rotunda, and hindered in his work by ill-health and other obstacles) is in a position to speak invidiously, if he were capable of envy. Inman was asked what he thought of it. "It is a glorious picture," he replied, "and its faults, if it has them, are comparatively so trifling, that it would be ungenerous to mention them." And if that speech did not come from a noble heart, I have read of such things with slender profit to my judgment.

DEAR READER: A volume of poems goes from us in an extra of the Mirror this week, which leaves us with a feeling—we scarce know how to phrase it—a feeling of timidity and dread—like a parent's apprehensiveness, giving his child into the hands of a stranger. It is not Pliny's "*quam sit magnum dare aliquid in manus hominum*," nor is it, what the habitual avoidance of grave themes looks like, sometimes—a preference.

"to let the serious part of life go by
Like the neglected sand."

We are used to buttering curiosity with the ooze of our brains—careful more to be paid than praised—and we have a cellar, as well as many *stories*, in our giddy thought-house; and it is from this cave of privacy that we have, with reluctance, and consentings far between, drawn treasures of early feeling and impression, now bound and offered to you for the first time in one bundle. Oh, from the different stories of the mind—from the settled depths, and from the effervescent and giddy surface—how different looks the world! —of what different stuff and worth the link that binds us to it! In looking abroad from *one* window of the soul, we see sympathy, goodness, truth, desire for us and our secrets, that we may be more loved; from *another*, we see suspicion, coldness, mockery, and ill-will—the evil spirits of the world—lying in wait for us. At one moment—the spirits down, and the heart calm and trusting—we tear out the golden leaf nearest the well of life, and pass it forth to be read and wept over. At another, we bar shutter and blind upon prying malice, turn key carefully on all below, and, mounting to the summit, look abroad and jest at the very treasures we have concealed—wondering at our folly in even confessing to a heartless world that we had secrets, and would share them. We are not always alike. The world does not seem always the same. We believe it is all good sometimes. We believe sometimes, that it is but a place accursed, given to devils and their human scholars. Sometimes we are all kindness—sometimes aching only for an antagonist, and an arena without barrier or law. And oh what a Procrustes's bed is human opinion—trying a man's actions and words, in whatever mood committed and said, by the same standard of rigor! How often must the angels hovering over us reverse the sentence of the judge—how oftener still the rebuke of the old maid and the Pharisee.

But—a martingale on moralizing!

Yours affectionately, DOUBLEYOU.

P. S. These poems, dear reader (if you are one of those who

"can not spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they seem")—

these poems, we may venture to say to you, are chickens of ours that still come home to roost. They have not been turned out to come back to a locked door and a strange face at the postern. We still put such eggs under our hen of revery. We cherish the breed—but privately—privately! Take these, and come to us for more.

Mr. "Newbegin" must excuse us. We like grammar even in a pun. His night-ride in the omnibus is pretty fair, but it wont do to jolt pronouns out of place. That

"Dark as winter was the flow
Of *I*, sir, rolling rapidly,"

would shock our friend Wright into a new edition of "Exercises."

There is but one good couplet in "Tiskins's" communication:—

"His whiskers were like night, *coal-black*,
His hair like morn, *coal-red*"—

but his rhythm grounds at the overslaugh. He must throw over his ballast of consonants, before his metre-craft will swim buoyant enough to *pass*.

One of the Sunday critics (we hope he "got to press" soon enough to have leisure for confession) sneers at "one of us" for "quoting nothing" of Morris's in our critique of his songs. As if it were necessary in a periodical where Morris makes, of everything he writes, a Corinthian capital for a column! Truly the public are not likely to die in ignorance of songs which stand on every piano-rack in the country, and are sung in every concert-room and theatre, and are being endlessly copied. Besides, we believe we can tell "what manner of thing is your crocodile," without bringing the monster bodily in. How the folks find fault with us! We shall really have to proclaim ourselves an "object," and

"boast of nothing else
But that we are a journeyman to grief!"

or, better still, we shall be driven to get up a crusade against the whip-poor-willises, and "bring up those that shall try what mettle there is in orange-tawny."

To the kind old lady who "knit us a pair of stockings after reading some poetry" of ours, but "was afraid to send them, and gave them to a beggar," we must say, in the words of the old ballad,

"'Twere better give a thing,
A sign of love, unto a mighty person or a king,
Than to a rude or barb'rous swain, but bad or basely born,
For gently takes the gentleman what oft the clown will scorn."

So, thanks for the good will, dear madam, and pray knit us a pair of mittens against we make our fortune and turn farmer.

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"Aunt Charity" wishes us to write an article on the "love of the intellect, and the possibility of a tender affection for the old." We will tell you a little story out of an old book: "It is reported of Magdalen, queen of France, that walking forth, an evening, with her ladies, she spied Monsieur Alanus, one of the king's chaplains, an old hard-favored man, fast asleep in a bower, and kissed him sweetly. When the ladies laughed at her for it, she replied that it was not his person she did embrace, but, with a Platonic love, the divine beauty of his soul."

The up-town door-plates and bell-handles are shining once more, and open shutters, clean windows, and parted curtains, acknowledge, at last, the reluctant truth, that the fashionables have returned from travel, and are open to pasteboard and personal call. The ice has been broken with a "jam," echoed by one musical *soirée*, and now—*vogue la galère* till the ice melts again! There is a talk that this is to be more an intellectual winter than the last—more recitations, more *tableaux vivants*, more *conversaziones*, more finding and producing of new lions in the lamb-kingdom of poetry. There is also a murmur—a "shadow cast before"—of the "coming out" of a very extraordinary beauty, whose name and educational cocoon are wrapt in profound mystery. As the rumor started about a week since, and as "pretty moths" are but twenty days in their chrysalis, we may expect the emergence of her bright wings to light in about a fortnight. She is said to be moulded after the (supposed) lost type of the seven belles of Philadelphia, whose culmination occurred under the autocracy of Jackson—eyes furnished by Juno, mouth by Hebe, and teeth and feet by the smaller fairies. No corresponding Hyperion that I can hear of.

There is great fluttering and dismay among the Bowery girls and the less alert followers of the fashions. The remarkable splendor of the "spring goods," and the really beautiful and becoming style of the new fabrics, left no doubt in most minds that these were to be "the mode." The autumn pin-moneys of all the moderately "established" ladies and their daughters "went the way of all" earnings accordingly, and Broadway grew as splendid as a tulip-bed, bright as the bazar of Smyrna. The exclusives were at their invisible period meanwhile, but, from their carriages, they probably saw "what was worn." Down dropped the mercury of the mode-ometer to extreme simplicity! The few ladies who appeared, crossing the pavement from their equipages to the shops, were dressed in quiet silks, costly and neat, and the nameless and the "unnamed," at the same moment, seemed to flaunt by in the choicest and gayest of the new patterns. Studied simplicity, out of doors at least, is high fashion now, and those who can not afford to convert their new purchases into chair-covers and bed-curtains, are left stranded, as it were, on a petrified rainbow.

Ten thousand copies of the "Mysteries of Paris" have been poured into our caldron of morals by a single press in this city, and probably fifty thousand will be circulated altogether. It is a very exciting book, and at this moment making a great noise. The translators are busily at work on other saleables of French literature, and there will soon be little left unknown of the arcana of vice. Eugene Sue, the author of the "Mysteries of Paris," is a *connoisseur* of pleasure; and when I saw him, ten years ago, was an elegant voluptuary of the first water. He was just then creeping through the crust of the Chaussée d'Antin into the more exclusive sphere of the Faubourg St. Germain—fat, good-looking, and thirty-two. He is, by this time, "sloped" from his meridian, and apparently turning his experiences into commodity. I observe that he borrows my name for a wicked Florida planter, who misuses a lady of color—a reproach which I trust will not stick to "us."

The publishers hang back from American fictions now-a-days, possibly finding the attention of the reading-public occupied with the more highly-spiced productions of the class just alluded to, and it is impossible to induce them to give anything for—hardly, indeed to look at—an indigenous manuscript. Accident threw into my hands, a few days ago, a novel which had lain for some time unread in a publisher's drawer, and after reading a few chapters I became convinced that it was far above the average of modern English novels, and every way worthy of publication. It was entitled "The Domine's Daughter," by Adam Mundiver, Esq., and would have lain forgotten and unexamined till doomsday, but for a friendly Orpheus who made it his Eurydice and went to Lethe after it. Such a book should surely represent money in a country where literature is acknowledged.

I very seldom can find it in my backbone to sit out a five-act play, but I saw Macready's "Richelieu," and I have seen Forrest's, throughout. Forrest began rather ineffectively, probably disturbed by the defence he was obliged to make against an aspersion, before the play commenced. He soon warmed into it, however, and, to my thinking, played the character far better than Macready. The details—the imitation of decrepitude—the posturing and walking the stage—were better done by Macready; but the passion of the play, the expression, the transfusion of actor to character, the illusion, the effect—these were all vastly better achieved by Forrest. A line drawn across the tops of Macready's "points" would leave Forrest below in all matters of detail, but it would only cut the base of the latter's pyramids of passion. Forrest runs sometimes into the melo-dramatic, seduced by the "way it takes," but he has fine genius, and if he played only to audiences of "good discretion," he would (or could) satisfy the most fastidious.

Wallack's friends, myself among the number, have been annoyed at the many *contretemps* which have conspired to make his latter engagement at the Park so unsatisfactory. In genteel comedy, of which he is the master-player now on the stage, he was unable to do anything, from the lack of materials in that stock-company for a cast; and, indeed, he played always at the disadvantage of the one free horse in a slow team. Mr. and Mrs. Brougham (both first-rate players of high comedy, and the latter a very beautiful and effective woman, into the bargain) might have been engaged at the Park for the winter with great ease, and then we might have seen (what is the most agreeable kind of theatricals) comedies well cast and played. I hope there will be some combination among the actors to give us a "go," with a wheel with more than one spoke in it, and then we might have Wallack as he should be—a dramatic gem in proper setting.

I am not sure that I shall be able to make out a letter this morning, or, if I do, it will be in spite of an accompaniment of military music. My friend General Morris has his battalions in arms for review, and my pen "marks time," as if its forked nib were under the General's orders—(and as, perhaps, it should be, coming from a very military bird, whose father's feathers have seen service under him).

Apropos of procession, by-the-way, I have had a

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moderate laugh at the effect of a typographical blunder in Dr. Julius's German edition of his travels in this country. The doctor is giving an account of an abolition procession in Cincinnati, and he records in English the inscriptions on the banners. One, he says, had the reproachful and pathetic sentiment: "*Although our shins are black our souls are white.*" For "shins" read skins.

The sultan of the Comoro islands has addressed a letter to a gentleman in Wall street, a translation of which by a very accomplished and self-taught linguist (Mr. Cotheal), may be amusing to your readers. The Comoro isles, as you know, lie in the Indian ocean, off the north end of Madagascar, and are inhabited by a very friendly race of Mohammedan Arabs. The king resides in Johanna, the largest of the islands, and (in London slang) he is a slap-up old trader, getting ivory and gold-dust from Madagascar, and swapping these and his cows, pigs, and poultry, for Lowell factory-stuffs, or any other freight of American vessels. He writes a very worshipful letter:—

"To the American city of New York: For the beloved sheikh Aaron H. Palmer, No. 49 Wall street. May Allah be his guide! Amen! Badooh!

"By the grace of the Most High:

"To the dearest, the most glorious, the most genererous sheikh Aaron H. Palmer, the honored, the exalted, the magnificent, the contented. May Allah, the Most High, be his guide! Amen!

"Now, after offering thee honor and protection from the Henzooanee city (Johanna) and its inhabitants, this is what I tell thee. Thy noble letter arrived and we read it. Thy friend understood its contents. May Allah reward thee well! Thou sayest in thy letter that thou desirest selling and buying in our land, and that thou wishest friendship with us. Thou art welcome. We thank thee, and accept thy offer. Thou didst tell us that we should advise thee of anything that we should need from thee. Again we thank thee, and inform thee that thou mayest send to us a person on thy part that shall dwell in the Henzooanee country. In order that thy business may be complete, a shop of the merchants, and everything that there is in the country, shall be made ready, on our part, if it please God. Whatever shall be wanted in these regions shall be paid for on delivery.

"I and all my Henzooanee tribes request that thou unite us with the American tribes in friendship and good-fellowship, like as we are united with the English, and we will serve you all as we serve them. Now, we have conceived here a great desire for the American tribes. Tell them to send us their letters, or a man-of-war-ship* on their part, and we will bind ourselves by a binding treaty. Now, the thing we need and want from thee are sealed letters of advice for our assurance; and in order that thou mayest know that this letter is from us, we stamp it with our seal. We request that thou send us all kinds of linen goods and cottons, both white, and brown, and fine stripes, and all kinds of woollen cloths; and ten bedsteads and sixty chairs; all kinds of glass; lamps, large and small, and some for placing on the table; and fine silk handkerchiefs. This is what we tell thee. Now salutation and prosperity be with thee for ever!

"Dated the 10th of the month of Dool Heggeh, 1252 (corresponding to about the 16th of March, 1837).

"From thy friend the sooltan the sublime, son of the sooltan, Abd-Allah the sublime, Shirazy."

* It is refreshing to know that there *is* an island where "letters" and a "man-of-war-ship" are convertible equivalents.

As a long lesson of civilization, I have advised my friend Palmer, "the magnificent, the contented," to send out to his friend, the sultan of the Comoros, a youth accomplished in compounding the following drinks (copied from the bill of fare of a new restaurant in Boston):—

"Plain mint-julep, fancy do., mixed do., peach do., orange do., pineapple do., claret do., capped do., strawberry do., arrack do., racehorse do. Sherry-cobbler, rochelle do., arrack do., peach do., claret do., Tip-and-Ty, fiscal agent, veto, I. O. U., Tippe-Na-Pecco, moral suasion, vox-populi, ne-plus-ultra, Shambro, pig-and-whistle, citronella jam, egg-nog, Sargent, silver-top, poor-man's punch, arrack-punch, iced punch, spiced punch, epicure's punch, milk-punch, peach-punch, Jewett's fancy, deacon, exchange, stone-wall, Virginia fancy, Knickerbocker, smasher, floater, sifter, soda-punch, soda, mead, mulled wines of all descriptions."

After this array of compounds, I think the vexed question of the ingredients of Falstaff's sack must sink into insignificance. I understand that a shop is opened in the Strand, London, for the sale of these potations—one instance, at least, of a vice of civilization going eastward. We must wear it for our feather—since our drinks are the only feature of our country for which Dickens gives us unqualified praise.

The "life-preserving coffin," lately exhibited at the fair of the Institute, is so constructed as to fly open with the least stir of the occupant, and made as comfortable within as if intended for a temporary lodging. The proprietor recommends (which, indeed, it would be useless without) a corresponding facility of exit from the vault, and arrangements for privacy, light, and fresh air—in short, all that would be agreeable to the *revenant* on first waking. Not being, myself, a person wholly incapable of changing my mind, I felt, for the first time in my life, some little alarm as to the frequency of trance or suspended animation, and seeing a coffin-shop near Niblo's, I ventured to call on the proprietor (Mr. D——, a most respectable undertaker) and make a few inquiries. Mr. D. buries from one to three persons a day, averaging from six to eight hundred annually. He has never been called upon to inter the same gentleman twice, in a professional practice of many years. He has seen a great number of coffins reopened, and never a sign of the person's having moved, except by sliding in bringing down stairs. I mentioned to him an instance that came to my own knowledge, of a young lady, who was found turned upon her face—disinterred the day after her burial, to be shown to a relative. But even this, he thought, was the result of rude handling of the coffin. Mr. D. seemed incredulous as to any modern instance of burial alive. He had spent much time and money, however, in experiments to keep people dead. He thought that in an exhausted receiver, made of an iron cylinder, to resist the pressure of the air, the body could be kept unchanged for fifty years, and that, immersed in spirits and enclosed in lead, the face would be recognisable after twenty years. (The process seems both undesirable and contradictory, by-the-way, for the posthumous drowning of a man makes his death sure, and he is *kept in spirits to prevent his vegetating*—as he would naturally after decay.)

Incidentally, Mr. D. informed me that a respectable funeral in New York costs from two hundred to eight hundred dollars, being rather more expensively done in New York and Boston than in any other city except New Orleans (where they say a man may *afford to live* who can not *afford to die*). In Philadelphia they make the coffin with a sloping roof, which, he remarked, is inconvenient for packing in vaults, though

it seems accommodated to the one epitaph of the Romans—*sit illi terra levis.* They line their coffins more expensively in Philadelphia than elsewhere—with satin or velvet instead of flannel—and bury the dead in silk stockings and white gloves. We have not yet arrived at the ceremony of hired mourners, as in England, nor of plumes to the hearse and horses.

Notwithstanding the incredulity of my friend the undertaker, however, asphyxia, or a suspension of life, with all the appearance of death, is certified to in many instances, and carefully provided for in some countries. In Frankfort, Germany, the dead man is laid in a well-aired room, and his hand fastened for three days to a bell-pull. The Romans cut off one of the fingers before burning the corpse, or otherwise bestowing it out of sight. The Egyptians made sure by embalming, and other nations by frequent washing and anointing. Medical books say we should wait at least three days in winter and two in summer, before interring the dead. It has been suggested that there should be a public officer who should carefully examine the body and give a certificate, without which the burial should be illegal.

The embellishment of burial-grounds is one of the most beautiful and commendable features of our time and country. There always seemed to me far too much horror connected with the common idea of death and burial. The Moravians make flower-gardens of their graveyards, and inscribe upon the stone at the head of the buried man the "day he came hither and the day he went home"—his birthday and time of death. This is clothing with the proper aspect an event which is only an unlinking of a chain, no part of which can decay—the spirit to return to its fountain and the body to be reproduced in other forms of life—and it is a curious thing that most Christians represent death as a frightful skeleton, while the Greeks, who had no happiness in their hereafter, painted him as a sleeping child or a beautiful youth. Death in the East was formerly attributed to the attachment of a particular deity, who took his favorite to a better world; to the love of Aurora, if the death happened in the morning; of Selene, if it happened at night; of the water-nymphs, if drowned; of Jupiter, if killed by lightning. The caverns where the martyrs were laid were called "chambers of repose." And this, surely, is the better impression to give of death to those whose minds are forming. Query—whether a society for the purpose of embellishing cemeteries and brightening all the common surroundings of death and burial would not be worthy the attention of some philanthropic enthusiast? The solemnities connected with a future life need not make the gate to it always so dreadful; and, for one, I should be content to put the separation of soul and body on a level with the unlinking of a friendship or a change of opinion—erecting a cenotaph for either of the three changes, as the Pythagoreans did to the memory of those who left their sect. But this is more an essay than an epistle.

A beautiful printed copy of a "*Translation of ten cantos of Dante's Inferno,*" has been sent me. The translator is Mr. Parsons, of Boston. It is done with a great deal of scholarship and labor, and an uncommon felicity of language—all of which, expended on an original poem, might, with his talent, have produced something as good as his translation, though not as good as Dante's Inferno. It strikes me that any transfer of a work of genius from one language to another—professing more than a simple rendering of the meaning and yet giving a deteriorated copy—is a loss of time and an injury to the original author. Mr. Parsons has done his translation in double rhyme, depriving Dante of the beauty of the *terza rima*, and at the same time weakening the literalness of the translation by the fetters of rhyme, and this seems to me ill-advised. There is no medium, I think, between a translation of absolute fidelity, and a refusion and recasting of the subject-matter by a genius almost equal to the original author; and, after the comparative failure of Byron at this, Mr. Parsons might hesitate. I hope he will try something of his own.

A gentleman in New Jersey has sent us some "Lines on the death of a young lady," and they express very natural feelings; but with neither novelty nor force enough to entitle them to print. He should be aware, that while grief is new, the most commonplace expression of it seems forcible to the sufferer. The ear to which

> "The pine-boughs sing
> Old songs with new gladness,"

has the gladness in itself, as the wounded heart has in its wound the eloquence of an old monotone of grief. If he is disposed to sooth his sorrow by an exercise of the imagination, however, he should brood upon such pictures as Shelley draws in the Witch of Atlas:—

> "For, on the night that they were buried, she
> Restored the embalmer's ruining, and shook
> The light out of the funeral lamps to be
> A mimic day within that deathy nook.
> And there the body lay, age after age,
> Mute, breathing, beating, warm, and undecaying,
> Like one asleep in a green hermitage,
> With gentle dreams upon its eyelids playing."

"T.," a Virginian, has one good touch in his "Reminiscence,"

> "That fascinating, lustrous eye
> Which lighted up a shady spot,"

that is to say, if he meant to express the beauty of a bright eye set in a dusky eyelid—a thing we exceedingly admire. But the remainder is of a quality inferior to what he sent us before, and we "put on the break," rather than let him go down hill.

"A friend" wishes us to "do our part" toward putting down the abuses and perversions of criticism. La! man! you can't reform the age! Besides, criticism has killed itself by overdoing the matter. Who judges of a book by a criticism upon it! The best way is to *keep* overdoing it—to knock down the bull *the way he is going*, not to keep him on his legs by ineffectual opposition. Nobody is hurt by criticism now—nobody mended. And what Utopia could make it better? Coleridge was over-sensitive on the subject, though he laments the degradation of authors very eloquently. "In times of old," he says, "books were as religious oracles; as literature advanced, they next became venerable preceptors; they then descended to the rank of instructive friends; and, as their numbers increased, they sunk still lower to that of entertaining companions; and, at present, they seem degraded into culprits, who hold up their hands at the bar of every self-elected judge who chooses to write from humor or interest, enmity or arrogance."

That our leaf

> "By some o'erhasty angel was misplaced
> In Fate's eternal volume,"

we have long known and often lamented. There was a good horse-jockey spoiled, in the making a poet of us, and we took to the swing of an axe like a tadpole

to swimming. But we were not aware that we were appreciated. Some man, who sees through our poetic visor, writes thus to the "Ohio Statesman":—

"The Rev. Mr. Maffit is in town, exhorting sinners to repentance. N. P. Willis has taken up his quarters at the Astor house for the winter, I suppose. I think Willis would do better in the backwoods than at the Astor, for he is a stout, ablebodied man, and could mall his hundred rails a day like a knife. I have no notion of these overgrown, lazy fellows, laying around the flash hotels, idling away their precious time."

First correcting this gentleman's facts and cacology (as we do not "*lay*" either eggs or wagers, and are not "overgrown," being six feet high to a hair)—we entirely agree with him as to our original destination. We *are* a crack chopster, and for several winters have fulfilled our destiny with delight—chopping an avenue through some woods that we thought belonged to us (which avenue we finished, for somebody else, before we discovered our mistake), and never so happy as when up to the knees in snow, and letting it into the hickories with a woodman's emphasis and discretion! No steam-boiler ever rejoiced in its escape-valve, no hawser in the captain's "let go!" as we have done in swinging our *heart* round and banging it into a tree—for the axe was but a vicar and a veut! "Woodman, spare that tree!" was the bitterest *veto* ever laid upon our pleasures.

But we didn't make money at it. We *saved* almost three shillings a day (as to a "penny saved" being "equal to a penny got," we scorn the improbability), and the principal profit was the willingness it gave us to sit still in our chair and scribble. No! we loved our axe with a passion. We feared it might somehow turn out to be a sinful indulgence, it was so tempting and pleasurable—but alas! we make more with a quill—

("would half our wealth
Might buy this for a lie!")

and while that is the case, the "correspondent of the Ohio Statesman" must pity, not blame, our exile from the woods to the Astor. Set us up—give us a clean deed of Glenmary and its woods, a horse and saddle, and our old axe—and never boy watched the darkening of his beard with the delight with which we shall see thicken again the vanished calluses in our palm! Fie on a life with neither resistance nor antagonism—with close air, pent lungs, arms aching, and muscles manacled and numb! Horses to break and trees to chop down are Paradise to it—we chance to know—but our axe is rusty and our quill is busy. *Invicem cedunt dolor et voluptas.*

Drums are beating in the Park, and the time and finery of the industrial classes, who form the industrious "forces" of New York, are under contribution to glorify the killer of Tecumseh. Of those who see the show, probably few will turn over a thought which the ghost of the old warrior would not consider complimentary to himself, and so perhaps it is one of those cases in which two birds are killed with one stone—as the drum, covered with Zisca's skin, both incited to battle and commemorated Zisca. Tecumseh, though a brigadier-general in the British service, should figure as an honored American ghost, and doubtless will be so appropriated in poetry, especially should there be written a poem on *moral courage*, of which his running away in his first fight, and being indomitable ever after, shows, I think, a very natural and striking example. There is another poetical feature in his history—his being persuaded, against his will, to marry a beautiful girl, after mature age, and making so good a husband. Altogether he is a fine hero for an epic, and a great deal more glorious for not surviving to engage in a political campaign.

One of the most approvable novelties that I have seen of late is a library of six volumes, upon *Needlework*. It is a set of miniature hand-books for the use of schools and families, most neatly printed and illustrated, and letting the reader into all the mysteries of "baby-linen, plain and fancy needlework, embroidery, knitting, netting, and tatting, millinery, and dressmaking," and all very cheap and portable. Redfield, of Clinton Hall, is the publisher, and the admirers of the *notable* in woman-worth should be the purchasers.

Mr. Riker has issued the first of his *series of annuals* called "*The Opal*," of which Mr. Willis is to be the editor. The present volume, which contains some fine gems of literature, and is beautifully illustrated by Chapman, was prepared by Mr. Griswold, though contributed to and prefaced by the editor subsequently employed for the series. The character of the work is religious, and the preface states truly, that "the mirth and the playful elegancies of poetry and descriptive writing are as truly within the paths of religious reading as anything else which shows the fulness and variety of the provision made for our happiness when at peace with ourselves. Nothing gay, if innocent (the preface continues), is out of place in an annual intended to be used as a tribute of affection by the good; and in this annual, hereafter, that view will be kept before the eye. Its contents will be *opal-hued*—reflecting all the bright lights and colors which the prodigality of God's open hand has poured upon the pathway of life."

Edward S. Gould, one of the most distinguished of the *merchant-author* class so honorable to our country, has put forth an abridgment of "*Alison's History of Europe*." In a terse and strongly-written preface, he gives a *résumer* of the whole work, with a pungent criticism on its faults and injustices, showing that he (Gould) has not done his work "like a horse in a bark-mill," but with a proper spirit and with a clear insight. Of Alison's chapter on the American war he says, very justly, that "it is destined to a most unenviable notoriety as a tissue of misrepresentation. As it has no legitimate connexion with the history of Europe, it is a gratuitous libel on the people and institutions of the United States, and as it could not be admitted into an American book without alterations contradictory to the title-page of this volume, it has been wholly omitted." Mr. Gould is the son of the eminent jurist, Judge Gould, of Connecticut, and is happy in having the energy (in addition to his business pursuits) to turn to account his fine natural powers and good education. He is one of the best of our translators, also, and the author of the new and humorous work, "The Sleep-Rider in the omnibus."

A great deal of fun, and as much genius and private worth, have just left the city in the person of Harry Placide, bound to New Orleans for a winter engagement. The people of the cis-Atlantic Paris are to be congratulated with all emphasis thereupon. It is equal to a day's allowance of sunshine to see him play at night. He knows humor, from elegant high comedy to irresistible farce—from a hair-line delineation of the ridiculous to a charcoal sketch—and fails in nothing he undertakes. With the exception of Farren, who is only his equal, Placide is unrivalled on the English or American stage. I wish him well, and well back again. God bless him!

I see copied into the "Literary Gazette and Quarterly Advertiser" an article on "Macauley's Miscellanies," which appeared some time since in a Boston

periodical, and struck me at the time as somewhat remarkable. A lecture on the habits and characters of literary men, which was quoted from in the Boston papers, has also attracted great attention by its brilliancy and originality of view, and both these are by a very young business-man in Boston, Mr. E. P. Whipple. His mind is of the cast and calibre of the writers for the English magazines of ten years ago, and I consider him a mine to be worked with great profit by the proprietors of the reviews. His kind is rare.

I see that Jules Janin "fobs off" another annual upon us under the name of "*The American in Paris.*" It is written in his sparkling vein, and translated, as *sparkle* always is translated, with a loss. The truth is, that an American gentleman of New York fell into Janin's company in Paris, and showed him some notes he had made of his Parisian amusements; that the idea struck the great *feuilletoniste* of making this small diary the cover for a more detailed description of Paris than would otherwise seem "knowing," and the first having taken and sold, the second of a *series* has now appeared. Between Eugene Sue's *real* "Mysteries of Paris," and Janin's presentable drawing-room pictures of it, we may get a very fair idea of the gay capital. Janin's preface is written with the intention of being believed. He says: "Our American appears before you once more. Last year, at the same period, he described to you, in the best way he could, Parisian life during the brilliant months of winter. He had then arrived at the great city at the very moment when the closing days of autumn were disappearing beneath the yellow leaves. A traveller without affectation, he asked nothing more than to take his part in the sweet joys, lively emotions, and noisy pleasures of this world of the powerful and the rich; he endured as well as he could the intoxications and the delirium of the masked ball—the thousand cross-fires of Parisian conversation—the paradoxes, the slanders, and even the innocent calumnies that he saw around him—he entered into all; he wished to see everything, and he fulfilled his wish. Not that he advanced very far into the mysteries of the good city; but he stood, as one may say, on the edge of the wood, and thence he threw his curious and attentive look upon those gay and quickly-changing lights and shades. For a fellow-countryman of Franklin, our Yankee is certainly somewhat of an acute observer. What he did not see he guessed; not sometimes without a certain discrimination and pertinence. That which we specially admire in him, and which will not displease the reader, is a great fund of benevolence, a happy good-humor which has nothing affected about it, and an indiscribable *entrain* and rapture, which the greater part of the time keeps the reader awake. This is all that we can say in his favor, for we are not of the number of those tiresome editors who are always saying, 'Come and see a masterpiece; come and salute a great man; the great man and the masterpiece were both invented by me.' We hope never to fall into this enthusiasm, which is very unbecoming in him who is its object. All our duty as editor we have faithfully fulfilled, and now it is for the book to defend itself. If by chance it is a good book, depend upon it the public will receive it with favor. All our ambition is, that after having thoroughly admired the embellishments of Lami, you will read a few of those pages in which the translator has endeavored to reproduce somewhat of the grace, the vivacity, and the interest of the original book." I have made a long extract from the preface, but I thought it would amuse you to see how the celebrated critic can talk about himself, with a transparent mask over his face.

A *club bowling-alley* has been established in Broadway, near Franklin street, most luxurious in all its appointments—carpets, ottomans, dressing-rooms, &c. The families subscribing are of the most fashionable *cliques*, and no male foot is suffered to enter this gynesian gymnasium—the pins being set up by girls, and the attendance exclusively feminine. The luxuries remaining to our sex, up to the present time, are fencing and boxing—the usurpation of which is probably under consideration. The fashion, you would suppose, would scarcely gain by masculinifying, but the ladies are wearing *broadcloth cloaks*—for a beginning. There is another article of male attire which they have long been *said* to wear occasionally, but I am incredulous. Seeing would be believing.

Mr. Kendall, the popular and adventurous editor of the Picayune, has been "Lucy-Long"-ing it somewhat over his eagerly-expected book on Mexico, but has lately discovered that his celebrity would stand any halt in the trumpeting. He purchased recently a copy of Captain Marryat's new book, "Monsieur Violet," to go to bed with of a rainy afternoon, and had the pleasure of lying on his back and reading his own adventures amplified in the best style by the author of Peter Simple. Kendall's *letters in the Picayune* were, of course, the basis of the extended and illustrated work he has in press, and this basis, Captain Marryat (who is a subscriber to the Picayune) has taken bodily, and thereupon built his romance with but a small outlay of his own clapboards and shingles. An action of replevin for half the price of the captain's copyright would "lie," I should think—at least in the court of equity. Mr. Kendall, I had nearly forgotten to say, is spoken ill of in one portion of the captain's book, and his rejoinder has appeared in the Courier.

I have been looking through the new publication called "Etiquette, by Count D'Orsay." That D'Orsay *revised* the book and lent it his name "for a consideration," I think very possible, but there is, to my thinking, internal evidence in its style that he did not *write* it. There is an acquaintance with vulgarity, and a facility of "hitting it on the raw," which could only have been acquired by a *conversance of fellowship* with vulgar people, and D'Orsay knows as much of such matters as the thistle-down while afloat knows of the mud it floats over. Besides, the vulgarities are dwelt upon with a kind of *unction* totally foreign to D'Orsay's nature. He is a most kindly, as well as delicate and fastidious man, and his mind would instinctively avoid the *knowledge* of such matters, let alone the qualifying himself to describe them graphically. From one or two little anecdotes told in the book, I trace its authority to a Mr. Abraham Hayward, a frequenter of many different strata of London society, and probably the best judge in England of what is "genteel," by knowing better than anybody in England what is vulgar. It is undoubtedly an invaluable book, and circulated in one of these mammoth editions at the shilling price, it will prepare Americans of all classes, if they sin against good manners at all, to sin with knowledge—taking away at least the *ridicule* of the matter.

Dear pastoral-minded, centrifugally-bent, and moderately-well-off Reader, I address you "with all the honors," to be quite sure that my letter be not misapplied. We, the parties in this correspondence, are neither rich nor poor—as they express it elegantly in

the mother-country, "neither *nob* nor *snob*." I would the critics had not the trick of calling the having one's own way "affectation;" else would I (simple though I am), coin for my own use, since the language is deficient in them, some of those epithets, descriptive of a class, which are at the same time so crisp, definite, and expressive. For instance: were I to address a letter to a young man of a certain style (a very prevalent style indeed), and wish to convey from the first word my appreciation of the character at which I aimed, I should be compelled to use the following circumlocution: *My dear universally-benevolent—i. e.—spending-all-the-money-you-can-get-and-making-love-to-all-the-women-you-see, young man.* Now, the French have a gracious and modest dissyllable for all this. The word *expansif* expresses it all. How much briefer, and more courteous, in the case just supposed, could I commence in English with, *My dear expansive!* Again: in English we should say, *Oh, you-all-things-to-all-men—who-say-you-have-no-prejudices—but-are-understood-by-your-friends-to-mean-no-principles!* but in German they phrase it, quite short, *Oh, many-sided!* Understand me not as leaning at all to Carlyle's system of personification and word-linking. *Two and three are five* is better than *Two and Three died when Five was born*, though this is but a moderate illustration of Carlylism. I would introduce no new epithet that is not the essence of a phrase, no new-linked words that are not the chord of a circumlocutory arc.

Touching my trade:—

In the matter of pen-craft, I confess to a miserly disposition, yearly increasing. It is natural, I suppose, to tuck up close the skirts of those habits in which we run for our lives (or livings), and it is not inconsistent, I would fain hope, with prodigality of other belongings. In my college days, ere I discovered that a bore in my brains would produce any better metal than brass (bored since for "tin"), I had a most spendthrift passion for correspondence. Now—paid duly for my blotted sheet—I think with penitential avarice of the words I have run through!

People are apt to fancy it is a natural amusement—*laborum dulce lenimen*—for an author to write letters, epitaphs, &c. But there are two animals at least, who might differ from that opinion—the author, and the baker's horse, out on a Sunday's excursion, in the baker's pleasure-wagon. The truth is, that the tax on authors, in this particular, is a disease in the literary system, and since it is not likely to be cured while the human race want autographs, epitaphs, epithalamia, and opinions on MSS., the solace seems to lie in the expediency of fat Jack—we should "turn the disease into commodity." If every third epitaph in the graveyards of this country be not by the author of ——, &c., &c., all I can say is, there must be a very considerable number of gravestones; and I am only sorry that I did not take out copyrights from the start, and serve injunctions on plagiarizing stonecutters. Here is a letter now from a gentleman in Arkansas (whose grammar, by the way, is not very pellucid), informing me that his wife is dead, and giving me an inventory of her virtues; and I am requested to write the lady's epitaph, and send it on in time for the expectant marble. Of course I am extremely sorry the lady is dead, and since she was "such a pagoda of perfection," as Mrs. Ramsbottom would say, very sorry I had not the pleasure of her acquaintance; but my "head" is not "waters" (nor am I teetotaller enough to wish it were), and I can not weep for all the nice women who die, though grieved to think this particular style of person should diminish. Ours is a most romantic nation, for it would seem that there are few who do not think their private sorrows worthy of poetry, and the distinction between *meum* and *tuum* (as to authors) having long ago been broken down by our copyright robberies, the time and brains of poets are considered common property. People, accustomed to call for poetry when they want it, look upon the poet, *quoad hoc*, as they do upon the town-pump, and would be as much surprised at a charge for poetry as for water. Possibly it is one of the features of a new country. I have lived in a neighborhood where the stopping of a man who should be taking what fruit he wanted from your garden, or what fuel he wanted from your woods, would surprise him as much as stopping his nostrils with corks, till he was off your premises; and with fruit and fuel, perhaps, time and brains may assume a value. At present (it may as well be recorded among the statistics of the country), poets, lumber, and watermelons, are among the "inalienable rights of freemen."

One of the lesser evils of this appetite for sympathy in rhyme, is the very natural forgetfulness of a man absorbed in grief, touching the trifle of postage. Reading a death in the newspaper affects me, now, like seeing myself charged with eighteen and three quarters cents at the grocer's. If I were writing from the "palace of truth," to one of my "bereaved husbands," I should still stoutly assure him of my sympathy, having lost one and sixpence by the same melancholy event. My bill of mortality (*postage*, they call it) would frank me for boiled oysters at Florence's, the year round, and, begging pardon of the survivors (not the oyster-shells), I should like it in that shape quite as well.

Hereafter, I shall make an effort to transfer the cipher to the other side of the unit. If called upon to mourn (in black and white) for people I never before heard of, I propose to send my effusion as "commodity," to the first "enterprising publisher" who pays. Honor bright as to by-gones—let them be by-gones! Indeed, they are mostly too personal to interest the public, one of the most felicitous of my elegies turning (by request) on the deceased's "fascinating and love-inspiring lisps." But in all composed, after this date, I shall contrive so to generalize on the virtues and accomplishments commemorated, that the eulogy will apply promiscuously to all overrated relatives—of course, forming, for a literary magazine, an attraction which comes home to everybody's business and bosom. I may premise, by the way, that my advertisement to this effect would be addressed only to mourners of my own sex, and that ladies, as is hardly necessary to mention, are supplied with epitaphs on their husbands, without publicity or charge; though it is a curious fact that my customers, in the epitaph line, have hitherto been widowers only! Whether widows choose usually some other vehicle for the expression of their grief, preferring that it should be recorded on tablets less durable than marble (pardon me! *more* durable!) I have no data for deciding. I merely contribute this fact also to statistics.

"Pray, how does that face deserve framing and glazing?" asked a visiter, to-day. The question had been asked before. It is a copy from a head in some old picture—one of a series of studies from the ancient masters, lithographed in France. It represents a peasant of the campagna, and certainly, in Broadway, she would pass for a coarse woman, and not beautiful for a coarse one. I have been brought to think the head coarse and plain, however, by being often called on to defend it. I did not think so when I bought it in a print-shop in London. I do not now, unless under catechism.

To me, the whole climate of Italy is expressed in the face of that Contadina. It is a large, cubical-edged, massy style of feature, which, born in Scotland, would have been singularly harsh and inflexible. There is no refinement in it now, and, to be sure, lit-

tle mobility or thought—but it is a face in which *there is no resistance*. That is its peculiarity. The heavy eyelid droops in indolent animal repose. The lips are drowsily sweet. The nostrils seem never to have been distended nor contracted. The muscles of the lips and cheeks have never tingled nor parched. It is a face on which a harsh wind never blew. If the woman be forty, those features have been forty years sleeping in balm—enjoying only—resisting, enduring, never. No one could look on it and fancy it had ever suffered or been uncomfortable, or dreaded wind or sun, summer or winter. A picture of St. Peter's—a mosaic of Pæstum—a print of Vesuvius or the Campanile—none of the common souvenirs of travel would be to me half so redolent of Italy.

By special favor I got a sight, while in Boston, of Crawford's statue of Orpheus, not yet open for public exhibition. As I stated in a former letter, the *Athenæum* has, most appreciatively, erected a new building expressly for this work of art, and nothing remains to be done but the finishing of the walls of the interior. It is a lofty room, and the statue is placed on a pedestal of masonry (rather oddly I thought) in the corner. It was, unfortunately, badly packed at Florence, and when taken from the box, in Boston, the legs were found to be both broken off. Mr. Dexter, a young sculptor of singular mechanical *dexterity*, as well as promising genius (the author of the admirable bust of Dickens), was employed to restore it, and has done it wonderfully. It requires close examination to perceive the fracture, and the discoloration might easily be taken, even then, for stains in the marble, so evidently are the statuary lines preserved as the artist designed them.

The statue is of the size of life—nude, with the exception of a short mantle, and sandals upon the feet. Orpheus is represented as just emerging from hell, and passing Cerberus, whom he has put to sleep with his music. The three-headed dog is "nid, nid, nodding" with his three heads, and either has two tails (which was not down in *my* mythology) or his *unicaud* is carefully combed away, madonna-wise, into two parts. The figure is bent over, like a man emerging from a cavern, and the right hand is held over the eyes as if to protect them from the sudden blaze of daylight, while the mantle is lifted from the back by the current of air rushing in, leaving the body and limbs, by this natural and poetical contrivance, nude for sculpture. The face of Orpheus, like the action and feeling of the limbs, expresses intent, but soft and subdued earnestness. It is an exquisitely beautiful youth, on the verge of manhood—slight, graceful, and bloomingly filled out; and I thought the body one of the most life-like and perfect representations of nature I had ever seen in marble. I presume the artist intended to represent Orpheus at the moment *before* he sends his wife back to hell by looking prematurely after her. (Query—moral?) He holds the lyre, with which he has just charmed the infernals, upon his left hip, and the eager action, expressing the instant preceding the completion of a desperate undertaking, is finely conceived, and breathed into sculpture. The only objection I could make to the statue was one that is simply a difference of conception, and, to his own, the artist is quite entitled. I expected a less effeminate person and countenance. Orpheus was an "old married man," and a reformer and lawgiver *before* Eurydice's fatal flirtation with Aristæus; and his character, both in fact and fable, in tradition and in Virgil's verse, was one of the most masculine and self-denying energy. He was a Grahamite, too (the only man of that age who would not eat flesh and eggs), and was finally torn in pieces by the women because he was an incorrigible widower—both which evince rather harsh qualities, and are not expressed in the Cupidon figure of Crawford's Orpheus. I am glad I have such trouble to find a fault, however, and I rejoice in the work altogether, as a most triumphant effort of American genius.

I saw another fine piece of art in Boston—Harding's full-length portrait of Governor Seward. It carries conviction, at a first glance, that it is true to the life, and, indeed, a finer piece of work than the head can not be found in the portrait-painting of this country. It is breathing with character and individuality, and an absolute likeness, besides being faultless in color. The figure is correctly done, no doubt, but Jupiter himself in black coat and trousers would be unpicturesque, and Harding has done his possible, redeeming the horrors of modern costume a little by an ingenious and graceful disposition of the cloak. Beside this picture stood the most capital portrait of the country, I think—Harding's Allston. This "other self" of the departed poet-artist is about to be engraved in the best style of the art, I am happy to hear.

Speaking of Allston, I was told in Boston that his funeral was by torch-light, after nine in the evening, and one of the most impressive and befitting ceremonies ever witnessed. He was laid on the bier, simply wrapt in his shroud and covered with a pall, and was borne on men's shoulders to the tomb, and there coffined. These differences from ordinary burial were of his own directing some time before death. The wish to be excepted from the commonplace horrors of burial would be very natural to a mind like Allston's.

The lecturing system, which the Evening Post thinks is dying by surfeit in New York, is in full vigor in Boston, and it was thought that Macready would have made more money at it than by theatricals. I think myself that lecturers should be rather differently chosen, and that the object should be rather to come amusingly at the anatomy of society, than to hear the preaching-and-water of which the lectures are now delivered. Why not specify the subjects and choose the lecturer accordingly. If Sprague the cashier would lecture on the pathos of discount and the anxieties of investment; if the head-clerk in a retail dry-goods shop would unfold the inveiglements used for cheapening and getting credit (life across the counter, that is to say); if a fireman would give us the pros and cons of excitement and combination, *esprit de corps*, and what stimulant there would be in putting out fires for charity were other stimulants to fail; if any intelligent business-man or mechanic would lecture simply on the threads of society and common life which he lives by pulling—why, then, it seems to me, lectures would be entertaining, and in no danger of being thinly attended. The greatest mysteries of life are the common linings of common brains, and since people are tired of the "turning out to the sun" of the satin and velvet of refinement and education, it would be well to come to the plainer stuffs without ceremony. A lecturer hired to pick each trade and profession of its mysteries, by diligent inquiry, and to embody these mysteries in presentable elocution, might do a thriving business.

I was talking of pictures just now. A Boston merchant told me that he had made a considerable speculation lately by sending fifty "copies of the old masters" (imported Italian pictures) to *California!* He chanced to be passing a shop where they were to be put up at auction, and bought the lot, fifty paintings, at ten dollars each, frame and all. They sold to the

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Californikers at a great profit. But *the original faith in the speculation* is the miracle of the business.

The influenza is raging in Boston, everybody talking thick through the nose. I never saw such universality of *grippe*. The air in New York is as pitiless and penetrating as a search-warrant, but it seems to have the wholesomeness of the "Etesian breezes," and a bad cold I started with from Boston left me somewhere in the Sound, for I arrived without it. Perhaps, like Eurydice, it turned back at *Hellgate*.

The pulse of Broadway is accelerated to fever-beat. There is good sleighing in the white *margins* of that long page of black-letter, and the astonished coal and smoke at weathercock level is doubtless agitated violently with the change from the *contralto* monotone of wheels to the "frightful tintamarre" of bell-metal. Sidewalks wet and slippery.

A very short absence from a great city unhinges one's metropolitan habitude, and on returning, one looks at the placards on the walls as one does at the features of a long-absent friend, doubtful of what degree of change these superficial lines may be the exponents. None but your diurnal cit reads playbills with indifference and incredulity! The writing on the walls just now is, more than usual, flowery in its promises of amusement, and though "promising is the very air o' the time," and "performance is ever the duller for his act," I wanted last night a Mephistophilian ubiquity—the temptations were so many. Niblo's equestrian pageants are glowingly advertised, and said to be very splendid. New dancing-girls at the Chatham—new fun at Mitchell's Olympic—concerts in all directions—lectures more than plenty—fortune-tellers and jugglers, dwarfs and fat children, new oyster palaces, and all manner of balls, bewilder the eye of the street passenger with their rhetoric of placard.

Macready was playing *Werner* at the Park last night, and I looked in for a few moments. The house was about half full. As I entered he was commencing the long passage of reproach to Ulric, which he utters throughout at the tip-toe agony scream. A smart friction of the tympanum of the ear with a nutmeg-grater would be an emollient in comparison. Why should this accomplished actor aggravate his defects so painfully! That pipe of his would have been a disqualification for any *viva-voce* vocation to the mind of a less persevering man, but it seems to me that its dissonance might be abated by the degree of discipline he is willing to practise on other capabilities. He was well supported, by the way, by Miss Cushman. Mrs. Sloman has given place to this lady and returned to the shades of the past generation. Her Orpheus, Mr. Simpson, will not go after her again, it is to be hoped.

A sudden impulse, as I came out of the theatre, led me to the discovery of a new milliners'-land in New York, the existence of which, "minion of the lamps" as I have been, I had not suspected. I jumped into an omnibus that was passing, with a mere curiosity to see how far into the orient the brilliant shops of East Broadway extended. We passed by the *terra cognita* of Catharine street and Chatham, and their picturesque sellers of chestnuts by torch-light, and kept up the well-lighted avenue of the Bowery, when (to my momentary disappointment) the omnibus turned suddenly to the right, down Grand street. As the brilliancy of the lamps and shop-windows did not diminish, however, I kept my seat, and, to my surprise, rode on through a new Broadway which seemed to me interminable. I got out at last to walk back and look at it more leisurely. The shops on the south side were nearly all those of milliners and fancy-article dealers, differing from those of Greenwich street, on the other side of the city, in being smaller, brighter-colored in the array of goods (as if ministering to a gaudier taste), and more in the style of street stalls, such as are common in small Italian towns. There was another primitive peculiarity in the apparent custom in that region, for the whole family to wait behind the counter. In one very crowded and low-raftered shop, the sign of which was "Cheap Jemmy," the mother and half a dozen stout daughters were all busy waiting on customers, while a child in arms was dandled by a little girl sitting by the stove. Everything about the shop was of the strictest school of the *thrifty primitive*. Seeing a pretty and intelligent-looking milliner with her hands crossed over the glass case on her counter, a few doors from "Cheap Jemmy," I went in and bought a pair of gloves, for the sake of asking a question or two. She said rents were much cheaper in Grand street than in the other shopping streets of the city, and goods proportionably cheaper. The colored people do their shopping principally there. She was not acquainted at all in Grand street. When she wanted to go out she got into an omnibus and went down town. Altogether, the Grand street shops are unlike the other parts of the city—gayer and more picturesque—and life seems to be centralized and crowded together there, as if it were a suburb across a river. I must give you some notion of the geography of this quarter. Imagine Manhattan to be a man-with-a-hat-on (Union square the hat), lying on his back, with Castle Garden for a bunnion on his great toe, Broadway would be his spine and intestinal canal, Chelsea and Greenwich his right arm, *Grand street his outstretched left arm*, the Tabernacle and Tombs, City Hall and Park, his rotund corporation, spleen, liver, &c. In ancient times the resemblance would have been seized upon at once for a deification.

A *chef d'œuvre* of daguerreotype is in preparation. The senate-chamber is to be engraved after photographs in the best style of Apollo, Chilton, and Edwards! These gentlemen (the god of light not the least enterprising and efficient of the three) have in preparation a magnificent engraving of the senators in appropriate positions, after the manner of some of the finest English prints. This is a bold and beautiful undertaking, and from the known skill and enterprise of these gentlemen, will doubtless be successfully accomplished. Whether an adequate recompense can be realized in this country remains to be seen. Most of the miniatures for this engraving were obtained at the daguerreotype gallery of these gentlemen, and theirs is an art particularly suited to the transfer of the strong lineaments of senatorial faces. The engraving will be a curiosity. A celebrated artist is to be employed for the *grouping*.

Late last night, the Norwegian, Olé Bull (pronounced *Olay Bull*), did the magnanimous, and yielded the use of one of the world's entire evenings to his rival, *Vieux-temps*, whose concert comes off, therefore, as announced, *this* evening. I shall go to hear him, and will tell you all I can fathom in what I hear.

I do not believe that the leaven of *cognoscenti*, which "leavens the whole lump" into rapture with these performers, amounts to more than three people in an audience of three thousand, and I think that even those three would be puzzled to distinguish be-

tween Wallace, Olé Bull, and Vieux-temps, if they played the same pieces behind a screen. (I do not mention Artot, because he plays to the heart exclusively.)

Nobody with nerves can sit out a concert, it is true, without having the keys of tears occasionally swept over, as a child, thrumming a piano, will occasionally produce a sweet or mournful combination of sounds by accident. But because our eyes are once or twice moistened, and because we occasionally feel that the corner of the veil is twitched which separates us from the chainless articulation we ache after, it is no sign that we at all comprehend the drift of the player's meaning, or see into the world of complex harmony whither he gropes but confusedly himself. I have not heard the violin of Olé Bull, but I have talked with him for an hour or two, and I think he is one of the most inspired creatures (and I should have thought so if I had met him as a savage in the woods) whose conversation I have ever listened to. He talks a braided language of French, Italian, and English, plucking expression to himself with a clutch; and though he moulds every idea with a powerful originality, he evidently does not give birth to more than a fraction of what is writhing in his brain. If there were a volcano missing in Norway, I should fancy we had encountered it on its travels—the crater not provided for in its human metempsychosis. Probably Olé Bull finds his violin a much more copious vent than language, for his imprisoned lava—but to *coin that lava into language* as he pours it out in tangled chromatics, would be to comprehend his music, and that, I say again, is not done by more than three in three thousand, *if done at* ALL! I told him I should like to hear him play *a l'improvista*, after he had seen Niagara, and upon that he gave me a description of wild Norwegian scenery, describing how he had tried to utter in music the effect it had produced upon him—gave it me with a "fine phrensy," that pulled hard (and I should like to know the philosophy of that) upon the roots of my hair. There is something weird and supernatural about the man.

Mechanical dexterity on the violin has as much to do with music, I believe, as drawing a bank-check has to do with credit at the bank—a very necessary part of the matter, but owing its value entirely to what has gone before. Music is *mind* expressed in one of the half-dozen languages we possess—and as capable of logic and transfer into words, as painting or poetry, or expression of feature and gesture. Olé Bull, when playing, has (or ought to have) an explainable argument in his mind, and the bridge wanting between him and his audience is a translation of his musical argument into language—given before or after the performance. This he could easily do. At present, it is, to the audience, like a most eloquent oration in an unknown tongue—comprehensible only to the orator.

I have elsewhere mentioned, that while at Vienna, I saw a self-educated philosopher at the institute, who was discovering the link between music and geometry. He took a pane of glass and covered it sparsely with dry sand, and then, by drawing a particular note upon the edge with a fiddle-bow, he drove the sand by the vibration into a well-defined circle, or triangle, or square—whichever we chose of half-a-dozen geometrical figures. I have looked ever since, to hear of an advancement in this phase of daguerreotype. Once reduced to a grammar, music would be as articulate as oratory, and we should be able to distinguish its sense from its gibberish.

In person, Olé Bull is a massive, gladiator-like creature, rather uncouth, passionately impulsive in his manners, and with a confused face, which only becomes legible with extreme animation. Wide-awake, he is often handsome—fast-asleep, he is doubtless as plain as a Norwegian boulder-stone. If he ever work his musical logic up to his musical impulse and execution, he will hang the first lamp in the darkest chamber of human comprehension.

I have two more steps to announce to you in the advance of the gynocracy. There is a gymnasium in the upper part of Broadway, where the LADIES don the Turkish costume, and ARE TAUGHT SPARRING and CLIMBING in jackets and loose trousers. Greatcoats with a snug fit to the back are superseding cloaks for ladies' out-of-door wear. "Merciful heavings!" as Dick Swiveller would say.

I have been looking over a file of English papers, published at Canton, China, in which I find that the interpreter to the French consulate has obtained a copy of the famous Chinese dictionary, which is an encyclopedia of the history, sciences, arts, habits, and usages of the Chinese, composed at the commencement of the eighteenth century by order of the emperor Ram-hi. A very small number of these was printed, for the emperor and principal functionaries of the empire only. It is to be reprinted immediately, with a French and English translation. Mr. Cushing goes there in a good time for finding the material he will want for researches, literary and political.

It is curious how much may be born of "a scrape" between catgut and horsehair! We have had two nights of violin-phrensy, and applause, for a trick with a fiddle-bow, that would have embalmed the heart of Demosthenes within him. The *beau monde* has given a fair hearing to the rival elbows, and, by acclamation, at least, Olé Bull has it. As it is the rage, and, as even sages take interest in rages, perhaps I had better "make a clean breast," and tell you all I know about it—albeit, like barley-water, if the fever were cured, it would be unpalatable slop.

The conversation of the town, of course, is largely embroidered with the concernings of these fiddle-monsters, and news, as you know, is stripped, like corn, of much of its picturesque outer husk and silken lining before it is ground into paragraph-cakes sent to be devoured at a distance. Olé Bull is not simply Olé Bull, but a star with four satellites—his grim keeper, his handsome secretary, his messenger, and his lacquey. The door of his parlor at the Astor is beset, antechamber-fashion, from morning till night, with orchestra-people, people from the music-shops, and all the tribe who get fat upon the droppings of enthusiasm. What he says is made into anecdotes, and wherever he goes follows the *digito monstrari*. There is an aristocracy of catgut, however, and Artot and Vieux-temps look upon Olé Bull as the house of lords look upon O'Connell, and greet him as the rocks do the rising tide. Artot has been a king's page, and Vieux-temps is, I believe, a *chevalier decoré*, and both of them have the porcelain air. The French population of New York make a "white-and-red-rose" business of it; and it was remarked last night that there was not a Frenchman to be seen at Olé Bull's concert. Artot is quite a minion of popularity with the fashionables—his expressive eyes and sentimental elegance probably the *raison pourquoi*.

Vieux-temps's first concert on Monday night was a very stylish jam. He is a small, pony-built man, with gold rings in his ears, and a face of genteel ugliness, but touchingly lugubrious in its expression. With his violin at his shoulder, he has the air of a husband undergoing the nocturnal penance of walking the room with "the child"—and performing it, too, with unaffected pity. He plays with the purest and cold

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est perfection of art, and is doubtless more *learned* on the violin than either of the rival performers, but there is a vitreous clearness and precision in his notes that would make them more germaine to the humor of before breakfast than to the warm *abandon* of vesper-tide. His sister travels with him (a pretty blonde, very unlike him), and accompanies him on the piano.

Olé Bull's concert was deferred till last evening, and the immense capacity of the Tabernacle was filled to suffocation. He appeared after the usual appetiser of an overture, and was received with a tumult. Verily, he is made for a "tribune of the people!" The angel who "makes men politic" never moulded a creature more native to the central plane of popularity. A splendid animal—herculean and graceful—a faculty of looking, at the same time, overpowered and self-possessed—an unlimited suavity full of reserve—calm lips and wild eyes—cool dexterity and desperate abandonment to his theme—he would have done as well at anything else as at music. He is what Mrs. Ramsbottom would call a "natural pagoda."

It is presumptuous in a layman of the religion of music to attempt a critical distinction between these two or three first violinists of the world. Anybody can see differences in their playing, but only a musician can define the degrees in which they differ. Olé Bull's violin seems to have been made where horses and cats were of a wilder breed. He gets out of it a peculiar quality of note, not at first quite satisfactory to the ear, but approaching articulate language as it departs from the glassy melody drawn from the instrument by others. I have no doubt that, to himself, the instrument is as good as articulate. He expects it to talk intelligibly to others; and it *would*, possibly, to those who knew music and heard him often. I proposed to him in conversation, what I think would test the expression of his music very fairly—the transfer of Collins's Ode on the Passions to the violin. The audience could then follow him, as they do an opera by a translated libretto.

Wallace is about to enter the field against the violinists, many of the musical people here being quite persuaded that he plays as well as any of them. He is certainly the greatest *pianist* we ever had in America, and he is really embarrassed between the two instruments—the very highest degree of excellence requiring complete devotion to one only. He and Olé Bull met one evening at the duke of Devonshire's in London, but without hearing each other play, and they have run together, here, like drops of water—similar in quality and degree of genius, as well as in impulsive and poetical disposition. They met in Bull's room an evening or two since and played duets on the piano and violin, solos, &c., till morning. Wallace likes New York so well that he has determined to make it his residence, publishing his exquisite musical compositions here, &c. He is a great accession to the musical world, as he is a large essential drop added to the soul resident in this great mass of human life. I offer him one man's welcome.

I understand the *piano rage* is the next thing to come off, and that Lizst and Thalberg are positively coming over. Taking musical accomplishment in such large slices as we do, our vast country is likely to become the main body-corporate of the music of the world. It *pays* better than any other field of musical enterprise now.

HAPPY NEW-YEAR!—Shake hands! Exchange congratulations! Be merry! Be happy! ANOTHER YEAR IS GONE! It is *poetry* to regret the past—*only* poetry. Rejoice that the incumbrance of another year is thrust behind—that *another gate onward* is flung open—that though this youth is passing or past, you are by so much nearer to a new youth beyond—and better and brighter, as well as beyond. There is no instinct of regret for the past. Spite of Death brought nearer, and the shroud unfolded to receive us—spite of Decrepitude and Neglect and Pain rising up like phantoms in the way—*we are* happy to grow old. The soul rejoices. New-year! New-year! Death closer, but something the soul yearns after coming at his heels! Who, upon impulse, would retard time! Who would—instinct only consulted—go back! Eternal progress is the thirst of life, as it is of the whole eternity of which life is a part. The world says so by acclamation. The old year's death is the festival of universal instinct. Visit your friends! Brighten the links between you! Forgive slights, neglects, injuries! Go laughing through the gate of the new year!

The Hebrew Benevolent Society had a very brilliant dinner on Thursday, I understand, and drew a large contribution for its excellent objects from the present possessors of the "divining-rod"—the violinists. Olé Bull, whose heart is as prodigal as his genius, and who gives money to street-beggars by the handful, gave a hundred dollars, and Vieux-temps and Wallace agreed to combine in a charity-concert. The other contributions, I understand, were correspondingly liberal.

One of the essays, the most *ad rem* that I have lately seen, is an address on the "Prevention of Pauperism," by a relative of the late Dr. Channing. The preface has a certain bold resignation about it which is very idiosyncratic. Mr. Channing says that he was desired to read a discourse before a society for the prevention of pauperism, and agreed to try to do so—but he did not know to what he had pledged himself. He then defines very philosophically what he found, upon reflection, was to be his task, and goes on to say:—

"I went to work. That which might, in the reading, be endured forty minutes, grew to twice that allotted time, or more; and when the day came for the anniversary, I found I could not read the half I had set down. The auditory was very small; and the few, at first, were less before the forty minutes were up. The contribution-boxes came to the church-altar with little weight of metal, and few bills—say about twenty-seven dollars and twenty-three cents, all told. Thus was my work accounted little and paid harmoniously. But some, a very few, have asked me to print my writing. From so small a company a large request could hardly come. I have done what those few friends have asked me to."

The address is very philosophic, though tinctured with peculiar views of the social system. The leading propositions, which are very eloquently illustrated, are worthy the room they will take in these columns, if it were only as a skeleton map of the subject carefully laid out, and available for the guidance of inquirers:—

"1st. That every social institution, or custom, which separates man from man—which produces distinct classes in the community, having distinct privileges—which is daily occupied to build higher and stronger the partition-walls between men—such institution, or custom, I say, produces and continues poverty.

"2d. That the political institutions of society, or their administration, frequently become causes of the extremest and widest national poverty.

"3d. That the spirit of party, so widely and deeply cherished as it is by society, does, by its exclusiveness,

its selfishness, and its intolerance, minister directly to the production and continuance of poverty.

"4th. That such employment of capital by society, as in its products ministers only to the most debasing habits, does directly produce and continue crime and poverty.

"5th. The sudden reduction of wages, extended to large numbers, is not only directly injurious to wide interests, but produces pauperism.

"6th. That in a country like ours, in which the law of entail does not exist to make property a permanent possession in families, a system of education which has regard only to simple mental culture, and which leaves the physical powers uncultivated—in which manual labor, a practical knowledge of farming, or the mechanic arts, forms no part—I say that such a system of early education favors the production of pauperism."

Apropos of beggars—the system of ingenious beggary, so curiously described in Grant's "Great Metropolis," is beginning to be tried on in New York. There is one young lady (of very correct habits, I believe, in point of fact) who maks a living by means that wear a somewhat questionable complexion, out of "distinguished strangers." A member of congress, or a diplomatist in transit, for example, receives a note, the day after his arrival is advertised, in a handwriting of singular beauty. In the most graceful language, and with the daintiest use of French phrases, he is informed that a young lady who has long watched his career with the deepest interest—who has a feeling for him which is a mystery to herself—who met him accidentally in a place she will recall to his memory, should she be so fortunate as to see him again—who is an unhappy creature of impulse, all too fondly tender for this harsh world and its constructions—would like to see him on a certain sidewalk between eight and nine. By holding his hand across his left breast, he will be accosted at that time and place. The ladylikeness and good taste of the note, so different from the usual tentatives of that description, breed a second thought of curiosity, and the victim is punctual. After a turn or two on the appointed sidewalk, he encounters a tall young lady, deeply veiled, who addresses him by name, takes his arm, and discourses to him at first on his own ambitious history, contriving to say the true and flattering thing, for which she has duly informed herself. She skilfully evades his attempts to make her talk of things more particular, and regretting feelingly that she can only see him on the sidewalk, appeals to his "well-known generosity" for ten dollars to keep her and her dear mother from being turned out of doors. She takes it with tremulous pathos, demands of his honor that he will not follow her, and slips round the corner to meet another "distinguished stranger" with whom she has appointed an interview fifteen minutes later in the next street! I was in a company of strangers at a hotel not long ago, when one of these dainty notes was produced, and it so happened that every man present had one in his pocket from the same hand! Among the party there were four appointments proposed by the same lady, to come off on the four sides of a certain square, for that evening! She is probably doing a good business.

There has been a certain most eligible shop, with a most impracticable rent (3 Astor house, rent $1,000), for a long time vacant. Yesterday the broad doors were thrown open, and an effulgent placard announced it as the depot of the Columbian Magazine. The new periodical lay upon the counter in a most Chapman-esque cover, lettered gorgeously in vermillion and azure, with a device of Columbus on his pedestal, John Inman, *editor*, in the blue of the scroll, and Israel Post, *publisher*, in the vermilion of the supporting tablet. (This arrangement is wrong, if there be any meaning in colors, for the ingredients of vermilion are *sulphur* and *quicksilver*—stuff of better prophecy for an editor than a publisher.) I understand that the foundations of this new magazine are thirty thousand dollars deep, and as there is great store of experience in both publisher and editor, it is likely to crowd Graham and Godey—though it will require almost an "avatar of Vishnu" to crush those giants of monthly literature. We are to see whether magazine-popularity is like the oil from the glass tomb of Belus—which, once exhausted, never could be refilled.

The history of the monthlies, for the last few years, forms a chapter by itself of American progress. It is but a very short time since the "dollar-a-page" of the North American Review was magnificent pay, and considered quite sufficient for articles by Edward Everett! The old New York Mirror paid five hundred dollars a year for the original "Pencillings by the Way"—the republication of which has paid the author five thousand. Nathaniel Greene, of the Boston Statesman, was the only man I could hear of, in 1827, who paid regularly for poetry, and I have heard that Percival was kept from starving in New York by selling his splendid poem on the plague for five dollars! I lost some of the intermediate steps of literary valuation, but I think the burst on author-land of Graham's and Godey's liberal prices was like a sunrise without a dawn. They commenced at once paying their principal contributors at the rate of twelve dollars a page—nearly three times the amount paid by English magazines to the best writers, and paying it, too, *on the receipt of the manuscript*, and not, as in London, on the publication of the article. We owe to these two gentlemen the bringing out of a host of periodical talent, which, but for their generous and prompt pay, would have remained dormant, or employed in other channels; and they should be recorded as the true and liberal pioneers of progress in this branch of literature. They have done very much the same thing with regard to engraving and the encouragement of the arts, and I believe the effect they have produced on the refinement of the country has been worthy of note—their beautiful books having been sent into its remotest corners by their unprecedented circulation.

The prices paid now to acceptable magazine-writers are very high, though the number of writers has increased so much that there are thousands who can get no article accepted. There are so many people, too, who, like the Ancient Mariner, are under the dire compulsion to tell their tale—paid or not paid—that any periodical, with a good furbisher and mender, may fill its pages, for nothing, with very excellent reading. A well-known editor once told me that he could make a very good living by the sums people were willing *to pay* to see themselves in print. The *cacoethes scribendi* would doubtless support—*does* doubtless support—a good many periodicals.

Olé Bull played to another crammed audience at the Park last night, but the angel or demon imprisoned in this violin was not tractable. If it had been his first appearance, he would have made a losing trip to America. There was a tone in the applause which showed very clearly that his music was turned back at the inner vestibule of the ear. He will probably redeem himself to-night at the Tabernacle—his closing concert.

I hear great complaints that the *canvass-back ducks* are not of as good flavor as usual this year. Will

you tell us the *pourquoi*—or whether it is that the wild-celery is not in perfection this season? My own experience goes the other way—for such delicious ducks, *so* deliciously dressed, I never saw, as lately at "Guy's Monument house," in Baltimore. He is a fit cook for Apicius, it is true, and perhaps his sauce deceived me. But the canvass-back is part of our national honor, and the causes of falling off should be looked after.

I am delighted to see that our great comedian, Harry Placide, is up to the lips in success and popularity in New Orleans. God bless those southern people—they know a good thing when they see it! The theatres there are a kind of last appeal—confirming just appreciation, and reversing very often the cold injustice of the north. Wallack is gone there now, and he will come away with warm pockets. Burton, the comedian, is also in migration—a man of genius with his pen, and a most attractive actor. I wish we could have a good rollicking season of good acting at the Park, and go in deep for old-fashioned close criticism.

I sent you a paragraph yesterday which I am anxious to overtake with another—though the paragraph-chase, especially if the pursuer be a correction of an error, is much more desperate than the shadow's hope of overtaking the substance. Olé Bull, to my thinking (corroborated since by the opinions of some musical people), played *without his inspiration* the last night he played at the Park, and so I stated. At the Tabernacle on Tuesday night, his violin-fiend (or angel) was *at home*, and so completely did he search every chamber of my sense of musical delight, and so triumphantly drive out all unbelief, and fill me with passionate admiration and wonder at his skill and power, that I feel a certain compunctious reproach for ever having qualified my homage. One of his themes was a rhapsody of religious music, composed by himself, and, without irreverence, it seemed to me that St. John, in the Apocalyptic vision, could scarcely have been within the compass of music more rapt and unearthly. More than four thousand people held their breath in ravished ecstacy with this performance, and the only drawback to my own rapture was the conviction that, transparent and articulate as was the meaning of every note, to translate it into language the poet must first be himself translated—to the sphere and capabilities of an angel. You will think that I, too, am "bit by the dipsas"—but I, at least, gave up my soul to this *Olé Bull* madness with some reluctance. Genius-like, the Norse magician is *journalier*, as the French say; but I pray that when he shall play at Washington he may "give a rise" to the embodied intellect of the capital which will show them a heaven above politics.

The Hibernia has brought me a gossiping letter or two from England; and, by way of letting you down softly from the balloon-flight of the paragraph foregoing, I will quote you a passage from the clever hand of our friend S——, the artist, now resident in London, and fully employed in transferring aristocratic beauty to ivory. Buckwheat and molasses, it should be premised, are undiscovered luxuries to the Londoners, and it is pleasant and apposite, at this particular season, when these *friandises* are in conjunctive culmination, to see how they loom in the traveller's memory. Says our friend:—

"So you have taken up your abode at the Astor. You have done well. There are many good things at the Astor; above all, the *buckwheats;* and I can fancy you at this moment, while I am breaking my fast upon a flabby 'French roll' (so called because no bread of the kind was ever seen in France), with a pile of them smoking before you, and pouring over them, with a liberal hand, copious libations of that exquisite, delicate, transparent *molasses* which the Astor alone provides, and which has always reminded me of the wine of the veiled prophet—

> 'No juice of earth is here,
> But the pure *treacle* of that upper sphere
> Whose rills o'er ruby beds and topaz flow,
> Catching the gem's bright color as they go.'"

A letter from a literary friend in London informs me that Lady Blessington is suffering from a lethargy from which she finds it next to impossible to arouse herself for literary labor. The society she lives in draws very exhaustingly upon her powers of attention, and she has been all her life one of those who "crowd a year's life into a day." My friend adds:—

"You had some expectation of seeing D'Orsay in America, but he never had any intention of going out. He has been a prisoner for the last two years in Lady Blessington's house, at Kensington. There is an acre or two of garden, as you know, in the rear, shut in with a wall high enough to keep out creditors, and here D'Orsay takes his exercise on horseback. He devotes himself entirely to painting, making portraits of his friends and receiving money for them—in short, making a profession of it. Every Saturday night, at twelve o'clock, precisely, his cab is at the door, and he drives to his club, and on Sundays he is to be seen in the park, driving with Lady Blessington and her two exquisitely beautiful nieces (the Misses Power)—taking care to be home again, like Cinderella, before twelve o'clock at night. Not long ago, a meeting of his friends took place, and an effort was made to relieve him. They subscribed twenty thousand pounds, which would have given his creditors four shillings in the pound. The proposal was made, and the creditors refused to accept. The subscription was consequently abandoned."

There is an article afloat upon the raft of fugitive literature ("a stick of timber among the flood (—) trash," as they say on the Susquehannah) which is worth hauling ashore and preserving—*Parke Godwin's Essay on Shelley, in the Democratic Review.* It comes from a mind of the finest powers of analysis and the warmest glow of poetical appreciation, and if we had in our country the class of well-patronized sober magazines which they have in England, this writer's pen and Whipple's would be the two best worth paying in the country, for that kind of article.

Ticknor & Co. have republished a volume of devotional poetry by Dr. Bowring, called *Matins and Vespers.* It is pure, even, moderately-inspired, and scholar-like poetry—of the best quality for family reading. The doctor's pursuits are all on a lofty level—philanthropy, patriotism, emancipation, and religion—and if his other faculties (all of which are of more than respectable calibre) were as largely developed as his veneration, he would be the moral Washington of his era. The last time I saw him he was in a great rage with a certain Yankee, who, upon very cool acquaintance, had drawn at sight upon his hospitality, by having himself and his baggage set down in the doctor's entry, and sending in the servant to borrow money to pay his coach-fare from Liverpool! With the ex-

ception of this private-life "repudiator," however, he is a great admirer of America and Americans.

The Langleys have got up a most presentable and elegant edition of the poems of Eliza Cook—the most fireside and home-like of modern poets. There is a great deal in this volume that will touch the "business and bosoms" of the many. Mrs. Osgood (herself a poetess of the affections, and wanting nothing but a little earth in her mixture) gives a sketch of Miss Cook in the preface, which is as good as a personal introduction.

When the "last page" morning arrives, dear reader, we, for the first time in the week, pull the "stop politic" in our many-keyed organ of livelihood-making, and muse a little on expediency while the ink dries upon our pen. This morning—this particular morning—we chance to have "belayed," as the sailors say, "a loose halliard" in our rigging, and in casting an eye "a-low and aloft," to see how it draws upon the canvass, we have determined to alter a little our trim and ballast. You are our passenger, dear reader, and our object is to make the voyage agreeable to you, and the query is, therefore, how much you would be interested in these same details of trim, ballast, and rigging. Our coffee stands untasted (for we write and breakfast, as an idle man breakfasts and dawdles, all along through the up-hill of the morning), and our omelet must cool while we amputate one horn of this dilemma.

We have never explained (have we?) that as an artist needs a "*lay-figure*" whereon to adjust drapery and prepare effects, an editor in the fancy line (*our* line) requires a personification, from the mouth of which he may speak with the definite identity of an individual. There are a thousand little whims and scraps of opinion kicking about the floor of commonplace, which, like bits of cloth and riband, might be pinned on to a drapery with effect, though worthless if simply presented to you in a bundle. A periodical needs to be an *individual*—with a physiognomy that is called up to the mind of the subscriber, and imagined as speaking, while he reads. An apple given to you by a friend at table is not like an apple taken from the shelf of a huckster. An article on the leading topic of the day, in a paper you are not accustomed to, is not read as the same article would be in your favorite periodical. The friend's choice alters the taste and value of the apple, as the individual editor's selection or approbation gives weight and value to the article. The more you are acquainted with your editor—even though, in that acquaintance, you find out his faults—the more interest you feel in his weekly visit, and the more curiosity you feel in what he offers you to read. What made the fortune of Blackwood but "Christopher North's" splendid egotism! A magazine without a distinct physiognomy visible through the type of every page, has no more hold on its circulation than an orchard on the eaters of apple-tarts. And if the making of this physiognomy visible be egotism, then is egotism in an apothecary's sign, or in the maker's name in your boot-leg.

There is, of course, a nice line to be drawn between the saying *that* of editorial self which every reader would like to know, and the incurring the *deserved* charge of egotism; and it was by that line exactly that we were trying to navigate in the dilemma with which we started. Should we—or should we not—bother the reader's brain with what was bothering ourselves? To a limited and bearable degree, then, we will.

We determined *to live* by periodical literature, and we came to New York prepared, of course, to unship the wings of our Pegasus and let him trot—if trotting is "the go"—quite sure that if he is worth keeping, his legs are as sound as his feathers. It is one thing to be "willing to come to the scratch," however, and another thing to find out definitely where *the scratch* is. We were prepared to turn owl and armadillo—to be indefatigable in our cage, and abroad only by night—to live on one meal a day—to be editor, proof-reader, foreman, and publisher, and as many other things as we could get out of life, limb, and twenty-four hours—prepared for any toil and self-denial—in short, to quash debt and keep up the Mirror. Excellent virtue entirely thrown away! The Mirror rose as easy as the moon, went on its way rejoicing, and is now out of the reach of kites, rockets, and steeples! *Which way lay—then—the dragons to vanquish?* This brings us to the head and front of our dilemma. *Personal slander is the only obstacle in American literature.*

So BE IT! We do not complain of it. We have not the presumption to be above our country. America demands of her literary children that they should submit to calumny—demands it in the most emphatic of all voices, by her support of the presses which inflict it. We agree. We can not make shoes, though to that trade there is no such penalty. We should throw away our apprenticeship, if we attempted to live, now, by any but the one trade whose household gods are outlawed. We honor our country. We *will live* by *American* literature, with its *American* drawback. We can suffer as much as another man. We are no coward. We will step into the arena, and let the country, that looks on, decide upon the weapons and terms of combat. Yet still there is a dilemma.

We have tried for fifteen years the *silent* system—the *living down* slanders, as the watchman wakes down the stars that rise again in twelve hours. The only exception to our rule occurred in England, where an English pen assumed a few American misstatements—and being "among the Romans," we did as they do in such cases—got the necessary retraction through the "law of honor." Lately, as perhaps the reader knows, we have taken a fancy to see whether there was any difference between public opinion and the law, as to the protection of literary men against slander. The author of a particular set of slanders we chanced to light upon for the experiment, is, we understand, a clergyman and an abolitionist, and, though we have literally *proved* that he published seven or eight direct lies against our private character, we are condemned by many of the press for what they call "Coopering an editor," and one paper in Philadelphia attacks our defence of our own character as a shallow piece of ostentation, got up for effect! We humbly ask which is most agreeable to the public? Do they like it submitted to silently, or do they prefer it defended, by dragging our private life with all its details into the street? We will accommodate them—for we must live in the country we were born in, and live by literature!

One of the most beautiful sights I have lately seen was the SPREAD for the *New England dinner* in the large dining-room of the Astor. It would have given, even to a "picked man of countries," a heightened standard of sumptuousness in banquet—in fact (and republicans may as well know it), royal entertainments in Europe beat it by nothing but the intrinsic value of the table service. Galleries were erected for ladies behind the columns at either end of the hall, and "all went merry as a marriage bell."

It struck me that the "old Plymouth rock" was a little too much hammered upon, and, indeed, I thought, during the dinner, that the fragment of it (which was set upon the table) had better be used for the weight and countenance it could give to objects worthy of the pilgrim spirit, than as an anvil for self-glorification.

There are interests constantly arising of a philanthropic character general enough for all parties to partake in, and to the sluggish movement of which the steam of local patriotism might worthily be applied. Without the bugbear of a contribution at the time, a fine orator and philanthropist like Horace Mann might have been invited by the committee to delight and instruct the picked audience with eloquence on one of his apostolic schemes of benevolence. As it was, the predominance of one political party made it a whig dinner instead of a New England dinner. Admiring Mr. Webster as I do, and willing as I am to do more to see the other remaining Titan of our country (Mr. Clay) in the presidential chair than for any other object not personal to myself, I wished that he had replied to the "common-school" toast instead of the one he selected, and kept to the spirit of New England exclusively in the determination of his "thunder." Mr. Bellows took up this just-mentioned topic, and compared the red school-houses (more graphically than felicitously) to an eruption on the face of New England! He is a great pulpit orator, but a man who is accustomed to steer by the sober rudder of a pen runs adrift in trusting himself to extemporaneous impulse. The best-judged and most nicely-turned speech of the evening, I thought, was by Mr. Colden—and quite the most applauded.

The overflow of the city's fountain of curiosity pours just now into the fancy-stores and curiosity-shops—the stockings of Santaclaus gaping wide for "gratifications." The new bazar, with the negroes in cocked hats for "sticks in waiting," is thronged like a levee, and, truly, the variety of new nonsenses is marvellous and bewildering. Tiffany's carries the palm, and you would think, to walk around that museum of elegancies, that the fine arts had turned their whole force and ingenuity into the invention of trifles. It would be curious to trace back the *genius* that invents these things to its home and condition in life.

One of the new books that will most interest you and the members of congress is "Simcoe's Military Journal; a history of the operations of a partisan corps called the Queen's Rangers, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, during the war of the Revolution, illustrated by engraved plans of action," &c. Bartlett & Welford, the great bibliologists of New York, found a copy of the work in their researches in foreign libraries, and Mr. Bartlett, who is a scholar, thus prefaces the American republication:—

"The military journal of Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, now first published, was privately printed by the author in 1787 for distribution among a few of his personal friends. The production has hitherto, it would seem, *entirely escaped the attention of those who are curious in the history of our revolutionary war*. As a record of some interesting particulars and local occurrences of that memorable struggle, and as a well-written documentary illustration of the times and the circumstances of the American *rebellion*, it deserves circulation and favor. The fortunate procurement of a copy of the work in London enables the publishers to present it in an edition securing its preservation, and facilitating a general knowledge of its contents. A memoir of so much of the author's life as is not exhibited in his journal, it is thought, will interest the reader and increase the permanent value of the volume. Accordingly, such a memoir has been prepared from available and authentic materials, and, by the way of introduction, may serve to fill out the history of the commander of the Queen's Rangers, presenting also a few facts concerning the corps, not otherwise appearing. Not to extend that portion of the publication too far, however, various relevant quotations from different sources, interesting essentially and expletive in their character, are thrown into the appendix, in addition to what the journalist has given in that form himself."

There is a very well-conducted paper in New York called the "Mirror of Fashion," the avowed object of which is to furnish plates and descriptions of gentlemen's fashions in dress—this feature taking the place, in a sheet of general interest, which politics or religion take in others. One sentence of the advertisement runs thus:—

"I shall strive my utmost to make the Mirror of Fashion reflect all the important changes in styles of dress, whether in cut, color, or make, that may from month to month be adopted in this metropolis, *always eschewing the freaks and follies of foreign fancy*. I shall, as I ever have done, recommend only that which is strictly consonant with American feelings and predilections."

The motto of the paper, very properly, is taken from Carlyle's, "Sartor Resartus." Thus, in the one pregnant subject of *clothes*, rightly understood, is included all that men have thought, dreamed, done, or been; the whole external universe, and what it holds, is but clothing; and the essence of all science lies in the philosophy of clothes. There is evidently a man of reading and talent at the head of this paper, and the subject touches men's "business and bosom" so closely and widely that it may well be considered a *quatrième etat*, and have *its organ* to represent it.

If May be the season for "the raging calenture of love," this is the calenture of the social affections—the fever-crisis of the year, when the heat that is in the system comes to the surface. Most quiet men go to a ball or two in the holydays—dance a quadrille or two to show the old year that they are not of its party in going out—pay a compliment or two more flowery than their wont; in short, put on the outer seeming which would befit them in a Utopia. I have tried on, like others, for the last week or two, this holyday humor; and, though I shall be accused of "keeping a sharp eye to business," I must jot down for you a thought or two that has occurred to me, critical and comparative, or the present condition of New York society.

It strikes me that there is no provision in the gay society of New York for people of middle age. A man between thirty-five and forty is invited to a large party. He goes too early if he arrives before eleven. He finds the two principal rooms stripped of carpets and of most of the sitting-down furniture, and the reception-room entirely lined with the mammas and chaperons of the young ladies on the floor. However he might be a "dancing man" in Europe, where people dance till their knees fail them, he knows that in this haste-to-grow-old country it would be commented harshly upon, especially if he has a wife, for whom it is expected his overflow of spirits should be reserved. As he don't dance, he would like to converse. The old ladies talk of nothing but their daughters, and the daughters, if not dancing, think it would repel a probable partner to seem much occupied in conversation. He looks around for a sofa and a lady who don't dance. Sofa there is none, and in a chair in the corner perhaps there is one lady who is neither young nor old—*rara avis!* He approaches her, and, well nigh jammed against the wall, undertakes a conversation not audible (he standing and she sitting) un-

less kept up at a scream. After a half hour of this, the lady, if she be discreet, remembers that "it looks particular" to be engrossed more than half an hour by one gentleman, and looks or says so. The middle-aged man slides along the wall, gets back into the crowded reception-room, talks a little to the chaperons, comes back and looks on at the waltz, and so passes the three hours till supper—on his legs. The ladies take an hour to sup, and, about three o'clock, he gets a corner for some oysters and champagne, and between that and four o'clock gets home to bed. He is a business man and rises at eight, and by three o'clock the next day he looks and feels as a man naturally would who had burnt his candle at both ends—*for nothing!*

It is not wonderful that there are no conveniences for conversation in society, for there really is no conversation to provide for. The want would create the supply. It is one of the most peculiar of our country's features that conversation is not cultivated as a pleasure. When American women leave off dancing they think they have done with society till they reappear to bring out their daughters. All the agreeableness of their middle life—the most attractive and delightful portion of like too, perhaps—is expended on an appreciative husband who wants and uses it all! *Not at all* as a disparagement to this state of things, perhaps you will allow me to mention a case, that *may be* somewhat parallel, which has turned up in my zoological reading: "These little insects (the coccus, of the family *gal-insecta*) are remarkable for many peculiarities in their habits and conformation. The *males* have long large wings! The *females* have *no wings*, but at a certain period of their life attach themselves to the plant or tree which they inhabit, and remain thereon immoveable during the rest of their existence. As soon as the eggs are produced, they pass immediately under the female parent, whose body becomes their stationary covering and guard. By degrees her body dries up and flattens, and forms a sort of a shell, and, when life is quite extinct, the young insects leave their hiding-place." Whether society has not some claim on them—whether their minds would not be kept from narrowing by conversation with agreeable men—whether the one exclusive errand of the loveliest portion of humanity is to rear children, are questions which in this country must be handled very gingerly—at least in print. I may be permitted to go on and say "how they do in Spain," however.

A middle-aged man in London may or may not be a dancer. There is no comment either way—but he must be *something*—dancer or good conversationist, or he is dropped as "lumbering up the party." Few men can afford to be seen by the mistress of the house to be *unamused* and *unamusing*. A cultivated man, then, who don't dance, gets an hour or two of pleasant society in the early part of the evening at the opera. If there is a small party afterward he prefers it to a ball; but if he goes to the ball he finds that the pleasantest people there are the married women. They do not sit together without room for a gentleman between them, but every lady is bodily approachable, and with a little management he can get a comfortable seat beside any one whom he may know and prefer. If he find her interesting, and talk to her the whole evening, there is no scandal, unless there are other corroborating circumstances; indeed, the openness of the attention would rather discredit any unfavorable comment. If there is a new lion present, or any attraction peculiar to one person, a small circle is formed in a corner, or a group stand around and let the conversation be managed by the persons most interested, like listening to music. You could seldom go to a party in London without hearing something worth telling to a person not there, and *society (not the newspapers)* has the first use and enjoyment of all news and novelties of every description. Newspapers are stale to a man actively conversant in the best society of London. People collect news, and see sights, and invent theories, and study and think—to have material for being brilliant in society, and for no other purpose. A *habitué* of the best houses grows well-informed by *absorption* only—if he keep his ears open. *And this entire stage of society is wanting in New York.*

An intelligent gentleman remarked lately upon the absurdity of copying English hours for gayety, without copying the compensating English hours for repose. It is the aim of aristocracy to have such habits as to distinguish aristocrats from the working-classes, and lords and ladies please themselves with going home to sleep when the clowns are getting up to toil. *Until* we can afford to lie abed like a lord, till noon, we are fools to lose the clown's slumber, and a fashionable lady would deserve well of her country who would tacitly acknowledge her husband to be a man of business, by giving her party at hours when he and his merchant-friends could attend without loss of needful sleep. Who would not be glad to go to a ball at seven instead of eleven? This change, and the introduction of comforts and accommodations for conversible wall-flowers, would, in my opinion, improve even the charming circles of grown-up children who now constitute New York society.

I see no very marked differences in the dress or usages of the ball-room. Rather more waltzing and less quadrilling, if anything—but still "marvellous few" tolerable waltzers. Could most of the waltzing men in New York "see themselves as others see them," they would practise the difficult ease of this accomplishment elsewhere for a while. The lower classes of Germans have balls in their peculiar haunts which it would be good practice to attend.

How to make a paradise in the country.—The back of the winter is broke, dear reader, and it is down-hill to spring. Those who have not *our* brick and mortar destiny, are chatting, over their evening table, of gardens and fruit-trees, crops and embellishments, and *longing* the snow off their lawns and fields, and the frost out of their furrows. We have been passing a leisure (not an idle) hour in reading our friend Downing's elegant and tempting book on rural architecture—a book which, with others by the same scholarlike and tasteful pen, we commend to your possession—and it brings to our mind a long letter we wrote during our last year's residence on the Susquehannah, on the subject of economical and comeatable paradise-making in the country. For a change—let us turn over for you this leaf of our common-sense book. Thus runs the body of it:—

Landscape-gardening is a pleasant subject to expand into an imaginative article, and I am not surprised that men, sitting amid hot editorials in a city (the month of July), find a certain facility in creating woods and walks, planting hedges and building conservatories. So may the brain be refreshed, I well know, even with the smell of printing-ink in the nostrils. But landscape-gardening, as within the reach of the small farmer people, is quite another thing, and to be managed (as brain-gardening need not be, to be sure) with economy and moderation. Tell us in the quarterlies, if you will, what a man may do with a thousand acres and plenty of money; but *we* will endeavor to show what may be done with fifty acres and a spare hour in the evening—by the tasteful farmer, or the tradesman retired on small means. These own their fifty acres (more or less), up to the sky and down to the bottom of their "diggings," and as nature lets the tree grow and the flower expand for a man, without reference to his account at the bank, they have it in their power to

embellish, and most commonly, they have also the inclination. Beginners, however, at this as at most other things, are at the mercy of injudicious counsel, and few books can be more expensively misapplied than the treatises on landscape-gardening.

The most intense and sincere lovers of the country are citizens who have fled to rural life in middle age, and old travellers who are weary, heart and foot, and long for shelter and rest. Both these classes of men are ornamental in their tastes—the first because the country is his passion, heightened by abstinence; and the latter because he remembers the secluded and sweet spots he has crossed in travel, and yearns for something that resembles them, of his own. To begin at the beginning, I will suppose such a man as either of these in search of land to purchase and build upon. His means are moderate.

Leaving the climate and productiveness of soil out of the question, the main things to find united are *shade, water*, and *inequality of surface*. With these three features given by nature, any spot may be made beautiful, and at very little cost; and, fortunately for purchasers in this country, most land is valued and sold with little or no reference to these or other capabilities for embellishment. Water, in a country so laced with rivers, is easily found. Yet there are hints worth giving, perhaps, obvious as they seem, even in the selection of water. A small and rapid river is preferable to a large river or lake. The Hudson, for instance, is too broad to bridge, and beautiful as the sites are upon its banks, the residents have but one egress and one drive—the country behind them. If they could cross to the other side, and radiate in every direction in their evening drives, the villas on that noble river would be trebled in value. One soon tires of riding up and down one bank of a river, and without a taste for boating, the beautiful expanse of water soon becomes an irksome barrier. Very much the same remark is true of the borders of lakes, with the additional objection, that there is no variety to the view. A small, bright stream, such as hundreds of nameless ones in these beautiful northern states, spanned by bridges, at every half mile, followed always by the roads which naturally seek the level, and winding into picturesque surprises, appearing and disappearing, continually, is, in itself, an ever-renewing poem, crowded with changeable pictures, and every day tempting you to follow or trace back its bright current. Small rivers, again, insure to a degree the other two requisites—shade and inequality of surface—the interval being proportionately narrow, and backed by slopes and alluvial soil, usually producing the various nut and maple trees, which, for their fruit and sap, have been spared by the inexorable axes of the first settlers. If there is any land in the country, the price of which is raised from the supposed desirableness of the site, it is upon the lakes and larger rivers, leaving the smaller rivers, fortunately, still within the scale of the people's means.

One more word as to the selection of a spot. The rivers in the United States, more than those of older countries, are variable in their quantity of water. The banks of many of the most picturesque, present, at the season of the year when we most wish it otherwise (in the sultry heats of August and September), bared rocks or beds of ooze, while the stream runs sluggishly and uninvitingly between. Those which are fed principally by springs, however, are less liable to the effects of drought than those which are the outlets of large bodies of water; and indeed, there is great difference in rivers in this respect, depending on the degree in which their courses are shaded, and other causes. It will be safest, consequently, to select a site in August, when the water is at the lowest, preferring, of course, a bold and high bank as a protection against freshets and flood-wood. The remotest chance of a war with water, damming against wash and flood, fills an old settler with economical alarm.

It was doubtless a "small chore" for the deluge to heave up a mound or slope a bank, but with one spade at a dollar a day, the moving of earth is a discouraging job, and in selecting a place to live it is well to be apprized what diggings may become necessary, and how your hay and water, wood, visiters, and lumber generally, are to come and go. A man's first fancy is commonly to build on a hill; but as he lives on, year after year, he would like his house lower and lower, till, if the fairies had done it for him at each succeeding wish, he would trouble them at last to dig his cellar at the bottom. It is hard mounting a hill daily, with tired horses, and it is dangerous driving down with full-bellied ones from the stable-door, and your friends deduct from the pleasure of seeing you, the inconvenience of ascending and descending. The view, for which you build high, you soon discover is not daily bread, but an occasional treat, more worth, as well as better liked for the walk to get it, and (you have selected your site, of course, with a southern exposure) a good stiff hill at your back, nine months in the year, saves several degrees of the thermometer, and sundry chimney-tops, barn-roofs, and other furniture peripatetic in a tempest. Then your hill-road washes with the rains, and needs continual mending, and the dweller on the hill needs one more horse and two more oxen than the dweller in the valley. One thing more. There rises a night-mist (never unwholesome from running water), which protects fruit-trees from frost to a certain level above the river, at certain critical seasons, and so end the reasons for building low.

I am supposing all along, dear reader, that you have had no experience of country-life, but that, sick of a number in a brick block, or (if a traveller) weary of "the perpetual flow of people," you want a patch of the globe's surface to yourself, and room enough to scream, let off champagne-corks, or throw stones, without disturbance to your neighbor. The intense yearning for this degree of liberty has led some seekers after the pastoral rather farther into the wilderness than was necessary; and while writing on the subject of a selection of rural sites, it is worth while, perhaps, to specify the desirable degree of neighborhood.

In your own person, probably, you do not combine blacksmith, carpenter, tinman, grocer, apothecary, wet-nurse, dry-nurse, washerwoman, and doctor. Shoes and clothes can wait your convenience for mending; but the little necessities supplied by the above list of vocations are rather imperative, and they can only be ministered to in any degree of comfortable perfection, by a village of at least a thousand inhabitants. Two or three miles is far enough to send your horse to be shod, and far enough to send for doctor or washerwoman, and half the distance would be better, if there were no prospect of the extension of the village limits. But the common diameter of idle boys' rambles is a mile out of the village, and to be just beyond that is very necessary, if you care for your plums and apples. The church-bell should be within hearing, and it is mellowed deliciously by a mile or two of hill and dale, and your wife will probably belong to a "sewing-circle," to which it is very much for her health to walk, especially if the horse is wanted for ploughing. This suggests to me another point which I had nearly overlooked.

The farmer pretends to no "gentility;" I may be permitted to say, therefore, that neighbors are a luxury, both expensive and inconvenient. The necessity you feel for society, of course, will modify very much the just-stated considerations on the subject of vicinage. He who has lived only in towns, or passed his life (as travellers do) only as a receiver of hospitality, is little aware of the difference between a country and

city call, or between receiving a visit and paying one. In town, "not at home," in any of its shapes, is a great preserver of personal liberty, and gives no offence. In the country you are "at home," *will-you, nill-you*. As a stranger paying a visit, you choose the time most convenient to yourself, and abridge the call at pleasure. In your own house, the visiter may find you at a very inconvenient hour, stay a very inconvenient time, and as you have no liberty to deny yourself at your country floor, it may (or may not, I say, according to your taste) be a considerable evil. This point should be well settled, however, before you determine your distance from a closely-settled neighborhood, for many a man would rather send his horse two miles farther to be shod than live within the convenience of "sociable neighbors." A resident in a city, by-the-way (and it is a point which should be kept in mind by the retiring metropolitan) has, properly speaking, no neighbors. He has friends, chosen or made by similarity of pursuit, congeniality of taste, or accident, which might have been left unimproved. His literal neighbors he knows by name—if they keep a brass plate, but they are contented to know as little of him, and the acquaintance ends, without offence, in the perusal of the name and number on the door. In the city you pick your friends. In the country you "take them in the lump."

True, country neighbors are almost always desirable acquaintances—simple in their habits, and pure in their morals and conversation. But this letter is addressed to men retiring from the world, who look forward to the undisturbed enjoyment of trees and fields, who expect life to be filled up with the enjoyment of dew at morn, shade at noon, and the glory of sunset and starlight, and who consider the complete repose of the articulating organs, and release from oppressive and unmeaning social observances, as the fruition of Paradise. To men who have experience or philosophy enough to have reduced life to this, I should recommend a distance of five miles from any village or any family with grown-up daughters. In my character of dollar, I may be forgiven for remarking, also, that this degree of seclusion doubles an income (by enabling a man to live on half of it), and so, freeing the mind from the care of pelf, removes the very gravest of the obstacles to happiness. I refer to no saving which infringes on comfort. The housekeeper who caters for her own family in an unvisited seclusion, and the housekeeper who provides for her family with an eye to the possible or probable interruption of acquaintances not friends, live at very different rates; and the latter adds one dish to the bounty of the table, perhaps, but two to its vanity. Still more in the comfort and expensiveness of dress. The natural and most blissful costume of man in summer, all told, is shirt, slippers, and pantaloons. The compulsory articles of coat, suspenders, waistcoat, and cravat (gloves would be ridiculous), are a tribute paid to the chance of visiters, as is also, probably, some dollars' difference in the quality of the hat.

I say nothing of the comfort of a bad hat (one you can sit upon, or water your horse from, or bide the storm in, without remorse), nor of the luxury of having half a dozen, which you do when they are cheap, and so saving the mental burthen of retaining the geography of an article so easily mislaid. A man is a slave to anything on his person he is afraid to spoil —a slave (if he is not rich, as we are not, dear reader!) to any costly habiliment whatever. The trees nod no less graciously (it is a pleasure to be able to say), because one's trousers are of a rational volume over the portion most tried by a sedentary man, nor because one's hat is of an equivocal shape—having served as a non-conductor between a wet log and its proprietor; but ladies do—especially country ladies; and even if they did not, there is enough of the leaven of youth, even in philosophers, to make them unwilling to appear to positive disadvantage, and unless you are quite at your ease as to even the ridiculous shabbiness of your outer man, there is no liberty—no economical liberty, I mean—in rural life. Do not mislead yourself, dear reader! I am perfectly aware that a Spanish sombrero, a pair of large French trousers plaited over the hips, a well made English shoe, and a handsome checked shirt, form as easy a costume for the country as philosopher could desire. But I write for men who must attain the same comfort in a shirt of a perfectly independent description, trousers, oftenest, that have seen service as tights, and show a fresher dye in the seams, a hat, price twenty-five cents (by the dozen), and shoes of a remediless capriciousness of outline.

I acknowledge that such a costume is a liberty with daylight, which should only be taken within one's own fence, and that it is a misfortune to be surprised in it by a stranger, even there. But I wish to impress upon those to whom this letter is addressed, the obligations of country neighborhood as to dress and table, and the expediency of securing the degree of liberty which may be desired, by a barrier of distance. Sociable country neighbors, as I said before, are a luxury, but they are certainly an expensive one. Judging by data within my reach, I should say that a man who could live for fifteen hundred dollars a year, within a mile of a sociable village, could have the same personal comforts at ten miles distance for half the money. He numbers, say fifteen families, in his acquaintance, and of course pays at the rate of fifty dollars a family for their gratification. Now it is a question whether you would not rather have the money in board fence or Berkshire hogs. You may like society, and yet not like it at such a high price. Or (but this would lead me to another subject) you may prefer society in a lump; and with a house full of friends in the months of June and July, live in contemplative and economical solitude the remainder of the year. And this latter plan I take the liberty to recommend more particularly, to students and authors.

Touching "grounds." The first impulses of taste are dangerous to follow, no less from their blindness to unforeseen combinations, than from their expensiveness. In placing your house as far from the public road as possible (and a considerable distance from dust and intrusion, seems at first a *sine qua non*) you entail upon yourself a very costly appendage in the shape of a private road, which of course must be nicely gravelled and nicely kept. A walk or drive, within your gate, which is not hard and free from weeds, is as objectionable as an untidy white dress upon a lady, and as she would be better clad in russet, your road were better covered with grass. I may as well say that a hundred yards of gravel-walk, properly "scored," weeded, and rolled, will cost five dollars a month—a man's labor reckoned at the present usage. Now no person for whom this letter is written can afford to keep more than one man servant for "chores." A hundred yards of gravel-walk, therefore, employing half his time, you can easily calculate the distribution of the remainder, upon the flower-garden, kitchen-garden, wood-shed, stable, and piggery. (The female "help" should *milk*, if I died for it!) My own opinion is, that fifty yards from the road is far enough, and twenty a more prudent distance, though, in the latter case, an impervious screen of shrubbery along your outer fence is indispensable.

The matter of gravel-walks embraces several points of rural comfort, and, to do without them, you must have no young ladies in your acquaintance, and, especially, no young gentlemen from the cities. It may not have occurred to you in your sidewalk life, that the dew falls in the country with tolerable regularity; and that, from sundown to ten in the forenoon,

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you are as much insulated in a cottage surrounded with high grass, as on a rock surrounded with forty fathom water—shod *a la mode*, I mean. People talk of being "pent up in a city" with perhaps twenty miles of flagged sidewalk extending from their door-stone! They are apt to draw a contrast, favorable to the liberty of cities, however, if they come thinly shod to the country, and must either wade in the grass or stumble through the ruts of a dusty road. If you wish to see bodies acted on by an "exhausted receiver" (giving out their "airs" of course), shut up your young city friends in a country cottage, by the compulsion of wet grass and muddy highways. Better gravel your whole farm, you say. But having reduced you to this point of horror, you are prepared to listen without contempt, while I suggest two humble *succedanea*.

First: On receiving intimation of a probable visit from a city friend, write by return of post for the size of her foot (or *his*). Provide immediately a pair of India-rubber shoes of the corresponding number, and on the morning after your friend's arrival, be ready with them at the first horrified withdrawal of the damp foot from the grass. Your shoes may cost you a dollar a pair, but if your visiters are not more than ten or twelve in the season, it is a saving of fifty per cent., at least in gravelling and weeding.

Or, Second: Enclose the two or three acres immediately about your house with a ring fence, and pasture within it a small flock of sheep. They are clean and picturesque (your dog should be taught to keep them from the doors and porticoes), and by feeding down the grass to a continual greensward, they give the dew a chance to dry off early and enlarge your cottage "liberties" to the extent of their browsings.

I may as well add, by the way, that a walk with the sod simply taken off, is, in this climate, dry enough, except for an hour or two after a heavy rain; and besides the original saving in gravel, it is kept clean with a quarter of the trouble. A weed imbedded in stones is a much more obstinate customer than a score of them sliced from the smooth ground. At any rate, out with them! A neglected walk indicates that worst of country diseases, a mind grown slovenly and slip-slop! Your house may go unpainted, and your dress (with one exception) submit to the course of events—but be scrupulous in the whiteness of your linen, tenacious of the neatness of your gravel-walks; and, while these points hold, you are at a redeemable remove from the lapse (fatally prone and easy), into barbarianism and misanthropy.

Before I enter upon the cultivation of grounds, let me lay before the reader my favorite idea of a cottage—not a *cottage ornée* but a *cottage insoucieuse*, if I may coin a phrase. In the valley of Sweet Waters, on the banks of the Barbyses, there stands a small pleasure palace of the sultan, which looks as if it was dropped into the green lap of nature, like a jewel-case on a birth-day, with neither preparation on the part of the bestower, nor disturbance on the part of the receiver. From the balcony's foot on every side extends an unbroken sod to the horizon. Gigantic trees shadow the grass here and there, and an enormous marble vase, carved in imitation of a sea-shell, turns the silver Barbyses in a curious cascade over its lip; but else, it is all Nature's lap, with its bauble resting in velvet—no gardens, no fences, no walls, no shrubberies—a beautiful valley with the sky resting on its rim, and nothing in it save one fairy palace. The simplicity of the thing enchanted me, and, in all my yearnings after rural seclusion, this vision of old travel has, more or less, colored my fancy. You see what I mean, with half an eye. Gardens are beautiful, shrubberies ornamental, summer-houses and alleys, and gravelled paths, all delightful—but they are, each and all, taxes—heavy taxes on mind, time, and "dollar." Perhaps you like them. Perhaps you want the occupation. But *some* men, of small means, like a contemplative idleness in the country. Some men's time never hangs heavily under a tree. Some men like to lock their doors (or to be at liberty to do so), and be gone for a month, without dread of gardens plundered, flowers trod down, shrubs browsed off by cattle. Some men like nothing out of doors but that which can take care of itself—the side of a house or a forest-tree, or an old horse in a pasture. These men, too, like that which is beautiful, and for such I draw this picture of the *cottage insoucieuse*. What more simply elegant than a pretty structure in the lap of a green dell! What more convenient! What so economical! Sheep (we may "return to muttons") are cheaper "help" than men, and if they do not keep your greensward so brightly mown, they crop it faithfully and turn the crop to better account. The only rule of perfect independence in the country is to make no "improvement" which requires more attention than the making. So—you are at liberty to take your wife to the springs. So—you can join a coterie at Niagara at a letter's warning. So—you can spend a winter in Italy without leaving half your income to servants who keep house at home. So—you can sleep without dread of hail-storms on your graperies or green-houses, without blunderbuss for depredators of fruit, without distress at slugs, cut-worms, drought, or breachy cattle. Nature is prodigal of flowers, grapes are cheaper bought than raised, fruit *idem*, butter *idem* (though you mayn't think so), and as for amusement—the man who can not find it between driving, fishing, shooting, strolling, and reading (to say nothing of less selfish pleasures), has no business in the country. He should go back to town.

We have a pleasant and welcome correspondent who signs himself "R. H. D.," and we have a treasured and admired friend known to the world as Richard H. Dana—and they are two different persons. We must beg our friend of the three disembodied initials to give way to the embodied three of the poet, though, as we well know, the three first letters of a man's name may be as momentous to him as the three legs to the "moving tripods" seen in the Indian temples by Apollonius. His miracle may be in them! We ourself have been un-phœnixed of late (we thought there was but one of our kind!) by the discovery that there was another N. P. Willis—(not a quill-pincher, we are pleased to understand).

"Florian" wishes us to "draw the portrait of a man fitted by nature to be an editor." A model editor would be very difficult to describe, but among other things, he should answer to the description given in the sporting books of the dunghill cock: "The best cocks should be close hitters, deadly heelers, steady fighters, good mouthers, and come to every point."

The poem sent us without a signature, "on a lady with a sweet breath," implies rather too close quarters for print. Poetry for these days must be at arms' length. The new epithet "*pimento* breath" ought not to be lost, however—quite the *spiciest* new word that has lately been rolled under our tongue. It never occurred to us before that there was one word to express cinnamon, nutmegs, and cloves. We wish we could manufacture more of these single triplicates. Does our nameless correspondent know, by the way, that bad breath in Prussia is good ground for divorce? We recommend him to write a parody on "Knowst thou the land," &c.

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The Boston papers are glorifying (as was to be expected) the new volume of poems by Russell Lowell. We wish for a sight of it, for we are his self-elected trumpeter, and haste to know the key for a new blast. By the way, we have taken the liberty (as the immortality he is bound for is a long race) to drop the encumbrance of *James* from his musical name, and hereafter we shall economize breath, type, and harmony, by calling him Russell Lowell.

An editor is not supposed (as the world and subscribers to newspapers know) to require or possess the luxury of sleep. *We* sleep with one eye open—we scorn to deny. We see all that is going on about us, daylight or dark, and Washington being the fountain of law, order, and information, we duly give the alarm —like the geese who saved the capitol. Our readers have, from week to week, read our lucubrations in this wise, and here are are some more of them. We send them forth as daguerreotypes of the present—sent as records of matters as they fly. We think they are worth preserving bodily—and we so preserve them.

The first day of '44 came in like a specimen number of a magazine, and the open doors of New York had at least one unexpected visiter in a veritable October sun. The day was mild enough to make overcoats uncomfortable in walking—the pavement was dry and summery—and all the male world seemed abroad. The household gods of Manhattan were probably unanimous in their happiness—as all the ladies were "at home," and all the ladies' lords were bound to be "out." This morning the weather is still softer—October, possibly, like other popular persons, not finding one day to suffice for its visits.

I have a headache on the top of my pen, and can not venture any further description of new-year's day than the above *facts*, though yesterday I thought I could make you a tip-top gossipy letter out of the day's hilarities. The hosts of the Astor wound up the excitement for their guests by a superb dinner at candlelight, with champagne and sweetmeats "*à discretion*," and altogether, I think *January one* must be marked with a white stone.

You have read, of course, and loved (much more, of course) Leigh Hunt's poem of *The Rimini*. Ticknor & Co., of Boston, have republished it in one of their beautiful boudoir editions, and along with it, in the same neat volume, the half dozen other poems, most famed, of Hunt's prolific pen. The story (of the lady who married one brother and loved the other) is told with a sort of entire *new*-ness of style and language, as if it were the *one* admirable work of a natural but unpractised poet, and it sticks to the memory after it is read like Moore's rose-scent to the vase. Leigh Hunt is a born poet, but one of the most unhappy citizens of the world that the world holds. With all the mental capabilities (the wit, the delicacy, the imagination, and the desire) to be the carpet-poet of aristocracy that Moore is, he has a most wo-begone person, and a most marvellous lack of tact and reliability. He never can *stay acquainted* with the only people who, by refinement and talent, are alone capable of making friendship comfortable to him; and he has quarrelled with most other of his great contemporaries, as he did with Byron. And, by the way, he is dead—*by epigram!* Moore's felicitously-witty verses on Hunt's Life of Byron killed him quite out of contemporary respect. The ludicrous image of the puppy-dog desecrating the body of the dead lion follows him into every drawing-room and walks behind him in every street. He will never recover from that epigram. Indeed, he has never been like himself since it was written. It is the most signal extinction of a great genius by ridicule that I know of on record—more enduring, from the fact that the English, among their other conservative peculiarities, have none of our marvellous alacrity at public forgetting. Had Leigh Hunt been born with a little thicker skin, somewhat a cooler head, and the inestimable power of catching the snowballs of ridicule in his bosom, and keeping them there till they could be thrown back *hardened into ice*, he might have been something between Fonblanque and Moore, Thiers and Janin, and equal at least to either of these powerful "*penditti*." As it is, he is uncomfortably poor, and more uncomfortably *un*-complacent. With two lines, very Leigh-Hunt-ish, I cut my paragraph short. He is describing Apollo's revery while resolving upon the Feast of the Poets:—

> "'I think,' said the god, recollecting (and then
> He fell *twiddling a sunbeam* as I would a pen)."

A very superb book of drawings is being subscribed for in New York—"Forty Atmospheric Views of American Scenery," from water-color drawings by George Harvey. The engravings ere to be in *aquatint*, and to be beautifuly and artistically colored, so as closely to resemble the original designs. The views consist of different atmospheric effects at different times of day, beginning at daybreak and ending at midnight—each view a complete landscape, and the subjects emblematic of the progress of civilization, from the log-cabin to the highest achievement in architecture. Mr. Harvey is one of the leading artists of the new water-color school, and this will probably be the most superb work of its kind ever published. A letter from Washington Allston to Mr. Harvey says:—

"I am unwilling that you should leave Boston without knowing how much I have been gratified by your beautiful drawings of American scenery. To me it appears that you have not only been successful in giving the character of our scenery, but remarkably happy in clothing it with an American atmosphere, which you have expressed with great truth and variety."

By the thermometer, the winter has commenced this day, the 5th of January. People pass under my window with their backs shrugged up to their bump of philoprogenitiveness, and even the coats of the hard-working omnibus horses "*stare*"—as the jockeys say. I wish the physiologists would explain why horses' coats do not lie closer when it is cold, and why men, with the same sensation, raise their arms instinctively from their sides. Cats and dogs seem to economize their bodily heat better—lying down when cold in such an attitude as to expose as little surface to the air as possible.

Our thoughts are entirely occupied this morning with two poets. It must be a pleasant book that we take for company the first hour after waking, and to-day, with his new volume of poems open on our dressing-table, we dressed and read Lowell. Thence he went with us to a *tête-à-tête* breakfast (for we chanced, else, to be breakfasting alone), and we were reading him with a cup of coffee in one hand and his book in the other, when the letters came in from the post—and one letter was from a poet new-plumaged, of whom we had never heard, and who had probably never heard of himself (as a poet), but still indubita-

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bly a poet—albeit "an apprentice-boy in a printing office" in a small village in Pennsylvania. We read his timid letter and two sweet pieces of poetry enclosed within it, marked the poetry "good" for the Mirror, and then reverted to our breakfast and book. But, so early in the morning, a little reading is enough for a brainful of thought, and from pondering on Lowell's "Shepherd King of Admetus," we fell to thinking over the probable position and destiny of these two poets.

Lowell is the best-launched poet of his time, and the defect of his poetry is an advantage to his *go-along*-ery. He is stern and strong enough to "take the wall" of Envy and Misfortune, but not yielding and soft enough to bend to the unconscious and impulsive abandonments of love. Love with him is sound sense, not beautiful madness. He is too bold and abstract for the

> "levia affectuum vestigia
> Gracilesque sensus lineas;"

and, if he knows, he has a contempt for, the

> "quibus
> Vehantur alis blanduli Cupidines."

The way Lowell handles the word *love* makes one start like seeing Rolla pick up Cora's baby with one hand. The fact is, he is a strong-minded, tough-sinewed, defying poet, fit to be a martyr to opinion or a partisan soldier, and if his love be not an excellent lamp not yet lighted (which is possible), he has never experienced its first timidity, nor is he likely to know its ultimate phrensy and prodigality. He has drawn his own portrait, however, in a "Sonnet written on his Twenty-fourth Birthday," and let us read his character from it:—

> "Now have I quite passed by that cloudy If
> That darkened the wild hope of boyish days,
> When first I launched my slender-sided skiff
> Upon the wide sea's dim, unsounded ways;
> *Now doth Love's sun my soul with splendor fill,*
> *And hope hath struggled upward unto Power;*
> *Soft Wish is hardened into sinewy Will,*
> *And longing unto certainty doth tower;*
> *The love of beauty knoweth no despair:*
> My heart would break if——"

What should you think would naturally follow this "if," dear reader? He is twenty-four—in the full tide of blood and youth, and "Love's sun has filled his soul with splendor." In building up a climax of his feelings at this impetuous and passionate age, what should you fancy would rush up to crown it like flame to a volcano? What would his "heart break" for at passionate twenty-four?

> "if] I should dare to doubt
> That from the wrong, which makes its dragon's lair
> Here on the Earth, fair Truth shall wander out
> Teaching mankind that Freedom 's held in fee
> Only by those who labor to set free."

In another poem *on* "Love," he describes "true love" as

> "A love that doth not kneel for what it seeks,
> But faces Truth and Beauty as their peer,
> Showing its worthiness of noble thoughts
> By clear sense of inward nobleness:
> A love that in its object findeth not
> All grace and beauty, and enough to sate
> Its thirst of blessing, but, in all of good
> Found there, it sees but heaven-granted types
> Of good and beauty in the soul of man,
> And traces in the simplest heart that beats
> A family-likeness to its chosen one
> That claims of it the rights of brotherhood."

This is a cold description of "true love," and it is not half so warm as the "love" which Lowell exhibits in his preface, for his friend William Page. Compare the above description, in poetry, of true love for a woman, with the following confession, in prose, of love for a man:—

"My dear friend: The love between us, which can now look back upon happy years of still enlarging confidence, and forward with a sure trust in its own prophecy of yet deeper-and tenderer sympathies, as long as life shall remain to us, stands in no need. I am well aware, of so poor a voucher as an Epistle Dedicatory. True, it is one of love's chiefest charms that it must still take special pains to be superfluous in seeking out ways to declare itself—but for these it demands no publicity and wishes no acknowledgment. But the admiration which one soul feels for another loses half its worth, if it slip any opportunity of making itself heard and felt," etc.

Lowell is one kind of poet, and it is the worst manner of criticism to tell what a poet *is not*, except more clearly to define what he *is*. Though his sexual heart never swims in his inkstand, he is warm enough in his enthusiasm for all generous sentiments, and both daring and delicate enough in his powers of imagination. Truth, good sense, and fancy, were seldem more evenly braided together than in his poem of "The Heritage," and Rosaline (though it never could have been conceived by a man who had passionately loved) is the very finest cobweb of fancy. Nobody could help loving the truth, honesty, fearlessness, and energy, stamped on all his poetry, and, as we said before, he has the "*vim*" to carve out for himself any destiny he pleases. He has determined to live by literature, but we do not believe he will long remain a poet only. He will wish to take the world by the beard in some closer clutch than poetry gives room for, and his good judgment as to the weight of heavy English words, will try itself before long on more serious matter than sonnets. At least, that is what we think while admiring him over our breakfast.

As to the other poet, Bayard Taylor, we had a great deal to say to him—sympathy, encouragement, promise of watchfulness over his fame, etc., etc. But he will need no special kindness yet awhile. Love is plenty for new-found poets. Many people love little chickens who are insensible to the merits of cocks and hens, and we reserve our friendship till he is matured and envied. Meantime, if he wants our opinion that he is a poet, and can be, with toil and study—immortal—he has it. His poetry is already worthy of long preserving—apprentice-boy though he be.

I had quite a summery trip to Philadelphia on the second day of the new year, sitting at the open window of the railcar and snuffing the fragrance of the soft, sun-warmed fields with as good comfort as I ever found in April. But for the rudeness and incivility of all the underlings employed upon the line (and I am too old a traveller, and was in too sunny a humor, to find fault unnecessarily), I should have given the clerk of happiness credit for five hours "bankable" satisfaction. It tells ill for the manners of the "Directors of the Philadelphia and New York Railroad Line," that their servants are habitually insolent and profane—servants being usually what their masters look on without reproof.

Philadelphia makes an impression of great order, comfort, and elegance, upon a stranger, and there is no city in the country where I like better to "loiter by the way." Not feeling very "gregarious" the day I was there, and having heard much mention of Sanderson's *restaurant*—(moreover, having found a new book at Lea & Blanchard's, a look into which promised excellent dinner-company)—I left my hotel and dined *à la Française*—I and my new book. I never had a more capital dinner in France than this impromptu one at Sanderson's, and I wish the book had

been American as well as the dinner—for the glory it is to the country that produced it. It was to me much more enchanting and captivating than a novel, yet the subject was, "The Education of Mothers, or the Civilization of Mankind"—a subject you would naturally expect to find treated with somewhat trite morality. This work, however (which gained the prize offered by the French Academy), is written with complete novelty and freshness, and—to define it in a way that every thinking man will comprehend—it is a most delightfully *suggestive* book—full of thoughts and sentences that make you stop and close the volume till you have fed awhile on what they convey to you. If this book were properly presented to the appreciation of the public, it would circulate widely on the two levels of amusement and instruction, and be as delightful in one field as it would be eminently useful in the other. I commend it to every one who is in want of enjoyable reading. The motto, by-the-way, is that true sentiment from Rousseau: "*Les hommes seront toujours ce qu'il plaira aux femmes. Si vous voulez qu'ils deviennent grands et vertueux, apprenez aux femmes ce que c'est que grandeur et vertu.*"

The New Mirror has published No. 3 of what a morning paper calls "aristocratic shilling literature," an extra containing "The *Lady Jane*, and other Humorous Poems," by N. P. Willis. The Lady Jane is a daguerreotype sketch of the London literary society in which Moore, Bulwer, D'Israeli, Proctor, and others of that class habitually live, and it is, at least, done with the utmost *labor limæ* of the author. Byron, in a manner, monopolized the Don Juan stanza (in which this poem is written), and no one could now attempt the stanza, however different the story and style of thought, without being criticised inevitably as an imitator. Still, it is the only stanza susceptible, to any high degree, of mingled pathos and humor, philosophy and fun, and it is likely to be used for such purposes until the monopoly is lost sight of—a hundred years hence. There is a great deal in "The Lady Jane" which is truer and newer than most sketches of society published in books of travel—a great deal that could only be told in such a poem, or in the rattle of familiar gossip.

I met just now, in the corridor of the Astor, Captain Chadwick, of the London packet-ship Wellington, just arrived in twenty-two days from England. At this season of the year, and *up-hill* (as the sailors call it, westerly winds always predominating on the Atlantic), this is a remarkable passage, and could only have been made by a fine ship, well sailed. I have made two remarkably short passages across the water with Captain Chadwick, and a more agreeable companion, or a better "skipper," I believe, never tightened a halliard. He is one of those happy men famous for "good luck," which commonly means, "taking good care." This is the ship on board of which the duke of Wellington made a speech (at a breakfast given to him by the captain) very complimentary to America and Americans.

There is a considerable outbreak lately in the way of equipages in New York. Several four-horse vehicles have made their appearance, driven by the young men who own them. I have noticed also a new curricle in beautiful taste (driven with a steel bar over the horses' backs), and a tilbury with two servants in livery, one on the seat with his master, and another on horseback, following as an outrider. We are to have a masked ball this evening, and a steeple-chase is to come off on the twentieth (Viscount Bertrand one of the riders, and each competitor entering a thousand-dollar stake for the winner). I shall be at the ball, not at the steeple-chase—for a horse must have iron legs to run over frozen ploughed fields, and a man must have less use for his life than I, who would risk a fall upon a surface like broken stones. The viscount has won several steeple-chases in England, and has had some rough riding after the Arabs in Algiers—so I would bet on him, unless there happened to be a fox-hunting Irishman among the competitors. There are six riders, I understand, and one of them will win six thousand dollars, of course, and probably six horses will be ruined, and one or two necks broken. Fortunately, there is a superfluity of horses and young men.

The story goes that "there is a skeleton in every man's closet," and there is, of course (in a country as independent as ours is of *les prestiges*), a phantom following every man who is conspicuous, and pointing at his drawback. The drawback to any elaborate novelty of luxury is at once read legibly in Broadway. Seeing a new and very costly equipage in England, you merely know that the owner had money enough to buy it. The contrivance of it, the fitting of the harness, the matching and breaking in of the horses, are matters attended to by those who make these details their profession. The turn-out is brought perfect to the owner's door, and he pays, simply, *money* for it. In this country, on the contrary, the purchaser and driver of such a vehicle pays for it *money, contrivance, constant thought, and almost his entire attention.* The classes are yet wanting who *purvey* for luxuries out of the ordinary course. There is no head-groom whose business it is to save his master from all thought and trouble as to his turn-out. The *New York* "Glaucus" must go every day for a month to the coachmaker's, to superintend the finishing of his new "drag." He must hurry his breakfast to go to the stable to look after his irresponsible grooms. He spends hours at the harness-maker's. He racks his thought to contrive compact working-room for his wheelers, and get the right pull on his leaders. He becomes learned in harness-blacking and wheel-grease, horse-shoes and horse-physic, and, in short, entirely occupies what philosophers are pleased to call "an immortal mind" in the one matter of a vehicle to *drive.* (He could be *conveyed*, of course, the same distance each day in an omnibus for sixpence—but he *does not* believe the old satire of "*aliquis in omnibus, nihil in singulis.*" Quite the contrary!) A man who is not content, in this country, to be provided for *with the masses*, and *like the masses*, becomes his own provider—like a man who, to have a coat different from other people, should make it himself, and, of course, be little except an amateur tailor. We shall have these supplementary links of society in time. There *will be*, doubtless, the class of *thought-savers*. But, until then, the same amount of thought that would serve a constituency in Congress, will be employed in keeping a "slap-up turn-out," and rich young men will at least have the credit of choosing between stable knowledge and legislative ambition.

I *had* thought that the revenue which foreign theatres derive from selling to young men, at large prices, keys for the season to the behind-scenes, and the society of the goddesses of the ballet while off the stage, was not yet discovered in this country. The following paragraph, from the True Sun, would seem to show that the *coulisses* are visited for their society, at least, and might be made "to pay:"—

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"Among the cases which are set down for trial next term, is one which will lift the curtain which conceals the affairs of a certain cheap theatre in this city, and give the public a bird's-eye view of what has been recently going on behind the scenes. The developments, if not prevented by an amicable arrangement, will be rich and rare—showing the procedure by which a luminary of the law has run out of his orbit, displacing, in his new and erratic course, a *luminary of literature!*"

The fine writing of this paragraph, by-the-way, is rather *piquant.*

The belle of the Olympic, pretty Miss Taylor, could scarce have a better advertisement for attraction than a paragraph which announces that she "has been robbed of six hundred dollars worth of jewelry," and that "MANY *heavy articles of plate, rich dresses, &c., were* LEFT UNDISTURBED!" I am inclined to think that this is a covert puff from Mitchell's genius—for he *is* a genius, and quite capable of knowing that everybody will go to have a look at an actress who had "six hundred dollars' worth of jewelry and many heavy articles of plate left undisturbed!" People, like pictures, are made to "stand out" by a well-contrived background! Ah, you bright fellow, Mitchell!

The event ahead which has the most rose-colored promise, just now, is the ANNUAL BALL of the CITY GUARD—to be given at Niblo's on the twenty-fourth. Niblo's finely-proportioned hall has been, for some time, undergoing a transformation into a model of the ancient Alhambra for the purpose, and Smith, the excellent scene-painter of the Park, and a troop of decorators and upholsterers under his direction, are doing all that taste and money can do to conjure up a scene of enchantment "for one night only." The supper is to make the gods hungry and envious on Olympus—so sumptuous, they say, are the preparations. The City Guard, as you may know, is what the English army-men call the "crack corps" of New York. The probability is, that its members represent more spirit, style, and character, than belong to any other combination of young men in the state. They have a great deal of fashion, as well as *esprit du corps*, and, what with their superb uniform, uppish carriage, superior discipline, and high-spirited union of purpose, they constitute a power of no little weight and consideration. Their ball will probably be the most showy festivity of the season.

The masked ball which comes off to-night is, I am told, got up by a party of literary ladies, *to promote ease in conversation!* I can hardly fancy anything more easy than the "freedoms of the press," and, I am told, most of the gentlemen of the press are invited, myself among the number. A man is a block, of course, who is not open to improvement.

* * * * * * *

I went to the masked ball without any very clear idea of who were its purposers, or what were its purposes. I found to my surprise that it was the celebration of the opening of the LADIES' CLUB in the upper part of Broadway. A fine house has been taken and furnished, and the reading-room goes immediately into operation, I understand. Like the frolic they gave (in some country of which I have read and desire to know more) to the nuns before taking the irrevocable veil, the carpets were taken up and music and men introduced to make the gynocrastic seclusion hereafter more marked and positive. Being "an early man," I stayed but an hour, listening to the band and looking on; but I saw beauty there which might make one almost envy the newspapers that are to be perused by a "club" of such, and a general *air enjoué* more lovely than literary. The masks were few, and the fun of them was quite destroyed by the fact that every one seemed to know who they were. Indeed, the pleasure of reputable masking lies in the momentary breaking down of barriers that in this country do not exist—in giving low degree and high degree a chance to converse freely, that is to say—and till we have unapproachable lords and princes, and ladies weary of the thin upper air of exclusiveness, masquerading will be dull work to us. At present the mask *makes* rather than *removes* an obstacle to intercourse. Anybody who is there in a mask, would be just as glad to see you *tête-à-tête* by daylight, the next morning in her parlor, as to chat with you through pasteboard and black crape. Most of the ladies at this literary ball were in fancy dresses, however, and doubtless with their pastoral attractions displayed to the best advantage; and this part of it was commendable. If women knew what was attractive, I think they would make every ball a "*fancy ball.*" "Medora" jackets and "Sultana" trousers are *choses entrainantes.*

I think you would agree with me, after reading it, that BRANTZ MAYER'S work on Mexico, recently published, is as agreeably spiced with wit, humor, and other pleasant metal *pimento*, as any book of travels written within new-book memory. I have run through it within a day or two with some suspense, as well as great amusement—for so racy and sketchy a power of description should be in the corps of *professed*, not *amateur* authors. His descriptions of the outer features of Mexican life, of Mexican character, Mexican women, beggars, priests, and gamblers, are admirably spirited and entertaining. There is also a good deal of statistical matter industriously and carefully got together, and the publisher has done justice to it all in the printing and getting up. There will be elaborate reviews of it elsewhere; but meantime I express my pleasurable surprise and admiration in a paragraph—commending it for the purchase of readers.

The fourth extra of the New Mirror has appeared, embodying Morris's popular songs and melodies, which have heretofore only been published with music, or in a very expensive embellished edition of his works. The hundred thousand lovers of *married poetry* (music the wife, or husband, I don't know which) will be glad to get these "winged words" in a lump for a shilling. Morris's popularity will send this extra to every corner of the land.

The betting upon the riders in the proposed hurdle-race (not *steeple-chase*, as I mentioned before) goes on vigorously. I rather doubt, however, whether it will ultimately come off. There was a steeple-chase got up on Long Island, last year, in which an Irishman and an Englishman, whose fames had followed them, as great hunters, were the competitors, and after getting over two fences by pushing them down with their horses' breasts, they got imprisoned in a clover-lot, from which they were extricated with great difficulty by the owner's letting down the bars and leading the horses over! There is a compact, jockey-built American among the competitors, who has great skill as a horseman, and should there be snow on the ground, his light weight and superior practice will

win the race for him without a doubt. The Viscount Bertrand, though doubtless the boldest of riders, is over six feet high, and a heavy man.

THE STATISTICS OF PUFFING.—We have been induced lately to look a little into the *meum* and *tuum* of puffing—partly from having been untruly (qu. *prematurely?*) accused of "receiving consideration for the same," but more to see whether the consideration were worth the having, *in case* conscience ("John Tetzel, vender of indulgences," being dead) could be brought to countenance it. We pique ourselves on looking things in the face, and having and allowing as few concealments as possible—so, first, for a clean breast on the subject—say up to January 1, 1844.

We are not particular, as "Mrs. Grundy" knows, as to the subject we write upon, nor the harness in which we are put to work, nor the style, rhythm, or rhyme, we are called upon to write in. We go altogether for metallic magnetism. It is our duty (on our way to Heaven) to try for a "plum"—in other words, to be "diligent in business." We write what in our judgment is best calculated to sell. But, in the course of this policy, it falls in our way to speak of things to eat, and things to wear—very capable topics, both, as to piquancy and interest. We have had occasion to describe glowingly FLORENCE'S crustaceous cave, and the ice-cream ALHAMBRA, and to pronounce CARPENTER the *ne plus ultra* of coat-builders, and JENNINGS'S the emporium of "bang-up" toggery, and for these and similar serviceable "first-rate notices," we have, *in no shape*,* received "consid-e-ra-tion." The gentlemen who have said so ("the hawks" who would "pick out hawks' een") will please make an early meal of their little fictions.

As to literary puffs, we would as soon sell our tears for lemon-drops, as to defile one of God's truthful adjectives with a price for the using it. We never asked for a literary puff in our life, nor made interest for it in any shape, nor would we sell one for the great emerald Sakhral. But if we love a man (as we do many, thank God, whom we are called upon to criticise), we pick out the gold that is inlaid in his book, and leave to his enemies to find the brass and tinsel. And if that's not fair, we don't very much care—for we scorn to be impartial.

But let us hop off this high horse, and come down to the *trade* part of it once more.

In England, *all influences that aid business* are priced and paid. The puffs of new books in the newspapers are *invariably* sent, ready-written, by the publishers, and paid for at a much higher price than avowed advertisements. The continued effect of this abuse of the public ear is based upon the phlegmatic dulness of perception in the English public, and their consequent chronic humbuggability. It could never "answer" in *our country* after being once fairly exposed. It is, to a certain degree, practised, however—as is pay for concert-puffing, music-puffing, theatrical-puffing, etc.

Having confessed that we are willing to admit an entering wedge of iniquity in this line—in other words, that we are willing to know whether it be honest to serve a man and contemplate his thanks in lucre—let us "run the line," as the surveyors say, and see how our new territory of tribute may be virtuously bounded.

Authors have "the freedom" of us, of course. They are welcome to all we can do for them—if they publish on their own account. Actors, singers, and painters, are "chartered libertines" for whom we have a weakness; and, besides, we can not feed on the wages of pleasure-makers. All other pursuits, trades, professions, we are half inclined to admit, will be at liberty to make us such acknowledgments as they choose for any furtherance to their merchandise (in bales or brains) which may come legitimately in our way. We shall, in any case, preserve the value of our commendation by keeping it honest, and we shall never commend any farther than is entertaining and readable—but there is a choice between subjects to write about, and a preference as to giving attention to things about town, and it is for this choice and preference that we *may* make up our mind to be susceptible of corruption. We write this in the cool of the morning. We don't know what we shall think in the more impulsive hours. Meantime—send it to the printer, and see what the governor says of it in the proof-sheet.

A few gentlemen (Mr. Philip Hone apparently the mover of the project) have combined to raise a subscription for the purchase of Clevenger's *statue of a North American Indian*. The circular addresses the business-men of the city, and the statue, if purchased, will be presented to the Mercantile Library Association. Three thousand dollars is the sum fixed upon, five hundred of which are to be appropriated to the immediate relief of Mrs. Clevenger and her children. It would strike, perhaps, even some of the subscribers to this fund with surprise to tell them that the statue they are to purchase is possibly still lying unquarried in the mountains of Carrara. Clevenger is dead, but his genius stands pointing its finger to a rude block of marble, in which lies, unseen, a complete and immortal statue, waiting only for the chisel of mechanical workmen to remove the rough stone that encumbers it. That finger is seen and obeyed three thousand miles away (by the committee with Mr. Philip Hone at its head), and the reluctant money will be forthcoming and on its way to Italy in a month, and the statue will be found and finished, imported, and exhibited at Clinton Hall! (Plain matter-of-fact, all this, and yet it sounds very like poetry!) I was told by Thorwalsden, when at Rome, that there were several of his statues he had never seen. They were finished, as far as he was concerned, when they were moulded in clay. They were then cast in plaster by the mechanics who make a trade of it, and the plaster models were sent to Carrara, where there is a large village of copyists in marble living near the marble quarries. From Carrara the statues were sent, when finished, to Copenhagen, their ultimate destination, and Thorwalsden, on his subsequent visit to his native country, saw them for the first time. The cost of *delivering* Clevenger's statue from the womb of the mountain impregnated by his genius will be about one thousand dollars—a round fee for the *accouchement* of the stony mother of "a North American Indian!"

Burns's Letters to Clarinda have disappointed many people, who expected, naturally, to find a poet's love-letters better written than another man's. I think the contrary would naturally be true. Fine writing is an arm's-length dexterity, and the heart works only at close quarters. I should suspect the sincerity of a poet's love-letter if it were not far *within* his habitual tact and grace. Besides, in strong emotion, the heart flies from the much-used channels of language, and tries for something newer to its own ear, and, while an ordinary man would find this novelty in poetical language, a poet would seek to roughen, and simplify,

* One exception—a *hat!* We had been somewhat emphatic in avowing Orlando Fish the nonpareil of hat-shapers, and (knowing the measure of our *head*—critical man!) he *did* send us a charming hat without the disenchantment of a bill. *Peccavimus!*

and break up the habitual art and melody of his periods. By-the-way, the name of Burns reminds me of a little anecdote I heard told with some humor by Campbell, at a dinner-party in London. Count D'Orsay and Barry Cornwall were present, and they were drawing out the veteran bard as to his recollections of the great men who were setting stars when he was rising. "I was dining one day with Burns," said Campbell, "who, like Dr. Johnson and other celebrities, had his Bozzy worshipper, a friend who was always in his company. I have forgotten his name. Burns left the room for a moment, and passing the bottle to his friend, I proposed to drink the health of *Mr.* Burns. He gave me a look of annihilation. 'Sir,' said he, '*you* will always be known as *Mr.* Campbell, but posterity will talk of Burns!'" Such an anecdote makes one look around in alarm, to see if there are not some unrecognised *mononoms* in *our* time, whom we are profaning, unaware, with our *Mister-y*.

It rains in Broadway—as it has often done before, it is true; but it seems to me a particularly wet rain, for there is an old black beggar standing in front of St. Paul's, holding out his hat for what must be, at any rate, a diluted charity. At a fair calculation (and I have watched him while writing, for the last two hours), every tenth passenger put something into his hat. His gray wool must hold more water than his leaky hat, and, at least, it acts like a sponge—on the passers-by. Begging, as yet, is a good trade in America, and I think that New York, particularly, is a place where money has little adhesiveness—easily made and readily given away.

I have noticed in history and real life that reformers, great enthusiasts, and great philosophers, produce effects quite commensurate with their ambitions, but seldom by success in the exact line they had marked out. Providence does not allow "steam" to be wasted. In the search after the "elixir of life," and the "philosopher's stone," for example, the alchymists have stumbled over some of the most important discoveries of chymistry. This is rather an essayish beginning to a hasty-pudding letter, but I have been looking over Brisbane's book on Fourierism, while eating my breakfast, and it struck me how poorly the direct objects of "socialism" succeeded, while *combination*, to produce great and small results, seems to me to be the most prominent novelty in the features of the time. Mercantile houses are establishing partners in all the principal capitals—new publications are circulated almost wholly by a lately-arranged system of combined agencies—information, formerly got by individual reading, is now fed out to large societies; and the rumor just now is, of a grand experiment of combining all the qualities of half a dozen newspapers in one—establishing something like the London Times, for instance, in which the subscriber would be sure to find "*everything* that is going."

I went on Wednesday evening to the temperance tea-party, at Washington Hall, given in honor of the birthday of Franklin. Here was *combination* again—tea-party, prayer-meeting, lecture, concert, promenade, and *tableau vivant* (a printing-press worked in the room), all given in one entertainment. There were seven or eight long tables, with alleys between, and from a thousand to twelve hundred ladies and gentlemen seated "at tea," and listening to the singing, praying, instrumental music, and speech-making, with a great appearance of comfort. I did not stay for the "promenade all round," but I am told that it was very agreeable, and that the party did not separate till *two in the morning!* The temperance combination has been a great lesson as to the power of numbers united for one end; though I fear the action of it has been somewhat like the momentary sweeping dry of a river's channel by a whirlwind, so strikingly seems intemperance, of late, to have resumed its prevalence in the streets.

I find that, by my hasty observations on New York society in a late letter, I have given voice to a feeling that has been for some time *in petto publico*, and I have heard since a great deal of discussion of the quality of New York gayety. It seems to be the opinion of good observers, that the best elements of society are not organized. The intellect and refinement of the population (of which there is quite enough for a fair proportion) lies "around in spots," it is thought, waiting only for some female Napoleon to concentrate and combine them. Exclusively literary parties would be as unattractive as exclusively dancing or juvenile parties, and indeed variety is the spice of agreeable social intercourse. In London, beauty is, with great pains, dug out from the mine of unfashionable regions, and made to shine in an aristocratic setting; and talent of all kinds, colloquial, literary, artistical, theatrical, is sought out, and mingled with rank, wealth, and elegance, in the most perfect society of Europe. Any sudden attempt to discredit fashionable parties, and run an opposition with a "blue" line, would be covered with ridicule. But I think enough has been said, in a community as mercurial and sympathetic of news as is the population of New York, to induce the Amphytrions of gayety to look a little into their social mixtures, and supply the sweets or acids that are wanting. At the most fashionable party lately given, Madame Castellan was the guest of honor, and not called upon to sing—and this is somewhat more Londonish than usual. It is one of the newnesses of our country that we have no *grades* in our admiration, and can only see the merits of *extreme lions*. Second, third, and fourth-rate celebrities, for whom in Europe there is attention justly measured, pass wholly unnoticed through our cities. It must be a full-blooded nobleman, or the *first* singer or danseuse of the world, or the *most* popular author, or the *very first* actor, or the miraculous musician, if there is to be any degree whatever of appreciation or enthusiasm. This *lack of a scale of tribute to merit* is one reason why we so ridiculously overdo our welcomes to great comets, as in the case of Dickens—leaving very respectable stars, like Emerson, Longfellow, Cooper, Sully, and all our own and some foreign men of genius, to pass through the city, or remain here for weeks, unsought by party-givers, and unwelcomed except by their personal friends. To point this out, fortunately, is almost to correct it, so ready are we to learn; but I think, by the shadow cast before, that the avatar of some goddess of fashion may be soon looked for, who will shut her doors upon stupidity and inelegance, rich or poor, and create a gayety that will be enjoyable, not barely endurable.

I am very sorry to see by the English papers that Dickens has been "within the rules of the Queen's bench"—realizing the prophecy of pecuniary ruin which has, for some time, been whispered about for him. His splendid genius did not need the melancholy proof of improvidence, and he has had wealth so completely within his grasp that there seems a particular and unhappy needlessness in his ruin. The most of his misfortune is, he has lived so closely at the edge of his flood-tide of prosperity, that the ebb leaves him at high-water mark, and not in the con-

tented ooze of supplied necessity where it first took him up. And by-the-way, it was in that same low-water period of his life—just before he became celebrated—that I first saw Dickens; and I will record this phase of his *chrysalis* ("the tomb of the caterpillar and the cradle of the butterfly," as Linnæus calls it), upon the *chance* of its being as interesting to future ages as such a picture would now be of the *ante-butterflivity* of Shakspere. I was following a favorite amusement of mine one rainy day, in the Strand, London—strolling toward the more crowded thoroughfares with cloak and umbrella, and looking at people and shop-windows. I heard my name called from a passenger in a street-cab. From out the smoke of the wet straw peered the head of my publisher, Mr. Macrone (a most liberal and noble-hearted fellow, since dead). After a little catechism as to my damp destiny for that morning, he informed me that he was going to visit Newgate, and asked me to join him. I willingly agreed, never having seen this famous prison, and after I was seated in the cab, he said he was going to pick up, on the way, a young paragraphist for the Morning Chronicle, who wished to write a description of it. In the most crowded part of Holborn, within a door or two of the "Bull and Mouth" inn (the great starting and stopping-place of the stage-coaches), we pulled up at the entrance of a large building used for lawyers' chambers. Not to leave me sitting in the rain, Macrone asked me to dismount with him. I followed by long flights of stairs to an upper story, and was ushered into an uncarpeted and bleak-looking room, with a deal table and two or three chairs and a few books, a small boy and Mr. Dickens—for the contents. I was only struck at first with one thing (and I made a memorandum of it that evening, as the strongest instance I had seen of English obsequiousness to employers)—the degree to which the poor author was overpowered with the honor of his publisher's visit! I remember saying to myself, as I sat down on a rickety chair, "My good fellow, if you were in America, with that fine face and your ready quill, you would have no need to be condescended to by a publisher!" Dickens was dressed very much as he has since described "Dick Swiveller"—*minus* the "swell" look. His hair was cropped close to his head, his clothes scant, though jauntily cut, and after changing a ragged office-coat for a shabby blue, he stood by the door, collarless and buttoned up, the very personification, I thought, of a close sailer to the wind. We went down and crowded into the cab (one passenger more than the law allowed, and Dickens partly in my lap and partly in Macrone's) and drove on to Newgate. In his works, if you remember, there is a description of the prison, drawn from this day's observation. We were there an hour or two, and were shown some of the celebrated murderers confined for life, and one young soldier waiting for execution; and in one of the passages we chanced to meet Mrs. Fry, on her usual errand of benevolence. Though interested in Dickens's face, I forgot him naturally enough after we entered the prison, and I do not think I heard him speak during the two hours. I parted from him at the door of the prison, and continued my stroll into the city.

Not long after this, Macrone sent me the "sheets of Sketches by Boz," with a note saying that they were by the gentleman who went with us to Newgate. I read the book with amazement at the genius displayed in it, and in my note of reply assured Macrone that I thought his fortune was made as a publisher if he could monopolize the author.

Two or three years afterward, I was in London, and present at the complimentary dinner given to Macready. Samuel Lover, who sat next me, pointed out Dickens. I looked up and down the table, but was wholly unable to single him out without getting my friend to number the people who sat above him. He was no more like the same man I had seen than a tree in June is like the same tree in February. He sat leaning his head on his hand while Bulwer was speaking, and with his very long hair, his very flash waistcoat, his chains and rings, and withal a much paler face than of old, he was totally unrecognisable. The comparison was very interesting to me, and I looked at him a long time. He was then in his culmination of popularity, and seemed jaded to stupefaction. Remembering the glorious works he had written since I had seen him, I longed to pay him my homage, but had no opportunity, and I did not see him again till he came over to reap his harvest and upset his hay-cart in America. When all the ephemera of his imprudences and improvidences shall have passed away—say twenty years hence—I should like to see him again, renowned as he will be for the most original and remarkable works of his time.

A friend lent me yesterday a late file of "The Straits Messenger," an English newspaper published at Singapore. The leader of one number commences with, "We have always had a hatred for republicanism, and holding it to be the fosterer of every rascality in public life, and every roguery in private, we are not at all surprised when instances turn up to prove our theory true." This is apropos of some news of "repudiation." The advertisements in this paper amused me somewhat, and this consist principally of dissolutions of native partnership. Here are three of them:—

"*Notice.* The interest and responsibility of Kim Joo Ho in our firm ceased from the 8th January. (Signed) YEP HUN HO."

"*Notice.* The interest and responsibility of the undersigned in the firm of Chop Tyho ceased from this date. (Signed) CHEE ONG SEANG, CHEE JIN SEO."

"*Notice.* The interest and responsibility of Mr. See Eng San in our firm ceased from the 5th January. (Signed BOONTEEONG & Co."

In the old English of Gower's "Confessio Amantis" there is wrapped up a little germ of wisdom which you would hardly look for in the metaphysics of love, but which contains the hand-over-hand, boiling-pot principle of most of the make-money-ries of our country:—

> "My sonne, yet there is the fifte,
> Which is conceived of enuie,
> And 'cleped is SUPPLANTERIE;
> Thro' whose compassement and guile
> Full many hath lost his while
> In love, *as well as other wise.*"

In England nobody gets ahead but by shoving on all those who are before him, but a hundred instances will occur to you of leap-frog experiment in our country, by which all kinds of success in business is superseded. The most signal and successful jump that I have noticed lately is that of the *periodical agents, over the heads of the old publishers*—(the trick, indeed, which has hocus-pocused the old pirates into changing their views on the subject of copyright!) Three years ago the great apparatus for the circulation of books, was entirely a secret in the hands of the trade, and a man might as well have attempted to run a rail-car across the fields by hand as an author to have attempted to circulate his own book without the consent of publishers. The names and terms of book-selling correspondents, the means of transportation of books, and the amount of profits on them, were matters of inaccessible knowledge. The publisher kept the

gate of the public eye, and demanded his own toll—two thirds of the commodity, *if not all!* The first "little pin" that "bored through this castle wall," was the establishment of the mammoth newspaper, by Day and Wilson, and the publication of entire novels in one sheet; and, upon their agencies for the circulation of these, is now built a scheme of periodical agency totally separate from publishers, and comparing with these as the expresses of Hale and Harnden and Pomeroy do with the general post-office—cheaper, more expeditious and open to competition.

It is, perhaps, not generally known, that *any author, now, can publish his own book*, and *get all the profits!* Any printer will tell him how to get it printed and bound in paper covers—for which he pays simply what publishers do. Stored up in his own room or a warehouse, he has only to furnish it to the periodical agents, who will take of him, at their wholesale price, *all that will sell*—(bringing the risk directly on the proper shoulders, those of the author)—and returning to him *very promptly* the money or the unsaleable copies. There are no "six months publishers' notes" in the business; no cringing or making interest. The author is on a blessed level with the gingerbread bakers and blacking sellers he has often envied—salesman of his own commodity, if saleable it be, and made aware, to a certainty, in a very brief time, whether he has mistaken his vocation. *Let but congress give us a law which shall prevent English books from coming, not into the market, but into the publishers' hands, for nothing*, and the only remaining obstacle to a world-wide competition will be gloriously removed. AND, books will be no dearer than at present—as the memorials to congress sufficiently show.

There are some delicious works of art now exhibiting opposite the hospital, in Broadway—Harvey's Atmospheric Effects of American Scenery. Those who have not been observers in other countries are scarcely aware how peculiar our country is in its atmospheric phenomena—how much bolder, brighter, and more picturesque. There is scarce a scene pictured in this beautiful gallery which could be at all true of any other country; but to the American eye they are enchantingly faithful and beautiful. The artist gives in his prospectus for engraving these works the following interesting bit of autobiography:—

"In 1827 I entered upon the line of portrait-painting in miniature; I pursued it for nine years with an assiduity that impaired my health. Country air and exercise being recommended me, I purchased a tract of land on the majestic Hudson; built a cottage after my own plan; amused myself by laying out grounds, and gained health and strength by the employment. These exercises in the open air led me more and more to notice and study the ever-varying atmospheric effects of this beautiful climate. I undertook to illustrate them by my pencil, and thus almost accidentally, commenced a set of atmospheric landscapes. The number had reached twenty-two, and as yet I had no thought of publication when business called me to Europe. I carried them with me, and, while in London, occasionally attended the Conversazione of Artists. At one of these I accidentally heard a gentleman, on leaving a little knot of connoisseurs assembled round my portfolio, pass a most flattering eulogium on its contents. I felt the more elated by his praise on learning that he was Professor Farrady, the able successor of Sir Humphrey Davy. At Paris, while partaking of the courteous hospitality of the American minister, Governor Cass, my portfolio was sent for and received the approbation of that gentleman and his guests. Governor Cass retained my drawings for a week; on returning them to me he recommended that I should have them engraved, and suggested that it might be done at once, while I was in Paris. I was too diffident, however, of their popular merit, to risk so extensive an undertaking. On my return to New York my personal friends encouraged me in the project, and at last I made up my mind to lay the original drawings before the Boston public; conceiving that I owed it to that city, where I had received liberal encouragement in my previous pursuits to give to them the opportunity of originating the work of publication."

Mr. Harvey went afterward to London to find print-colorists who could execute the work to his satisfaction, and, while there, Mr. Murray, who was formerly in this country, and is now attached to her majesty's household, showed to the queen the first number. The royal subscription was immediately given to the work at a munificent price. It is worth every one's while to see this delicious work of art, and every person of easy means should subscribe for a copy of the engravings.

The SLEIGHS flying very briskly up and down Broadway this morning remind me that Miss Howitt, in her late preface to one of Miss Bremer's works, mentions, among other phrases, our use of the words "*sleighs, sleds*, and *sleighing*, for *sledges* and *sledging*,"—calling them "Americanisms which all well-educated persons will be careful not to introduce into their families." Miss Howitt might allow, to a continent of the size of ours, the privilege of coining a word without the tariff of her contempt; but she forgets that *sled* is a good English word, and derived from the very language of the book she has translated—from the Swedish word *slæda*. Thomson says in his Seasons:—

> "Eager on rapid *sleds*
> Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
> The long resounding course."

And Fletcher says, in a fine passage of his Eclogue:—

> "From thence he furrowed many a churlish sea,
> The viny Rhene and Volga's self did pass,
> Who *sleds* doth suffer on his wat'ry lea,
> *And horses trampling on his icy face.*"

The cold weather of the last week has justified another Americanism, for it has been literally "a cold *spell*"—dimming parlor lights, and arresting the flow of thought. The gas-lights burn dim because water freezes in the gasometers, and "*whole stacks* of new publications" (as a periodical agent told me yesterday) are "books and *stationary*," from the interrupted navigation.

PALMO'S NEW OPERA has been voted fashionable, *nem. con.* (as I have been fashionably assured), and the long ellipse of other theatricals will give it a flowing launch. It is a small and beautiful edifice, and is to be brilliantly lighted, and made every way conformable to the exactions of white kid and cashmere. Its situation is admirable—far enough up Chamber street to be away from the noises of Broadway, and accessible easily from all parts of the city. This evening comes off the preparatory rehearsal, to which the connoisseurs and gentlemen of the press are invited as guests. The printed invitation by the way, makes Mr. Palmo out to be (very properly) *a fellow-citizen of the Muses*, and is altogether an amusing production. A copy of it, filled up with the name of a friend of ours, lies by me, running thus: "The honor of the company of N. P. W——, Grand Scribe, *are* respectfully invited to attend the first public rehearsal of the Italian Opera, on Friday evening. The house will be brilliantly illuminated, and the connoisseur in music

will have an opportunity of beholding an edifice erected and dedicated to *the Muses, by their fellow-citizen*, F. Palmo."

This making "fellow-citizens" of the Muses reminds me of a police report in the "True Sun," announcing that a namesake of the great Roman emperor who was "*Amor et deliciæ generis humani*" —a Mr. TITUS—was "arrested and committed for stealing a door-mat!" How a man with so great a name could steal so little, is a psychological marvel.

In looking over a western paper, a day or two since, my eye fell on an advertisement in very comical verse. Here are a couple of stanzas—to the tune of "the cork leg:"—

"You all have in the papers read,
That KIBBE has caps for every head,
Which are marked so very low, 'tis said,
The price can scarcely be cred-i-ted.
Ritu-rinu-ri-iditti-i-do-da.

"You'll be well pleased to hear the news,
That KIBBE has got new boots and shoes;
They're sold so cheap that it beats the Jews;
He'll exchange for hides, if you do choose.
Ritu-rinu," etc.

I think there should be a committee sent out to invite Mr. Kibbe to become a poet.

"The Rococo" is the quaint, but, in fact, most descriptive name of one of the "extras of the New Mirror." Those of our readers who have been lately in France will be familiar with the word. The etymology of *rococo* has been matter of no little fruitless inquiry. It came into use about four or five years ago, when it was the rage to look up costly and old-fashioned articles of jewelry and furniture. A valuable stone, for example, in a beautiful but antique setting, was *rococo*. A beauty, who had the kind of face oftenest painted in the old pictures, was *rococo*. A chair, or a table, of carved wood, costly once, but unfashionable for many a day, was *rococo*. Articles of *vertu* were looked up and offered for sale with a view to the prevailing taste for *rococo*. Highly carved picture-frames, old but elaborately-made trinkets, rich brocades, etc., etc.—*things intrinsically beautiful and valuable*, in short, but *unmeritedly obsolete*, were rococo. The extra published by the proprietors of the New Mirror answers this description exactly. It comprises the three most exquisite and absolute creations of pure imagination (in my opinion) that have been produced since Shakspere: "*Lillian*" by Praed, "*The Culprit Fay*" by Drake, and "*St. Agnes' Eve*" by Keats—all three of which have been overlaid and in a measure lost sight of in the torrent of new literature—but all three now to be had altogether in fair type, *price one shilling!* The man who could read these poems without feeling the chamber of his brain filled with incense—without feeling his heart warm, his blood moved, and his inmost craving of novelty and melody deliciously ministered to, does not love poetry enough to "possess a rose-teint for his russet cares." I declare I think it is worth the outlay of a fever to get (by seclusion and depletion) the delicacy of nerve and perception to devour and relish with intellectual nicety, these three subtly-compounded feasts of the imagination.

We are indebted for many beautiful things not so much to accident as to the quickness of genius to appreciate and appropriate accident. I was pleased with an instance that came to my knowledge last night. Wallace (the omni-dexterous) was playing the piano in my room, and, among others of his own inimitable waltzes, he played one called the Midnight Waltz, in which twelve strokes of the clock recur constantly with the *aria*. In answer to an inquiry of mine, he told me he was playing, one night, to some ladies in Lima, when a loud silvery-toned clock in the room struck twelve. He insensibly stopped, and beat the twelve strokes on an accordant note on the piano, and in repeating the passage, stopped at the same place and beat twelve again. The effect was particularly impressive and sweet, and he afterward composed a waltz expressly to introduce it—one of the most charming compositions I ever heard. Wallace is the most prodigal of geniuses, and most prodigally endowed. He has lived a life of adventure in the East Indies, South America, New South Wales, and Europe, that would fill satisfactorily the life-cups of a dozen men, and how he has found time to be what he probably is, as great a violinist and as great a pianist as the greatest masters on those instruments, is certainly a wonder. But this is not all. He was rehearsing for a concert not long since in New York, when the clarionet-player, in reply to some correction, said that "if Mr. Wallace wished it played better he might play it himself." Wallace took the clarionet from the hand of the refractory musician, and played the passage so exquisitely as quite to electrify the orchestra. He is the most modest of men, and how many more instruments he is master of (beside the human voice, which he plays on in conversation very attractively), it would be wild to guess.* By the way, it would be worth the while of a music-publisher to send for the music he has literally *sown the world with* —for he has written over three hundred waltzes, of most of which he has no copy, though they have been published and left in the cities he has visited. He composes many hours every day. I think Wallace one of the most remarkable men I ever knew.

On Saturday night I was at the opening of the new opera—the beginning, as I think, of a regular supply of a great luxury. The bright, festal look of Palmo's exquisite little theatre struck every one with surprise on entering, and the cozy, sympathy-sized construction, and pleasant arrangement of seats, etc., seemed to leave nothing to be wished for. With a kindly fostering for a while, on the part of the press and the public, Palmo's theatre may become the most enjoyable and refined resort of the city.

The new *prima donna* made a brilliant hit. New York is, at this moment, in love with *Signorina Borghese*. She dresses *a-merveille*, has a very intellectual and attractive want of beauty, is graceful, vivid, a capital actress, and sings with a bird-like *abandon*, that enchants you even with her defects. Nature has given her quite her share of attractiveness, and she uses it all.

The opera was "*I puritani*"—BELLINI's last, and the one that was playing, for only the third time, the night he died—(at the age of twenty-seven). It was well selected for the opening opera—being full of intelligible and expressive melody, and not compelling the musically uninitiated to get on tiptoe to comprehend it. These same *uninitiateds*, however, are the class to cater for, in any country, and especially in ours. It is a great mistake to fancy that, in the appreciation of an opera, *criticism goes before*. On the contrary, *feeling* goes before and criticism follows very slowly. The commonest lover of music feels, for instance, that Bellini's operas are marked by simplicity and sameness—but, after having felt that, the

* A friend has since told me that Wallace plays *every instrument of the orchestra*, and most of them like a master.

the critic comes in and follows up the idea like an ink-fish, expressing that plain fact in cloudy technicalities this-wise: "Bellini rather multiplies the repetitions of the chord than gives distinct business to the several components of the score!" Who cares to know, when in tears at Rossini's exquisite harmony, that it is produced by a "profuse use of the diminished seventh," or that one of his most electrical effects is done by "an harmonic atrocity of consecutive fifths." To have one's tear shed on a piece of paper, and thus analyzed, may be curious, *once*, but not very necessary always, and I wish, with all my heart, that the humbug of technicalities in this, as in many other things, might be exposed. It would be a capital subject for a popular lecture. I lend the suggestion to Mr. Emerson—the man best capable of using it.

Supper is a natural sequence to music, and I must mention a pair of canvass-backs that were sent me by a Baltimore friend, and feasted on last night after "I Puritani"—for the sake of giving you and "your public" some valuable and toothsome directions for the cooking of these birds, contained in a passage of my friend's letter: "I have some anxiety," he says, "about the cooking of these ducks. Pray don't put them in the power of a Frenchman! Get hold of a good English or American cook, knowing in *roasts*. Let this cook erect a strong, blazing fire, before which he (or she) must tend the birds for about twenty-five or thirty minutes. To determine if they are *done*, have them held up by the feet, and *if the gravy runs out of the necks*, of a proper color, they don't require another turn. Serve them up *with their own gravy*. 'Tis safer than a chafing-dish and made gravy. Eat them with *hommony patties*, between which and the ducks there is a delicate affinity. Beware, I conjure you once more, of a Frenchman—except in the shape of a glass of Chablis. May they prove luscious as those we ate together at Guy's."

Here is an epigram on the turning of Grenough's Washington out of the capitol:—

> Ye sages who work for eight dollars a day,
> And are patriots, heroes, and statesmen, *for pay*—
> Who of Washington prattle in phrases so sweet,
> Pray why did you tumble him into the street?

YOUNG POETS.—An old man with no friend but his money—a fair child holding the hand of a Magdalen—a delicate bride given over to a coarse-minded bridegroom—were sights to be troubled at seeing. We should bleed at heart to see either of them. But there is something even more touching to us than these—something, too, which is the subject of heartless and habitual mockery by critics—the first timid offerings to fame of the youthful and sanguine poet. We declare that we never open a letter from one of this class, never read a preface to the first book of one of them, never arrest our critical eye upon a blemish in the immature page, without having the sensation of a tear coined in our heart—never without a passionate though inarticulate "God help you!" We know so well the rasping world in which they are to jostle, with their "fibre of sarcenet!" We know so well the injustices, the rebuffs, the sneers, the insensibilities, *from without*, the impatiences, the resentments, the choked impulses and smothered heart-boundings *within*. And yet it is not these outward penances, and inward scorpions, that cause us the most regret in the fate of the poet. Out of these is born the inspired expression of his anguish—like the plaint of the singing bird from the heated needle which blinds him. We mourn more over his *fatuous imperviousness to counsel*—over his haste to print, his slowness to correct—over his belief that the airy bridges he builds over the chasms in his logic and rhythm are passable, by avoirdupois on foot, as well as by Poesy on Pegasus. That the world is not as much enchanted—(that *we ourselves* are not as much touched and delighted)—with the halting flights of new poets as with the broken and short venturings in air of new-fledged birds—proves over again that the world we live in were a good enough Eden if human nature were as loveable as the rest. We wish it were not so. We wish it were natural to admire anything human-made, that has not cost pain and trial. But, since we do not, and can not, it is a pity, we say again, that beginners in poetry are offended with kind counsel. Of the great many books and manuscript poems we receive, there is never one from a young poet, which we do not long, in all kindness, to send back to him to be restudied, rewritten, and made, in finish, more worthy of the conception. To praise it in print only puts his industry to sleep, and makes him dream he has achieved what is yet far beyond him. We ask the young poets who read this, where would be the kindness in such a case?

A young lady in Brooklyn who signs herself "Short and Sweet," writes to us to say that she is very tired of her name, and seeing no prospect of getting another (with an owner to it), wishes to know whether she may lawfully abandon the unsentimental prenomen inflicted on her at baptism, and adopt one of her own more tasteful selection. By an understanding with all the people likely to put her name in their wills, we should think she might. Names are a modern luxury, and if she chose to be *rococo*, she might do without one, or be known as the ancients were, by some word descriptive of her personal peculiarities. (So came into use the names of Brown, Long, Broadhead, etc.) "Short and Sweet" would not be a bad name. Or—if the lady chooses to follow the Arabian custom, she (supposing her father's name to be a well-sounding one—say Tiskins) would be called "Tiskins's Short and Sweet daughter"—people in Arabia being only designated as brown or fair, short or tall, children of such and such parents. There was a Roman fashion, too, that might help her out—that of adding to the name any quality or exploit for which the bearer was remarkable—Miss Short and Sweet Heartbreaker, for example, or Miss "Noli-me-Tangere," or (after the favorite flower of the Irish), Miss "Jump-up-and-kiss me." (The Irish designate Tom Moore by this pretty prenomen.) Our compliments to the lady, and we are sorry she should want a name—sorry she has a want we can not supply. It happens to be the one thing we are out of.

The opera gets more crowded, more dressy, and more fashionable, nightly. Some malicious person started a rumor that the building was unsafe, and many stayed away till it was tested. There are many, too, who wait for the stamp of other people's approbation before they venture upon even a new amusement. The doubtfuls have now gone over, however, and the opera is "in the full tide," etc., etc. Some of the first families have taken season-tickets in the opera-boxes (there are but two private boxes, and those very inconvenient and undesirable), and the best seats in the pit are sold out, like the stalls at the Italian opera in London, to bachelors in the market. The *prima donna*, Borghese, improves with every repetition, and what with dressing, singing, and acting—all exceedingly well—she is a very enjoyable *rechauffée* of Grisi, whose style she follows.

This is a day of such sunshine and air that those

"Who can not spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they seem,"

must be in love with the sunny sidewalk of Broadway. And this recalls to my mind a little book of poems, better described by their title than any book whose name I ever knew—"Droppings from the Heart," by *Thomas Mackellar*, lately published in Philadelphia. Everybody must love the man who reads his book, though its simplicity would sometimes make you smile. He thus apostrophizes the city of New York:—

"New York! I love thy sons, beyond compare
Ennobled—not by empty words of kings,
But by ennobling acts, by virtues rare,
And charities unbounded. These the things
That crown their names with honor. Peerless all
Thy lovely daughters, warm with sympathy,
Swift to obey meek mercy's moving call,
To heal the heart and dry the weeping eye,
And hush the plaint that fears no comforter is nigh."

The credulity of this stanza is not weak-mindedness, by any means—as the strength of expression and beauty of poetry in the other parts of the book sufficiently prove. The writer's only vent seems to be the expression of affection. He loves everything. He believes good of everything and everybody. I do not know that, in my life, I ever saw a more complete picture than this book of a heart overrunning with tenderness. The lines to his "Sleeping Wife," are as beautiful as anything of Barry Cornwall's. The piece called "The Heart-Longings," too, is finely expressed. A little infusion of distrust, bitterness, and contempt, would make Mackellar a poet of the kind most admired by critics, and most read and sympathized with by the world. He is, I understand, a printer in Philadelphia, and enjoys the kindly friendship of Mr. Chandler, of the United States Gazette, to whom is addressed one of the sonnets in his book. For family reading, among people of simple lives and pure tastes, the "*Droppings from the Heart*" is the best-adapted book of poetry I have lately seen.

One of the most charming resuscitations from the trance of oblivion that have come about lately, is the republication (in the "*Mirror Library*") of *Pinckney's Poems*. Mr. Pinckney, your readers will perhaps know, was the son of the Hon. William Pinckney, our minister in 1802 at the court of St. James, and was born in London during the diplomatic residence there of his father. He was partly educated at college, entered the navy, gave it up for the law, and, after much disappointment and suffering, died at twenty-five. With discipline and study, he might, I think, have written as well as Moore. What poetry would be in a world where Toil were not the Siamesed twin of Excellence (in other words, where man had not fallen), "is a curious question, coz!" The wild horse runs very well in the prairie, but we give a preference of admiration to the "good-continuer" by toilsome training. Whether the *fainéant* angels who "sit in the clouds," admire more the objectless careerings of the wild steed, or the "wind and bottom" of the winner of the sweepstakes—whether fragmentary poetry, dashed off while the inspiration is on, and thrown aside ill-finished, when the whim evaporates, be more celestial than the smooth and complete product of painful toil and disciplined concentration—I have had my luxurious doubts. Pinckney's genius, as evidenced on paper, has all the impulsive abandonment which marks his biography. He was a born poet—with all needful imagination, discrimination, perception, and sensibility; and he had, besides, the *flesh-and-blood-fulness* necessary to keep poetry on terra-firma. Several of his productions have become common air—known and enjoyed by everybody, but without a name. The song beginning—

"I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,
A woman of her gentle sex the seeming paragon," &c.

—this, and two or three others of Pinckney's "entire and perfect chrysolites," should be regraven with his name, for the world owes his memory a debt for them. The small volume of his poetry from which the Mirror Library edition is copied, was printed in 1825, and has been long lost sight of. It contains—not the stuff for a classic—but a delicious bundle of heart-reaching passages, fresh and peculiar, and invaluable especially to lovers, whose sweetest and best interpreter Pinckney was. Every man or woman who has occasion to embroider a love-letter with the very essence-flowers of passionate verse, should pay a shilling for Pinckney's poems.

The chair and pen of an editor should be assumed with as binding vows and as solemn ceremony as were the sword and war-horse of knighthood—for the editor, like the armed and mounted knight, is an aggregation of more power than nature properly allots to the individual. Indeed, it is because the power has not been well considered by law and by public opinion, that the penalties of maleficent pen and ink are not more formidable than those of fist and dagger. Take the consideration of this thought for a wile-time in your next omnibus-ride, dear reader, and if you chance to be young and have a lust for POWER, write down EDITORSHIP for your second choice—the CHURCH, of course, number *one*, and POLITICS, possibly, number *three*.

The temptation to the *abuse of pen-power* is greater as the mind of the editor is more little. It is so easy to do brilliant tilting in the editorial lists, by slashing alike at the offending and unoffending! Abuse is the easiest, as courtesy is the most difficult kind of writing to make readable, and as it is a relief for the smooth-faced card-player to vent, before he sleeps, his pent-up malice upon his wife, so a heart naturally ill-willed makes a purulent bile-spigot of a pen—relieved, so the venom is spent, no matter upon what. There is so seldom good cause to be ill-natured in print, that it would be safe, always, when reading an ill-natured criticism, to "smell the rat" of a bad heart near by.

If *perversion* of pen and ink be very blameable, *forbearance* should be laudable, and we claim credit for much pains-taking in this latter way. The reputations, ready-spitted, that are sent us for roasting, would alone (did we publish them) sell our paper to the ten thousand malicious, who may be counted on as a separate stratum of patronage to periodicals. This is some temptation. Then we are often attacked, and we *could* demolish the assailant very amusingly, and we resist this temptation, though, if his pin be not winced at, puny impunity will prick again. There is much that is ludicrous, much that is pervertible to sport, in new books and new candidates to fame; and by fault-finding only, or by abusing the author instead of his book (easy and savory), the review is made readable without labor in writing—and this tempts both malice and idleness. No man can live, elbow to elbow, with competitors in love, life, and literature, without his piques and his resentments, and to "turn" these pleasantly "to commodity," with a laugh that outstabs a dagger, is *very* tempting—*very*—to those who can do it dexterously.

Now that you have read the three foregoing paragraphs, dear reader, you are prepared to know the value of your acquittal, if you acquit the Mirror of ill-nature, of which it has been accused. We do not

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remember that, in its pages, we have ever, intentionally, wounded feelings or trenched upon delicacy.

The Rococo No. 1, is ready for your shilling, dear reader—*one shilling* for the three purest gems ever crystallized into poetry—three narrative fairy-tales in verse, exquisitely full of genius. The book, too, is beautifully printed, as are all the works of the Mirror Library—suitable for company at a lavender-fingured breakfast, or for the drawing-room table of your lady fair.

Rococo No. 2, is also ready, containing Pinckney's long-neglected and delicious poems, and you should pay a shilling if it were only to know what the country has to be proud of among its poetical dead. The author of

"I fill this cup to one made up of loveliness alone,"

had a smoothness in his touch of a thought like the glide of a cloud-edge just under a star. For quaint and sweet couplets of love-makery there are few books like it. Witness this verse:—

"We break the glass, whose sacred wine
To some beloved health we drain,
Lest future pledges, less divine,
Should e'er the hallowed toy profane;
And thus I broke a heart, that poured
Its tide of feelings out for thee,
In draughts, by after-times deplored,
Yet dear to memory."

The following Bryant-like, finished, and high-thoughted poetry was written by a young lady of seventeen, and her first published production. She is the daughter of one of our oldest and best families, resident on the Hudson. If the noon be like the promise of the dawn of this pure intellect, we have here the beginning of a brilliant fame:—

"Thou beautiful cloud, a glorious hue is thine!
I can not think, as thy bright dyes appear
To my enraptured gaze, that thou wert born
Of evening exhalations; more sublime,
Light-giver! is thy birthplace, than of earth.
Art thou not formed to herald in the day,
And clothe a world in thy unborrowed light?
Or art thou but a harbinger of rains
To budding May? Or, in thy subtle screen,
Nursest the lightnings that affright the world?
Or wert thou born of the ethereal mist
That shades the sea, or shrouds the mountain's brow?

Spread thy wings o'er the empyrean, and away—
Fleetly athwart the untravelled wilds of space,
To where the sunlight sheds his earliest beams,
And blaze the stars, that vision vainly scans
In distant regions of the universe!
Tell me, air-wanderer! in what burning zone
Thou wilt appear, when from the azure vault
Of our high heaven thy majesty shall fade?
Tell me, winged vapor, where hath been thy home
Through the unchangeable serene of noon?
Whate'er thy garniture—where'er thy course—
Would I could follow thee in thy fair flight,
When the south wind of eve is low and soft,
And my thought rises to the mighty Source
Of all sublimity! O, fleeting cloud,
Would I were with thee in the solemn night!"

FEBRUARY 14.—This is the day, says the calendar, "for choosing special loving friends"—as if there were room for choice in a world where

"He who has *one* is blest beyond compare!"

The Lupercalian custom of keeping Valentine's day (putting the names of all the marriageable girls in the community into a box, and making the bachelors draw lots for wives) would make a droll *imbroglio* of "New York society." By-the-way, if you know a working poet out of employ, recommend to his notice the *literature of valentines*. Never till this year have the copies of amatory verses, for sale in the fancy shops, been comparably so well embellished, and the prices of single valentines have ranged from two shillings to two dollars—fine prices to build a trade upon! The shops, for two or three evenings last past, have been crowded with young men purchasing these, and probably a little better poetry would turn the choice in favor of any particular manufacture of such lovers' wares. The favorite device seems to be stolen from Mercury's detention of Mars and Venus—a paper net, which, when raised, discloses a tableau of avowal.

Editorial skirmishing strikes a light into the people's tinder sometimes, and there is a paragraph this morning which explains the difference between *paid puffs and literary notices*. The True Sun says: "The man who edits the Hagerstown News can not, it seems, distinguish between an editorial article and an advertisement. He mistakes the long advertisement of Verplanck's Shakspere, which appears in our paper, for the production of the editors of the True Sun, and declines inserting it in the News for less than forty-five dollars. What does the man mean? It is only surprising than an editor should be ignorant that *puffs paid* are set in minion type, and *puffs of volition* are set in brevier—a distinction not 'plain' (as yet) 'to the commonest understanding.'" The London papers print the word "advertisement" over all their puffs paid for, and, by using different type, the True Sun has taken one step toward making the volunteer distinguishable.

Mr. Verplanck's project, by-the-way, is a very noticeable one. We have never had (to my knowledge) an American annotator upon Shakspere, and Shakspere is as much ours as England's. Very many of the Shaksperian words are obsolete in England, but in use here, and put down as Americanisms by travellers. I do not know whether Mr. Verplanck promises to show any new readings of Shakspere, but he is a man of much higher education, and more cultivated and scholarlike pursuits than Mr. Knight (whose edition of Shakspere has lately been so popular in England), *beside* being a man of productive original genius, which Mr. Knight has no claim to be. The commentaries upon works of genius by different men of genius can never be repetitions, and are always interesting—so I look with some interest for Mr. Verplanck's preface and first number. As he is a man of large fortune and entire leisure, there is no obstacle to his doing it well.

The discovery of a gem in a dark mine is a poetical matter, but (to my present thinking) it is even a prosaic similitude for the sudden finding out of a work of genius progressing in one of the houses of a brick block. I had often passed DURAND'S house in one of the retired close-built streets of New York, without suspecting that it contained anything but the domestic problem of felicity and three meals a day; but a chance errand lately led me to knock at his door. My business over, he placed upon the easel (in a charming studio built in the rear of his house) a large landscape to which he had just given the finishing touch. I sat down before it, and (to use a good word that is staled and blunted from overusing) it *absorbed* me. My soul went into it. I was, it is true, in good pictorial appetite. It was my studious time of day, and I had seen no pictures out of my own rooms for a week; but it seemed to me as if that landscape alone would be a retreat, a seclusion, a world by itself to retreat into from care or sad thoughts—so mellow and deep was the distance, so true to nature

the coloring and drawing, so sweetly poetical the composition, and so single-thoughted the conception of the effect. The roofs of a comfortable farmhouse and outbuildings were the subordinate life of the picture, seen over a knoll on the right. The centre of the foreground, and the brightest spot in the picture, was a high grass-bank on which glanced a golden beam of the setting sun. On it was a group of cattle in well-fed repose, and over it stood the finest oak-tree I ever saw painted. Twenty miles of landscape lay below, enveloped in the veil of coming twilight, and a river wound gracefully away from the eye and was lost in the distance. It was indeed a glorious picture, and I stake my judgment upon the opinion that no living artist could surpass it. Durand, as you probably know, has turned painter, after having long been the first engraver of our country. He is patient of labor, and has approached landscape-painting by a peculiar education of hand and eye, and the probability is, that if he live twenty years, he will have no equal in this department of the arts. If you remember, I mentioned my great surprise at the excellence of two of his landscapes in the last exhibition of the academy here. To see pictures *with an appetite in the eye*, one should see them singly, however, and but two or three, at farthest, in a day. Artists who would be deliberately appreciated, should make their houses morning-resorts, as they are, and very fashionable ones, in France and Italy. There are people (and those, too, who can afford to buy pictures) who yawn for some such round of occupation during the summer mornings of the travelling season.

The want of an excuse to put on bonnet, and *go out somewhere in the evening* with father, husband, brother, or lover, is doubtless the secret of most audiences, whether in church or lecture-room. I arrived at this conclusion sitting and watching the coming in of an audience at a popular lecture a night or two ago. The subject was of a character that would only draw listeners (one would think) from the more intellectual and cultivated classes—dry and of remote interest—and one, too, that could be "read up," to perfect mental satisfaction, by sending a shilling to a library, or buying a bit of the cheap literature of the day. It was a cold, raw night, the lecturer was no orator, and the benches of the lecture-room had no cushions. With these premises, you would look to see anything but a pleasure-loving and youthful audience. Yet this was just the quality of the comers-in till the room was crowded. There was scarce an unappropriated-looking damsel among them, and not one bald head or "adust" visage. That the young men would have been there without the ladies, I do not believe—nor that the ladies came there with any special desire to know more of the subject of the lecture.

On this *necessity for ladies to go somewhere of an evening* is based, of course, most of the popular enthusiasms of the day—for they are never got up by individual reading, and would fail entirely, but for the opportunity to give, in one moment, one thought to many people. This fact seems to me to indicate in what way the inducements should be heightened when audiences fall off; and, instead of cheapening tickets, or spending more money in placards, I think it would be better to treat the ladies to an interlude of coffee and conversation, or to minister in some way directly to the tastes of those in whom resides the *primum mobile* of attendance.

I presume there are thousands of families in New York that are not linked with any particular round of acquaintance—very worthy and knowledge-loving people, who can afford only a few *friends*, and shun *acquaintances* as expensive. People in this rank are too moderate-minded to be theatre-goers; but the wife and daughters of the family must *go somewhere of an evening*. Parties are costly, public balls both costly and unadvisable, and there are eight months in the year when it is too cold for icecream-gardens and walks on the Battery. Lecture-tickets for a family are cheap, the company there is good, the room is warm, and so well lighted as to show comeliness or dress to advantage, and the apparent object of being there is creditable and reputable. I say again, that to add to the *social inducements* of this attraction, would be to make of the lecture system a *great gate to the public heart*. I add this gratuitous mite of speculation to the unused data that have been long waiting for a compiler of the statistics of metropolitan moments.

We have had a week of spring-weather, and the upper part of New York (all above the pavements, *ca va dire)* has been truly enjoyable. Most persons who do not wear their beards for a protection to the glands of the throat, have got the mumps—*on dit*. Writing in a warm room with the throat pressed down upon a thick cravat, and going into the open air with the head raised and the throat of course suddenly left exposed—is one of those provoking risks that "stand to reason." By the elaborate inventions to keep the feet dry, there seems to be a "realizing sense" of the danger of wet feet also.* Mr. Lorin Brooks's invention for *expeditiously* throwing an iron bridge over every small puddle—(that is to say, of making boots with a curved metallic shank under the hollow of the foot)—has the advantage of adding to the beauty as well as the protection of the exposed extremities.

Signor Palmo continues to pay his way and his prima donna, and not much more—for the upper gallery is so constructed that, though you can see the stage from every part of it, you can only see the dress-circle from the front row; and people go to plays a little to *see* and *hear*, and a great deal *to be seen and heard of*. The price of places being the same all over the house, few will take tickets except for the lower tier. The best evidence that the opera is growing on the public liking is the degree to which the piques and *tracasseries* of the company are talked about in society. Quite a Guelph and Ghibelline excitement was raised, a few nights ago, by the *basso's* undertaking indignantly to sing as the critics advised him—with more moderation. Signor Valtellina is a great favorite, and has a famous voice, *ben martellato*. He is a very impassioned singer, and when excited, loses his *flessibilita*, and grows harsh and indistinct—(as he himself does *not* think). By way of pleasing the carpers for once, he sang one of the warmest passages of the opera with a moping *lamentivole* that brought out a hiss from the knowing ones. His friends, who were in the secret, applauded. Valtellina laid his hand on his heart and retired—but came back, as the millers say, "with a head on," and sang once more passionately and triumphantly. Excuse the fop's alley slang with which I have told this momentous matter—quite equal in importance (as a subject of conversation) to any couple of events eligible by Niles's Register.

Our Library Parish.—Our heart is more spread and fed than our pocket, dear reader, with the new

* I have somewhere seen waggish mention of an approved water-proof shoe made of the skin of a drunkard's mouth—warranted *never to let in water!*

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possession of this magic long arm by which we are handing you, one after another, the books we have long cherished. Almost the first manifestation of the poet's love, is the sending of his favorite books to his mistress, and no commerce of tenderness is more like the conversance of angels (probably), than the sympathies exchanged through the loopholes of starry thoughts—(so like windows twixt soul and soul are the love-expressing conceptions of poetry!) The difference between an hour passed with friends and an hour passed with strangers, will be some guide to you in forming an estimate of the difference between writing for our readers *without*, and writing for them *with* the sympathy of books in common. The Mirror becomes, in a manner, our *literary parish*—we the indulged literary vicar, with whose tastes *out* of the pulpit you are as familiar as with his sermons of criticism when *in;* and you, dear reader, become our loved parishioner, for whom we cater, at fountains of knowledge and fancy to which you have not our facility of access, and whose face, turned to us on Saturday, inspires us like the countenance of a familiar friend. This charming literary parish (now rising of eleven thousand) we would not exchange for a bishopric, nor for the constituency of a congress-member; and we hold our responsibility to be as great as the bishop's, and our chair better worth having than "a seat" in the Capitol. Few things gratify us more than the calls we occasionally get from subscribers who have a wish to see us after reading our paper for a while—and this feeling of friendly and personal acquaintance is what we most aim at producing between ourselves and our readers. We shall seldom be more pleased hereafter than in taking one of our parish by the hand—relying more upon the sympathy between us, by common thoughts, than upon any possible ceremony of introduction.

Let us beg our readers to have the different numbers of the Rococo bound with blank letter-paper between the leaves, and to read always with a pencil in hand. There are such *chambers within chambers* of comprehension and relish in repeated readings of such sweet creations, and the thoughts they suggest are so noteworthy and so delightful to recal! We have sent a poem to the printer this morning (to be published in the same shilling number with *The Rimini),* which we do not believe ten of our readers ever saw—(a poem never reprinted in this country, and apparently quite lost sight of in England)—but which exercised upon our imagination, when in college, an influence tincturing years of feeling and revery. An English copy was given us by an old man curious in books, and it was soon so covered with pencil-marks that we were obliged to rebind it with alternate leaves of white paper, and we carried it with us for a travelling companion through Europe, and re-read it (once again, we well remember) sitting on the ruins of the church of Sardis in Asia. It is a narrative-poem of inexpressible richness and melody, and of the loftiest walk of inventive imagination. It is so sweet a story, too, that it would entertain a child like a fairy-tale. We could go on writing about it for hours—for it brings back to us days spent with it in the woods, green banks where we have lain and mused over it, lovely listeners who have held their breaths to hear it, and oh, a long, long chain of associations steeped in love, indolence, and sunshine! And this it is to have a favorite author—to have a choice and small library of favorite authors. It makes a wreath wherein to weave for memory the chance flowers of a lifetime! It gives Memory a sweet companion. It enables you to withdraw yourself at any time from the world, or from care, and recover the dreams built over these books in the rare hours dream-visited. More valuable still, it gives you—when you begin to love, and want the words and thoughts that have fled affrighted away—a thread to draw back the truants, and an instant and eloquent language to a heart otherwise dumb.

"Sybilla" wants a poetical color given to the "transition state" from the "uncertain age" to the "sad certainty of youth gone by." We can only give her a verse from a piece of poetry written to a delightful and fascinating old maid whom we once had a passion for:—

What though thy years are getting on,
They pass thee harmless by,
I can not count them on thy cheek,
Nor miss them in thine eye.
The meaner things of earth grow old,
And feel the touch of Time,
But the moon and the stars, though old in heaven,
Are fresh as in their prime.

Spring is close behind us, dear reader. What think you of this bit of poetry, touching spring flowers?—

The flowers are nature's jewels, with whose wealth
She decks her summer beauty;—Primrose sweet,
With blossoms of pure gold; enchanting rose,
That like a virgin queen, salutes the sun,
Dew-diademed; the perfumed pink that studs
The earth with clustering ruby; hyacinth,
The hue of Venus' tresses; myrtle green,
That maidens think a charm for constant love,
And give night-kisses to it, and so dream;
Fair lily! woman's emblem, and oft twined
Round bosoms, where its silver is unseen—
Such is their whiteness;—downcast violet,
Turning away its sweet head from the wind,
As she her delicate and startled ear
From passion's tale.

A country subscriber writes to know who "Mrs. Grundy" is. She is the lady who lives next door, madam—the lady at whose funeral there will be but one mourner—the last man! We are not sorry that we know her, but very sorry that she must needs know *us*, and have her "say" about us.

February should be called the *month of hope*, for it is invariably more enjoyable than the first nominal fruition—more spring-like than the first month of spring. This is a morning that makes the hand open and the fingers spread—a morning that should be consecrated to sacred idleness. I should like to exchange work with any out-of-doors man—even with a driver of an omnibus—specially with the farmer tinkering his fences. Cities are convenient places of refuge from winter and bad weather, but one longs to get out into the country, like a sheep from a shed, with the first warm gleam of sunshine.

I see that Moore has virtually turned to come down from his long ladder of fame—his publishers, Longmans, having made a final collection of his works in an elaborate edition, and prefixed thereto a picture of an *old man*—Tom Moore as he is! It is melancholy to see this portrait. The sparse hair, made-the-most-of—the muscles of the face retreating from the habitual expression—the lamp within still unconscious of losing brightness, yet the glass over it stained and cracked. Moore should never have been painted after thirty. This picture is like a decrepit cupid—wholly out of character. His poetry is all youth, its very faults requiring youthful feeling for an apology; and to *know* that he has grown old—that he is bald

wrinkled, *venerable*—is like some unnatural hocus-pocus—some hideous metamorphosis we would rather not have seen even in melodrame. Moore has not sobered away, twilight-wise, as he might have done. His wit and song have kept admiration so warm around him, that he has forgotten his sun was setting—that it was time the shadows of his face grew longer—time that his pen leaned toward life's downward horizon. The expression on this face of frisky sixty, is of a flogged-up hilarity that is afraid to relax. Moore will look facetious and dining-out-ish in his coffin.

I see that Wallack has added *lecturing*, as a new branch, to his profession, and is very successful. Mr. Barry, the stage-manager of the Park, is to try on the same experiment to-night at the Society Library. "Two strings to your bow" is a good economy in any profession, and there are sundry professions, the duties of which do not interfere, for instance, with authorship. A man who should read two hours before going to bed, and write for the first two hours after sunrise, would give time and attention enough to any literary pursuit, while the business part of the day, and a good part of the evening, would be still left unoccupied. Actors particularly (so capricious is fortune with them) should have a brace of vocations, and a poet, with an honest trade besides, is more likely to have his "lines fall in pleasant places."

It appears by the English papers that Madame Catalani indignantly denies being dead! She is still living, and capable of enjoying "good living," at her villa, near Florence. The American story, which went the rounds of the papers some time since, of a man whose capacious throat had "swallowed a plantation and fifty negroes," finds its counterpart in the villa and its dependants, which have come *out of* the throat of Madame Catalani. I was fortunate enough to enjoy much of her hospitality when in Italy, and there are few establishments that I have seen where the honors were done with a more princely liberality and good taste. She was then, as she is probably still, a well-preserved and handsome woman, of majestic mien, and most affable manners, and at her own little parties she sang, whenever asked, as well as ever she had done in public. She seemed to me never to have been intoxicated with her brilliant successes, and to have had no *besoin* of applause left like a thirst in her ears—as is the case with popular favorites too often. Her husband, M. Valabreque, was a courteous man and a fond husband, and their children were on an equal footing of social position with the young nobility of Florence. Most strangers who see anything of the society of that delightful city, come away with charming remembrances of Madame Catalani.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY is growing into a temperance anniversary, probably much to the pleasure, and a little to the surprise of the distinguished ghost. There was a grand temperance celebration at the Tabernacle last evening, at which the eloquent author of the Airs of Palestine, Rev. John Pierpont, delivered an address. By-the-way, it is an overlooked feather in the cap of temperance, that *we owe to it the pleasant invention of* KISSING. In the course of my reading I have fallen in with the historical fact, that, when wine was prohibited by law to the women of ancient Rome, male relatives had the right of ascertaining, by tasting the lips of their sisters and cousins, whether the forbidden liquor had passed in. The investigations of this lip-police, it is said, were pushed with a rigor and vigilance highly creditable to the zeal of the republic, and for a time intemperance was fairly kissed away. Subsequently, female intoxication became fashionable again (temperance kisses notwithstanding), and Seneca (in his *Epistolæ)* is thus severe upon the Roman ladies: "Their manners have altogether changed, though their faces are as captivating as ever. They make a boast of their exploits in drinking.* They will sit through the night with the glass in their hands, challenging the men, and often outdoing them." Now, by restoring the much-abused and perverted KISS to its original mission, and making of it the sacred apostle of inquiry that it was originally designed for, it strikes me that the temperance-committees would have many more "active members," and the cause would assuredly grow on public favor. I submit the hint to that admirable enthusiast, Mrs. Child.

There are two establishments in the city of New York which should be visited by those who require *stretchers* to their comprehension of luxury—Meeks's furniture-warehouse, behind the Astor, and Tiffany's bijou-shop, at the corner of Warren street and Broadway. In a search I have lately made for a bookcase of a particular *fancy*, I have made the round of furniture-warehouses, and, as a grand epitome of all of them—a seven-story building, crammed with furniture on every floor—I should recommend the mere idle sight-seer to spend a morning at Meeks's for his amusement. Upon the simple act of *sitting down* has been expended as much thought (in quantity) as would produce another Paradise Lost. Some of the chairs, indeed, *are* poems—the beautiful conception and finish of them, taken into the mind with the same sensation, at least, and the same glow of luxury. The fancies of every age and country are represented, those of the Elizabethan era and the ornate fashion of Louis XIV. predominant, though tables and sofas on Egyptian models are more sumptuous. At so much cost, they ought to put the mind at ease as well as the body. And, by-the-way, the combining of couch and chair in one (now so fashionable) would have pleased the Roman dames, whose husbands kept chairs for women and mourners—a man's sitting upon a chair (in preference to a couch) being considered a received sign of deep mourning or poverty. Few people can trust their taste to go into such an immense warehouse as Meeks's and select (in one style, and that style suitable to their house, condition, and manner of living) the furniture for an establishment. It would be a good vocation for a reduced gentleman to keep *taste to let*, holding himself ready to take orders, and execute them at discretion, according to the suitabilities of the employer.

Tiffany's is a fashionable pleasure-lounge already, his broad glass doors and tempting windows being at one of the most thronged corners of Broadway. It is better than a museum, in being quite as well stocked with surprises, and these all ministering to present and fashionable wants. Where resides the prodigious ingenuity expended on these superb elegances and costly trifles, it would be hard to discover. And the seductive part of it is, that there are articles for all prices, and you may spend a dollar, or five hundred, in the same dainty line of commodity!

The times are "easy," if we can judge by the articles that find plenty of buyers. I heard yesterday

* They also became the cause of tippling in others, for it grew into a common practice at Roman suppers to drink a glass to every letter of a beauty's name—the longer the more toasted.

"Nævia *sex cyathis, septem* Justina bibatur."

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that a shopkeeper in Broadway had imported several ladies' dresses, priced at one thousand dollars each, and had no difficulty in selling them. Mr. Meeks informed me that, of a certain kind of very costly chair, he could not keep one unsold. It was certainly a superb article, made of carved rosewood and purple velvet; price (for a single chair) one hundred and fifty dollars! We have not yet adopted, in this country, the French custom of ornamenting dinner-tables very expensively with silver vases and artificial flowers, nor has the old Roman custom ever been resumed, I think, of placing the "household gods" upon the table. The aspect of a supper-table in Cicero's time, indeed, must have been beyond the show even of Bourbon sybarites; the guests in white and scarlet robes, with chaplets of roses, myrtle, or ivy on their heads, lying by threes on couches covered with purple or embroidered with gold and silver—a crowd of slaves, chosen for their beauty, waiting within the square formed by the tables, and dressed in tunics of the brightest colors—over all a canopy of purple cloth, giving the room the appearance of a superb tent—the courses brought in with a regular procession marching to music—last (not least heightening to the effect), the custom, borrowed of the Egyptians, of bringing in a skeleton, in the midst of the feast, to furnish *a foil* to the enjoyment. All these were common features of Roman luxury at the time when Rome had the treasures of the earth at her disposal, and probably will never be reproduced in the same splendor, unless we rebarbarize and make war upon Europe under a military chieftain.

The February rehearsal of spring is over—the popular play of April having been well represented by the reigning stars and that pleasant company of players, the Breezes. The drop-curtain has fallen, representing a winter-scene, principally clouds and snow, and the beauties of the dress-circle have retired (from Broadway) discontented only with the beauty of the piece. By-the-way, the acting was so true to nature, that several trees in Broadway were affected to—budding!

"Ah, friends, methinks it were a pleasant sphere,
If, like the trees, *we* budded every year!
If locks grew thick again, and rosy dyes
Returned in cheeks, a raciness in eyes,
And, all around us vital to their tips,
The human orchard laughed with rosy lips."

So says Leigh Hunt.

THE LAND OF INTERMEZZO.—If spring be cognate to one poetical subject more than all others, it is to the single dreamy fable upon which are founded three immortal poems—one by Thomas Moore, one by Lord Byron, and the third (quite as beautiful as either) by the Rev. George Croly. The last—"THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD," by *Croly*, and the first, "THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS," by *Moore*, are issued in extras of the Mirror. The other, *Byron's* "HEAVEN AND EARTH" (so universal are the works of the noble bard), we took for granted was already within the reach of every reader. Apart from the excessive beauty of these poems, it is curious to peruse them with a view to comparison—to read first the short and simple story of "Haruth and Maruth," and then study the different shapes into which it is cast by the kaleidoscope imaginations of three of the master-minstrels of the time.

[Stay—do you live in the country, dear reader? Have you a nook near by—(natural)—or can you go to one in imagination, or will you come to ours—where our spirit is likely to be—that is to say, while scribbling this page, this glorious morning? For spring makes a madhouse of a city's brick walls, and we must *think* in the country to-day—*live*, bodily, where we will.]

Here we are, then, in a deep down dell—the apparent horizon scarce forty feet from us—nothing visible that has been altered since God made it—and a column of clear space upward, topped by the zenith, like a cover to a well—this dell the bottom of it. (The zenith off, we should see heaven, of course!) In my pocket are the three poems abovementioned, and a few editorial memoranda—but we will bind ourselves to nothing—not even to talk about these poems unless we like, nor to remember the memoranda. Idleness was part of Paradise, and with the weather of Paradise it comes over us, irresistibly.

To bring heaven and earth together—to make heaven half earth, and earth half heaven—is the doomed labor and thirst of poetry; and of these three poems, the desire for this pleasant *intermezzo* is the exclusive under-tow, the unexpressed, yet predominating stimulus. To Byron (with his earthly mind unmodified), complete heaven would doubtless have been as unpalatable as were evidently the mere realities of earth. He, and Moore, and Croly, have seized upon the eastern fable, of angels made half human and mortals half divine, to give voice to the dumb ache of their imaginations—an ache as native to the bosoms of the "Mirror parish," as to these three immortal subjects of mortal Victoria. (She ought, by-the-way, to wear a separate crown for her loyal immortals—the undying men of genius who are her subjects exclusively, and whose fame is, at least, *usque*-millenial and a thousand years over.) Each of these has pulled down angels to the love of flesh and blood—(the happiness each would least like to lose, probably, in becoming an angel)—but there are differences in the other particulars of their half-and-half Paradise, most characteristic of the qualities of the different poets, and pleasant stuff for your idle hour's unravelling, oh reader, rich in leisure!

But this land of *Intermezzo*—this kingdom of *Middlings*—this beatific, and poet-loved half and half! Let us talk of it some more!

We are inclined to think that HALF WAY, in most things, is where happiness dwells. We say so timidly, for we live in a country famous for extremes. It must be Heaven "No. 1," to tempt the Yankee! Paradise, which lies between earth and heaven, would be poor stock in Wall street! The best—*only* the best and most exciting, in the way of pleasure, for this market—Rags, or the best broadcloth, the only wear:—Sullen privation or sudden luxury, the only living:—Stars, or no actors:—Millions, or hand-to-mouth:—Perfectly obscure, or highly fashionable! Medium—*intermezzo*—there is (*quasi*) none in America!

In this sweet land of Intermezzo we find ourself, of latter years, laying up treasure. Quiet lives there. Revery is native there. Content dwells nowhere else. Modesty retires there when she would escape envy, for there envy never sets foot. St. Paul saw that land when he said—"Give me neither poverty nor riches." "Something I must like and love," says old Feltham, "but nothing so violently as to undo myself with wanting it." Travel where you will, up to middle age (says a certain Truth-angel, who sometimes stoops to our ear), but abide, ever after, in the land of Intermezzo!

But, in the land of Intermezzo does *not* live FAME! It is a land with an atmosphere of sober gray, and fame is the shadow of one living in the sun. If we may preach to the poets among our flock of parishioners, we should say, *forego this shadow!* Think of it as it is—*only* a shadow. Value it as you do the shadow of your friend—nothing, but for the substance that goes before. Live in the land of Intermezzo,

and let fame find you—taking for it no more care than for your shadow when you walk abroad. Write—for the voice the soul wants—the utterance without which the heart seems over-full—but be not eager for the world's listening! Fame is sweet when it comes unbeckoned. The world *gives*, more willingly than it *pays on demand*. In the quiet fields of Intermezzo, pluck flowers, to dry unseen in your bosom, and if, by chance, years after, they are unloaded in the sun, they will be thrice fragrant for their shaded keeping. Amen!

When books were scarcer and scholars given to longer incubation, a pocket companion called a GO-WITH-ME, was the fashion—(*Vade-mecum*, it you like it better in Latin). It was commonly a favorite author, sometimes a volume of maxims, oftener yet a book of devotion. The monks profess to entertain themselves in all odd hours and quiet places with their pocket BREVIARY—the concentrated and vital essence of missal and prayer-book. *We* liked better, in our youth (Heaven assoil us!) a self-compiled breviary of beloved poetry—a book half scrap, half manuscript, picked from newspapers and copied from readings—and, in a protracted youth (enriched with a most plentiful lack of anything-to-do), we struck together, with pin and paste, sundry consecutive volumes which had their consecutive day. Various were their uses! There have occurred deserts, in our travels though most of our loves and friendships, which could only be pleasantly crossed in the company of such caravans of poetry. There have been thoughts born without words to them, aptly fitted to a vehicle by this varied repository. We have been fed through many a famine of hope, supplied through many a drought of tears and memory, by these timely resources. We have them yet. The longer poems we are giving to our friends in the numbers of the Rococo. The shorter ones we purpose giving in the Mirror, or possibly in a sort of mosaic extra—imparting thus, piecé-meal, the whole of our BREVIARY OF IDLENESS. Here and there, it is possible, we may give something you have seen before, but that will not happen often—for we have frequented most the least known shelves of libraries, and loved most the least-famed authors. Here is a stray passage upon *roses*;—(but we don't give you the best first!)

"We are blushing roses, bending with our fulness,
Midst our close-copped sister-buds warming the green coolness.
Whatsoever beauty wears, when it reposes,—
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath—took a shape in roses.
Hold one of us lightly;—see from what a slender
Stalk we bow in heavy blooms, and roundness rich and tender:
Know you not our only vital flower—the human?
Loveliest weight on lightest foot, joy-abundant woman?"

What we like about that is the well-contrived entanglements compelling you to stop and re-read it, and so find a new beauty—like the wheel of your carriage coming off amid scenery you are travelling through too rapidly.

The Vesuvius of new books has naturally its Pompeii, in which merit, among other things, is buried quietly under the cinders and remains long trodden over and forgotten. Upon the excavations and disinterments in this city of literary oblivion is founded, in a great measure, the NEW MIRROR project of a library of favorite authors, and perhaps the most interesting of its restorations to light, as yet, is the delicious poem by CROLY, "THE ANGEL OF THE WORLD." I hardly think there are ten people in the United States who know this sweet book, though it is founded on the same eastern fable as MOORE'S "Loves of the Angels," and, to my thinking, a finer expansion of that splendid story. BYRON'S "Heaven and Earth," and the two poems just named are all founded on this same tradition, and it is curious to read them with a view to comparison, and see of what varieties of combination the kaleidoscope of genius is capable. Byron makes his the vehicle of his audacious defiance toward sacred things, while MOORE'S is all love and flowers, perfume and gems. Croly's is more a poem of strong human passion and character, and comes home more to the human "business and bosom." It is written (the latter) with wonderful splendor of diction and imagery. Few poetical works will be more popular in this country, I think—profoundly as it has slept in Lethe for the last twenty years. Croly is a clergyman (the Rev. George), and, having a fat living from the church of England, his Pegasus has never been in hack harness, and, I think, shows the ease of pasture-gambol in his verse.

Tammany Hall is graced to-day with a showy transparency representing a huge owl sitting in a Gothic window, and a Latin motto beneath, declaring that "the countenance is the index of the mind." I can not see, by the morning papers, any explanation of the objects of the club whose celebration comes off under these ominous auspices; but if it be a physiognomical society, as the motto would purport, they have chosen well. It were a good symbol also for a club of "minions of the moon," if they were less fond of a *lark*—better still for a society of poets, if poets were ever (which is doubtful) fond of poetical society. It is the poet's cue to look wise and say little, to get his victual by night, to differ altogether in his habit, as owls do, from birds of other feather. Virgil, indeed, makes the owl a poet:—

"And oft the owl with rueful song complained
From the house-top,* drawing long doleful tunes."

Professor BRONSON, whose lectures are "going on" and still "come off," draws a very attractive picture in his advertised prospectus. "The lectures," he says, "will be *comparatively free*, an admission of twenty-five cents only being required." For this, among many other things, he promises that "a key shall be given to the connexion of natural and spiritual things by which *all mysteries* may be explained!" "The *true source* of our ideas on the sublime and beautiful will be explained, together with the true principles of taste and criticism."—"The French *baquet*, or grand mesmeric reservoir, will be exhibited, and minerals, vegetables, animals, and several persons at a time magnetized; the German rotary magnetic machine for similar purposes; also three or four hundred engravings pertaining to physiology, &c., and *each auditor furnished with them gratuitously*, with the evening programme; also several hundred paintings (many expressly imported from London), to illustrate the subjects of mineralogy, botany, natural history, and astronomy. A common rose will be shown, as developing from the bud to full bloom, appearing four or five feet high, in all its glory; a butterfly in the same manner *several feet square*, passing through its three stages of development; and *all the phenomena* of the natural heavens, to wit, the sun, moon, and stars." As a list of articles to be had for twenty-five cents, I think you will allow the professor's advertisement to be worthy of statistical preservation.

* Probably not called an *attic* in Virgil's time.

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The girdle put around the earth by the English is, to my mind, less powerfully figured forth in their drum-beat (so finally alluded to by WEBSTER) than in the small *colonial-looking* newspaper—the same article, whether it come from the pagodas of India or the snows of Canada, the sheep-hills of New South Wales, or the plantations of the Bermudas. By the kindness of my friend AARON PALMER, Esq. (who does business with arms as long as the world's axis, and has correspondences and exchanges newspapers with every corner of the globe), I have by me, at this moment a file of English papers published at the seat of the Great Mogul, Delhi, and another published at Bermuda. You would think them all edited by the same man and supplied by the same contributors. They are filled principally, of course, with old English news, but the Delhi paper (only ninety days from the heart of Hindostan!) has some strictures on Lady Sale and her book, which show she is not to be a heroine without the usual penalty of envy and malice. An officer-contributor to the Gazette says:—

"We were nearly as much on the tiptoe of expectation for Lady Sale's book as the good folks of England, though the secret of its origin was here better known. It would be amusing to print, in parallel columns, the opinions on her production given by the press of India and England; *c'est a dire*, of those who know what they are writing about and those who do not. I am safe in asserting that, for every eulogium her ladyship has received in England, she has got at least one *set down* in India."

The same writer says, in another part of his letter:—

"We look forward to the notice of our Scinde doings in England. Let not the profit of the acquisition blind you to the iniquity. Our late dealings with that country commenced in perfidy, and went on in blood and rapine. May they not end in retribution!"

We have commonly two sweet hours of idleness in the afternoon—two hours that are the juice of our much-squeezed twenty-four hours—two hours that (to borrow a simile from the more homely and toothsome days of authorship) are "as sweet as a pot of lambative electuary with a stick of licorice." At four o'clock,

"Taking our hat in our hand, a remarkably requisite practice,"

we button our coat over our resignation (synonym for dinner), and with some pleasant errand that has been laid aside for such opportunity, stroll forth. It is sometimes to an artist's room, sometimes to a print-shop, sometimes to an unexplored street, sometimes to look off upon the bay, or take a ride in an omnibus—now and then to refresh our covetous desires at Tiffany's. We have lately been the subject of a passion for pawnbrokery, and taken the precaution to leave our little pocket-money at home, we have tampered with exploring and price-asking in these melancholy museums of heart-ache.

"Twiddling" our pen, this morning (as Leigh Hunt represents Apollo doing with a sunbeam), we fell to speculating on what it was that made us think, whether we would or no, of the pyramids! This is last-page-day, and we had forty things to write about, but there!—*there!* ("in my mind's eye, Horatio!") stands the "wedge sublime" of a pyramid! Doubtless the ghost of some word, deed, or similitude of the day before—but why such pertinacity of apparition? We did, nor noted, nothing pyramidal yesterday. We watched the general; hanging up, in his new-garnished office, Dick's fine print of Sir Walter's monument, and that, it is true, is a pyramid in Gothic. We bought yesterday, in our pawnbroking researches, a bust of a man of genius whom we admired because he found leisure to be a gentleman—the accomplished victim of circumstances, just dead at Andalusia—and a pyramid, truncated by a thunderbolt near the summit, were an emblem of his career that may well have occurred to us. We were talking and thinking much yesterday of Moore's confessed completion of his literary lifetime; and what is his toil, just finished, but the building of an imperishable pyramid for the memory of his *finished* thoughts.

Stay!—an anecdote of Moore occurs to us. He is dead, "by brevet," having seen to (and got the money for), his own "last words;" and when, by the sythe of the relentless *mower*, Tom *Moore* shall be no *more*, to know *more* of his *more* personal qualities (what an echo there is to the man's name!) will add spices to his embalming. An old lady in Dublin, who was one of Moore's *indigenous* friends (he was only aristocratic as an *exotic*, perhaps you know), told us the story. It is not likely to get into print except by our telling, for it records a virtue; and Moore is a man to have selected his biographer with a special *caveat* against all contributions to his "life" from its grocery source—his respectable father, the Dublin grocer, probably caring little for his "brilliant successes," and only cherishing in his brown-paper memory the small parcel of his virtues. But—to the story—(which Moore told the old lady, by the way, on one of his reluctant Irish visits).

Moore had just returned from his government-office in the West Indies, a defaulter for eight thousand pounds. Great sympathy was felt for him among his friends, and three propositions were made to him to cancel the debt. Lord Lansdowne offered simply to pay it. Longman and Murray offered to advance it on his future works, and the noblemen at White's offered the sum to him in a subscription. This was at the time subscriptions were on foot for getting Sheridan out of his troubles; and while Moore was considering the three propositions just named, he chanced to be walking down St. James street with two noblemen when they met Sheridan. Sheridan bowed to them with a familiar "how are you?"—"D—n the fellow," said one of the noblemen, "he might have touched his hat! I subscribed a hundred pounds for him last night!"—"Thank God! you dare make no such criticism on a bow from *me!*" said Moore to himself. The lesson sank deep. He rejected all the offers made to relieve him—went to Passy, and lived in complete obscurity, in that little suburb of Paris, till he had written himself out of debt. Under the spur of that chance remark were written some of the works by which Moore will be best known to posterity.

This reminds us (and if we don't *nab* it now, it may never again be nabable), of a laugh at Moore's expense in a company of very celebrated authors. They were talking him over, and one of the company quoted Leigh Hunt's simile for him—"a young Bacchus snuffing up the vine." "Bah!" said another, "don't *quite* deify the little worldling! He is more like a cross between a toad and a cupid!"

We have got hold of a string and we may as well pull away to see what will come of it. We had long forgotten two or three trifles tied together, of which this last paragraph is one, and we remember now, another anecdote told by the caustic person whose comparison we have just quoted. He said that Byron would never have gone to Greece but for a tailor in Genoa. The noble bard, he went on to say, was very economical, as was well known, in small matters. He had hired a villa at Genoa and furnished it, with the intention of making it a permanent residence. Lord and Lady Blessington and a large society of English people of good style were residing there at the time. In the fullest enjoyment of his house and his mode of life, Byron wanted a new coat; and, having some English cloth, he left it with his measure in the hands of a

Genoese tailor, with no particular instructions as to the making. The tailor, overcome with the honor of making a coat for an Eccellenza Inglese, *embroidered it from collar to tail*, and sent it home with a bill as thickly embroidered as the coat! Byron kept the coat for fear of its being sold, *as his*, to an actor of English parts on the stage, but resolutely refused to pay for more than the making of a plain and plebeian garment. The tailor threatened an attachment, and Byron assigned over his furniture to his banker, and finally quitted Genoa in disgust—ready of course, as he would not otherwise have been, for a new project. From indignation at an embroidered coat-tail the transition to "liberty or death," "wo to the Moslem!" or any other vent for his accumulated bile, was easy and natural! He embarked in the Greek cause soon after, and the embroidered coat was *not* (as it should have been) "flung to the breeze at Salamis"—the banner of inspired heroism!

So was the tale told. So tell we it to you, dear reader. It is no damage to the gods or demigods to unpedestal them sometimes. The old Saturnalia, when masters and slaves changed places for a while, was founded on the principle in nature that all high-strung-itudes are better for occasional relaxing.

We have not done what we sat down to do—which was to run a pretty parallel between a fame and a pyramid—apropos of some trifles bought of a pear-shaped pawnbroker. Pity that ideas once touched are like uncorked claret—good for one draught only! We shall never dare to take up the figure again, so we may as well hand you the gold thread we meant to have woven into it—a little figurative consolation to the unappreciated poet. *To him who is building a pyramid of poetical fame, a premature celebrity is like the top-stone laid on his back and carried till he has built up to it.* We wish those of our contributors whom we neither publish nor praise, would apply this "parmeceti" to their "inward bruise."

We take the vital centre of New York to be a *certain lamp-post* from which radiate five crossings—one pointing to the Astor, one to the American Museum, one up Broadway, one up the Bowery, and the fifth (dead east) to the office of the NEW MIRROR—the which office is clearly visible from the palm of the *spread hand* upholding this medio-metropolitan lamp-post. Having conceived—(you *have*—have you not, dear reader?)—the laudable purpose of subscribing for the Mirror's second year (now on the eve of commencing), your first inquiry is the geography of "ANN STREET,"—upon which money-welcoming spot shines nightly this central lamp of the municipality. You arrive safely at the Astor. You glide past its substratum of apothecaries, perfumers, goldsmiths, and hatters, and arrest your footsteps at the triple corner studded with three of the notable structures of Manhattan—the imperial Astor, the goodly St Paul's, and the marvellous museum with the "fifty thousand curiosities." You now face due southward. Helm down (coat-skirt down Vesey street, that is to say), and you head east southeast, laying your course exactly. Before you lies a crossing of flags by which you may safely reach the islanded palm of the spread hand (holding two granite posts guarding a lamp-post), and, once there, you luff a little to the right, and follow the pointed forefinger of that same hand to the opening lips of Ann street. Cross over, keep down a few doors to the right, and "there you are"—(there *we* are!)—walk in!

And now, dear sir! (*besides* your receipt and the benign smile of the Brigadier) what will you have? Our visibilities to the naked eye are small, but there be caves and storehouses of our primrose-colored wares, and if we affect the Turkish fashion of a specimen shop, with room only for one purchaser at a time, it is for another reason besides saving the rent. Philosophic, like us, is the French Amphytrion, who does not show to his delicate guest the *pieces de resistance*. The roasted joints stand upon a side-table, removed from view, and if slices are handed you over your shoulder, it is with an apposite commendation which the sight of the whole dish would fatally smother. Small as the shop is, however (*parva, sed apta mihi!*) the welcome is spacious! All who come there, come with a parishioner's regard, self-chosen to our literary flock, and none turn the latch without unlocking our heart with the same door-handle. ("*Qualis rex, talis grex!*" Having found comfort in loving ourselves, we venture the more easily to love those who are like us.)

Touching this shop (of which we have now given you the pictorial chart), we shall have more to say hereafter. It has its history. Our landlord is a "picked man of countries," and has written his pleasant book. Around us "volcanoes belch their fires" of prodigal literature, and opposite us there is a deep-door by which the modest wits about town descend to WINDUST'S, for news and things more succulent. There sometimes dives the brigadier, to lunch with needful celerity on the busy Saturday, and thence emerge daily and shiny-ly (after their pot of ale) refreshed, the manufacturers of public opinion. Oh, from our modest window, we see sights! But, enough for now!

I had a half-hour's interview with the TALKING MACHINE this morning, and found him a more entertaining *android* than most of my wooden acquaintances—(the man who *thinks for him* being a very superior person). I must first give you a *tableau* of the room. A German woman takes your half dollar at the door, and points you to a semi-boxed-up Turk (query: Why are all automata dressed in turbans?)—a Turk seated in a kind of low pulpit, with a green shirt, a good complexion, a very fine beard, and a pearl breastpin. Out from under his shoulder issues a bunch of wooden sticks, arranged like a gamut of pump-handles, and behind this, ready to play on his Turk, sits Mr. Faber, the contriver. (I immediately suggested to Mr. F., by the way, that the costume and figure had better have been female, as the *bustle* would have given a well-placed and ample concealment for all the machinery now disenchantingly placed outside—the performer sitting down naturally behind, and playing on her like a piano.*) The Turk was talking to several ladies and gentlemen when I entered, and my name being mentioned by one of the party, he said, "How do you do, Mr. ——?" with perfect distinctness. There was a small musical organ in the room, and one of the visiters played "Hail Columbia!" the automaton singing the words "like a man." There was no slighting or slurring of diphthong or vowel, sybillate or aspirate. Duty was done by every letter with a legitimate claim to be sounded—the only fault being a strong German accent (which of course will wear off with travel), and a few German peculiarities, such as pronouncing *v's* like *w's*, gargling the gutturals, &c., &c.

I understood Mr. Faber to say that he was seven years contriving the utterance of the vowel *e*. Mr. F. has a head and countenance fit for a speech-maker (maker of the gift of speech, I mean)—a head of the

* A suspicion has since crossed my mind that I may here have stumbled on an explanation of the great mystery of this supernatural addition to the figure, the supernatural continuance of articulation in the female requiring, perhaps, some androidal assistance to the lungs. If so, it would appear that woman, like "the church, can not do without a *bishop*."

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finest model, and a mouth strongly marked with intelligence and feeling. He is simple, *naif*, and enthusiastic in his manners. The rude musical organ in the room was his own handiwork, and at the request of one of the ladies he sat down to it and played a beautiful waltz of his own composing. He may well be completely absorbed, as he seems to be, in his androides. It says anything, in any language. It can not cough—not being liable to bronchitis; nor laugh—being a Turk. But it can sing, and has a sweet breath and well-governed tongue. In short, it is what would pass in the world for "a very fine man." Besides those whom God has made (Boyle, the philosopher, calls the world "an automaton of God's making"), I know of but one or two attempts before this to make a talking-machine—the famous one by Von Kempelen, and the celebrated brazen head constructed by Friar Bacon. What could be uttered by this unthinking brass has not come down to us. The *statue of Memnon* could utter musical sounds, and Maelzel's chess-player could say "echec." A much more useful automaton than any of these, Mr. Faber's included, was one invented by one of the brothers Droz—"*a child*, sitting at a desk, who dipped his pen in the ink and wrote in French whatever was dictated to him" (the inventor, of course, somewhere concealed). It struck me as a great pity, indeed, that the admirable ingenuity and perseverance of Mr. Faber should have been wasted on a superfluity—(for there is more talking than enough). Albertus Magnus invented, with thirty years' labor, an *automaton servant*, who would open the door when any one knocked, and salute the visiter—capable, of course, of being able to say "not at home," and so saving the conscience of the domestic; and this was, perhaps, worth the labor. Less meritorious, again, was the *automaton fly* made of iron by Regiomontanus, in the 14th century, which would make the circuit of the room with a buz, and return to its master. Something in the Pygmalion line has been attempted within a few years by a Swiss mechanician, Maillardet, who constructed a female with a "bosom that would heave for an hour," once wound up. She would also play forty tunes on the piano with her fingers, and look languishingly by casting her eyes down—almost enough for one woman to do! I think these are facts enough for a very speculative essay on the value of such offices as may be performed by the body without the aid of brains.

I have been prevented, of late, from going about as much as my wont, and have hardly seen or heard more of the city doings than the country readers of your paper. This will account, if not apologize, for some lack of variety in my letters. I broke through my fireside habits last night, and went to the Methodist chapel in Madison street, to hear the Rev. Mr. Maffit's diatribe against "Boz"—admittance twenty-five cents. My surprise on being called on for money at the door was pleasurable, for I rejoice in an injustice turned by its victims "to commodity." Two hundred people were well amused, and religion (per one of its ministers) was profited fifty dollars in pocket. Except in this light, however, I should call the using of "Boz" for a pulpit text a decided case of *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*. (The church gas-lights seemed to be of that opinion, for they suddenly paled their fires ten minutes before the conclusion of the lecture!)

While I think of it—Dickens has contradicted the report, published in the London papers, touching his durance for debt. I am glad it was not true. Mistakes of positive assertion and of this personal character are so rare in the respectable English papers, that I mentioned it in my letter to you with no suspicion of its being an error—the assertion supported, moreover, by the rumors, rife to the same purport, when I was last in London. The reports, doubtless, were born of the coupling of two well-known facts—the *decrease* of the prices paid for his books by publishers, and the *increase* of his "pledges," with no corresponding reductions apparent in his style of living. The statement having once appeared in the papers of his own country, an expression of sympathy (as far off as the other shoulder of the world) was but complimentary to Mr. Dickens.

Mr. Maffit's discourse was more of an event to me than to most of his audience, probably; for his eloquence made a great impression upon me when I was a boy between ten and twelve years of age, and I had not seen him since. He preached at that time in the Bromfield chapel, Boston (in the next street to the one in which I lived), and was then a "new light" in the methodist church, and drew crowds after him. I left my play eagerly to hear him, and I have often since wished for an opportunity to analyze the peculiar delight he gave me—for it was all pleasure, without the slightest effect in the way of religious impression. I could fill my letter with what came to me upon the turned-back leaf of seeing Mr. Maffit in the pulpit again, but the comparison between the effects of oratory upon tastes mature and immature, though interesting elsewhere, would be out of place here. He was not so much changed as I anticipated. Macready has always reminded me of him, and they are still alike. Mr. Maffit did not use to shave his temples, and from this peculiar tonsure, his forehead looks higher and his hair less Hyperian and more oratorical than formerly.

He commenced with some general remarks as to the charm of variety in customs and manners, and the common English weakness of condemning pitilessly every departure from the cockney standards and peculiarities, trying, by this test only, every country under the sun. This part of the oration was written in lambent and oily-hinged periods, and delivered—really, in music absolute! I felt the spell over again. It is in the voice and accent of Mr. Maffit that the philtre lies hid. So sweet a tone no other man has, in my knowledge. His inflexions, so long as he remains unexcited, are managed with the skill of the subtlest rhetorician. He hides the meaning of his sentences under the velvet words that are sweetest to linger upon, and to press with emphasis, and in this department of oratory he seems to me unsurpassed. He soon broke the spell, however. As he left generalizing, and got from poetry to analysis, he began to show bad taste and clumsy discrimination, and fell into a kind of grimalkin sputter of sarcasm, that let down his dignity sadly. The audience began to applaud, and, with their applause, he grew inflated, both in matter and manner, and for the last half hour of his discourse was entirely off his feet—trashy, inconsequent, and absurd—most applauded, however, when most incomprehensible. (And this ill-bestowed applause may easily have been the reverend orator's Delilah.) I remember little of what he said after the first fifteen minutes. There was a good deal of illustration to show that the "Yankees could whip the British," and much more of such clap-trap, and Dickens and Mrs. Trollope were each served out with as much pulpit-pounding and bitter epithet as is commonly given the devil, at a dose. One comparative testimony given by the orator is valuable, as he speaks on both sides with authority. He assured us that the society in every part of this country, "from the Aroostook to the Sabine," is as refined and delightful as any society whatever, except that of heaven. He did not mention how long he had resided in the latter country, but he had been a travelling guest of American families for the twenty years since he left Ireland,

and had been treated everywhere as a son and brother, and spoke advisedly. I could wish this Irish and celestial evidence in our favor might be put (for smoking) into the pipe of the London Quarterly.

I have discovered lately that the household-gods have a vocabulary of their own. Search after a trifling invention led me to Windle's furnishing-shop in Maiden lane, and after spending an hour in marvelling at the mind that has been expended upon the invention of household conveniences, I asked for a catalogue of the shop's wares. A pamphlet of twenty-one pages was handed me, and I give you, for your despair, a few of the names of the necessary utensils by which your comfort is ministered to: "Pope's heads and eyes," "Shakers' swifts," "beefsteak pounders," "faucets and bungstarts," "bootjacks and legresters," "salt and spit-boxes," "Chinese swings," "Chinese punk in boxes," "sillabub-sticks," "oven-peels," "allblaze-pans," "ice-cream pagodas," "paste-jaggers and cutters," "crimping and goffering machines," "sugar-nippers and larding-pins," "bread-rasps and sausage-stuffers," etc., etc., etc. This is vernacular, of course, to the ladies, but Greek to us.

Apropos of words—there should be a replevin (by poetry upon vulgar usage) to restore the word *diaper* to its original meaning. Ford says in one of his plays (The Sun's Darling):—

> "Whate'er the wanton spring,
> When she doth *diaper* the ground with beauties,
> Toils for, comes home to autumn."

Diaper means literally, to *embroider with raised work*—after a stuff which was formerly called *d'Ipre*, from the town of Ipre in Flanders, where it was manufactured. There is such a load of descriptiveness in the word that it is a shame it should be lost to poetry.

Moore's carefully revised and corrected edition of his works is republished in this country at the price of *three dollars and a half*. Half of it, at least, is uninteresting to the general reader, consisting of his satires (with names left in unexplained blanks), local poetry, translations from the classics, and a mass of labored notes. The popular portions, consisting of "The Loves of the Angels," "The Irish Melodies and Sacred Songs," and the "National Airs, Ballads, and Miscellaneous Poems," have been published in three extras of the Mirror—five shillings for all of them. This will form as beautiful an edition of the enjoyable part of Moore's poetry as could be wished, and as cheap as beautiful.

Charles Dibdin, "The Bard of Poor Jack," as he is commonly called, is one of those authors less known than his works, particularly in this country, where his songs are familiar to every lip, and his name hardly recognised. General Morris has made a collection of all the songs of Dibdin that are universal in their popularity, and has added others which from their bold and graphic excellence have been commonly attributed to him. This shilling extra of the Mirror will become, I think, the sailor's classic, embodying, as it does, all their most remarkable songs.

Montgomery's "World before the Flood," one of the sweetest poems in the English language, is also in press for the "Mirror Library." On looking over the biography of this good man and true poet, I find, by-the-way, the following passage, referring, I believe, to the father of one of the editors of the Intelligencer: "Mr. Montgomery removed to Sheffield (England) in 1792, and engaged himself with Mr. Gales, the publisher of a very popular newspaper, at that time known by the title of the Sheffield Register. Mr. Montgomery became a useful correspondent to this paper, and gained so far the good opinion and affection of Mr. Gales and his family, that they vied with each other in demonstrating their respect and regard for him. In 1794, when Mr. Gales left England to avoid a political prosecution, Montgomery, with the assistance of another gentleman, became the editor of the Register." Critics have unanimously agreed that "The World before the Flood" is the best production of Montgomery's muse, and it certainly is a noble and pure structure of elevated imagination. Among the sacred classics, Montgomery, I think, will rank first.

Sorrow's Reluctant Gate.—This last-turned leaf, dear reader, seems to us always like a door shut behind us, with the world outside. We have expressed this thought before, when it was a prelude to being *gayer* than in the preceding pages. With the closed door, now, we would throw off restraint, but it is to be *sadder* than before. It is so with yourself, doubtless. You sometimes break into singing on entering your chamber and finding yourself alone—sometimes you burst into tears.

There is nothing for which the similitudes of poetry seem to us so false and poor, as for affliction by the death of those we love. The news of such a calamity is not "a blow." It is not like "a thunderbolt," or "a piercing arrow;" it does not "crush and overwhelm" us. We hear it, at first, with a kind of mournful incredulity, and the second feeling is, perhaps, a wonder at ourselves—that we are so little moved. The pulse beats on as tranquilly—the momentary tear dries from the eye. We go on, about the errand in which we were interrupted. We eat, sleep, at our usual time, and are nourished and refreshed; and if a friend meet us and provoke a smile, we easily and forgetfully smile. Nature does not seem to be conscious of the event, or she does not recognise it as a calamity.

But little of what is taken away by death is taken from the happiness of one hour, or one day. We live, absent from beloved relatives, without pain. Days pass without our seeing them—months—years. They would be no more absent in body if they were dead. But, suddenly, in the midst of our common occupations, we hear that they are one remove farther from us—in the grave. The mind acknowledges it true. The imagination makes a brief and painful visit to the scene of the last agony, the death-chamber, the burial—and returns weary and dispirited, to repose. For that hour perhaps we should not have thought of the departed, if they were living—nor for the next. The routine we had relied upon to fill up those hours comes round. We give it our cheerful attention. The beloved dead are displaced from our memory, and perhaps we start suddenly, with a kind of reproachful surprise, that we can have been so forgetful—that the world, with its wheels of minutes and trifles, can thus untroubled go round, and that dear friend gone from it.

But the day glides on, and night comes. We lie down, and unconsciously, as we turn upon our pillow, commence a recapitulation that was once a habit of prayer—silently naming over the friends whom we should commend to God—did we pray—as those most dear to us. Suddenly the heart stops—the breath hushes—the tears spring hot to the eyelids. *We miss the dead!* From that chain of sweet thoughts a link is broken, and for the first time we feel that we are bereaved. It was in the casket of that last hour before sleeping—embalmed in the tranquillity of that hour's unnamed and unreckoned happiness—that the memory of the dead lay hid. For that friend, now, we can no longer pray! Among the living—among our blessings—among our hopes—that sweet friend is

nameable no more! We realize it now. The list of those who love us—whom we love—is made briefer. With face turned upon our pillow—with anguish and fears—we blot out the beloved name, and begin the slow and nightly task of unlearning the oft-told syllables from our lips.

And this is the slow-opening gate by which sorrow enters in! We wake on the morrow and remember our tears of the past night; and as the cheerful sunshine streams in at our window, we think of the kind face and embracing arms, the soft eyes and beloved lips, lying dark and cold, in a place—oh how pitiless in its coldness and darkness! We choke with a suffused sob, we heave the heavy thought from our bosom with a painful sigh, and hasten abroad—for relief in forgetfulness!

But we had not anticipated that this dear friend would die, and we have marked out years to come with hopes in which the dead was to have been a sharer. Thoughts, and promises, and meetings, and gifts, and pleasures, of which hers was the brighter half, are wound like a wreath of flowers around the chain of the future, and as we come to them—to the places where these looked for flowers lie in ashes upon the inevitable link—oh, God! with what agonizing vividness they suddenly return!—with what grief, made intenser by realizing, made more aching by prolonged absence, we call up those features beloved, and remember where they lie, uncaressed and unvisited! Years must pass—and other affections must "sweep, and garnish, and enter in" to the void chambers of the heart—and consolation and natural forgetfulness must do their slow work of erasure—and meantime grief visits us, in unexpected times and places, its paroxysms imperceptibly lessening in poignancy and tenacity, but life in its main current, flowing, from the death to the forgetting of it, unchanged on!

And now, what is like to this, in nature (for even the slight sympathy in dumb similitudes is sweet)? It is not like the rose's perishing—for that robs only the hour in which it dies. It were more like the removal from earth of that whole race of flowers, for we should not miss the first day's roses, hardly the first season's, and should mourn most when the impoverished spring came one more round without them. It were like stilling the music of a brook for ever, or making all singing-birds dumb, or hushing the wind-murmur in the trees, or drawing out from nature any one of her threads of priceless repetition. We should not mourn for the first day's silence in the brook, or in the trees—nor for the first morning's hush after the birds were made voiceless. The *recurrent* dawns, or twilights, or summer noons, robbed of their accustomed music, would bring the sense of its loss—the value of what was taken away increasing with its recurrent season. But these are weak similitudes—as they must needs be, drawn from a world in which death—the lot alike of all living creatures that inhabit it—is only a calamity to man!

Spring is here, and, with its earliest sunshine, Broadway puts out its first flowers in bright colors and gay drapery. It is a lounge we should love were we idle. We do not write for Autolycus, nor for Timon. (Thieves and misanthropes do not commonly take the papers.) And as all other classes of mankind yield to the gregarious instincts of our race, we feel free to discourse of Broadway as a place beloved. Beloved it is—by the philanthropist, interested in the peccant varieties of his fellow-creatures; by the old, who love to look upon the young; and by the young, who love to look upon each other; (ah! the celestial quality of youth!)—by the serious, for whom there would seem to be resorts less thronged with sinners (if need were), and by sinners, who are at least spared the sin of hypocrisy, for, with little disguise, they "love one another." Now, if beautiful women are not laudable objects of contemplation and curiosity, as St. Anthony avers (and he is welcome to let them alone), we are not warned against beautiful children, nor beautiful horses, nor the bright sunshine, nor the gay product of the silkworm, nor the "stuffs from Colchis and Trebizond."

Very handsome—isn't she? And apparently in a very great hurry, and apparently very much disgusted at being seen in the street at all! You would think, now, that that lady's coachman was ill and that she was, for this once in her life, walking alone to her mother's. But she is more amused at this moment than she will be again to-day—and to-morrow she will take the same walk to be happy again. She has a husband, however, and a beautiful house, and not a wish (that money can gratify) ungratified. And her drawing-rooms are full of exquisite objects of art. She might stay contentedly at home, you think? No! She was a belle, pampered with admiration when she married, and she married a cynical and cold-blooded parsnip, who sits like a snarling ogre among his statues and pictures—a spot on his own ottoman—a blemish in the elegance of his own house. She married him for an establishment, but forgot he was a part of it—dazzled with the frame, she overlooked the hideousness of the picture. And he knows this—and likes her, with his statues, as his property—and is pleased to have her seen as his wife—though she is the wife to but one part of him, his vanity! She finds it hard to *feel* beautiful at breakfast, with her husband on the other side of the table, and he finds it hard to be very bland with a wife who looks at his acrid physiognomy with a shudder.

A superb house with him in it, is like a fine tulip with an adder in it. But she is a woman, and whether she has a heart or no, she has a well-cultivated vanity, and unluckily, the parents who taught her to secure luxury in wedlock, taught her no foresight as to her more needful supply of admiration. Love, she would like very well—but admired she *must be!* And too cold and worldly to be imprudent, and too proud to be willing to seem pleased with the gaze of Broadway idlers, she still thirsts after this very stare which is given to her beauty by the passers-by, and has very little happiness beyond her daily hurried walk on the crowded *pavé*. She'll make a match of sentiment if she gets another chance, or, at any rate, will marry for *some* love and less money.

Heaven help her through with her present chrysalis!

"How are you?"

"How are you?"

What would a new-dropped angel think of these two unanswered questions? Indeed, what would an angel think of that smiling fellow who exchanged this nonsense with me. He is one of a thousand in the city who, "like the prodigal, squeezed through a horn," are happy from having got *through* the tightest place of this mortal life. Though his dimensions are immeasurably smaller than they were not long ago, they are so much easier than they grew to be after, that he feels as if, like Uncle Toby's fly, there was room enough in the world for him now. He is easy with the rebound after being broke with overstraining. He was a merchant, reputed to have made money enough. Sensitive and punctilious in all the relations of life, he was particularly *soigné* of his commercial honor. Never a breath sullied *that* clear escutcheon! For this he was supposed to be over-careful—for this he was inflexible where his heart would have prompted him to be indulgent—for this, it was soberly believed, he would sacrifice his life. His wife was (and has since proved herself by trial) an admirable woman, and with fine children and good looks of his own, he was one of those fallacious contradictions of the equal

distribution of mortal happiness. Well—his star began to descend from its apogee, and he courageously lugged out his philosophy and retrenched his expenditure. And then began an agony of mind which could be increased, even hereafter, by the increased capacity of the mind—for, short of reason overturned, he could suffer no more. A thousand years of a common tenor of life would seem shorter than those six terrible months of sinking into bankruptcy. But now comes the curious part of it! He suddenly took the benefit of the bankrupt law. And instead of lying still prostrate upon the ground, crushed and humiliated—instead of hiding his head, as he longed to do while he still promised to pay, degraded, spiritless, lost, to the enjoyment of life—instead of still seeming an object of pity to the most ruthless sufferer by his fall—up, like a snapped spring, he bounds to the empyrean! He could not be gayer with his debts paid and his fortune in his hands again! He walks the street, smiling, and with a light step. He is a little smarter than he used to be in this dress. He eats well, and the wrinkles have retreated, and his eyes have thrown open their windows, and (as you saw when he passed) there is not a merrier or more fortunate-looking idler in this merry Broadway! Now, *quere?*—Is there a provision in nature for honor to cast its skin? Becomes it new, scarless and white, after a certain wear, tear, and suffering? Does a man remember, till, with the anguish of remembering, he forgets? Has God, in our construction, provided a recuperative, to guard us against over self infliction? Can we use up our sense of shame with over-working it, and do we come then to a stratum of self-approval and self-glorification? *Enfin*—is this inward whitewashing confined only to money-spots, and is nature hereby provided with a corrective check to our implacabilities of pocket?

TO OUR ONE WITHDRAWING SUBSCRIBER.

SIR: A French writer wittily turns the paradox: "*Il faut de l'argent même pour se passer d'argent*"—(is it necessary to have money to be able to do without it)—and we please ourselves with suspecting that it is only amid the forgetful ease of possession that you can have made up your mind to forego us. If so, and your first se'ennight of unmirrored solitude prove heavier to bear than the aching three dollar void balanced against it—so! The pathos of this parting will have been superfluous.

Our connexion, sir, though born of a "promise to pay," has been a matter of friendship; and in dissolving a friendship, it is desirable, on both sides, to have back again the secrets safe only in a friend's keeping. It is common and easy, as you well know, for one man to "give" another "a piece of his mind," and we ask that piece of yours upon which we have stitched the lining of ours. For the goods and chattels we have sent you, that are yours, of course. Such third-person matters as stories and poesies, pictures, drolleries, gossipries and novelties—the visible contents of our primrose cover—are—like the three dollars paid for them—like the ear of rye up a schoolboy's sleeve—irrevertible! They are yours. The money is (was) ours. We would not willingly change back! But other values have passed to your keeping, that are not strictly commodities of barter. We have vent-pegs, that are, as it may chance to turn out, largesses or weaknesses. We are known, favorably or unfavorably, for an incontinence of ourself—a certain need to expand upon our neighbor. If we are happy it runs over the brim—if we are sad, prodigal, too, with our tears. Withal, we have a natural incredulity of breakings-off—walking upright upon all manner of eternities till we have tumbled over the end. Do you see how subject we were to improvident confidences?

To fix upon the wares we would have back, you have only to ask what a stranger *could buy* of us, and subtract it from what *you know* of us. Could you stop us in the street, for example, and buy the fulness of our heart from us—such as has overflowed upon our last page often and unaware—for sixpence? Could you send to us for a thought that has sailed out of our bosom upon our private tear, and enclose a shilling for two copies through the village postmaster? Could you point us out to a dirty newsboy, and tell him "that gentleman had last week some pangs and some pleasures, and I will give you sixpence to see them in a Mirror, with their expressed gall or honey?" Could you touch us upon the shoulder in Broadway and say, "Sir, I should like to have sent to me, weekly, the thoughts which are stirred by all you enjoy or suffer, expressed in choice rhetoric and printed on fine paper; and you may throw me in a fine steel plate, a new story or two, all the gossip of the week, some criticisms and any fine poetry that has come to your hand—for which I will pay you sixpence per weekly copy?" Oh, there is much that you have bought of us with which you have no business, ceasing to be our friend! And when you have sent that part back, your money's-worth will still stretch its long legs comfortably under the covering blanket of the remainder!

Well, sir, adieu! There is some machinery, of one kind and another, that will now cease to labor, at sixpence per week, for your gratification—sundry male printers and engravers, sundry female folders and stitchers, our post-office boy and wheelbarrow, such trifling rail-roads and steamers as have been built to convey the Mirror to you—these and we, with our best brains and contributors, we are sorry to say, will now cease to minister to you—but you will have, instead, weekly, an *unspent sixpence!* Of this sixpence, much foregone for, we wish you joy in the overbalancing value of possession! And so, sir, drawing back our complicated machinery that you may lift this small silver bridge from between us, we bid you once more, over the chasm of removed equivalent, a respectful adieu!

TO OUR PUNCTUAL FIRMAMENT OF FIXED STARS.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: In the eleven thousand shining sixpences which duly rise and dispense their silver light upon our way, we see of course the "Heaven of eternal change" toward whose "patines of bright gold" we have been long stretching with tiptoe expectation. We trust that, like the unpocketable troop whose indefatigable punctuality you emulate, there are still comers to your number unarrived, and that the "Lost Pleiad" (the single heavenly body upon whose discontinuance to rise we indited the foregoing epistle), will come round again in his erratic orbit, and take his place in the constellation he has deserted. We give notice here, however, that, at *eleven thousand*, we shall, like the nuns of St. Ursula, stop numbering. There have been virgins since the shelving of the bones of the "eleven thousand virgins of Cologne," yet the oft-told number is still told, without increase, in the holy tradition. We believe with the sainted sisterhood that human credence can go no farther—that 'twixt millions and billions of virgins the disciple's mind would not be likely to discriminate. You will still permit us, therefore, to cast our horoscope upon this nominal number. As other starry sixpences fall into the chinks of boundless space, the perceptible increase of our brightness will alone tell the tale—but they will be marked and welcomed in the careful astronomy of our leger.

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You are *ours*, oh pleasant eleven thousand! The vain astronomer casts over the sky his net of parallels and meridians and calls the caught heavens his own, but the stars he numbers are not, like ours, convertible to things to eat. We will envy Herschel when he can change sixteen of his entrapped stars for a dollar—when he can dabble with their shining faces as we with our constellated "fips." You are ours, and therefore we will care for you.

It occurred to me in an omnibus to-day, that it would be curious to know with what eyes angels watch us. My opinion as to the importance of "every hair of our head" had been somewhat modified within the previous half-hour by a look at one or two of my own (hairs) through a *solar microscope*, and the thought naturally suggested itself, that if the eyes of our spiritual guardians were microscopic (as they may easily be), there was no so great marvel in the care they take of us. It was a warm, pleasant morning, and I was letting myself ramble and look into windows. An exhibition of a *solar microscope* came in my way, and I went in. The wall of a large room was apparently swarming with rats and mud-turtles when I opened the door, and this was some of the dust from a fig, held on the point of a pin, and magnified five million times. I had seen many of these experiments in college, of course, but one hears so many wonderful things, when one is growing, that I do not remember being much astonished in those days. It was different now, for I really never was more amused and amazed then at the snakes in the drop of vinegar, and the formidable apparatus of a certain un-nameable little customer, whose like I had occasion to slay in great numbers in the poetical Orient. To bring the thing home to my own business and bosom, however (the microscope, not the *pediculus!*) I begged the exhibitor to show me, magnified, one or two of my own hairs. I plucked one from my bump of imagination and another from my bump of acquisitiveness, and gave them both to him, with some curiosity to know if the roots would show the difference in the soil. Somewhat to my surprise there *was* a difference. He placed them carefully on his instrument, and the root of the imaginative hair was shaped like a claret bottle (and about its size), while that of the acquisitive hair was like a short fat porter bottle—the hairs themselves being, to the roots, in about the proportions of the necks to the bottles. I must say I was truly delighted at the discovery of this analogy, and seldom have bought so good a fact for twelve and a half cents. As I said before, "the hairs of our heads" being "all numbered," my guardian angel knows how many dozen I have remaining of my imaginative *claret*, and how my acquisitive *porter* improves by age, and he looks after it all like one of Bininger's clerks, letting none "fall to the ground" without careful putting down. The exhibitor asked me to try another, but a man thinks twice of plucking out a hair, impressed with the idea that it will leave a hole in his head as big as a claret-bottle! I declined.

But if every hair of my head be as big (to a microscopic eye) as a bottle of porter with a neck a mile long, and my body in proportion, at what a very moderate charge (thought I, as I rode down) am I carried a mile in the unmagnified omnibus! What would have become of us if God had inflicted upon us a Babel of the *eye* instead of the *ear*, making different men see things through different lenses, diminishing and microscopic! What work for the lawyers! I was beginning to turn my mind to the quantity of magnified body that one unmagnified soul could properly inhabit (as a house may easily be expanded till one tenant is an absurdity), when the omnibus stopped. It is a very good subject for an extravaganza in Thomas Hood's vein.

There is a certain curiosity to know "how the thing went off," even though the show in question was a bore to the spectator. Perked up people think that only such curiosity as would sit well upon George Washington should be catered for in print, but I incline to think that almost any matter which would be talked about by any two people together would be entertaining to one man reading by himself. So I think I may put down what I saw at a show that was advertised as an "EXHIBITION OF LAUGHING GAS."

My younger readers may perhaps require to be told that nitrate of ammonia, like himself, has a soul that fire will burn out of it. When the lamp over which it is held gets too hot "to be stood" any longer, up rises a little whitish cloud which has most of the properties of common air, but which has a sweet taste and an agreeable odor, and will pass into any human soul's body upon very slight invitation. Once in, however, it abuses the hospitality extended to it, by immediately usurping all the functions of the body, and behaves, in short, extremely like another more notorious enemy, who, "when admitted into your mouth steals away your brains." The stimulus of this intoxicating gas to the nervous system is very surprising. Sir Humphrey Davy administered it to Southey the poet, whose feelings are thus described: "He could not distinguish between the first effects and a certain apprehension, of which he was unable to divest himself. His first definite sensations were a fulness and dizziness in the head, such as to induce the fear of falling. This was succeeded by a laugh which was involuntary, but highly pleasurable, accompanied by a peculiar thrilling in the extremities—a sensation perfectly new and delightful. For many hours after this experiment, he imagined that his taste and smell were more acute, and is certain that he felt unusually strong and cheerful. In a second experiment he felt pleasure still superior, and has since poetically remarked, that *he supposes the atmosphere of the highest of all possible heavens to be composed of this gas!*"

There were between three and four thousand people assembled in the Tabernacle. A platform in the centre was hemmed in with benches, and it was advertised that "twelve strong men" would be there to prevent injury to the spectators. It was mentioned in the advertisement, also, that the gallery would be reserved for ladies, though I thought that the inviting of ladies to be present at the removal of all restraint from men's tongues and actions, was a strong mark of confidence in the uppermost qualities of our sex. After some impatience on the part of the audience, the professor appeared with his specimen of "the highest possible heaven" in an India-rubber bag. The candidates for a taste of it were many and urgent, crowding up from below like the applicants to St. Peter, and the professor seemed somewhat embarrassed as to a selection. A thick-necked and bony youth got possession of the bag, however, and applied his mouth to the stopper. After inhaling its contents for a minute or two, he squared away and commenced pummelling the professor in the most approved butcher-boy style—which was possibly *his* idea of the "highest possible heaven." The "twelve strong men" rushed to the rescue, the audience applauded vociferously, and the lad returned to his senses, having been out of them perhaps three minutes. A dozen others took their turn, and were variously affected. I was only very much delighted with one young man, who coolly undertook a promenade over the the close-packed heads of the audience. The impertinence of the idea seemed to me in the highest degree brilliant

and delightful. There was one corsair-looking man who rushed up and down the stage, believing himself on the deck of some vessel in pursuit of another, and that was perhaps the best bit of acting. One silly youth went to and fro, smirking and bowing, and another did a scene in "Richard the Third," and a tall, good-looking young man laughed heartily, and suddenly stopped and demanded of the audience, in indignant rage, what they were laughing at! There was nothing else worth even putting down among trifles, and I was glad when it was over. The only imaginable entertainment in such an exhibition would be to watch the effect of self-abandonment on those whose characters we know when under restraint. Among acquaintances it would be charming—particularly if the subjects were ladies. I should recommend to the professor to advertise himself as open to invitations to administer his "highest possible heaven" to small and select parties. It would be better than a masquerade and not so unlawful.

The etymology of April lies in dispute between *aperire*, the Latin word for *open* (because at this time the earth is preparing to open and enrich us with its gifts), and *Aphrodite*, one of the names of the goddess of love, to whom the month is especially consecrated. By either derivation, it is the *month of promise*, and like the trees, we feel the juices lovingly ascending to our top, and we can venture to enter upon that "promising" which is the very "air o' the time," without fearing that "performance" will be "the duller for the act." And, by-the-way, while we think of it, we have been beset by a friendly letter to cut short the present year, and commence a new volume with January 1, 1845. We must be excused for preferring, altogether, a commencement in April, accident and convenience quite aside. There is a fitness in commencing (putting out our first leaves) with nature. After nature's example, we may venture, with our first issue, to promise a prodigal summer of flowers and a harvest of fruits, though there we trust the parallel will stop, for we do *not* propose with nature to "take our *leaves*" in October and fall presently *to decay!* No, sir! Let us commence our primrose-colored series in primrose-time. Our hopes are April-ish, as looks our cover. We hope to swell, not dwindle, from April into May—to give out our products more lavishly in June, and have a "harvest home" of prosperity in August. What says old Drayton of the order of such matters?—

> "The primrose placing first, because that in the spring
> It is the first appears, then sweetly flourishing,
> The azure harebell, next, with them they neatly mixed;
> T' allay whose luscious smell they woodbine placed betwixt;
> And 'mong those things of scent there pricked they in the lily."

—a fair picture of the art we mean to make manifest in our medley of literary flowers. There are some productions whose "luscious smell" requires the "allaying" of common sense; and, now and then, a lily of plain truth and simplicity, "pricked in" between high-wrought prose and gorgeous poetry, makes charming harmony. The periodical-writers of all times have practised this trick of diversity. "If a magaziner be dull" (says Goldsmith) "upon the Spanish war, he soon has us up again with the ghost in Cock-lane."

A writer

("but nameless he, for blameless he shall be")

complains of us for taking liberties with the queen's English. He does not specify his instances. Mr. King, of the American (we were not aware before that he was the proprietor of the "King's English!") makes an outcry like Milton's stall-reader,* at the title of the "Rococo." If Mr. King will give us one of his newspaper-words that conveys, like the single word *Rococo*, the entire periphrasis of "*intrinsically valuable and beautiful, but accidentally and unjustly obsolete*," we will send the offensive word back to France, where we got it. Meantime, as Costard said of his new word "remuneration," we "will not buy nor sell out of it." But, withal, we confess to great responsibility, in the adoption of new words and the restoration of old, and we do not spare, upon every instance, careful consideration. It is due to the literature of our country, that those who write for popular prints should sanction no corruptions of the country's language; but it is also due to the dignity of America, since she has come of age, that her popular writers should claim her share of improving and embellishing her inherited language, and even the right of departing from the usage of the old country, if the inevitable changes, which there creep in, should not be conformable to American taste, customs, climate, or scenery. We would not further, but we certainly would not hinder, the having a language of our own, for we think one language little enough for a republic of fifteen or twenty millions. But, dependance upon England apart, the language of a country is a garden that requires looking after, and it needs grafting and transplanting as much as weeding and pruning. Who is to be the gardener? One man? One Mr. King of the American? No—but fifty men, if there be fifty popular writers. There are no trustees of the language appointed by congress. There is no penalty for the launching of words new and unfreight-worthy. Professors of colleges (unless accidentally men of genius like Longfellow) have no power over the uses or abuses of language. With whom lies the responsibility? we ask again—for, upon its language, much of the repute and credit of the commonwealth is inevitably adrift. And we say again, *with American popular writers* lies the burden of it. Mr. Irving's administration of his trust in the country's language is worth to us any two common years of Washington legislation, and will tell with more favorable weight upon our history than any two sessions of our late congresses. We claim to have our small share of this same responsibility, and our small privilege of suggestion and appropriation. The language has owed much to exotic introduction in other days, and it may still be lawfully enriched by the same process; and if we, in our reading, or in our travel, have stumbled on more compact vehicles for meaning, and can bring them effectively into common use at home, we shall venture to claim praise for it. Indeed, we have long had half a mind to devote a corner of the Mirror to a record of the births and disinterments of the words new and prematurely buried. Whom would that horrify, besides Mr. King? Why, for example, should not the beautiful old English word *summer-sunstead* (descriptive of the season of the sun's stay or stead in summer) be restored to poetry—its relapse into Latin by the word *summer-solstice* being wholly unavailable from its technical inelegance? This is rather a forced instance, no other occurring to us at the moment; but our readers will remember pausing with regret, as we have, over the sweet passages which are the graves of lost words.

To the invariable question of "What's the news?" the invariable answer is, "Nothing at all!"—yet he who answers delivers his budget in the same breath—a death and a marriage perhaps the least of his

* "Cries the stall-reader, 'Bless me, what a word on
A title-page is this!'" *Milton to Sir Harry Vane.*

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announcements. I (the diarist) have no news—none! I could "swear the gods into agues" that I have none! Yet to entertain a visiter—to divert a country-cousin—to bridge over an awful pause—what would one naturally say? I ask for information.

The Park theatre is open—(*very* open—being nearly empty!)—Mitchell's, on the contrary, is very *close*—being nightly full. But I do not know that any one cares about theatricals—to have them written or talked about, that is to say. Critics, both of the drama and of literature, I think, have, of late, been shoved aside. The public are tired of interpreters to their taste, and express their opinions, now, by acclamation, not by one man's pen. Who cares now (as the Aurora said a day or two ago) for a column of criticism on a personation of Hamlet? If there is to be a play, or a concert, it is pretty fairly understood, in the Bowery as in Broadway, in Hyperborean Chelsea as in the tropics of the Battery, what will be the quality of the goer's money's-worth. And three lines in the morning-paper, when it is over, is all that is needful or advisable to be written on the performance. So, God speed the decline of criticism! Apropos, Miss Turnbull, the danseuse, has now become one of the regular Povey-dom of the Park—engaged "since the memory of the oldest inhabitant."

The cutaneous epidemic of the season has attacked the museum with great violence—a breaking out of its inside humors covering at present the entire surface. In plainer phrase, Mr. Barnum has completely covered the prominent and spacious fronts of the American museum with oval paintings of the beasts, birds, fishes, and Indians "on show" within, and a more holyday-looking castle of curiosity could scarcely be invented. The "Kentucky Minstrels" are the allure just now, and the pictures of the four ebon bards, large as life, over the balcony, and the remainder of the be-windowed and be-pictured building, with its indefatigable flags, its lantern steeple-high, and its lofty windmill of Punch and Judy, must all fall very gayly, to say the least, on the sober eye of a Johnny Newcome.

The funny little hat, small as Mercury's, which was laughed at upon the bagmen's heads six months ago, has fairly prevailed, and is the mode, *nem. con.* Truly, "every time serves for the matter (of hat) that is born in it." The eye can be argued with, and convinced. It was stoutly maintained, three months ago, by one who is well known as "the complete varnish of a man," that this fashion of hat was but a porringer thing, and would never thrive in Broadway. And now nothing but that scant porringer looks tip-top and jaunty! Orlando Fish (who, as *tiler number one*, is a man of more potent function, for my politics, than *Tyler the first)* is making money out of the blocks which my facetious dandy friend recommended him rather to make tops *of* than tops *on*. Well—fashion goes by "jerks of invention," and as Holofernes says, "the gift is good in those in whom it is acute."

Reception is raging up town. All ladies may be said to be "in a parlous state," who have not a specified morning to "receive." Six months ago, the six profane mornings of the week were the property of six privileged ladies by right of first seizure. Such pretenders to "society" as did not visit the week through in this established succession were as "damned" as Touchstone's friend, the uncourtly shepherd. This was a vexatious invention, for, in the stereotyped innumerableness of fashionable houses, a man might blissfully visit nowhere, and yet go undetected for a culprit "not in society." Heaven be praised, however, for the "safety in numbers," and especially for the imitative gregariousness of our country. There are now five hundred families who "receive!" Not quite, as yet, in inextricable confusion, however. A man of a generalizing mind may still comprehend his morning's work, and with fast horses and invariable French leave, may still refresh all necessary memories as to its existence. There is the Monday set, and the Tuesday set, and the Wednesday set, and so on through the week—crystallized according to neighborhood, with one or two supercilious and recusant exceptions. The engravers are in full cry, however, and every week brings out new cards, "at home on Monday," "at home on Tuesday," etc., etc., and we shall soon be

> "Blissfully havened both from joy and pain,"

by a general acknowledgment of the fact that nobody is more intensely at home than before, and everybody who has a house is simply "at home" whenever those who wish to see them can find leisure to ring the bell.

I don't know, by-the-way, that the compliment has been paid our country by foreign naturalists, of ranking us with the more virtuous wild-fowl, esteemed for their gregariousness. The Rev. Sydney Smith shows his lack of zoological learning in not modifying his abuse of us by remembering that "no birds of prey are gregarious."—"Of wild-fowl," says Grew, "those which are the most useful fly not singly as other birds, but are commonly gregarious."—"Then for birds of prey and rapacious animals," says Ray, "it is remarkable what Aristotle observes, that they are solitary and go not in flocks." Long live our multitudinous hotels, our animated extinguishment of distinction by imitation, our altogetherness of lordship and ladyship! The danger is in the stiffening of this fluidity of rank and condition before the *scoria* are recognised, and before the mould of aristocracy can be dexterously handled. We shall have lords and ladies or their catamounts tantamounts (bother! which is the word?) a few days, at least, before the millenium. This big orchard of green fruit is too large not to be destined to ripe and rot, reasonably and seasonably.

Apropos—I observe a spot advertised for sale that I have always looked upon as the most beautiful and aristocratic property in this country—an island cradled by the Niagara, and in itself the best cradle nature could possibly form for the family of a luxurious exclusive. It is about eleven miles above the falls, an arrow-shot from the American shore (with Grand island between it and the Canadas), and contains a hundred acres of land, charmingly wooded and varied, which have been turned into a paradise by one of the most refined gentlemen of this country. A beautiful villa crowns it, and baths, hot-houses, and all appliances to luxury, are there, and all fenced in by the bright water about to rush over Niagara. The island is called Tonawanda—a delicious word for the name of a home. One sighs to think that a little money could buy such a paradise for one's own.

I observe a new fashion of cap, which gives the ladies an air

> "As pert as bird, as straight as bolt,
> As fresh as flower in May,"—

a cap that would fit a child's double-fist, worn perched upon the summit of the organ of self-esteem, looking like an apple-blossom on the top-knot of a French chicken. It is one of those fashions whose worth depends upon the wearer—very *telling* upon a pretty coquette, and very ludicrous, topping dignity or sentiment.

Original literature in the lump is sadly at a discount in this country. Miss SEDGWICK, in the plenitude of her intellectual power, has taken to school-keeping. Another authoress, very superior to Miss Sedgwick in the qualities necessary to saleable writing, Mrs. MARY CLAVERS, is employed in the same ill-suited drudgery. COOPER, I understand, makes nothing by his American editions, and thinks of publishing only in England and importing a few copies at English prices. American literature has nearly ceased, or it is scattered in such small rills of periodical-writing that it will make no mark upon the time. PRESCOTT is an exception, it is true, but Prescott is a man of fortune, and writes for fame, not bread and butter. Why should not a subscription be raised by the patriotic to give fair play and studious leisure to the original and poetic genius of Mrs. CHILD—wasted now on ephemera for newspapers! Money left for such uses, or given by the living, would better embalm the memory of the giver than many a common charity. What is to be the effect on the national character of the present hiatus of original American literature, and how long is it to last? For how long are we to take our mental wardrobe second-hand from England, and *read* to the world as all wearers of unfitting garments *seem*—out of harmony with our shape and model from nature?

It is stated in the Boston Daily Advertiser (in an article headed "THE GREATEST AMERICAN AUTHOR"), that, in a work of no small authority and importance in Germany, a continuation of Frederick Schlegel's "History of Literature," a writer by the name of SEALSFIELD is put at the head of American literature, and defined as "the great national painter of the characteristics of his native land, who has unfolded the poetry of American life and its various relations yet better than Cooper and Irving." The editor of the Advertiser remarks that the critical opinion of this work will be taken implicitly on this subject by half Europe, and no American authority, at least, will be able to gainsay it. He continues: "We have, therefore, taking shame to ourselves for past ignorance, made all reasonable inquiries in this matter. We have applied at the principal bookstores and libraries in the neighborhood, but to our surprise neither books or author have as yet been heard of. The Athenæum, Burnham, Little and Brown, and Redding and Co., are all in ignorance. We have applied to all literary circles to which the humble conductors of diurnal publications have the entrée, but a hearty laugh has been the only answer to our anxious queries.

"We are yet unwilling to let this sin of ingratitude rest upon American readers. We call upon the public to assist us and solve the question, 'Where is Sealsfield?' and absolve our country from the shame of *ignoring* an author, who has been crowned with the laurels of trans-Atlantic criticism. We trust the subject may seem as important to the public as to ourselves, and that if, as seems probable, some publisher who lives by stealing the brains of foreign authors, has added to his crimes by incarcerating in the dungeons of Cliff street, or Ann street, or Water street, this hero of our literature, let that public, or the 'American copyright club' have him disinterred immediately."

The probability is that better information than I can give will be brought out by this "call upon the public," but meantime I will record, that this *great American* author, Sealsfield, *is a German*, who has resided in this country for some years, returned to Germany a few years since, and could probably be heard of in the neighborhood of his intrepid reviewer and nomenclator. He probably "furnished the facts" for the review himself. He is ("to give the devil his due") a good writer, and while in this country contributed some excellent articles to the old Mirror.

Leaving to other people my share of curiosity as to the source of the Niger, I should like to know the author of now and then a joke that goes the round of the newspapers. Genius is the most promiscuous of animals, and is found in all sorts of disreputable places, dress, and company—in quack advertisements and negro wit, as often as in patented inventions and publications of gilt-edge. There is a kind of unlabelled genius, which is wholly incapable of being turned to any profit, but which how and then starts out from an unsuspected quarter and takes probability by the beard with a delicious intrepidity. This morning's paper has an instance—a three-line story of a Yankee who bought a bushel of shoe-pegs, and finding they were made of rotten wood, sharpened the other ends and sold them for oats! Quite aside from the fun of that, it is worth analyzing as an absurdity of the most brilliant audacity of invention. Will the respectable author oblige me with his autograph?

CONFAB IN THE CLOISTER.—Not a small part of our brain-twisting, dear reader, is the exercise of an office that, at Roman feasts, was delegated to a particular servant called the NOMENCLATOR. His business was to inform the guests of the *names and ingredients of the dishes set before them.* Simple as it seems when well done, there are few things more difficult to do well. It is to describe a book, or a series of books, in the compass of a phrase, and that phrase attractive to eye and ear, piquant, novel, and provocative of curiosity! Try your hand at expressing the contents of a charcoal-cart in the compass of a diamond!

It would amuse the reader to be present sometimes when No. 4, Ann street, is resolved into a committee of two for the finding of a good name. (Witlings, avaunt!) The firm is called together by a significant motion of the forefinger of the brigadier founder of the concern—called into THE CLOISTER, that is to say, a room of the proportions of a lady's shoe, extending to our (No. 4's) immediate rear. The door being closed, and the window-curtain dropped to exclude the uninspiring view of the clothes-lines of No. 4, up-stairs—the one chair having become occupied by his Serenity, and the remainder of the committee being seated upon the upright end of a ream of paper, the business in hand is forthwith *put.* Let no one imagine, because he may have assisted at naming a friend's child, that he has any, the most vague, idea of the embarrassments that ensue! We have a passably fertile invention. We have whiled away the dull transit of what is commonly called "a liberal education" by a diligent search after such knowledge as was above being "turned to account." We have been a profligate of verbal intemperance, we mean to say, and are likely to know the bin where lies in cobweb your old word, toothsome and tasteable. But for all this, it is no easier. Like the search after happiness, ten to one the thing sought lies near home—overstepped at starting! But let us particularize.

The Brigadier.—My dear boy (a facetious way he has of addressing the rest of the committee!)—my dear boy, stop looking out of that back window, and give your mind to business! Cast your eye over these four incomparable tales! Irving's "Wife"—

Committee.—You don't say he's married, general!

Brigadier.—Tales, my dear boy, I speak of tales—a new series of tales that want a good name! Come, think of it, now!

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Committee.—Describe me the article, brigadier! What is the purpose, plot, character? Is it one book or a series? "Open up," as Bulwer says, and let us know definitively what is wanted!

Brigadier.—You know how many men of genius there are who are only capable of brief inspirations—

Committee.—Inspired to the length of a short tale. Well!

Brigadier.—You know that long tales are now out of fashion. People are tired of them.

Committee.—Indeed? Well!

Brigadier.—You know that such men as Brougham, Canning, Macauley—statesmen who are scholars and men of genius, and might have been authors—have occasionally given vent to their pent-up imaginations by a tale for the magazines.

Committee.—I do—witness Brougham's magnificent story of the "man in the bell." Well!

Brigadier.—*We* know what is good, that goes by with the flood, don't we?

Committee.—We are professed tasters. Yes.

Brigadier.—For experiment, then, I have put together, in one number, four tales that delighted *me*—in more than one enchanted perusal. You shall select the next. It will go, my dear boy!—people *will give* their couple of shillings, if it were only for the rescue we make, for them, of things they remember and have lost sight of. There are g—l—o—rious things hit off, here and there, at a heat, by periodical writers—one hit in a thousand failures, it is true, but still enough of them for a brilliant collection—and these we want to gather into our beautiful library, and embalm from perishing. See here! "JUDITH, OR THE OPERA BOX, by *Eugene Scribe*"—(great, my boy, great!)—"THE BEGGAR-GIRL OF THE PONT DES ARTS," by a German man, *Hauff* (ah! what a rich bit to read over and over!)—"THE PICNIC PARTY," by *Horace Smith* (you know all about that?)—and "THE WIFE," by *Irving*—a worthy companion for them; and now, what shall we call the series?

Committee.—Hm—m—m. How do you like "*fannoms and fopperies?*"

Brigadier.—Bah!

Committee.—"*Diapasms?*"

Brigadier.—Poh!

Committee.—The "*pomander-chain?*"

Brigadier.—My dear boy, let it be English and honest! You distress me with these affectations! What have cataplasms and pomatum-chains to do with a course of light reading? Don't waste time!

Committee.—A *diapasm*, my charming brigadier, was a bunch of aromatic herbs made into a ball with sweet water, and, in Ben Johnson's time, worn in a lady's pocket. Gallants wore these scented balls strung in a necklace under the shirt, and so worn, it was called a *pomander-chain*. Pardon me, but these would be good names, for want of better!

Brigadier.—Mr. King would be down upon us, and the definition would never get through his hair! No, my dear boy! We must be ostriches, and feel the ground while we fly. Keep out of the clouds till you're "sent for!" I like

"The russet yeas, and honest kersey noes,"

and so does my regiment—I mean the public. Imagine a good name, now, that would suit a plain man!

Committee.—Faith, it takes imagination to come at that, sure enough! Hark! I have it!

Brigadier.—Come to my arms! What is it? Speak quick, or it'll die in delivery!

Committee.—Did you ever hear of a river in Asia called Pactolus?

Brigadier.—To be sure. An ass dipped his head into it to be able to stop making money.

Committee.—That's the fable. And ever since there have been gold sands in the river—"or so they say."

Brigadier.—And that you think is like fugitive literature?

Committee.—I do. I was there ten years ago, and the gold sands were as scarce as good things in the magazines.

Brigadier.—You'll swear to that?

Committee.—With a reservation, I will. I went to the Pactolus one moonlight night, and filled my pockets with sand to look at in the morning. I was travelling with a caravan, and we were off before day, but there was no gold in my pocket, come daylight—sifted out, most likely!

Brigadier.—Shouldn't be surprised! "SANDS OF GOLD," then, you think would be a good name.

Committee.—SANDS OF GOLD, *sifted from the flood of fugitive literature.*

Brigadier.—Good! passable good! Let the committee rise.

You see how it is done, dear reader, and you will the better comprehend, from this specimen, how we came upon another—a name for a *series of sacred poetry*, of which we are about to issue the first number. We have called this series "THE SACRED ROSARY"—a musical word that, in old English, meant *a plantation of roses*, but which was afterward used to define the verses of a church-psalter, strung together with beads for an aid to memory. In either signification, it figures forth what we enrol beneath it—for a more beautiful collection of hallowed verse was never collected than this we have to offer. We have always especially loved poetry on sacred themes, and have garnered up specimens of it, and let us assure the reader that in this field of poetry there is a rich harvest ungathered. Let him look at this first number for a specimen of the mind and taste scattered abroad in these stray leaves of poetry.

It will cut up for a fact, when you have done using it as a pun, that "the first sign of *spring* in the city is the prevalence of *spring*-carts." (I borrow this of the author, and lend him, in return, an analogy of my own discovering—between sidewalks and green pastures—the simultaneous outbreak of *dandy-lions* with the first warm weather.) Oh, the moving! But it should be remembered by those who groan over the universal exposure of household gods and shabby furniture on May-day, that when it ceases, our now mobile republic will harden into a monarchy. The "moss" of aristocracy is not "gathered" by the "rolling stone." People must live long in one place to establish superiority for themselves or to allow it in others. Mrs. Splitfig, the grocer's wife, is but just beginning to submit patiently to the airs of Mrs. Ingulphus, the banker's wife, when May-day comes round, and away she goes with her tin and crockery on a spring-cart, to start fair again with some other pretender, in some other neighborhood. "Old families" are of little use without old neighbors to keep the record. The subduing of neighborhoods is (at present) the battle of pretension with a hydra—one set of heads sliced off, a new set is ready to come on. So, long live our acquaintance with the shabby sides of easy-chairs, and the humilities of bedding and crockery. Some fifty May-days hence, we shall be ready to stop shaking the sugar-bowl, satisfied that the big lumps are all at the top.

The most courted value in New York at the present time is unquestionably the "nimble sixpence." The new omnibuses that have been put upon the different lines within a week or two, are of a costliness and splendor that would have done for a *sovereign's*

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carriage in the golden age. Claret bodies, silver-plated hubs, and yellow wheels, cut-velvet linings and cushions, and all to tempt the once-unconsidered SIXPENCE to get up and ride! (Query—as to the superiority of the "mirror held up to nature," over the New Mirror held up to sixpence?)

The racing of omnibuses seems to be agreeable to inside passengers, since it might always be prevented by pulling the checkstring—but to those who have the temerity or the dangerous necessity to cross Broadway, it is become a frightful evil. King Sixpence could regulate it very easily, if he had his wits about him. As was said before, the *checkstring* is always obeyed. Terrified ladies, who chance to have no fancy for riding races in Broadway, should be reminded of this leather preservative.

Those who have the bold wish to tamper with their standard of human nature can now be gratified, as there are *giants* at one museum and *a dwarf* at the other. Mr. and Mrs. Anak, at the American museum, are certainly two very tall people—more tall than comely. The flat-chested and gaunt lady looks as if she had been lengthened with a rolling-pin—her length entirely at the expense of her intermediate belongings. Not so the husband, who is a thick-lipped, big-eyed, double-fisted, knoll-backed, and thick-tongued overgrowth. For one, I do not like to have my notions of human stature unsettled, and I abhor giants. *Six*-feet stature is undervalued by familiarity with *seven*—as diamonds would be ruined by the discovery of a few as large as potatoes. I am happy to console the eclipsed six-footers and under, by the information that this large vessel of human nature does not seem intended to hold more soul. He looks like as "regular a spoon" as could be wished by those who are compelled to *look up to him*—his wife, apparently, of the same utensil capacity.

The dwarf at Peale's museum, *Rado Scauf* (that he should ever have been thought worth baptizing!) is a sweet-faced minion, with feet in boots looking like two cockroaches with heels to them. A two-fingered lady's glove would make him an ample pair of trousers, and his walking-stick is a sizeable toothpick. He has fine eyes, and would look like a nice lad, through a magnifying-glass. If such bijous were plenty, ladies would carry them in their pockets—portable garter-claspers and glove-buttoners. Fancy the luxury! It were worth a Yankee's while to send a venture to Lilliput, to import them.

THE CLOISTER.—Four o'clock and the Pomeridian of an April day. The brigadier's audiences are suspended to make room for a session of the committee, and the door is closed—printers, poets, engravers, stitchers and folders (these female), advertisers, carriers, agents, stereotypers, ruthlessly excluded. Truly, as Shakspere says, "every man hath business and desire" (for the brigadier's society), "such as it is." Long last his "*suaviter in modo*," his "*fortiter in re!*"

Brigadier.—To business, my boy! What lies in that fourth pucker of your eyelid? Smile and let it drop away easy!

Committee.—Thirteen letters by to-day's mail, containing propositions to publish immortal works by living and mortal American authors, most of them never before heard of—postage nine and sixpence, of which please make a memorandum in my favor.

Brigadier.—Fifty-nine cents each to the cause of unbaptized literature! Are we not involuntary martyrs, my boy! Why the mischief don't you last-page the fact that we publish exclusively for the trans-Atlantics and the trans-Styxians!—never for those who can cross the water to "settle!"

Committee.—It shall be done, but there is one applicant who deserves a hearing. One of the most gifted women now living has employed her leisure in compiling a book to be used as a round game played with forfeits, or as a parlor fortune-teller. The book is to be called "ORACLES FROM THE POETS." Questions are proposed, and by the choice of a number the inquirer is referred to an answer, in a passage selected from the poets. The selections are made with great taste, so as not only to convey apposite answers, but to make the reader familiar with the most beautiful passages of poetry. What say to that?

Brigadier.—Worth lots of money to Riker or Appleton, my boy, but *we* are in the rapid line, and that sort of work takes time. Besides (and here the Brigadier looked modestly at his nails), we couldn't bring our minds to make money out of the sex, my boy! Fancy a lovely woman calling on us to fork out, as her *publisher!* Odious word, "*publisher!*" It has been too long a synonym for "pirate," and "Philistine." A few of us immortal bards have washed and donned the gaberdine of late, but we must let it air, my boy, we must let it air, before wearing it abroad—at least into a lady's presence! Think of the maid's asking you to "step into the back room," if you called on a lady and sent up your name as her "publisher!"

Committee.—Ah! my illustrious friend and song-builder, dignity is a Minerva that needs no nurse. It jumps out of your head and walks alone. I would not only publish, but peddle from two tin boxes, if my wants would not bear diminishing, and if only this would supply them! We're earthy ants, not chartered butterflies!

Brigadier.—Ha! ha! my boy! my *dear* boy!

> "That all the sweetness of the world in one—
> The youth and virtue that would tame wild tigers—
> Should thus be cloistered up!"

Who else wants to gild a gold leaf in the Mirror Library?

Committee.—Seven and two are nine—seven poetesses and two *he* bardlings—pleading for print! We are

> "Loath to refuse, but loather for to grant;"

—will *you* write the declinatures, dear brigadier?

Brigadier.—Make a regret-circular, my boy! Say that we are are a partnership of posterity. They must die, to qualify. The "Home Library," and the "Parlor Library," and the "Drawing-Room Library," and the "Knickerbocker Library," and many more—(for whose names, see puffs and advertisements)—these publish for the equivocal immortals now living. *We* publish only for the immortal dead, or for the buried alive, disinterred with our own pick and shovel. Write that out, and I'll have it lithographed to save time. What next?

Committee.—We want a new head.

Brigadier.—Speak for yourself, my boy!

Committee.—A new *caption*, then (if you *will* be critical) in the Mirror. Where can I praise things, now? There's Headley's new book on Italy, worth the best laurel-sprig of my picking. There's "Amelia," of the Lousiville Journal, who has written some poetry about hearing a sermon, that traverses your back-bone like electricity, and where to praise *that!* George Flagg has painted a delicious sketch of my Glenmary-born Imogen, and I *will* praise *him!* I want a place to praise—

Brigadier.—Hire a pew!

Committee.—Will you give me a column?

Brigadier.—To your memory, I will.

Committee.—Well, my memory *wants* a column, to record the good things I should not forget to praise.

Brigadier.—Take it—take it—but for Heaven's sake be pert and pithy, crisp and critical! Nothing

so dull as praise to everybody but the praisee. Anything more?

Committee.—Yes—

> "The loving mother that nine months did bear
> In the dear closet of her painful side
> Her tender babe, it seeing safe appear
> Doth not so much rejoice,"

as I to inform you of the approaching delivery, from the press, of "Pencillings by the Way." My *travels* have seemed interminable.

Brigadier.—Well, as I assisted at their birth once before, I can certify now to their being "born again." Is that what you want?

Committee.—No—for, half the book was never a book before, not having been published except in the old Mirror. I want you to make it trip

> "as merry as a grig,
> And brisk as bottled ale,"

that I may hurry into "calf" all I have written up to last year, and start fresh from my meridian with "Dashes at Life," and gossips in the cloister. For, as says old Wotton in the "*Reliquiæ*," "Though I am a *cloistered* man in the condition of my present life, yet, having spent so much of mine age among noise abroad, there still doth hang upon me, I know not how, a certain concupiscence of novelty."

Brigadier.—*Verbum sap. sat.* Shall the committee rise—by getting down off the table?

Committee.—Yes!—one minute! Have you read the proof-sheets of that *glorious*—GLORIOUS—*say* "glorious!"—

Brigadier.—Glorious.

Committee.—Hood's "Midsummer Fairies"—the most delicious "Rococo" conceivable? Yes? Be off!

FROM the window in which I spin my cobweb, I look directly on the most frequented portion in Broadway—the *sidewalk in front of St. Paul's*. You walk over it every day. Familiarity with most things alters their aspect, however. Let me, after a long acquaintance with this bit of sidewalk, sketch how it looks to me at the various hours of the day. I may jot down, also, one or two trifles I have observed while looking into the street in the intervals of writing.

Eight in the morning.—The sidewalk is comparatively deserted. The early clerks have gone by, and the bookkeepers and younger partners not being abroad, the current sets no particular way. A vigorous female exerciser or two may be seen returning from a smart walk to the Battery, and the orange-women are getting their tables ready at the corners. There is to be a funeral in the course of the day in St. Paul's churchyard, and one or two boys are on the coping of the iron fence, watching the grave-digger. Seamstresses and schoolmistresses, with veils down, in impenetrable incognito, hurry by with a step which says unmistakeably, "don't look at me in this dress!" The return omnibuses come from Wall street empty, on a walk.

Nine and after.—A rapid throng of well-dressed men, all walking smartly, and all bound Mammonward. Glanced at vaguely, the sidewalk seems like a floor with a swarm of black beetles running races across it. The single pedestrians who are struggling up stream, keep close to the curbstone or get rudely jostled. The omnibuses all stop opposite St. Paul's at this hour, letting out passengers, who invariably start on a trot down Ann street or Fulton. The museum people are on the top of the building drawing their flags across Broadway and Ann by pulleys fastened to trees and chimneys. Burgess and Stringer hanging out their literary placards with a listless deliberation, as if nobody was abroad *yet* who had leisure to read them. *The* "brigadier" dismounting from an up-town 'bus with a roll of manuscripts sticking from his pocket, and hands and handkerchiefs waved to him from the omnibus windows.

Twelve and after.—Discount-seekers crowding into the Chemical Bank with hats over their eyes. Flower-merchants setting their pots of roses and geraniums along the iron fence. The blind beggar arrived, and set with his back against the church gate by an old woman. And now the streaks, drawn across my side vision by the passers under, glide at a more leisurely pace, and are of gayer hues. The street full of sunshine. Omnibuses going slowly, both ways. Female exclusives gliding to and fro in studiously plain dresses and with very occupied air—(never in Broadway without "the carriage" *of course*, except to shop). Strangers sprinkled in couples, exhausting their strength and spirits by promenading before the show hour. The grave dug in St. Paul's, and the grave-digger gone home to dinner. Woman run over at the Fulton crossing. Boys out of school. Tombs' bell ringing fire in the third district.

One and after.—The ornamentals are abroad. A crowd on St. Paul's sidewalk watching the accomplished canary-bird whose cage hangs on the fence. He draws his seed and water up an inclined plane in a rail-car, and does his complicated feeding to the great approbation of his audience. The price is high—his value being in proportion (aristocracy-wise) to his wants! It is the smoothest and broadest sidewalk in Broadway—the frontage of St. Paul's—and the ladies and dandies walk most at their ease just here, loitering a little, perhaps, to glance at the flowers for sale. My window, commanding this *pavé*, is a particularly good place, therefore, to study street habits, and I have noted a trifle or so, that, if not new, may be newly put down. I observe that a very well-dressed woman is noticed by none so much as by the women themselves. This is the week for the first spring dresses, and, to-day, there is a specimen or two of Miss Lawson's April *avatar*, taking its first sun on the promenade. A lady passed, just now, with a charming straw hat and primrose shawl—not a *very* pretty woman, but, dress and all, a fresh and sweet object to look at—like a new-blown cowslip, that stops you in your walk though it is not a violet. Not a *male* eye observed her, from curb-stone in Vesey to curb-stone in Fulton, but *every woman* turned to look after her! *Query*, is this the notice of envy or admiration, and, if the former, is it desirable or worth the pains and money of toilet? *Query*, again—the men's notice being admiration (not envy) what *will* attract it, and is *that* (whatever it is) worth while? I query what I should, myself, like to know.

Half past three.—The sidewalk is in shade. The orange-man sits on a lemon-box, with his legs and arms all crossed together in his lap, listening to the band who have just commenced playing in the museum balcony. The principal listeners, who have stopped for nothing but to listen, are three negro-boys (one sitting on the Croton hydrant, and the other two leaning on his back), and to them this gratuitous music seems a charming dispensation. (Tune, "Ole Dan Tucker.") The omnibus-horses prick up their ears in going under the trumpets, but evidently feel that to show fright would be a luxury beyond their means. Saddle-horse, tied at the bank, breaks bridle and runs away. Three is universal dinner-time for *bosses*—(what other word expresses the head men of all trades and professions?)—and probably not a single portly man will pass under my window in this hour.

Four to five.—Sidewalk more crowded. Hotel boarders lounging along with toothpicks. Stout men going down toward Wall street with coats unbuttoned.

Hearse stopped at St. Paul's, and the museum band playing "Take your time, Miss Lucy," while the mourners are getting out. A gentleman, separated from two ladies by the passing of the coffin across the sidewalk, rejoins them, apparently with some funny remark. Bell tolls. No one in the crowd is interested to inquire the age or sex of the person breaking the current of Broadway to pass to the grave. Hearse drives off on a trot.

Five and after.—Broadway one gay procession. Few ladies accompanied by gentlemen—fewer than in the promenades of any other country. Men in couples and women in couples. Dandies strolling and stealing an occasional look at their loose *demi-saison* pantaloons, and gaiter-shoes, newly sported with the sudden advent of warm weather. No private carriage passing except those bound to the ferries for a drive into the country. The crowd is unlike the morning crowd. There is as much or more beauty, but the fashionable ladies are not out. You would be puzzled to discover who these lovely women are. Their toilets are unexceptionable, their style is a *very* near approach to *comme il faut*. They look perfectly satisfied with their position and with themselves, and they do (what fashionable women do *not*)—meet the eye of the promenader with a coquettish confidence he will misinterpret—if he be green or a puppy. Among these ladies are accidents of feature, form, and manner—charms of which the possessor is unconscious—that, if transplanted into a high-bred sphere of society abroad, would be bowed to as the stamp of lovely aristocracy. Possibly—probably, indeed—the very woman who is a marked instance of this is not called pretty by her friends. She is only spoken to by those whose taste is common-place and unrefined. She walks Broadway, and has a vague suspicion that the men of fashion look at her more admiringly than could be accounted for by any credit she has for beauty at home. Yet she is not likely to be enlightened as to the secret of it. When tired of her promenade, she disappears by some side street leading away from the great thoroughfares, and there is no clue to her unless by inquiries that would be properly resented as impertinence. I see at least twenty pass daily under my window who would be ornaments of any society, yet who, I know (by the men I see occasionally with them), are unacknowledgable by the aristocrats up town. What a field for a Columbus! How charming to go on a voyage of discovery and search for these unprized pearls among the unconscious pebbles! How delightful to see these rare plants without hedges about them—exquisite women without fashionable affectations, fashionable hinderances, penalties, exactions, pretensions, and all the wearying nonsenses that embarrass and stupefy the society of most of our female pretenders to exclusiveness!

Half-past six and after.—The flower-seller loading up his pots into a fragrant wagon-load. Twilight's rosy mist falling into the street. Gas-lamps alight here and there. The museum band increased by two instruments, to play more noisily for the night-custom. The magic wheel lit up, and ground rather capriciously by the tired boy inside. The gaudy transparencies one by one illuminated. Great difference now in the paces at which people walk. Business-men bound home, apprentices and shop-boys carrying parcels, ladies belated—are among the hurrying ones. Gentlemen strolling for amusement take it very leisurely, and with a careless gait that is more graceful and becoming than their mien of circumspect daylight. And now thicken the flaunting dresses of the unfortunate outlaws of charity and pity. Some among them (not many) have a remainder of ladylikeness in their gait, as if, but for the need there is to attract attention, they could seem modest—but the most of them are promoted to fine dress from sculleries and low life, and show their shameless vulgarity through silk and feathers. They are not at all to be pitied. The gentleman cit passes them by like the rails in St. Paul's fence—wholly unnoticed. If he is vicious, it is not those in the street who could attract him. The "loafers" return their bold looks, and the boys pull their dresses as they go along, and now and then a greenish youth, well-dressed, shows signs of being attracted. Sailors, rowdies, country-people, and strangers who have dined freely, are those whose steps are arrested by them. It is dark now. The omnibuses, that were heavily-laden through the twilight, now go more noisily because lighter. Carriages make their way toward the Park theatre. My window shows but the two lines of lamps and the glittering shops, and all else vaguely.

I have repeatedly taken five minutes, at a time, to pick out a well-dressed man, and see if he would walk from Fulton street to Vesey without getting a look at his boots. You might safely bet against it. If he is an idle man, and out only for a walk, two to one he would glance downward to his feet three or four times in that distance. Men betray their subterfuges of toilet—women never. Once in the street, women are armed at all points against undesirable observation—men have an ostrich's obtusity, being wholly unconscious even of that battery of critics, a passing omnibus! How many substitutes and secrets of dress a woman carries about her, the angels know!—but she *looks* defiance to suspicion on that subject. Sit in my window, on the contrary, and you can pick out every false shirt-bosom that passes, and every pair of false wristbands, and the dandy's economical half-boots, gaiter-cut trousers notwithstanding.

Indeed, while it is always difficult, sometimes impossible, to distinguish *female* genuine from the imitation, nothing is easier than to know at sight the "glossed (*male*) worsted from the patrician sarsnet." The "fashion" of women, above a certain guide, can seldom be guessed at in the street street except by the men who are with them.

You should sit in a window like mine, to know how few men *walk* with even passable grace. Nothing so corrupts the gait as business—(a fact that would be offensive to mention in a purely business country, if it were not that the "unmannerly haste" of parcel-bearing and money-seeking, *may be* laid aside with low-heeled boots and sample cards.) The bent-kneed celerity, learned in dodging clerks and jumping over boxes in Cedar and Pearl, betrays its trick in the gait, as the face shows the pucker of calculation and the suavity of sale. I observe that the man used to hurry, relies principally on his heel, and keeps his foot at right angles. The ornamental man drops his toe slightly downward in taking a step, and uses, for elasticity, the spring of his instep. Nature has provided muscles of grace which are only incorporated into the gait by habitually walking with leisure. All women walk with comparative grace who are not cramped with tight shoes, but there are many degrees of gracefulness in women, and oh, what a charm is the highest degree of it! How pleasurable even to see from my window a woman walking like a queen!

The magnetic threads of Saratoga begin to pull upon the calculating bumps of foreseeing papas, and many a hair whitens in these spring months that would have taken another lease of youth but for the trip to Saratoga. Ah, the contrivance! Ah, the calculation! Ah, the saving, upon things undreamed of!—for extravagance is like the lengthening of the Indian's blanket—the piece

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cut from one end that is sewed on to the other! But, out on monotony, and hey for Saratoga! If there be an approach to a gayety-paradise on earth—if there be a place where the mortifications of neighborhood are forgotten, and "people's natural advantages" are prominent and undisputed—if there be, this side Heaven, a place where it is worth while to dress, worth while to be pretty, worth while to walk, talk, and particularly and generally outdo

"The snowy swans that strut on Isca's sands,"

it is sandy Saratoga—Marvin's United States Hotel! Take your papa there, "for his health," my dear belle! "And tell him, too," that it was the well-expressed opinion of the philosopher Bacon, that "money, like manure, is offensive if not spread." Tell your mamma to tell him how pale he is when he wakes in the morning! Tell the doctor to prescribe Congress water without the taste of the cork! Tell him, if he does not, and you are not let go with a chaperon, you will do something you shudder to think of—bolt, slope, elope, with the first base

"Arimaspian who, by stealth,
Will from his wakeful custom purloin
The guarded gold"

to which you are the heiress! For it is credibly and currently reported "in high circles," that the coming season at Saratoga is to be of a crowded uncomfortableness of splendor that was reserved for the making fashionable, by Mr. Van Buren, of the "United States" and its dependant colonies.

Among the alleviations to passing a summer in town (*misericordia pro nobis!*) is the completion of Mr. Stevens's Gothic cottage at the lip of the Elysian Hoboken, where are to be had many good things, of course, but where (I venture to suggest) it would be a *bliss ineffable* to be able to get a good breakfast! What a pleasure to cross the ferry, and, after a morning ramble in that delicious park, to sit down in the fresh air volant through the galleries of that sweet cottage, and eat (if nothing more) a nice roll with a good cup of French coffee! A *restaurateur* there would make a fortune, I *do* think. Bring it about, Mr. "Person Concerned," and you shall lack neither our company nor a zealous trumpeter.

THE CLOISTER.

Committee—(solus).—Oh, most beset of brigadiers! Most *civil* of *military men*! (for half a *firm*, the most *yielding* partner of my acquaintance!) when, oh *responsible general*, will you get through with your *particular callers* and come to confab? True, I have dined, and can wait! True, there are joint letters to answer! True, I can listen, and look out into the back yard! Hark! Syphax, my black boy, *loquitur*.

Syphax—(to the general).—Shall I cut out *them* favorable notices from the exchanges, sir?

Brigadier.—Those favorable notices, Syphax!

Heavens! what an unfeeling man! For the love of pity, corrupt not the innocent grammar of the lad, my dear brigadier! Out of seven black boys sent me for trial by the keeper of an intelligence-office, six, to my disgust, spoke with the painful accuracy of Doctor Pangloss. The last, my inestimable Syphax, whom that finished brigadier would fain bring to his own level of heartless good grammar—was ignorant (virtuous youth!) even of the sexes of pronouns! He came to me innocent; and, I need not say to any writer—to any slave of the rule-tied pen—to any man cabined, cribbed, confined, as are public scribblers to case and number, gender and conjugation, participle present, and participle past—I need not say, to such a victim, what an oasis in the desert of perfection was the green spot of a black boy's cacology! Oh, to the attenuated ear of the grammar-ridden!—to the tense mood of unerring mood and tense—what a luxury is an erring pronoun—what a blessed relief from monotony is a too-yielding verb, seduced, from its singular antecedent, by a contiguity of plural! Out on perfectionists! Out on you, you flaw-less brigadier! Correct your own people, however! Inveigle not my Syphax into rhetoric! Ravish not from my use the one variation, long-sought and chance-found, from the maddening monotone of good grammar!

And this brings to my mind (if I get time to jot it down before the brigadier comes to cloister) a long-settled conviction of my own, that *the corrections in American manners* brought about by the criticisms of Trollope and others, have been among the worst influences ever exercised upon the country. Gracious heaven! are we to have our national features rasped off by every manner-tinker who chooses to take up a file! See how it affects the English to laugh at their bloat of belly and conceit, their cockney ignorance and their besotted servility to rank. Do they brag less, and drink less beer? Do they modify their Bow-bell dialect one hair, or whip off their hats with less magical celerity when spoken to by a lord? Not a bit! They will be *English* till they are smothered with Russians—English ghosts (those who die before England is conquered by Russia), with English manners, at doomsday. They are not so soft as to be moulded into American pottery, or German pottery, or French pottery, because an American, or a German, or a Frenchman, does not find them like his own country's more common utensils! Where do national features exist? Not among well-bred people! Not where peas are eaten with a fork and soup-plates left untilted by the hungry! All well-bred people are monotonously alike—whatever their nation and whatever the government they have lived under. Differences of manners are found *below this level*, and the mistake—the *lamentable mistake*—lies in submitting to correct this low level by the standard of coxcombs! What a picture would be without shade—what music would be without discords—what life would be without something to smile at—what anything would be without contrast—*that are we becoming* by our sensitiveness to criticism. Long live our (Bull-*judice*) "abominations." Long live *some* who spit and whittle, *some* who eat eggs out of wine-glasses and sit on four chairs, *some* who wear long naps to their hats, *some* who eat peas with a knife, *some* who pour out their tea into saucers, and *some* who are civil to unprotected ladies in stage-coaches! Preserve *something* that is not English, oh, my countrymen!

[Enter the brigadier.]

Brigadier.—Forgive me, my dear boy—what is that I see written on your paper about Russia?

"The Russie men are round of bodies, fully-faced,
The greatest part with bellies that overhang the waist,
Flat-headed for the most, with faces nothing faire,
But brown by reason of the *stoves* and closeness of the aire."

So says old Tuberville, the traveller—and now to business. Jot!

Committee.—What?

Brigadier.—Jot—that we are glad to offer to the patrons of the "Mirror Library" a book they will thank us for, at every line—"THE PLEA OF THE MIDSUMMER FAIRIES," and other admirable poems, pregnant with originality and richness, by Thomas Hood. His poetry is the very attar, the aroma, the subtlest extract of sweet imagination. "EUGENE ARAM" is one of those included in this volume.

Committee.—What else are you glad of?

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Brigadier.—*Glad to be sorry* that Parke Godwin's fine analytical mind and bold foundry of cast-iron English are not freighted with a more popular subject than Fourierism—worthy though the theme be of the regard of angels whose approbation don't pay. Politics should be at a lift to deserve the best energies of such a writer—but they are not, and so he turns to philosophy.

Committee.—But he should play Quintus Curtius, and write up politics to his level, man! The need is more immediate than the need of Fourierism.

Brigadier.—My dear boy, give away nothing but what is saleable. Gifts, that would not otherwise have been money in your purse, are not appreciated—particularly advice. We love Godwin—let us love his waste of ammunition, if it please him to waste it.

Committee.—

"Then let him weep, of no man mercified,"

if his brains be not coinable to gold. *I* would make a merchant of genius! The world has need of brains like Godwin's, and need makes the supply into commodity, and commodity is priceable. That's the logic by which even *my* poor modicum is made to thrive. Apropos—what do you think of these lines on "bells," by Duganne? A poet, I should say:—

"Ye melancholy bells,
Ye know not why ye're ringing—
See not the tear-drops springing
From sorrows that ye bring to mind,
Ye melancholy bells.

"And thus ye will ring on—
To-day, in tones of sadness;
To-morrow, peals of gladness;
Ye'll sound them both, yet never feel
A thrill of either one.

"Ye ever-changing bells!
Oh many ye resemble,
Who ever throb and tremble,
Yet never know what moves them so—
Ye ever-changing bells."

Brigadier.—Kernel-ish and quaint. But, my dear boy,

"twilight, soft arbiter
'Twixt day and night,"

is beginning to blur the distinctness of the cheeks on that apron drying upon the line in the back yard. Shall we go to tea?

The opening of the exhibition at the National Academy is like taking a mask from one of the city's most agreeable features. And it is only those who live in the city habitually, *and who live as fast as the city does*, who are qualified to enjoy it with the best appreciation. Did you ever notice, dear reader, how *behind the tide* you feel, on arriving in town, even after an absence of a week—how whirling and giddy your sensations are—how many exciting things there seem for you to do—how "knowing" and "ahead-of-you" seem all the *takers-coolly* whom you meet—how incapable you are of any of the *tranquil* pleasures of the metropolis, and with what impatient disgust you pass any exhibition which would subtract you, mind and body, from the crowd. It is not for strangers, then, that the exhibition is the highest pleasure. It is for those who have laid behind them the bulk of the city excitements in a used-up heap—to whom balls are nuisances, theatres satiety, concerts a bore, Broadway stale, giants, dwarfs, and six-legged cows, "familiar as your hand." It is only such who have the cool eye to look critically and enjoyingly at pictures. It is for such that Durand has laid into his landscape the touch that was preceded by despair—for such that Ingham elaborates, and Page strains invention, and Sully woos the coy shade of expression. And, truth to say, it is not one of the least of the gratuitous riches of existence, that while we are sifting away the other minutes of the year in commonplace business or pleasure, forgetful of art and artists, these gifted minds are at work, producing beautiful pictures to pamper our eyes with in spring! If you never chanced to think of that before, dear reader, you are richer than you thought! Please enclose us the surplus in bankable funds! Ehem!

There are more portraits in the exhibition than will please the dilettanti—but hang the displeased! We would submit to a thousand indifferent portraits, for the accident of possessing a likeness of one friend unexpectedly lost. For Heaven's sake, let everybody be painted, that, if perchance there is a loved face marked, unsuspected by us, for heaven, we may have its semblance safe before it is beyond recall! How bitter the regret, the self-reproach, when the beautiful joy of a household has been suddenly struck into the grave, that we *might* have had a bright image of her on canvass—that we *might* have removed, by holding converse with her perpetuated smile, the dreadful image of decay that in sad moments crowds too closely upon us! For the sake of love and friendship, let that branch of the art, now in danger of being disparaged by short-sighted criticism—let it be ennobled, for the sacred offices it performs! Is an art degrading to its follower which does so much—which prolongs the presence of the dead, which embellishes family ties, which brightens the memory of the absent, which quickens friendship, and shows the loved, as they were before ravage by sadness or sickness? There should rather be a priesthood of the affections, and portrait-painters its brotherhood—holy for their ministering pencils.

We have a customer in Andover, to whose attention particularly we commend the truly delicious poetry of "*The Sacred Rosary*," as some atonement for having inveigled him into the purchase of the "Songs of the Bard of Poor Jack." That mis-spent *shilling* troubled our friend, and he wrote us a letter and paid *eighteen pence postage* to complain of it!—but *non omnia possum-us omnes* (we can't play 'possum with all our subscribers), and we humbly beg our kind friend (who lives where we learned our Latin) to refresh his piety with the "Rosary," and forgive the Dibdin. The apology over, however, we must make bold to say that of all the publications of the "Mirror Library," this collection of Dibdin's songs has sold the best. It has been indeed what our Andover friend scornfully calls "a catch-penny affair," and we wish there were (what there never will be) another catch-penny like it. No—by Castaly! such a book will never again be written! If ever there was honest, hearty, natural, manly feeling spliced to rhyme, it is in these magnificent songs. England's naval glory—her *esprit-de-man-o'-war*—her empire of the sea—lies spell-bound in that glorious song-book! She owes more to Dibdin than to Chatham or Burke—as much as to Howard or Wilberforce! Ah, dear Anonym of Andover, you have never hung your taste out to salt over the gunwale! You don't know poor Jack. Find out when your lease of life is likely to run out—go first to sea—read Dibdin understandingly, *e poi mori!*"

The proprietor of the "Connecticut pie depot" (corner of Beekman and Nassau), writes us that he will be happy to have us "call and taste his pies when we are sharp-set," and that he hails from Boston and takes a pride in us. So we do in him, though, for a

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puff, our pen against his rolling-pin for a thousand pound! He evidently thinks us "the cheese," for he says he wishes to be noticed in our "dairy of town trifles." Well, sir, we don't "fill our belly with the east wind," nor eat pies, since we left Boston, but we rejoice in your pie-ous enterprise, and agree, with you, to consider ourselves mutually the *flour* of the city we come from. Apropos—we can do our friend a service which we hope he will reciprocate by opening a subscription-book in his pie-magazine, and procuring us five hundred subscribers (payments invariably in advance). A young lady has written to us, imploring the Mirror's aid in reforming the prog at fashionable boarding-schools. There are symptoms of a "strike" for something better to eat in these coops of chicken-angels, and the establishment of a "Connecticut pie depot" seems (*seems*, madam, nay, it is!) beautifully providential! We can not trace our anonymous note to any particular school, but we hereby recommend to the young ladies in every "establishment," "nunnery," and "seminary," to "hang their *aprons* on the outer wall," and hoist in our friend's pastry, on trial. The French pockets will be filled the first day gratis, we undertake to promise. The second day and after, of course, the bill will be presented to *tante* or the music-master.

There are poems which the world "does not willingly let die," but which this same go-to-bed world, tired of watching, covers quietly up with the ashes of neglect, and leaves to grow as black as the poker and tongs of criticism that stand unused beside them. Stop the first twenty men (gentlemen, even) whom you see in the street, and probably not one can tell you even the argument of Goldsmith's great poem! And the "pourquoy Sir Knight" is simply that "The English Poets," in six formidable volumes, are too much for cursory readers to encounter! The poems and passages they would "thumb," if they could light readily on them, are buried up in loads of uninteresting miscellany. They want the often-quoted, undeniable, pure fire, *raked out* of this heap of embers. Our last number of the Mirror Library begins a supply of this want, under the title of "Live Coals, *raked from the Embers of English Poetry.*"

The following advertisement is cut from "The Sun:"—

"Notice—To the gentleman that pushed the man over the curbstone in Broadway, at the corner of Lispenard street, with his dinner-kettle in his hand, from this time forth never to lay his hand on David Brown again."

Now, what other country than America would do for David Brown? God bless the land where a man can pour his sorrows into the sympathizing bosom of a newspaper! Query—does not this *seventy-five cent vent* supersede altogether the use of that dangerous domestic utensil, *a friend!* Add to this the invention of an *un*expressive substitute for gunpowder, and the world will be comparatively a safe place.

Point of fact—we delight in all manner of old things made young again, particularly in all kinds of venerable and solemn humbug "showing green." If ever there was a monster, grown out of sight of its natural and original intention—a bloated, diseased, wen-covered, abate-worthy nuisance of a monster, it is the newspaper. The first newspaper ever published in France was issued by a physician to amuse his patients. "To this complexion" would we reduce it once more. Fill them with trifles, or with important news (the same thing as to amusement), and throw a wet blanket, and *keep it wet*, over congressional twaddle, polemical fubbery, tiresome essays, political cobwebberies—yes, especially politics! People sometimes cease to talk when there are no listeners, and it might be hoped, with God's blessing and help ("Ave Maria! ora pro nobis!") that congress members would cease to put us to shame as well as to bore us to extinction, if there were no newspapers to fan their indignant eloquence. It is a query worth sticking a pin in—how many nuisances would die (beside congress) if newspapers were restored to their original use and purpose? Any symptom of this regeneration inexpressibly refreshes us. Hence our delight at the advertisement of David Brown. Who would not rather know that a man had run against David Brown at the corner of Lispenard street, with a dinner-kettle in his hand (and had better not do it again), than to read the next any ten speeches to be delivered on the rowdy floor of congress! We have said enough to give you a thinking-bulb, dear reader, and now to our next—but

Apropos—we wish our friend Russell Jarvis, or any analytically-minded and strong writer half as good, would prepare us a speculative essay on the query which is the natural inference of the late Washington doings, viz.: how curious must be the process of mind by which a gentleman (there *are* one or two in congress) could be brought to consent to stay there—hail from there—frank from there—have his letters addressed there—in any way or shape take upon himself a member's share of this lustrum's obloquy and abomination? Not but what we think it wholesome—we do! You can not cure festers without bringing them to a head. The wonder is, how gentlemen are willing to be parts of a congress that is only the nation's pustule—the offensive head and vent of all the purulent secretions of the body politic! Thank God, they *are* coming to a head—to *this* head, if need be (it is rather conspicuous, it is true—like a pimple on a lady's nose, which *might* be better situated)—to have the worst issue of our national shame on the floor of Congress; but better so than pent up—better so than an inward mortification precursory of dissolution! For our own part (though we are no politician, except when stung upon our fifteen millionth of national feeling), we think we could do very well without a congress. We believe the supreme court capable of doing all the legislative grinding necessary for the country, or, if that would not do, we think a congress convened only for the first three months of every administration, in which speaking was prohibited, would answer all wise ends. We are over-governed. The reign of grave outrages and solemn atrocities is at its height, and Heaven overturn it, and send us, next after, a dynasty of laws "left to settle," and trifles paramount. Amen.

We are not of the envious and discontented nature of a mutton candle, blackest at the wick—that is to say, we do not think every spot brighter than the one we live in. We seek means to glorify New York—since we live here. Pat to our bosom and business, therefore, comes a letter "from a gentleman to his sister," apotheosistic (we *will* have our long word if we like) of this same pleasant municipality. Our friend and anonymous correspondent does not go quite enough into detail, and we cut off his long peroration, in which he compares himself very felicitously to "a bottle of soda-water, struggling for vent."—"Now then," he continues, "to uncork (off hat) and let my exuberant contents be made manifest:—

"Once more in New York—dear, delightful New York! the spot of all spots and the place of all places! the whereabout which the poet *dreamed of* when he

spoke of 'the first flower of the earth and first gem of the sea;' and once more here, too, not to look upon it for a moment, and then depart, but to stay, lo live, to be, to exist, and to enjoy. You do not know the love I bear New York; it is, beyond all others, the place where existence *is;* where time passes, not like a summer's dream, but as time *should* pass, in a succession (constant) of employments and enjoyments.

"I love the city, as I love everything loveable, with a full and abiding joyousness. There is nothing passing, or in still life, but goes to make up the sum. The very odor of the atmosphere, which might shock your delicate, country-bred olfactories, is more to me than all the fragrance of all the green fields that were ever babbled of.

"The country is all very well, in its way. I love that also—at a distance, or in moderate quantities. Homeopathetically, as it were—as, for instance, the Battery. I love to walk there, to inhale the sea-breeze, and enjoy the sweet smell of the growing grass and the budding trees; and to look over to Long Island or New Jersey, and see the country blooming (afar off) under the loving smiles of spring. Yes, the country is, no doubt, very desirable—for a few days in the summer—for a change, or to come back from with a new relish for the *real* life that awaits one on his return.

"I love to stand on the docks, of a still evening, and hear the tide rush past. The very rime of the sea drifts in music to my ear. The rushing of the free and ever-changing waters, the glad dancing of its waves, the glowing reflex of the stars in their bosom, the rifting foam, and the swift gushing sound, like a continuous echo, stir up the dormant poetry of one's soul, and send him, with a glowing heart, back to his lonely home, happier for the sweet communion.

"All the time, too, is thought-filled; there is no standing still here. Business is part of life, perhaps life itself, and it is constantly going on around and with us. If I choose a walk, Broadway is full of life—never-ending, never-tiring. So all over the city. One can not stroll anywhere but he meets with something new, something strange, something interesting; some chapter opens, which has till then been to him as a dead letter.

"Somebody, who wanted to express in strong language that nature might be improved by art, has said that 'God made the country, man made the town.' How true it is! And, beyond that, here are congregated hundreds of thousands of 'featherless bipeds' (men and women), of whom, perhaps, you know not a dozen, but every one of whom, in your walks, is to you a study.

"Then, again, the very situation—the form, structure, and appliances—of New York, are delightful and fascinating beyond compare. Such a beautiful promontory, swelling up from two magnificent rivers, rising from either, gently, to the palace-lined thoroughfare on its crown; and crossbarred with a thousand avenues to both rivers—inlets for pure air, ever fresh rising from the sea, blowing over and into every habitation, and freighted with health, like the gales of Araby the blest.

"Nature has been wonderfully prodigal of her bestowments on this spot, and the hand of man has not been niggardly in completing what the fair dame commenced, by putting a worthy superstructure on her noble foundation. I have often thought of the remark made by some one, that the man who first stood on Manhattan island, and looked around him with an eye and a mind that could comprehend and appreciate its wonderful beauties and advantages, must have 'held his very breath' in wonder and admiration.

"And then more of its present beauties to the dwellers therein. Should one, in hot and dusty weather, choose to change the scene, how joyous a trip to Sandy Hook! Often have I stood on the heights, and looked off on old Ocean, holding in my gaze one of the most glowing scenes that this world shows. The wide and boundless view—the noble Hudson and the city above, the green beauties of Long island before, and the heaven ocean below, spread out in its grand sublimity; the sails of all nations flashing on its breast and blending in its glory,

> —'like a mirror where the Almighty's form
> Glasses itself.'

"Oh who, with such a prospect before him, feels not his soul elevated and his thoughts sublimated! Thoughts, indeed, too wild for utterance, are born, not for others, but to sink deep in the heart and leave him a wiser if not a better man.

"This, you will say is *the country*—ah, but it is the country of New York, close by, and part of city life itself. Then there is another country (*yours* is only *one*) over the other shoulder, where the moderate sum of sixpence will waft us to the delightful walks, the green lawns, the shady groves, and cool zephyrs of dear, charming Hoboken. Doubly dear to a New-Yorker. Fresh smelling and fragrant in the spring, cool and breezy in the hot days of summer; and, with the rustling leaf of autumn, dear in its remembered beauties, its fading foliage, and the ever-sounding surges that beat with melancholy moan at the foot of its beetling crags and sloping lawns. Ah, lovely Hoboken,

> 'None know thee but to love thee,
> Nor name thee but to praise!'

"Mr. Stevens, we owe you much; and we can afford to owe; but we pay you a large annual interest in gratitude and praise. 'Tis all we have, we can no more.'"

We also cut off the irrelevant tail of our friend's letter (tipped with a "G."), and beg another from him with a finer nib to his pen—going more into the individualities. If you would like a subject suggested (*exempli gratia*) give us the hopes, trials, temptations, and aspirations of a Broadway shop-tender. They seem fine youths, those silk-and-suavity venders. Who knows what is their pay and prospects? How can they afford such good manners and fine waistcoats? What is the degree of friendly acquaintance bred between them and the ladies in the course of a bargain? Have they legs (below the counter)?—Do they marry?—Have they combinations, and *esprit de corps?*—Which are the honorablest goods to sell?—As to the "beating down" of grass-cloth and stockings—is it interesting, or more so than the cheapening of calico? When do they eat? Do handsomer ones get higher wages? May their "cousins" come to see them? How do they look with hats on? What is the duration of their chrysalis—the time of metamorphosis from boy to "boss"—and what are their several stages of mental discipline? The most saleable book in the world would be the autobiography of a Broadway clerk—(dry goods, retail). Let this "*verbum*" be "*sat*" to a *sapienti*.

We have undertaken to make ourselves acquainted with the island on which we live. We mean to give our readers, bit by bit, the results of our observations upon the customs, manners, geography, and morals of the island of New York, as noted down in our rambles. We do not take our walks in chapters, however, and we shall, therefore, be equally miscellaneous and disorderly in our arrangement of topics. It is a curious island, and some of the inhabitants are curious islanders. Those who only walk up the city's backbone (Broadway) know very little of its bowels and extremities. Little by little, we hope to make

out its truthful anatomy—veins, pulses, functions, and arteries.

We should like to know, among other things, why the broadest, most accessible, most convenient street in New York, the noble avenue of WEST BROADWAY, is entirely given up to negroes? The *rage* is to move up town—but there are people who are not *rajahs*, who are willing to pay high rents—people who don't care where the fashionable people go to (while they live), and who simply desire to reside in broad streets for air and light, and above all, to be near, if possible, to their business. Now the narrowest part of this be-streeted island is of course the most wholesome, as the air from the two rivers comes over fewer chimneys and gutters. The broader the street the better, both for health and show. The access to a street should be good, and West Broadway, in its whole length, is parallel to Broadway, and approachable by Chambers street, Murray, Warren, and all the best short avenues of the city. It has, besides, near by, the beautiful "lungs" of St. John's park, the hospital grounds, and College Green, and is crossed at its upper end by the broad ventilator of Canal street. Where, on the island, is there a street more calculated to be wholesome—dirty as it now is from the character of its occupants? It would require, it is true, an *entire* renovation, before any one person, desirous of good neighborhood, could live there—but that renovation (we prophesy it) will be done. Some speculator will buy lots in it, and call a meeting of proprietors to suggest a general turn-out and improvement, or some one of the Wall street Astor-hood will buy the street, from lamp-post to lamp-post, and fill it with fashionable dwelling-houses. The up-town tide will partly ebb, the natural advantages of the Battery and Lower Broadway will regain their ascendency, and the sandalled foot of the island will again wear jewels on its instep.

Pearl street (if Manhattan lie on his back) would be the main artery of his left leg, and Franklin square, which occupies a natural knoll, would be his knee-pan. This gives you some idea of its geography, though, probably, dear reader, if you are not in the dry-goods line, you have never visited it. It is a curious place historically, and was once the aristocratic centre of the city. There are still two famous houses in it—one the old Walton mansion, and the other a building that was once the headquarters of Washington. In the yard of the latter house is a pear-tree of Washington's planting. And, by the way, our companion (in a first visit which we made to Franklin square a day or two since) told us a story that may be new or old, touching an attempt made to poison Washington. A dish of some vegetables from a forcing-bed was put upon the table for dinner, and the general, remarking that growths so much earlier than was natural were not wholesome, threw them out of the window. Some pigs in the yard were poisoned by eating them. Colonel Stone can tell us if the story be true—always presuming it is not in some veritable history of New York.* The Walton house is still a noble-looking mansion, with its English mouldings in good preservation, and is now occupied as a lodging-house. The headquarters of Washington are tenanted by a pianoforte builder, and all around looks trafficky and dull.

One of the favorite spring amusements of the people of New York—(of course of the silly people, of whom there are at least *several*)—is to attend the auction sales at private houses. We heard of one silly but honest woman (they are often honest) who, on being rallied a day or two since at having so passed the last fortnight, said, "La! it's so amusing to see how people live!" And, truly enough, you may find out by this process how every class "*furnishes*," which is a considerable feature in living, and it is wonderful with how little ceremony and reluctance the household gods are stripped to the skin and exposed to the gaze of a public invited in by the red flag of an auction! It is possibly a very natural feature of a new country to have no respect for furniture; but to our notion it comes close after "honor thy father and mother" to honor the chairs and tables at which they have eaten and prayed, counselled and blessed. And even this were easier got over—the selling of the mere mahogony and damask—if the articles were removed to a shop and disassociated from the places where they had become hallowed. But to throw open sacred boudoirs, *more* sacred bedrooms, breakfast-rooms, bath-rooms, in which (as has been the case once or twice lately) lovely and cherished women have lived, and loved, and been petted, and secluded, and caressed—to let in vulgar and prying curiosity to sit on the damask seats and lounge on the silken sofas, and breathe the air impregnated with perfume that could betray the holiest secrets if it had a tongue—and then to stand by while an auctioneer chaffers, and describes, and tempts the vulgar appetite to buy! Why, it seems to us scarce less flagrant and atrocious than the ride of Lady Godiva—desecrating to those who sell out, and a profanity and license in those who go to see!

It is a famous time, now, to buy cheap second-hand furniture, by the way—for the fashion of French furniture has come in lately, with a rush, and the nabobs are selling out from sideboard to broom, and furnishing anew *à la Française*, from skylight to basement. By a year from this time there will be more houses in New York above a certain cost and up to a marquis's taste and wants, than either in Paris or London. (And this estimate is not extravagant, for only "*the few*" abroad spend money as "*the many*" do here.) There is a drygoods retailer in Broadway, who has a house furnished as sumptuously, and in as good taste, as the most extravagant nobleman's house in London. The thing is done very simply. The dimensions of the house, and an accurate description of the way it is lighted and arranged, are sent out to the first upholsterers of Paris—men who are artists in their way, and who have furnished for royalty and rank all over Europe. *Carte blanche* as to expense, and out comes your "interior," complete, lustrous, and as good as his majesty's—wanting only (really *only*) the society suitable to enjoy it—which is like (something like) a very fine play without a symptom of an audience.

So marked is this change of taste, and the new school of furnishing, that the oldest and most wealthy of the cabinet warehouse-men in this city has completely abandoned the making of English furniture. He has sold out an immense stock of high-priced articles at auction, and sent to France for models and workmen to start new with the popular taste. It is a great chance, by the way, to establish the European fashion of *hotels garnis* for strangers—giving them the temporary hire of houses ready furnished, by the week or month—their meals sent to them from a restaurateur. Such investments bring large profits; and the convenience of the custom, to families coming from the south or west, and wishing for greater privacy and more room than they can get at a hotel, is very great. So may good come out of an extravagant folly.

THE ANTIQUE CABINET.—Whether it is a perverse pleasure in seeing costly things out of place, or an aversion we have to new things (except new thoughts,

* A recollection has come back to us very reluctantly (on its way to bed with Lethe), that of having seen this anecdote in Dunlap's History.

new toothpicks, and new ladies' gear), or the natural love for miscellany common to all mankind—whether it is for one of these reasons, or for a little of each—we are in the habit of bestowing the loose ends of our idleness upon the warehouses of second-hand furniture. Nothing grows upon a man like a habit of choice between such entertainment and any society merely tolerable—the preference given, of course, to the shabby but more suggestive damask and mahogany. Ah, the variety of things people sell to get money! What curious places shops are, where they will buy anything that is "sacrificed!" How entertaining to mousle about among old portraits, broken ornaments, miniatures soiled by wearing in the bosom, unstrung harps, battered statuary, and furniture that has kept proud company! How curious-minded must become at last these dealers in nothing with a gloss on! How exactly they must know the duration and value of fashionable newness! How well they must understand the pitiless transit from ornament to lumber—how well the sudden chill of the money-test to articles valued, till then, only by affection! But we can not afford a digression here.

Resting our umbrella on the steps to a high bed the other day, and our chin on our umbrella (a posture taken for the leisurely perusal of a crowded corner of an old furniture shop), we began to pick out from the mass, an outline of an old cabinet secretary. Now we have been that degree of vagabond, that we have to confess having fairly topped our meridian without the knowledge of more luxury in writing-tools than *any* table, *any* pen, and *any* conceivable vagary of ink-holder. It is true, that while travelling we got accustomed to fastening the other end of our thought-string to an old black trunk—a companion to our hithering and thithering for seven long years—and, by dint of habit in many a far country, we could ill write, at last, where that old portmanteau was not ready to receive our eyes as they came off the paper. But, in reforming our baggage for matrimony, the old trunk was degraded to a packing-box, and at present it peacefully reposes, smelling of quinces, and holding the modest Sunday-clothes of our farmer's dame at Glenmary. Save and since this, our travelled and "picked *pen* of countries" has been without appanage or equipage, wearing all its honors upon its bare plume of service, and, like a brave and uncomplaining soldier, scorning to claim the dignities which should have been plucked down by its deservings. Well—well! "the whirligig of time!" "Pen!" we mentally ejaculated, as we made out the odd corners and queer angles of the antique cabinet—"thy proper honors are in flower! Thou shalt do thy work in luxury after this! What pigeon-holes can do to make thee comfortable—what drawers, what slits, what niches and nooks—is as good as done! Rise to-morrow rich and glorious!"

We had the advantage to be favorably known to the furniture-dealer. He was a man who rejoiced in our promotions. We bought the old secretary without chaffer, "at the lowest figure," and requested that it might be dug out from its unsold neighbors, and sent home, not too vigorously dusted. Here it is. We are writing upon its broad let-down leaf, and our pen struts like a knight wearing for the first hour his well-earned spurs. It is an old chamberer—the secretary—brown-black mahogany, inlaid with sandal-wood—and has held money, and seen frowns and smiles. In its experience (for which we would give a trifle) we ourself are but a circumstance. The hand that first wrote at it is cold; and, for the hands that are to write at it hereafter, nature may not yet have sorted out the nails. Our own hand will give over its cunning and turn to ashes, meantime. One man's life and using are but of the duration of a coat of varnish, to this old cabinet's apprehension. Ah "we!"

"By the pricking of our thumbs," the brigadier is mounting the stairs. Since the possession of our first operative luxury, we have taken a disgust to the cloister—conceiting that the smell of soap, from the lavendering in the back yard, gave a stain to such flowers of imagination as were born there. The brigadier says we grow superfine. *Soit!* It is time—after "taking it as it comes" for so many years. Besides, we must have *something* to set off against his epaulettes! Glory in your *staff*, dear brigadier, but leave us our *cabinet!*

Brigadier—(entering out of breath).—Paff! paff! How the breath of life flutters with this vicinity to heaven! Paff! paff!—prophetic nature! How are you, my dear upster?

Committee.—You see the ink wet in my pen—I was just about to dash into a critique. That straw-colored volume of poems, by Mrs. Lewis, shows feathers from Pegasus; though, as usual with lady-poems, without any parings from the hoof—any trace of that part of the old steed that touches earth. It takes wrongs and sufferings—like those of Mrs Norton, L. E. L., and Mrs. Hemans—to compound a poetess of any reality and strength. Soil, that, if torn up with a ploughshare, may yield the heavy grain of anguish, will yield nothing but daisies and white clover, lying undisturbed in the sunshine. Yet this same white clover is very sweet grazing, and Mrs. Lewis's is a very sweet book. May she never write a better one—by having suffered enough to "*qualify!*"

Brigadier.—Amen! I say, my boy, what a clever thing Inman is making of his magazine! The May number is beautiful. What a good pick he has among the magazine-writers!

Committee.—Excellent—but he uses himself up with making his correspondents work, and sets too little value on his own writings. He wants a *sub.* for drudgery. He *could*, with his strong fabric of good sense (which is genius), and his excellent critical powers, make all the rest of the "COLUMBIAN" subservient to his own articles.

Brigadier.—Tell him so.

Committee.—Will he stand it—as your firm ally?

Brigadier.—Bless your soul, he has told *you* many a plainer thing in print.

Committee.—Has he? Here goes, then:—

> "For Jove's right hand, with thunder cast from sky,
> Takes open vengeance oft for secret ill."

But now we think of it, *you* are bound to be particularly good-natured, my dear brigadier. With what enthusiasm they received your song the other night at the Tabernacle—"The Pastor's Daughter!" That, and "Boatman haste," and "Cheerly o'er the mountains," are three songs, that, skilfully built, as they are, upon three of our most exquisite national melodies, and intrinsically beautiful in words and music, will be *classics*. Atwill has published them charmingly, too. What lots of money you ought to make out of these universalities!

Brigadier.—My dear boy, stop praising me at a judicious place—for praise, like "heat, hath three degrees: first, it induratеth or maketh strong; next, it maketh fragile; and lastly, it doth encinerate or calcinate, or crumble to pieces."

Committee.—Subtle tactician! How you have corrupted my rural simplicity! Mff—mff—mff! I think I sniff mint! The wind sets this way from Windust's. How it exhausts the juices to talk pleasantly with a friend; and, by-the-way, soft crabs are in the market. What say to a dish of water-cresses, and such other things as may suggest themselves—we two—over the way! We are in too good humor to dine in public to-day. We should seem to lack modesty, with this look of exultation on our faces.

Brigadier.—To dinner, with all my heart—for the

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Mirror has an appetite—the philosopher's tranquil appetite—*idem contemptui et admirationi habitus.*

Committee.—I go to shave off this working face, my dear general! Please amuse yourself with my warm pen. Our correspondents, "Y." and "E. K." —two "treasures trove," if such periodical ever had—should be gracefully and gratefully thanked. Do it while I am gone, with your usual *suaviter.*

[*Brigadier writes.*]

I GAVE in to a friend's proposition to "poke about," lately, one afternoon, and, by dint of turning every corner that we had never turned before, we zig-zagged ourselves into a somewhat better acquaintance with the Valley of Poverty lying between Broadway and the Bowery. On our descent we stopped at the Tombs, making, however (as many do), rather an unsatisfactory visit. We lacked an Old Mortality to decipher the names and quality of the tenants. It is a gloomy access to Justice, up the dark flight of steps frowned over by these Egyptian pillars; and the resolute-looking constables, and the anxious-looking witnesses and prisoners' friends who lean and group at the bases of the columns, or pace up and down the stony pavement, show, with gloomy certainty, that this is not the dwelling of "Hope, with eyes so fair." We turned out of the dark portico into the police court—a dingy apartment with the dust on the floor—not like other unswept apartments, but ground into circles of fine powder by hurried and twisting footprints. No culprit was before the court, and the judge's terrors were laid on the desk with his spectacles. We looked about in vain for anything note-worthy. Even the dignity of "the presence" was unrecognised by us, for (not being in the habit of uncovering where there is neither carpet, lady, nor sign of holy cross) we were obliged to be notified by the "hats off, gentlemen," of the one other person in the room—apparently a constable on duty.

A side door led us downward to the watch-house, which occupies the basement of the Egyptian structure. It is on a level with the street, and hither are brought newly-caught culprits, disturbers of the peace, and, indeed (so easy is disgrace), anybody accused by anybody! It is not an uncommon shape of malice (so the officer told us in answer to my query) for the *aggressor* in a quarrel to give the sufferer in charge to the watchman and have him locked up! The prisoner is discharged, of course, the next morning, the complainant not appearing, to prosecute; but passing a night in a cell, even on false accusation, is an infliction which might fall with some weight on an honest man, and the power to inflict it should not be quite so accessible—"thinks I to myself." (I made a mental promise to get better information on the subject of arrests, and generally on the subject of the drawing of the first line between "ourselves" and the guilty. With Miss Lucy Long's privilege, I shall duly produce what I can gather.)

On application at the door of the prisons, we were informed nonchalantly (and figuratively, I presume) that it was "all open," and so indeed it seemed, for there was no unlocking, though probably the hinges would have somehow proved reluctant had a prisoner tried the swing of them. We walked in to the prison-yard unattended, and came first to the kitchens. A very handsome woman, *indeed*, was singing and washing at a tub, and up and down, on either side of the large boilers, promenaded a half-dozen men in couples—sailors and loafers, "in for a month," as we were afterward informed. They looked as happy as such men do elsewhere, I thought, and wearing no prison-dress, they seemed very little like prisoners. It is considered quite a privilege, by the way, to be employed in the kitchen.

The inner prison-door looked more like one's idea of a "Tolbooth," and by it we gained the interior of the Tombs. Gadsby's Hotel at Washington is a very correct model of it, on a somewhat large scale. The cells all open upon a quadrangle, and around each of the four stories runs a light gallery. In the place of Gadsby's fountain is a stove and the turnkey's desk, and, just as we entered, one of the prisoners was cooking his mess at the fire with quite an air of comfort and satisfaction. It chanced to be the time of day when the cell-doors are thrown open, and the tenants were mostly outside, hanging over the railings, smoking, chatting with each other and the keepers, and apparently not at all disturbed at being looked at. Saunders, the absconding clerk, whose forgery made so much noise not long ago, was pointed out to us, and a more innocent-looking fair-haired mother's boy you could scarce pick out of a freshman class. He has grown fat in the Tombs. His accomplice, Raget, the Frenchman, is not much older, but he looked rather more capable of a clever bad trick, and French-man-like, he preserved, even in prison, the dandy air, and wore his velvet dressing-cap with as jaunty an air of assurance as if just risen to an honest man's breakfast. He is handsome, and his wife still voluntarily shares his cell. A very worthy-looking old gentleman leaned at his cell-door, a celebrated passer of counterfeit money; and a most sanctimonious and theological-student-looking young man was pacing one of the galleries, and he had been rather a successful swindler. Truly "looks is nuffin," as Sam. Weller was shrewd enough to discover.

We looked into one or two of the cells. To a man who has ever suited his wants to the size of a ship's state-room, they are very comfortable lodgings, and probably a sailor would think quarters in the Tombs altogether luxurious. Punishment of this kind must be very unequal, until it is meted out by what a man has been used to. (Till then, at least, it is better not to steal!) Two or three of the cells were carpeted and decked with pictures, and the walls of one I looked into were covered with drawings. Friends are permitted, of course, to bring to prisoners any luxuries except liberty; and on the small shelf of another cell we saw a pyramid of gingerbread—the occupant, probably, still a youth.

We passed over to the female prison. The cell-doors were all open as in the other wards. But here were strong symptoms that, however "it is not good for *man* to be alone," it is much more unpalatable to *woman.* A poor girl who had just been brought in, and was about to be locked up, was pleading piteously with the keeper not to be shut up alone. Seven others who had just been sentenced and were "waiting for their carriage" to go to Sing-Sing, sat around the stove in the passage, and a villanous-looking set they were. It is a pity women ever sin. They look so much worse than we—(probably from falling so much farther)—and degradation in dress is so markedly unbecoming! Most of the female cells were double-bedded, I observed; and in one, which was very nicely furnished, stood a tall and well-dressed, but ill-favored woman, who gave back our look of curiosity with a ferocious scowl. It struck me as curious, that, out of nineteen or twenty women whom we saw in the Tombs, two thirds had scratched faces!

One of the police-officers joined us in the latter part of our rounds, but too late for the thorough inquiries I wished to make; and promising myself another visit to the Tombs, accompanied by some one in authority, I made my envied and unobstructed exit.

It was a sunny spring afternoon, the kind of weather in which, before all other blessings, to thank God for

liberty. With a simultaneous expression of this feeling as we cleared the prison steps, my friend and I crossed the rail-track which forms the limit of the New York Alsatia, and were presently in the heart of the Five Points—very much in the same "circle" of society as we had just left, the difference probably consisting in scarce more than cleanly restraint *without* want, and dirty liberty *with* it. Luckily for the wretched, the open air is very nearly as pleasant for half the year as the inside of a millionaire's palace, and the sunshine is kept bright and the sky clear, and the wind kept in motion—alike for the pauper setting on his wooden door-step and the rich man on the silk ottoman in his window. Possibly, too, there is not much difference in the linings of their content, and if so, the nominal value of the distinctions between rich and poor should be somewhat modified. At the Five Points, to all appearance, nobody goes in doors except to eat and sleep. The streets swarm with men, women, and children, *sitting down*. The negro-girls with their bandanna turbans, the vicious with their gay-colored allures, the sailors tired of pleasures ashore, the various "minions of the moon" drowsing the day away—they are all out in the sun, idling, jesting, quarrelling, everything but weeping, or sighing, or complaining. The street is dirty, but no offence to their nostrils! The police officers are at the watch-house door, always on the alert, but (probably from possessing little imagination) the culprits of to-morrow have no *apprehension* till *apprehended*. A viler place than the Five Points by daylight you could not find, yet to the superficial eye, it is the merriest quarter of New York. I am inclined to think Care is a gentleman, and frequents good society chiefly. There is no print of his crow's-foot about the eyes of these outcasts. Who knows how much happiness there is in nothing to dread—the downfall well over?

We strolled slowly around the triangular area which is the lungs of the Five Points, and, spoken to by some one in every group we passed, escaped without anything like a rudeness offered to us. The lower story of every second house is a bar-room, and every bench in them had a sleeper upon it. There are some houses in this quarter that have been pretentious in their day, large brick buildings with expensive cornice and mouldings—one particularly at the corner of the famous "Murdering Alley," which would bring a six-hundred-dollar rent, "borne like Loretto's chapel through the air" to a more reputable neighborhood.

We wound our way into the German quarter, which occupies the acclivity between the Five Points and the Bowery; but as I wish to connect, with a description of this, some notices of the habits and resorts of foreigners generally in New York, I shall drop the reader at the corner.

It is right and wholesome that a new country should be the *paradise of the working-classes*, and that ours is so may be seen very readily. A wealthy merchant, whose family is about leaving the city, sold out his household furniture last week, and among other very expensive articles, a magnificent piano. It was bid off at a very fair price, and the purchaser turned out to be the *carman* usually employed at the merchant's warehouse! He bought it for his daughters. The profits of this industrious man's horse and cart were stated by this gentleman to approach three thousand dollars a year!

A *drygoods palace* is now going up in Broadway, which will probably exceed in splendor even the celebrated shops which are the prominent features of London and Paris. "Stuart" is the projecter, and when it is completed, he will leave the low-browed and dingy long-room in which he has amassed a fortune, and start fresh in this magnificent "bezestein." Extending back to a great depth, the new structure is to open by a right angle on another street, giving the facility of two entrances. "Shopping" is to be invested with architectural glories—as if its Circean cup was not already sufficiently seductive!

Even this chrysalis-burst of Stuart's, however, is a less forcible exponent of the warrant for the importation of luxuries, than the brilliant CURIOSITY SHOP of TIFFANY and YOUNG. No need to go to Paris now for any indulgence of taste, any vagary of fancy. It is as well worth an artist's while as a purchaser's, however, to make the round of this museum of luxuries. The models of most of these fancy articles have been the perfected work approached with slow degrees, even by genius. Those *faultless vases*, in which not a hair line is astray from just proportion, are not the chance work of a potter! Those *intricate bronzes* were high achievements of art! Those *mignon gems of statuary* are copies of the most inspired dreams and revelations of human beauty! The arts are all there—their best triumphs mocked in *luxurious trifles*. Poetry is there, in the quaint and lovely conception of *keepsakes* and *ornaments*. Even refinements upon rural simplicity are there, in the simple and elegant *basket furniture of Germany*. The mechanic arts are still more tributary in the exquisite *enamel of portfolios*, the contrivance of *marvellous trinkets*, the fine carving and high finish of the *smithery of precious metals*. And then, nowhere such trim shape and dainty color in *gloves*—nowhere such choice *dandy appointments* in the way of *chains and canes*—nowhere such mollifiers of the hearts of sweethearts in the way of *presents* of innumerable qualities, kinds, values, and devices. I think that shop at the corner of Broadway and Warren is the most curious and visit-worthy spot in New York—money in your pocket or no money. And—(left out of our enumeration)—these enterprising luxurifers have lately opened a second story, where they show such *chairs* and *work-tables* as are last invented—things in their way gorgeous and unsurpassable. If the gods have any design of making me rich, I wish it might be done before TIFFANY and YOUNG get too old to be my caterers.

The theatrical astronomers have been much interested in the birth of a new star—lovely Mrs. Hunt of the Park—who has suddenly found her sphere and commenced shining brilliantly in a range of characters seemingly written for the express purpose of developing her talent. Her arch, half-saucy, and yet natural and earnest personation of Fortunio has "taken the town." She had made the success also of a very indifferent piece—a poor transfer of the celebrated *Gamin de Paris*—in which she played the character of a young rascal with a very good heart. The increasing applause with which Mrs. Hunt is nightly greeted, after having had her light so long "hidden under the bushel" of a stock actress, must be a high gratification to "Strong-back," her husband. Indeed, his undisguised enjoyment of her clever acting (as he plays with her in Fortunio), is as "good as a play" and much more edifying. Success to her, pray I!

THE CABINET.—With difficult and analytical deliberation, we have, at last, duly distributed, to the slits, pigeon-holes, drawers, and cavities of our an-

tique cabinet, their several and appropriate offices and functions. It was a discipline of our talent at strategy, was this job of office-giving—for, to confess a weakness, we have become superstitious touching this venerable piece of furniture. It seems to us haunted! We have harbored it, now, some three weeks, and have attempted with it, in that time, certain liberties of arrangement which have been mysteriously cross-purposed. Nothing about it would stay arranged. We put our *approved* contributions into one pigeon-hole, and our *doubtfuls* into another, our *to-be-noticed* into the upright slits, and our *damned* into the horizontal. We had a *topic-drawer*, and a *drawer for memoranda*—an *oblivion-hole* and a *cave of ridicule*. We committed the proper documents to each, and thanking Heaven for a tried secretary, commenced our tranquil reign. A week had not glided by, before all was in confusion. Every hole seemed to have kicked out its tenant. The "approved" had scrambled in with the "doubtfuls," and the "damned" into the "noticed-hole," and "things to be written about," "things to be laughed at," and "things to be forgotten," had changed places with marvellous and decisive celerity! We tried to restore order, but the confusion increased. Nothing would stay put. It was manifestly a Tyler cabinet—the doomed victim of disarrangement.

How order has been restored—by what spirit-fingers our labels have been changed—what intimations as to the occupancy of each particular pigeon-hole we have been compelled to regard—is more than a cabinet secret. We have had (to make a confession) enough of telling ghost-stories. We have been called on by all manner of men and women for our facts as to the only glimpse into the spirit-world which we ever described. It has cost us any quantity of brass (in the wear of our knocker) to satisfy curiosity on that subject. Enough that our pigeon-holes are labelled with supernatural certainty. Our contributors, now, will go to their appointed niche by a selective destiny of which the responsibility is not ours. The rejecteds will be kind enough to note this, and curse the cabinet—not us! If their manuscripts lodge in the upright slits of the "damned," it is because the "accepted" would not hold, keep, or harbor them. We wash our hands.

Our first three pulls from the *topic-drawers* are letters of complaint against postmasters for the postage on the Mirror. According to the interpretation of the law by some village postmasters, the government may charge more for carrying the light weight of the Mirror than we for editing, printing, embellishing, and wrapping it! The dunce in the Charlestown post-office has compelled our subscribers to have their papers sent to Boston, the nearest office presided over by a gentleman. Another pig's head has control of the Dedham office, and by-the-way, we clipped from a Dedham paper, the following results of *his* readings of the postage law :—

Tweedledum.—The postage at the Dedham office for the New World newspaper of 32 pages, is "one and 4-8ths of a cent."

Tweedledee.—The postage for the New Mirror newspaper of 16 pages, *smaller in size*, with a plate, is "3 and 12-16ths, or *twenty-four thirty-twoths of a cent!*"

Tweedledum second.—The postage of a New Mirror extra, of 32 pages of *smaller size*, is *five* cents!

There are one or two offices in the interior of this state where the postage on a single copy of the Mirror has been charged *fifteen cents*—of course leaving it unredeemed in the office for the postmaster's use—as he expected!

Now, pray (we ask of our friend the town-pump), what is the use of the much-vaunted blessing of "cheap literature," if the government, or its petty officials, are to stand between the publishers and the people, making it *dear* by charging as much as its whole value for carrying it! Ought the government to favor the circulation of intelligence or not? Is it proper to put the *most* oppressive, or the *least* oppressive construction, on all cases which affect the spread of art and literature? *It is a fact*, that revenue sufficient has been received at the port of New York in the last two months to pay the whole expenses of the government of the United States for one year. (So we were authentically informed yesterday.) But, if government must have more revenue, should not literature (we scarce have patience to ask it) be the *last* thing taxed? Should not luxuries, vanities, goods and chattels, be levied upon, to the crack of endurance, for the support of authority, before one ray of light is stopped on its way to the public *mind*—stopped to be converted into a perquisite for the pocket of a petty despot? Of the postmasters in the larger cities there is no complaint. They are generally enlightened men. Mr. Graham here—Mr. Green in Boston—throw no obstacles in the way of literature. On the contrary, they do all in their power to promote and to facilitate it. It is the *petty, ignorant, peppercorn postmaster of a small village*, who, clothed with a little brief authority, and knowing that his oppressions leaves the disputed article in his hands, reads the law perversely; and at last shuts his whole neighborhood against everything but newspapers!

It is *rather* a reproach to a country whose boast and whose reliance for the perpetuity of its free institutions is the superior intelligence of its population, that monarchical countries (England and France) should be before us in the reduction of taxes on the conveyance of intelligence. It has struck us as extraordinary, too, that in the revising of postage laws, the increase of facilities for carrying the mails should not have suggested a reduction of postage! But at any rate—leaving the laws as oppressive as they are—we call upon on enlightened statesman like Mr. Wickliffe to insist upon the most lenient and most favorable interpretation of them—*instead* of having his administration of the department distinguished, as it *has been and is*, for more postoffice oppressions than were ever known before. The postage on the Mirror, for one instance—never before charged higher than the newspapers which it scarce equals in weight—now varies (in some of the country postoffices) from *five to fifteen cents*—a gross "sliding-scale" of oppression which must put a stop to our enterprise, if persevered in, or cause us to give up cover and embellishment, and circulate only the newspaper sheet, suited to the petty letter of the law! The great majority of postmasters, however, we are happy to add, charge mere newspaper postage for the Mirror, "as the law" (properly understood) "directs."

Our favorite adversary of the American finds palatable fault with us for not appending Leigh Hunt's name to such good things as we have copied from him. Why should we? We do not claim them as original, nor are they *leaded*, as original contributions are wont to be. The original object of giving the author's name is lost (we conceive) at the distance of this country from England. Leigh Hunt collects and publishes in volumes all he writes, and his good things are well labelled and guarded in his own country. Neither his fame, his profit, nor his consequence (the three ends he aims at), could be affected by adding his name to what we occasionally take from him. Besides—*tit-for-tat*-ically considered—the English steal our articles by the dozen, and not only leave out our name but appropriate them, by other initials, as their own. They have at this moment a cheap edition of our poems in the press without our leave or license, and we have helped swell most of the collections of *English* poetry, with no clue left for posterity to dis-

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cover that the author had *also* the honor of the "American's" frequent notice. Besides again, there is a precedent in nature. The rice-birds of the south are the bobolinks of the north—losing their name and copyright altogether by emigration. But now, having defended our castle, we would fain express our pleasure at the tone and quality of the "American's" fault-findings, invariably done in good taste, and confined always within legitimate critical bounds. This, which in a Utopia, would be like praising water for running down hill, is great praise in an unmitigated republic. Fault found with our writings, without a smutch on ourself, is "a thing to thank God on"—as things go. In the same breath let us laud the Boston Atlas, who says of us, with something between a pickle and a sweetmeat, that "he has one fault—he caters for his readers as for himself, and novelty or eccentricity of expression sometimes usurps the place which should only be accorded to thoughts of real value." We kiss the rod.

(Enter the Brigadier.)

Brigadier.—My dear boy, what could have possessed you to get up so early? Ten o'clock, and the last page all written, and not a subject touched, I'll wager a julep, out of forty that were indispensable! Have you said no word of the "Mirror Library?"

Cabinet.—Supererogatory, brigadier! Why add perfume to the violet! Our selections for the Library are appreciated—they sell! They advertise themselves. They breathe sweetness.

Brigadier.—Like the lady's breath, which made all men exclaim, "Hereof be scent-bags made!" Eh, my boy?

Cabinet.—The "*Rubric of Love*"—that bundle of all the delicious things ever written on the exciting subject of love—what but its very name and purpose is wanting to make *that* universal? Everybody, whose lease of love is not *quite* run out, must have a copy of it!

Brigadier.—They must! they must! It is a book, charming and cheap at any price. But—

Cabinet.—I'll stave off your "*but*" with a passage from Milton's Comus, for I'll talk of work no more. Did you know that the julep was to Milton what gin was to Byron? Listen!—

> "And first behold this cordial *julep* here,
> With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed!
> Not that Nepenthé which the wife of Thone
> In Egypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
> Is of such power to stir up joy as this,
> To life so friendly, or so cool to thirst!"

Let us to this "Nepenthé"—for we thirst with Milton.

It would probably flabbergast most barn-door fowl to be asked the meaning of *eccalobeon*, though, call it the *hatching of eggs*, and they would laugh at being acquainted with anything else. This big word has mystified the posts and corners for a fortnight, and yesterday my curiosity came to a head. I looked at the bottom of the placard to see where the Eccalobeon was to be exhibited, and soon found myself at a small boy, keeping door opposite Washington Hall. (The lad was so small and pale, by the way, that I thought it warrantable to inquire whether he was produced by *eccalobeon*. It appeared that he was not. He had a regular mother, who "knew he was out.")

The chirruping of chickens saluted our ears as we opened the door, and we observed that a corner of the room was picketed off, where a dozen or two of these *pseudo*-orphans (who had lost their mother by not having been suffered to have one), were pecking at gravel and evidently doing well. Very good manners, for chickens, though, as the man in the menagerie says, "where they got them 'mity knows." It began to look very much as if mothers were a superfluity.

The centre of the room was occupied by the artificial mother—a square brick structure, containing ovens in which lay the eggs in different stages of progress. Pieces of carpet were suspended before the openings, and, on raising them and putting in the hand, the temperature within seemed to be at about blood-heat. The keeper took out an egg that was about to enter upon its new destiny of skewer and gravy. The chicken had been twenty days on the road from spoon-victual land, and its little beak was just hardened sufficiently to prick a hole into the world in which it was to be eaten. It lay in a heap, rather confusedly packed, its thigh bone close at its beak (apparently ready to be used as a fulcrum in prying the crack open), and its downy feathers, wet and forlorn, just lifted by respiration. This premature removal of the shell, however, the man said, would be fatal. The destiny of that little well-contrived heart, as far as this world was concerned, was to furnish material for this sigh and paragraph!

In dishes upon the table were eggs, without shells, in all the different stages of formation. In some the veins were just reddening, and the vessels filling around the heart, and in one, just opened, the newly-formed heart, a red globule of the size of a pin's head, was playing backward and forward, like a shuttle in a miniature loom. With a glass, every phase of the process of chicken-making could be distinctly seen. The yolk, I was surprised to learn, does not contribute to the material of the body—the most valuable portion of its existence, as an egg, being, therefore, of no value to it in its after-life of chicken! The provision is certainly a wise one by which winged creatures, that could not well fly if gravid like other animals, are provided with a removable womb in the shape of an egg, so that their parturition can be carried on outside the body, and their buoyancy of locomotion is not interfered with. The comparison between the incubation of fowls and human gestation immediately suggests itself, and the superior convenience of the former to the shape-destroying, beauty-marring, and painful maternity of our race, seems a blessing to be envied, at least by the beautiful. How long might women continue ornamental, and to what age would their personal loveliness be undiminished, if the care and suffering of maternity could be delegated to a brick oven!

I am inclined to think it is not peculiar to myself to have a sabbath taste for the water-side. There is an affinity, felt I think by man and boy, between the stillness of the day and the audible hush of boundaries to water. Premising that it was at first with the turned-up nose of conscious travestie, I have to confess the finding of a sabbath ramble, to my mind, along the river-side in New York—the first mile toward Albany on the bank of the Hudson. Indeed, if quiet be the object, the nearer the water the less jostled the walk on Sunday. You would think, to cross the city anywhere from river to river, that there was a general hydrophobia—the entire population crowding to the high ridge of Broadway, and hardly a soul to be seen on either the East river or the Hudson. But, with a little thoughtful frequenting, those deserted river-sides become contemplative and pleasant rambling-places, and, if some whim of fashion do not make the bank of the Hudson like the Marina of Smyrna, a fashionable resort, I have my Sunday afternoons provided for, during the pigritude of city durance.

Yesterday (Sunday) it blew one of those unfolding west winds, chartered expressly to pull the kinks out of the belated leaves—a breeze it was delightful to set the face to—strong, genial, and inspiriting, and smell-

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ing (in New York) of the snubbed twigs of Hoboken. The Battery looked very delightful, with the grass laying its cheek to the ground, and the trees all astir and trinkling, but on Sunday this lovely resort is full of smokers of bad cigars—unpleasant gentlemen to take the wind of. I turned the corner with a look through the fence, and was in comparative solitude the next moment.

The monarch of our deep water-streams, the gigantic "Massachusetts," lay at her wharf, washed by the waving hands of the waters taking leave of the Hudson. The river ends under the prow—or, as we might say with a poetic license, joins on, at this point, to Stonington—so easy is the transit from wharf to wharf in that magnificent conveyance. From this point up, extends a line of ships, rubbing against the pier the fearless noses that have nudged the poles and the tropics, and been breathed on by spice-islands and icebergs—an array of nobly-built merchantmen, that, with the association of their triumphant and richly-freighted comings and goings, grows upon my eye with a certain majesty. It is a broad street here, of made land, and the sidewalks in front of the new stores are lumbered with pitch and molasses, flour and red ochre, bales, bags, and barrels, in unsightly confusion—but the wharf-side, with its long line of carved figure-heads, and bowsprits projecting over the street, is an unobstructed walk—on Sundays at least—and more suggestive than many a gallery of marble statues. The vessels that trade to the North sea harbor here, unloading their hemp and iron; and the superb French packet-ships, with their gilded prows; and, leaning over the gangways and tafferails, the Swedish and Norwegian sailors jabber away their Sunday's idle time; and the negro-cooks lie and look into the puddles, and altogether it is a strangely-mixed picture—Power reposing and Fret and Business gone from the six-days' whip and chain. I sat down on a short hawser-post, and conjured the spirits of ships around me. They were as communicative as would naturally be expected in a *tête-á-tête* when quite at leisure. Things they had seen and got wind of in the Indian seas, strange fishes that had tried the metal of their copper bottoms, porpoises they had run over asleep, wrecks and skeletons they had thrown a shadow across when under prosperous headway—these and particulars of the fortunes they had brought home, and the passengers coming to look through one more country to find happiness, and the terrors and dangers, heart-aches and dreams, that had come and gone with each bill of lading—the talkative old bowsprits told me all. I sat and watched the sun setting between two outlandish-looking vessels, and, at twilight, turned to go home, leaving the spars and lines drawn in clear tracery on a sky as rosy and fading as a poet's prospects at seventeen.

POSTOFFICE ABUSES.—"It will none otherwise be," says Sir Thomas More, "but that some stumblinge blockes will always bee, by malicious folk, laid in good people's way." Upon this text we propose to preach a little sermon.

We have given in to the rage of the day, which is the *cheapening of brain-work*, not very willingly at first, but heartily when our mind was made up to it. The author is depreciated, and that is, perhaps, not well—but the public is benefited, and that is, very certainly, good. Millions are touched by the lengthened wand of literature, who were beyond its reach till it was eked out by cheapness.

The old Mirror, at *five* dollars per annum, occasionally embellished by a plate, was considered, by the successive postmasters-general for twenty years, as a *popular good*, which it was well worth their while to favor and foster. It throve accordingly. Had Mr. Wickliffe been postmaster-general when it was started, *it would not have lived a year!* With or without its plate, with or without its cover, it went rigorously to all parts of the country, at *newspaper postage*. No village postmaster would have ventured to charge more upon it; and if one had been pragmatical enough to twist the law into a new reading for that purpose, the very first complaint would have set it right, or removed him. The editors had no trouble on the subject, and they went on, pioneering the way into the fields of art and elegant literature, and setting an example which has been followed by the large troop of tasteful periodicals now in existence, to the no small diffusion of taste and intelligence.

Literature began to cheapen. It was proposed to bring refinement, delicate sentiment, the ennobling love of poetry, and an acquaintance with heroic models through song and story, within reach of the humbler classes. New periodicals were started on this basis. The old Mirror was superseded by cheaper works—works which, for *three* dollars, gave as much or more matter, but without embellishment, and of very inferior typography and paper. That rage had its day. The circulation of light literature was very much enlarged, and the people, of all classes, became interested in the current writing of the eventful present hour. This sudden spread of taste (we may say in passing) was an ingredient thrown into the national character which no doubt powerfully furthered—what it seems Mr. Wickliffe's sole mission to retard—the refinement and growing intelligence of the American people.

But there was one more effort to be made. Complaints began to be heard that these cheap publications were inelegant; that, sent forth damp, unpressed and unembellished, they became smutched and grew unsightly and hurtful to the eyes; and that more careful workmanship and better type and paper were desirable. The founder of the old Mirror took the subject into examination and study. He made the closest calculations of the cost of fair print and embellishment, and after much thought and inquiry, aided by twenty years of experience and success, he matured the plan of the present "NEW MIRROR." It was the plan of a periodical to be suited to the *now* refined taste of the "greatest number," as well as adapted to the *means* of the greatest number, and the uniting of these two desirable extremes brought its price within a hair's breadth of its cost, and left the feasibility of the project dependant wholly on the chance of sailing at once, and *smoothly*, into an enormous circulation. The item of postage was not overlooked—but as the New Mirror, cover and plate included, would *scarce weigh half as much* as the Albion, Spirit of the Times, and other weekly papers which went for newspaper-postage, and it was no heavier than the old Mirror, which went for the same postage, the subject was not thought worth a doubt.

Well—the New Mirror made its appearance. A type worthy of the choicest library, a cover convenient and elegant, a beautiful steel plate, and sixteen pages of matter edited with careful experience and labor, were offered to the public for this same manageable price of "three dollars a year!" The poorest citizen need not now be without his fair share of knowledge of the arts and literature. Nothing seemed to stand in the way. The manifest high order of style and spirit in the design of the work, combined with its accessibility by cheapness, sent it abroad like day-rising. Its circulation became, as it well needed to be, enormous. And now, you ask, what is the matter? And we will tell you, and we wish Mr. Wickliffe to listen.

A gentleman called at our office a week or two since, and bought a copy or two of the "Mirror Library," expressing his regret that it was not conve-

nient for him to take the Mirror. He lived in Vernon, Oneida county, New York, and the postage charged him by Mr. J. W. Jenkins, the postmaster of that place, was FOURTEEN CENTS *on each copy*—bringing the cost of the Mirror up to *ten dollars twenty-eight cents a year!* We immediately addressed a letter to Mr. J. W. Jenkins, inquiring respectfully into the reason of this exorbitant charge, and that letter Mr. J. W. Jenkins has never answered. The gentleman assured us that several persons of his acquaintance in Vernon had been deterred from subscribing to the Mirror by Mr. J. W. Jenkins's overcharge of postage. Again: we have discovered, in many instances, that our subscribers, *after paying their subscriptions*, have let their papers lie in the postoffice rather than submit to the extortionate charge of postage, and the postmasters have never notified us of the fact. Again: the *Mirrors miscarry*, to a degree that shows *more than neglect* on the part of the postmasters or their subordinates. The complaints and stoppages for this last reason are out of all precedent and proportion. Again: the postage charged on the New Mirror varies, as we have said before, from one cent to fifteen, in some of the country postoffices, more or less, according to the whim or tyranny of the dull official. The postmaster of Great Barrington is one of those pigheaded dunces, charging postage on the Mirror sent to the "Berkshire Courier"—in direct violation of the law which exempts papers from postage on exchanges.

What is the remedy for these abuses? We have complained, to Mr. Wickliffe of the irregularity and extortion in regard to the postage on the Mirror, and have received in turn a letter of sesquipedalian flummery, the compounding of which required the education of a Virginia politician; and, our letter once answered, the abuse was probably never thought of in the department. Yet it was a matter serious enough to be worth Mr. Wickliffe's attention. These petty tyrants with their "little brief authority," *stand between the public and the supply for public refinement and intelligence.* They change the cost of the cheapest and most elegant publication of the day from $3.52 (postage and all) to $10.28! They strangle literary enterprise in the cradle. And for whose advantage? Not the government's—for subscribers will rather leave their Mirrors in the office than pay the extortionate charge. For the *benefit of the postmasters themselves*—who, by this indirect fraud, obtain a nice handful of periodicals weekly, to dispose of as one of the perquisites of their office! This is surely a matter worth Mr. Wickliffe's while to look after.

To the majority of postmasters we owe thanks rather than reproaches. They have rightly judged that the spirit of the law did not intend a difference of two cents between a paper *stitched* and a paper *not stitched*—(a difference made by some of the Dogberry postmasters). They feel justly that if there is a question as to the intention of a postage-law, the cause of intelligence and literature is to have the benefit of the most favorable interpretation. No law can exactly describe every periodical likely to be started. No senate, in making a law, intends to charge more for carrying three printed pieces that weigh *one* ounce, than one printed piece that weighs *two or three* ounces—yet so, again, do these petty Dogberrys interpret the law.

There is another point about which we would inquire of the committee now engaged on the revised postage-laws. *Why should literary papers of the same weight be more taxed than newspapers?* Is the circulation of moral and refining influences twice as taxable as the circulation of scandal and politics, rapes and murders, amusements and advertisements? Surely the intelligence that enlightens the community is *as much* contained in the weeklies and monthlies as in the daily papers. Yet in the bill now before the house, the former are taxed at *twice* the price of the latter! This, we suppose, is some of Mr. Wickliffe's handiwork.

We give up the postmaster-general—leave him to be bewildered with the technicalities of his office—careful of the husks while the grain sifts away from him. We make an appeal to the fountain of his official power—*public opinion!* Let this matter be understood, and let every petty postmaster who plays the tyrant, or misuses his authority, be *memorialized* out of office. The government ought not to be one penny richer for carrying the mails. No revenue should be derivable to the treasury from the carrying of intelligence. The cheapest postage-rate possible should be set by law, and the law should be bent to suit circumstances in all cases where the cost of carrying is not thereby made greater. Public opinion should so instruct the public servant. The postmaster-general, and the lesser postmasters who obey his *dictum*, should be made to feel that the least pretence for extortion or oppression on their part, or any want of accommodation and liberal conduct, would be promptly punished. We write freely on this subject, for our enterprise is at stake, and we speak somewhat, too, for other interests than our own. To offer a periodical for *three* dollars a year, that is made to cost *ten* by the oppression of postmasters, is to advertise a misnomer. Let the Wickliffe dynasty prevail, and we shall be obliged to leave off cover, plate, and stitching, and change the Mirror to a simple printed sheet, without protection from wear and tear, and without embellishment or capability of binding and preservation.

We have always felt great sympathy for the blind. We have felt also great curiosity to know exactly how much of human knowledge is forbidden to go in at the ear—and how much that is turned aside, as inadmissible at that one portal, can be smuggled in afterward under the cloak of explanation and description. The accounts of Laura Bridgman interested us proportionably more from her greater deprivations. It is putting this curiosity in a much more spicy vein of gratification, however, to know that a *poet* is imprisoned in one of these windowless temples, and to discover how he lives without light and color—as well as how much he is the purer and better from escaping all that offends the eye, which, by-the-way, is not a little. The poems of Miss FRANCES JANE CROSBY, a pupil of the New York Institution for the Blind, lie before us, and we have read them with great modification of our pity for the blind. Eyes could scarce do more.

No one in reading the miscellaneous poems by Miss Crosby would suspect that she was blind. She seems to forget it herself. She talks of "crimson teints" and "purple west" and "stars of mildest hue," with quite the familiarity of those who see. But it is evident that her ear has more than a common share of nicety and susceptibility to measure, for in no early poems that we remember is there such smooth elegance of rhythm.

The volume is composed principally of poems of the affections, and well-expressed, musical, and creditable to the authoress, are all the pieces. The price of such a volume should be nominal merely, and the kindly-disposed should give for it what their benevolence prompts. We would suggest to the publishers to send it round by agents with this view.

There are things in the world better than poetry, and things written without genius that more stir the

soul of a man than would some things ticketed for immortality. Now we do not make sure that we are not "weak" on the subject of young children. We always thought them quite eligible to any possible choir of cherubim. But we will venture to unmask our foible, if foible it be, by declaring that we have read the following downright, homely, truthful, and funny verses—(sent to us by some charming mother) —read them with delight. It is good honest poetry, with a foothold to it, and we should like to see the baby, since reading it:—

"MY BABY.

"She is not a beauty, my sweet little pet,
Her mouth's not a rosebud, her eyes not like jet,
Her nose far from Grecian, her skin not like snow,
She is not a beauty, dear me! no, no, no!
But then she is winsome, this bird of my bower,
And she grows on my heart every minute and hour.

"She is not a beauty, my sweet little pet,
On dimples more witching my eyes have been set;
Her mouth, I must tell you, is large like mama's,
While her chin, to-be-sure, is just like her papa's!
But when she smiles trustingly, what can compare
With this gem of my casket, bright, sparkling, and fair?

"She is not a beauty, my sweet little pet,
Far handsomer babies each day can be met;
Her brows are not arching—indeed, they're too straight,
Yet *time* will work wonders, with patience I'll wait.
But if she's not handsome, it matters not—no!
This bud of my bosom is pure as the snow.

"She is not a beauty, my sweet little pet,
That her forehead is too low I can not forget;
No, no, she's not beautiful I must confess,
(Between you and I, would her mouth had been less)
But she loves me so dearly, oh, how could I part
With this light of my pilgrimage, joy of my heart. C. D."

We are fortunate in a troop of admirable contributors who write for love, not money—love being the only commodity in which we can freely acknowledge ourselves rich. We receive, however, all manner of tempting propositions from those who wish to write for the other thing—money—and it pains us grievously to say "No," though, truth to say, love gets for us as good things as money would buy—our readers will cheerfully agree. But, yesterday, on opening at the office a most dainty epistle, and reading it fairly through, we confess our pocket stirred within us! More at first than afterward—for, upon reflection, we became doubtful whether the writer were not old and "blue"—it was so exceedingly well done! We have half a suspicion, now, that it is some sharp old maid in spectacles—some regular contributor to Godey and Graham, who has tried to inveigle us through our weak point—possibly some varlet of a man-scribbler. But no! it is undeniably feminine. Let us show you the letter—the latter part of it, at least, as it opens rather too honeyedly for print:—

"You know that the shops in Broadway are very tempting this spring. *Such* beautiful things! Well, you know (no, you don't know that, but you can guess) what a delightful thing it would be to appear in one of those charming, head-adorning, complexion-softening, hard-feature-subduing Neapolitans; with a little gossamer veil dropping daintily on the shoulder of one of those exquisite *balzarines*, to be seen any day at Stewart's and elsewhere. Well, you know (this you *must* know) that shopkeepers have the impertinence to demand a trifling exchange for these things, even of a lady; and also that some people have a remarkably small purse, and a remarkably small portion of the yellow 'root' in that. And now, to bring the matter home, *I* am one of that class. I have the most beautiful little purse in the world, but it is only kept for show; I even find myself under the necessity of counterfeiting—that is, filling the void with tissue-paper in lieu of bank-notes, preparatory to a shopping expedition!

"Well, now to the point. As 'Bel' and I snuggled down on the sofa this morning, to read the New Mirror (by-the-way, cousin 'Bel' is never obliged to put tissue-paper in her purse), it struck us that you would be a friend in need, and give good counsel in this emergency. 'Bel', however, insisted on my not telling what I wanted the money for; she even thought that I had better intimate orphanage, extreme suffering from the burdens of some speculating bubble, illness, etc., etc.; but did not I know you better! Have I read the New Mirror so much (to say nothing of the graceful things coined 'under a bridge,' and a thousand other pages flung from the inner heart), and not learned who has an eye for everything pretty? Not so stupid, Cousin 'Bel'—no, no!

"However, this is not quite the point, after all; but here it is. I have a pen—not a gold one (I don't think I could write with that), but a nice little feather-tipped pen, that rests in the curve of my fore-finger as contentedly as on its former pillow of down. (Shocking! how that line did run down hill! and this almost as crooked! dear me!) Then I have little messengers racing 'like mad' through the galleries of my head, spinning long yarns, and weaving fabrics rich and soft as the balzarine which I so much covet, until I shut my eyes and stop my ears and whisk away with the 'wonderful lamp' safely hidden in my own brown braids. Then I have Dr. Johnson's dictionary—capital London edition, etc., etc.; and, after I use up all the words in that, I will supply myself with Webster's wondrous quarto, appendix and all. Thus prepared, think you not I should be able to put something in the shops of the literary caterers—something that, for once in my life, would give me a real errand into Broadway? Maybe you of the New Mirror *pay* for acceptable articles—maybe not. *Comprenez-vous!*

"O I *do* hope that beautiful balzarine like 'Bel's will not be gone before another Saturday! You will not forget to answer me in the next Mirror; but pray, my dear editor, let it be done very cautiously, for 'Bel' would pout all day if she should know what I have written. Till Saturday, your anxiously-waiting friend, "FANNY."

Well—we give in! *On condition* that you are under twenty-five, and that you will wear a rose (recognisably) in your boddice the first day you appear in Broadway with the hat and "balzarine," we will pay the bills. Write us thereafter a sketch of "'Bel'" and yourself as cleverly done as this letter, and you may "snuggle down" on the sofa and consider us paid and the public charmed with you.

In the days when we were "possessed" with horses, and horse-racing, we were sadly well-acquainted with a jockey who lost his wits in the excitement of losing a race. He hung about race-courses for some years after becoming an idiot, and by dint of always denying a horse's good qualities in the stable, and of never speaking well of one except at the winning moment, he contrived to preserve, through all his idiocy, some influence in the judgment of horseflesh. We have been reminded of our old friend Spavin (call him Spavin—"*nil mortuis*") by certain of our critical brother editors, and their very kindly-intended (possibly) critiques on the Mirror. Come a week (as such weeks *will* come) when our health is queasy, and when our spirits are gathering violets in dells where a paving-stone would be stoned to death as a monster (and there *are* dells incapable of a paving-stone)—come such a week, we say, and let the Mirror go forth, without such quantity of our own work as strains our

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extremest fibre to the crack, and down comes this vigilant critic upon us with a cry of "no go," "falling off," "idle," and "better formerly"—disparagements that would take the conceit out of a church steeple! And *why* does he do this? *Why* should we not be better at some times than at others, without being criticised like a steam-engine—a thing incapable of mood, humor, and caprice? Simply because this sort of critique is *easy to write*, and so favors, in the writer, the very idleness he criticises in *us*. But, good heavens! are we not entitled to our worser, as well as our better moments! Shall we *always* be at tiptop speed, and never have freedom from disparagement except when winning a race?

We boldly lay claim to more industry than rightly falls to us as our share of the curse! Supposing, for the moment, that our writings are better for the Mirror than what takes their place occasionally (a flattering inference from our critic's critique), we do more in *quantity*, in the course of the year, than one editor in a hundred. There is more copied from the Mirror (we have often had occasion to observe) than from any two periodicals in the country. The truth is, we are too famous for comfort!

> "Oh mediocrity,
> Thou priceless jewel only mean men have
> But never value—like the precious gem
> Found in the muck-hill by the ignorant cock."

You see what troubles us, dear reader!

The flowering into glory of such a century-plant of excellence as our worthy friend and fellow-publisher, JAMES HARPER, has in it, with all our willing acclamation, some occasional provocation to a smile. The sudden call for "his picture"—the eager lithograph of his fun-bestridden nose and money-making spectacles—the stir he has made among the abuses, with his Cliff-street way of doing business, and the salutary *feel* we get of the wand of power in his clutch, while we still see him in his accustomed haunts, busy and unpedestaled as before—there is something in the contrast which makes us say, with Prince Hal, "Ned, come out of that fat room and give us thy hand to laugh a little," though, with all our heart, we rejoice in his authority. The Courier, speaking of the likeness just published of Mr. Harper, says: "The new mayor's pleasant, shrewd, and half-quizzical countenance is cleverly hit off, and he is peering through the official eye-glasses in a manner that portends trouble to all municipal delinquents. Let them look to their ways, and let all subordinate official functionaries look to the streets; for this portrait would convince us, even if we were not acquainted with the original, that the chief magistrate has an eye upon them."

This bit of speculation as a preface to our *laudamus* of Mayor Harper's administration, as felt particularly in two or three abated nuisances. The hackmen are no longer permitted to devour passengers on their arrival in steamboats, nor to make a *chevaux-de-frise* of their whips at the landing-piers, but must sit quietly on their coach-boxes till called for. The omnibus-racing is to be put a stop to, we understand, and that should really be celebrated in an appropriate "northern *refrain*." There are two refrains more that we would suggest to our city *Harper*—that hose-boys should be made to *refrain* from flooding the sidewalks under the thin shoes of ladies, and that gentlemen who *must* smoke in the street should *refrain* from the windward side of ladies, particularly those who prefer air that has not been used.

And *apropos*—(it will be seen that we were born to make a world)—we wish to suggest to enterprise another abatement of the nuisances of Broadway. It is desirable to reduce the number of omnibuses in this great thoroughfare, for many very cogent reasons—but as long as they *pay*—that is to say, as long as the public require them—they must even go on—deafening promenaders, and endangering private carriages and the lives of people crossing the street. But who that is down town in a summer's day, and wishes to go anywhere to the western side of the city, would not prefer to take a ferry-boat (if there were one) *from the foot of Maiden lane round the Battery to Chelsea?* How preferable the fresh air, and beautiful scenery of the rivers and bay, to a crowded omnibus in hot weather! How much more desirable would be a residence in Chelsea, if *there were* such a convenience! The boats might touch at the foot of Cortland street and the Battery, and, indeed, extend their course up the East river to the foot of Pike street—plying, say, every ten minutes, from Pike street to Chelsea, and back—rounding the Battery, and touching wherever it was convenient. Who would not prefer this to omnibussing? Let this line communicate with Stevens's upper ferry to Hoboken, and the line would be continuous from that beautiful spot, all round the city. Quite aside from its utility, this would be one of the prettiest pleasure trips that could be invented. *Pensez-y*, Messrs. Stevens.

If any charitable person has an old man or woman whom he would like to set up in an easy and profitable business, we have a plan to suggest. Give them half a dozen light chairs, and send them to the Battery or the Park. In all public promenades in France there are chairs to be hired for two cents an hour, and besides being a good trade for the lame and old, this convenience is wanted.

By the way, where are the good things, clever couplets, and flings of wit, that used to fly about at the municipal elections? Squibs grow dull. Where is that witty conservative whig who, when "Forest and Liberty" was placarded by the democrats, put up a rival bill of "Povey and the Constitution?" Wit and poetry (we might have remembered) seem to have gone into advertisements. When people have done with "Who is Seatsfield?" we shall start a new query—"Who is the bard of Stoppani?" Moore's oriental flow of melting stanza and balmy imagery is quite paled in its glory by Stoppani's advertisement:—

> 'Will you come to the BATHS IN BROADWAY,
> Where the genius of luxury presides,
> And the glorious *Croton, by night and by day,*
> *Through the conduits silently glides?*
>
> "The ceiling *al fresco*, the *beautiful bar,*
> Rich drapery, and sumptuous screens,
> *The marble as white as a Persian Cymar,*
> *The painting—of Italy's scenes,*" etc.

Mellifluously musical! Who is the distinguished author?

The advertisement of a hatter plausibly sets forth that the *Miller prophecy* being exploded, and the world really not coming to an end (at least within a hat's-wear of time), the prospects of the globe's continuance justifies the venture of a new hat! We think we see a hat bought on that hypothesis!

We are happy to see that our imported word, *rococo*, is coming into general use. A critic in the Herald,

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noticing the opera, says: "This concert-piece has been *rococo* for some time, and, like an old maid, is getting, every year, two years older." This is a clever critic, by the way, though in the sentence we have quoted he reminds us of a bit of dialogue in an old play:—

"*Manes.*—Didst thou not find that I did *quip* thee?

Psy.—No, verily. What is a *quip?*

Manes.—A *short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word.*"

The True Sun quotes, with a clincher, from the Buffalo Commercial, "The common use of the word *lady*, instead of the definite honored term *wife*, is an atrocious vulgarism that should be universally scouted." We think the ladies should be informed of the etymological meaning of the two words, and take their choice after. *Wife* is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word signifying *to weave*, and means the person who *weaves* for the family. *Lady* originally meant a woman *raised* to the rank of her husband—from the Saxon word signifying *elevated*. The propriety of calling a man's better half his *lady*, depends, of course, on the fact whether she was made more respectable by the match; and the propriety of calling her his *wife*, hangs upon her expertness and industry at the loom. Which will the fair sex prefer?

New Literary Epoch.—We have been, for the last year, not only working among, but *watching*, "the signs of the times" in the way of literature. We have been trying, not only to make out a living, but to make out head and tail to our epoch—to see what way the transition was tending, and when there was likely to be any reliable shape and form to American literature; or (to change the figure) whether the literary boatmen, who stand with their barques hauled ashore, uncertain of the current, and employing themselves meantime in other vocations, could be called upon to launch and dip their oars, sure at last of tide and channel.

International copyright has died a natural death. There was not a statesman in the country who had the courage to take the chance of making or marring his political fortunes by espousing the question. At the same time—palpably just, honorable, and expedient, as would be the giving of copyright to English authors—there was some excuse for shying the subject, in the violent abuse that was indiscreetly showered upon us by Dickens and the Reviews, at the very moment when general public attention had been called to the subject, and when there was every prospect of its turning the crisis favorably. It would have taken the statesmanship and eloquence of Clay or Webster to have made the discussion at all endurable to congress, and we are quite sure that it will be ten years before the public irritation against English travellers and critics will have sufficiently abated to tolerate any measure in their favor. Dickens, and his friend, the critic of the Foreign Quarterly, therefore, have sanded their own bread and butter in throwing dirt at us.

But the great end of international copyright is coming about without the aid of legislation. The abuse has been that American authors were thrown out of the market by English works that were to be had for nothing—(justice to the English author, of course, a secondary consideration). But this abuse is losing strength by surfeit. The publishers and periodical agents are aghast, at this very moment, of the falling off of interest in the most attractive publications. The zest for novelty has been so pampered, that only the first number or two, of anything new, sells well. And not from any falling off in their character. The English pictorial papers (for one example) have rather improved in merit, but a publisher informed us a day or two since that they do not now sell ten where they sold a hundred a month or two ago. Such enterprises used to begin small, and grow into favor gradually. *Now*, the cornucopia of their prosperity is reversed—the small end turned *from* the publisher. Copyrighted American books, and American periodicals, though dearer than reprints, sell much better, and in our opinion the American public, in three months more, will give a preference so decided to *home* literature, and *home* periodicals, that, as far as protection to our native authors is concerned, the international copyright will be useless. The truth is, that literature, to be permanently popular, must be produced under the meridian of the country it is to supply. Who will pretend that *any* periodical in this country is edited with half the ability of the London magazines and reviews? The leading intellects of the age—men who in this country would be eminent lawyers and politicians, devote themselves to magazine-writing abroad, and, besides, they are a trained class of professed authors, such as we have no idea of in America. Our contributors are men who dash off an article as by-play, and make no investment of thought or money in it—and of course it can not compare to the carefully-written and well-considered articles of English weeklies and monthlies. But look at the difference of circulation. See how periodicals languish that are made up of the *cream* of these London magazines, and see how Graham and Godey, Inman of the Columbian, and ourselves, quadruple them in vogue and prosperity! It was to be expected—it is the most natural thing in the world—that America should grow American, at last! What more natural than that we should tire of having our thinking done in London, our imaginations fed only with food that is Londonish, and our matters of feeling illustrated and described only by London associations, tropes, and similitudes? This weariness of going to so distant a well for better water, we do say, is to be relied upon as a sign of the literary times. The country is tired of being *be-Britished*. It wants its own indigenous literature, and we think we should be safe tomorrow in issuing a replevin upon law, politics, and commerce, for the men of genius draughted for their employ, during the want of a literary market. Give up the blood horses harnessed into your dull drays, oh, Wall street and Pearl! Untie your fetters of red tape, and let loose your enslaved poets and novelties, oh, Nassau and Pine! Discharge Halleck, oh, Astor; and give up Wetmore, oh, crates of crockery! Lead off with a new novel, Mr. Cooper, and let the public give us a five years' benefit of their present disgust with imported literature, to recover from the numbness of inaction and discouragement. Give us five years of the home tide of sympathy that is now setting westward, and we will have an American literature that will for ever prevent the public taste and patronage from ebbing back again to England.

Things as they come.—We know of a matter we mean to write about, somewhere between this and the bottom of the next column—somewhere within this half-cent's-worth, that is to say—(this page costs you not quite half a cent, dear reader!)—but we must first haul out two or three things that lie a-top of it in our fact-drawer; facts being, as everybody knows, obstinate as nails in a keg, when you want a particular one from underneath.

We have whims (this lies a-top), about the *face of newspaper type*. There are some most worthy and able periodicals that we could not read our own obitua-

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ry in, without an effort—the type is so unexplainably anti-pathetic. Every editor who turns over exchange papers will know precisely what we mean. There is no necessity for naming those which we should never open if we had them in our pocket "forty days in the wilderness," but we can, without offence, name an opposite example—the PICAYUNE—which, from the mere witchery of type, a man would like to take out of the postoffice on his way to execution. The BOSTON TRANSCRIPT is another—(fact No. 2)—which we fatuitously read, and *should* read, even if it were edited by that broken mustard-spoon, the Portland Thersites. The *type* is captivating—a kind of insinuating, piquant, well-bred *brevier*, that catches the eye like a coquette in a ball-room. And this, be it noted, spite of the "burnt child's" prejudice, for the fair editress does *not* always put on her gloves, before taking a tweak at our immortality! And, apropos—there is an editor "down south" who sympathises with this typical weakness of ours—declaring in a late paper that the reputation of our letters to the Intelligencer "was entirely owing to the large type in which they were printed." And this we not only believe, but if we ever get rich, we will "fork over the swindle" to our deluded employers.

The reader will see that we are trying to apologise for our dissipation in reading—newspapers being such very loose mental company, and we, as news-*writer*, having, no more business with the luxury of news *written*, than a shoemaker with wearing the patent leathers he makes for his gentlemen customers. But we have read an article in the seductive type of the Transcript which led us to philosophise a little touching a point of contrast between Boston and New York; and as we grew up in Boston, but were dug up, and trimmed, and watered into flowering, in New York, we claim to know both places well enough to run a parallel with fairish fidelity.

The article we speak of was a letter, containing, among other things, a touch-up of the Astor house; but the Astor is so much the best hotel in the world, that fault-finding, merited as it may be, will send nobody from its door in search of a better. Without alluding farther to the letter, let us jot down the speculation it suggested.

New York is far more vicious than Boston, without a doubt. *But it is not much more vicious than it was, when it was of Boston's size.* We have often wished to preach a sermon to the Bostonians from 1 *Corinthians* iv. 7: "For who maketh thee to differ from another? *And what hast thou, that thou didst not receive?*" Up to the present time, the Puritan obedience to authority, and the "power paramount" of good principles, have never been sapped or shaken in Boston. It is but one community, with one class of leading prejudices, and worked by one familiar set of moral, social, and political wires. The inhabitants are nearly all Americans, all church-goers of some sect or other, implicitly subject to general and time-honored principles, and as controllable by mayor and aldermen as an omnibus by passengers and driver. Indeed, the municipal history of Boston for the last twenty years, is a Utopian beau-ideal of efficiency and order, which will *never be repeated*. The authoritative break-up of the first formidable symptom of mob-ocracy two years ago, for example—when bold mayor Elliott quietly took the fire-engines from their turbulent companies, and put them into the hands of a paid fire-police—could never have been done in any other city of this country; and ten years hence (Boston continuing to increase and vitiate), a similar pluck at the beard of mob license would be a dangerous experiment.

But look at New York in comparison. There are at least a hundred thousand Irish in this city, twenty thousand French, sixty thousand Germans, and a miscellany of other nations, that probably leaves scarce one fourth of the population (say a hundred thousand), for *indigenous and home-spirited New-Yorkers*. One quarter too, of the general population, is in a condition that is scarce known in Boston—that of desperate extremity of livelihood, and readiness to do anything for the moment's relief, vicious, turbulent, or conspirative. The municipal government of New York is, unfortunately, in some measure, a political tool, and compelled to shape its administration somewhat with a view to politics. Harsh measures, used in Boston upon the first germ or symptom of license, are reserved in New York for such signal instances as are melodramatically flagrant—such as can not be perverted, by the party out of power, into a counter-current of sympathy and resentment. What there is now remaining of the *Knickerbocker influence* in New York, is the degree in which New York can compare with Boston—and this small remainder of the old Dutch character is, as to power and check, about equal to what will be left of Puritan character in Boston, when Boston, by aid of railroads and inducements for foreign residence, shall have four hundred thousand inhabitants. Look at the difference in the observance of Sunday in the two places! At least twenty thousand people cross to Hoboken alone, to pass the sabbath in the fields—foreigners, mostly, who have been in the habit of making it a holyday at home. The Bostonians would *suppress the ferry*, without the slightest hesitation! There are four or five Sunday newspapers in New York, and Boston will not support one. There are German balls in various places in this city, on Sunday evening; and oyster-shops, and bar-rooms, and the drinking-places, in all directions in the suburbs, have overflowing custom on that day. The government of the city is, of course, in some degree, a reflex of this large proportion of the sovereign voters, and when public opinion countenances a degree of license, it is next to impossible to bring in a city government that can control it. We have not room to follow out this comparison in detail—but we wished to outline it, as a reply to the condemnations of New York (for the sale of vicious publications, etc., etc.), made from time to time, by our more virtuous brethren in the north. We shall take another opportunity to enlarge upon it.

We have received several truly delightful and gratifying letters from eminent clergymen of different persuasions, thanking us for the *Sacred Numbers* of the Mirror Library, and sending us the choice poems which they had severally laid aside, to add to another collection. *We had no idea there was so much beautiful religious poetry in existence!* This rich vein of literature has been unworked and overlooked, and we assure the religious world, *confidently*, that we are doing a most important work in the collection of these gems of piety and poetry in a cheap and accessible form. "SONGS FOR THE SABBATH," falls behind none of them in interest, and will be a classic in religious books, as long as religious literature exists.

We do not know whether we were particularly in a mood to be pleased on the night of Simpson's benefit at the Park, but several things pleased *us* more than they seemed to please *other people*—the dancing, for example, both of KORPONAY, and of DESJARDINS. (Of the acting we do not speak, and by-the-way, we may as well say, here, that the *stage* is so much better *kept in hand* by the theatrical critic of the Albion than we could possibly do it, that we generally shie that part of criticism, from a sort of consciousness that it will be done for the public by abler hands. We

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love good criticism, and we love "honor to whom honor is due.") We did not see Korponay at his début at Palmo's—but a friend pronounced his dancing a failure. As an attempt at anything in Vestris's line, it certainly *was* a failure. But that is not the dish to which the well-made Pole invites us. He is, among dancers, what olives are at a feast—"bad pickles" to the vulgar, but artful appetisers to the refined. Korponay seemed to us like a symmetrical and dashing nobleman, doing gracefully a difficult and grotesque dance for the amusement and admiration of a court—leaning as far away as possible from the airs of a professed dancer, and intent only on showing the superb proportion of his figure and the subtle command over his limbs. His face expressed exactly this *role* of performance. It was full of mock solemnity and high-bred assurance. He seemed to us exactly the sort of *noble masquer* that, at a Venetian festival of old time, would have "topped the jaunty part," and carried away the flower, the ladies' favor.

But the untrumpeted deservings of *Monsieur* Korponay are less surprising than the want of appreciation of *Mademoiselle* Desjardins. We never saw her before, though she has been dancing in town for some time, and, considering how easily most any hook and line of public amusement catches us, it is very plain that the bait has not been skilfully angled. In the first place, as to qualifications, we never have seen, in all our travels from Niagara to the Black sea (the two poles of our "inky orbit"), so well-bridged an instep, and so Dianesque a pair of serviceable ankles. She should have stood to John of Bologna for his poised Mercury! There is not a woman's heart better mounted, we venture to say, between Ontario and the Euxine. And she uses these communicators with earth deftly and Ariel-wise! We only saw her in the Polacca, which is a kind of attitudinizing dance, and possibly, better suited to her abilities than a more difficult *pas*. But she walked and acted it with spirit and grace enough to be charming, and though she is not to be named with Ellsler, she is enough of a danseuse, in Ellsler's absence, to give one's eyes their night's rations very satisfactorily. *Underrated she is!*

We see, by one of the careful and elaborate reports of the Republic, that the Mercantile Library Association have had a report from a despair-committee, on the subject of the *decline of lectures*. Eloquence don't pay for the candle, it seems. This excellent association, however, shrinks the wrong way from the plague they have had with it. The taste for eloquence is no more dead or torpid in New York than the love of war or the relish for lions. While people have brains and hearts they will love a true orator. But they are tired (and reasonably enough) of the bald and ungarnished style in which oratory is served up to them. To go moping into the dark and silent Tabernacle—the gas economized till the rise of the orator, and a deathly and gloomy silence maintained for an hour (more or less) before the commencement of the lecture—to have the orator's first opening addressed to chilled, oppressed, and unelevated minds, and all this in a house of such structure, that unless seated clear of the pent-house galleries, the hearer loses everything but the emphatic words in a sentence—to sit an hour amid these disadvantages, and then hear a chance speaker, for whom they are not prepared by any previous information except the name of his subject—this, we say, is indeed "lenten entertainment." It is making of eloquence what the ascetic makes of religion—a dry crust instead of a relishing loaf. No, no! Religion should be adorned with its proper and consistent graces, as woman should be beautifully attired; and eloquence has its natural ornaments and accompaniments as well. See how eloquence was made a pleasure in the gardens of the academy of Athens! Instead of treating our orators as we do the fountain in the Park (giving them a broad margin of bare ground), we should surround their oratory with tributary ornament. The audiences *now*, at lectures, are that passionless and abstract portion of the community that can stand anything in the shape of an intellectual bore—the Grahamites of amusement. But give us orators on popular subjects, at Palmo's, with dress-circle, bright lights, opera-music, scenery, and interludes for conversation and change of place, and eloquence, from being a jewel dulled with the dirt of a mine, will be a gem in the fit setting of a sparkling tiara. This would be, beside, a kind of premium upon eloquence, that would foster it into a national excellence. There are men at the bar, in the press, and in business, who have the "volcano of burning words" within them, and would make eloquence a study, were it a source of renown and profit. What say to a new niche for oratory, oh, amiable public! Let us get a new screw upon public feeling, to use with effect when we have patriotism to arouse, or abuses to overthrow—passions to awake for good purposes. Let us have a power at the *public ear* that will be a check-balance to newspapers, that have a monopoly of the *public eye*. Let *music*, *oratory*, and *painting*, combine in a tripod to support each other—a *fine orchestra*, a *glowing oration*, and *beautiful scenery*—and we shall have public amusement in which the serious classes will join with the gay, and in which instruction shall be dressed, as it always may be, and should be, with captivating flowers.

And while we have this thread in our loom, let us express the delight with which we listened, not long since, to oratory in a silk gown—an oration on CONTEMPT, that was linked naturally enough to a text and a pulpit, but which would have been a noble piece of intellectual oratory in a public hall or theatre. The orator was Rev. HENRY GILES, and the sermon was delivered in a place that is used to eloquence—the pulpit of Mr. Dewey. There were passages in this discourse that were worked up, both in fervor of language and concentrated fire of delivery, to a pitch that we should call truly Demosthenian. Mr. Giles is a natural orator—a man of expanded generalizing powers. It is a treat to hear him, such as would not be second in interest to any dramatic entertainment, and properly combined with other things as agreeable to the taste, there would be an attraction in such oratory that would draw better than a play. We really wish that some "manager" would undertake the getting up of the scenery and musical accessories to oratory, and let secular eloquence take leave of the pulpit where it does not properly belong, and come into a field more natural to its aims and uses.

We had a June May, and a May June, and the brick world of Manhattan has not, as yet, become too hot to hold us. This is to be our first experiment at passing the entire summer in the city, and we had laid up a few alleviations which have as yet kept the shelf, with our white hat, uncalled for by any great rise in the thermometer. There is no knowing, however, when we shall hear from Texas and the warm "girdle round the earth" (the equator—no reference to English dominion), and our advice to the stayers in town may be called for by a south wind before it is fairly printed. First—*our substitute for a private yacht.* Not having twenty thousand dollars to defray our aquatic tendencies—having, on the contrary, an occasional spare shilling—we take our moonlight trip on the river—dividing the cool breezes, 'twixt shore and shore—*in the Jersey ferry-boat.* Smile those who have

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private yachts! We know no pleasanter trip, after the dusk of the evening, than to stroll down to the ferry, haul a bench to the bow of the ferry-boat, and "open up" the evening breeze for two miles and back, for a shilling! After eight o'clock, there are, on an average, ten people in the boat, and you have the cool shoulder under the railing as nearly as possible to yourself. The long line of lamps on either shore makes a gold flounce to the "starry skirt of heaven"—the air is as pure as the rich man has it in his grounds, and all the money in the world could not mend the outside of your head, as far as the horizon. (And the horizon, at such place and hour, becomes a substitute for the small hoop you have stepped out of.) No man is richer than we, or could be better off—till we reach the Jersey shore—and we are as rich going back. Try this, of a hot evening, all who prefer coolness and have a mind that is good company.

Then, there is our *substitute for an airing*. There is a succession of coaches, lined with red velvet, that, in the slope of the afternoon, ply, nearly empty, the whole length of Broadway—two or three miles, at an easy pace, for sixpence. We have had vehicles, or friends who had vehicles, in most times and places that we remember, and we *crave* our ride after dinner. We need to get away from walls and ceiling stuck over with cares and brain-work, and to be amused without effort—particularly without the effort of walking or talking. So—

"Taking our hat in our hand, *that* remarkably requisite practice,"

we step out from our side street to the brink of Broadway, and *presto*, like magic, up drives an empty coach with two horses, red velvet lining, and windows open; and by an adroit slackening of the tendons of his left leg, the driver opens the door to us. With the leisurely pace suited to the hour and its *besoin*, our carriage rolls up Broadway, giving us a sliding panorama of such charms as are peculiar to the afternoon of the great thoroughfare (quite the best part of the day, for a spectator merely). Every bonnet we see wipes off a care from our mental slate, and every nudge to our curiosity shoves up our spirits a peg. Easily and uncrowded, we are set down for our sixpence at "Fourteenth street," and turning our face once more toward Texas, we take the next velvet-lined vehicle bound down. The main difference betwixt us and the rich man, for that hour, is, that he rides in a green lane, and we in Broadway—he sees green leaves and we pretty women—he pays much and we pay little. The question of *envy*, therefore, depends upon which of these categories you honestly prefer. While Providence furnishes the spare shilling, *we*, at any rate, will not complain. Such of our friends as are prepared to condole with us for our summer among the bricks, will please credit us with the two foregoing alleviations.

The postoffice irregularities of which we have so often complained, have drawn from one of our good-natured subscribers, a lament in poetry. We wish all our friends would take it as kindly, but give voice to it as expressively:—

"No Mirror to-day—
No price, no pay;
No chance to spend a sixpence all day long;
No work at all to do,
No help for feeling blue;
No plate, no tale, no 'trifle,' and no song!
No why and no because;
No faith in the whole race of editors;
No remedy, 'tis true;
No seeing exactly what it's best to do;
No chance of being heard,
No profit in a word;
No grumbling at the keepers of the keys;
No hope of men who do just what they please;
No chance to raise a breeze;
No hope, no sign,
No promise that I can divine;
No faith to-day in high humanity;
No doubt that life is vanity;
No dawn, no rising of a better day;
No faint foreshadowing of a golden way:
No knowing when Wickliffe will be turned away;
No last resort but a vile *parody*.
No Mirror"

We very seldom *buy* a volume of new poetry, but the portrait on the first leaf of Mrs. Butler's book, a portrait by the admirable and spiritualizing pencil of Sully, and engraved by the *as* admirable and spiritualizing burin of Cheney, was worth quite the price of the volume. We have since read the poetry. The picture bears a slight resemblance to the poetess, Mrs. Norton, and the poetry is very like Mrs. Norton's in its *intention*. But both in features and verse, Mrs. Butler is very far that glorious woman's inferior. We have been vexed to see how narrow an escape Mrs. Butler has had of being a fine poetess, however—how easily with a little consistent labor, and some little unity of sentiment and purpose, she might have filled out the *penumbra* which provokingly shows what she *might have been*—but for the eclipse of caprice or carelessness. We have struck a word in this last sentence which seems to us to be the master-chord of all her poetry—*caprice!* She *begins* nobly and goes evenly and beautifully half through her strain, and then falters and winds weakly or inconsequently off. We could quote passages from this book as fine as anything of Mrs. Norton's, but there is no one finished poem in it worth reprinting. In all this, we are looking at it with the world's eye. To a poet, who judges of a fragment, as the connoisseur knows the statue of Hercules, by the foot, this volume is full of genius. There is a massy fulness in the use of epithets and figures that shows a Sapphic prodigality of fervor and impulse, and there is, moreover, a masculine strength of passionateness in the moulding and flinging off of emotion, that, well carried out, would have swept the public heart like a whirlwind. We had marked many passages of Mrs. Butler's book for extract, but on looking at them again, we find the best and most creditable blemished with flaws, and, with strong admiration for what the authoress *might have been*, we lay the book aside.

Our readers will remember a very clever letter, written to us by an anonymous lady who wished to conjure a new bonnet and dress out of her inkstand. The inveiglement upon ourselves (to induce us to be her banker), was so adroit and fanciful that we suspected the writer of being no novice at rhetorical trap—one, indeed, of the numerous sisterhood who, denied the concentrated developments of maternity, scatter their burthensome ammunition of contrivance and resource upon periodical literature. We "gave in," however—walking willingly into the lady's noose—on a condition, that she should wear a rose recognisably in Broadway the day she first sported the balzarine and Neapolitan, and afterward send us a sketch of herself and her cousin. The "sketch" we have received, and when we have seen the rose we shall not hesitate to acknowledge the debt. In the following parts of the letter which accompanied the sketch, the reader will see that the authoress feels (or feigns marvellously well) some resentment at our suspicions as to her age and quality:—

"Have you never heard, my de—(pardon! I fear it is a habit of mine to write too 'honeyedly')—but have you not heard that 'suspicion is a heavy armor, which, with its own weight impedes more than it protects.' Suspicion is most assuredly a beggarly virtue. It

may, now and then, prevent you from being 'taken in,' but it nips you in the costs most unmercifully. Oh! sharpsightedness is the most extravagantly *dear whistle* that poor humans ever purchased! That you should suspect *me* too, when I was opening my heart away down to the core. How *could* you? 'Inveigle!' no inveigling about it! I want a bonnet and dress, and said so, frankly and honestly. And I never wrote a line for Graham in my life, no! nor for Godey either. As for *le couleur des bas*, your keen-eyed hawk pounced on less than a phantom *there*. From the day that I stood two mortal hours with my finger poked into my eye, and a fool's-cap on my head, because I persisted in spelling 'b-a-g, baker,' to the notable morning of christening my cousin by her *profession*, I have been voted innocent of all leaning toward the uncelestial. Indeed it is more than suspected by my friend (cousin 'Bel' excepted) that I affect dame Nature's carpet, rather than her canopy. Maybe *I* am 'some varlet of a man scribbler'—Oh! you are *such* a Yankee at guessing! 'Old!' ah, that is the unkindest cut of all! You an editor, and the son of an editor, and not know that 'old maids' are a class extinct at the present day, save in the sewing societies, etc., of some western village, subject only to the exploring expeditions of the indefatigable 'Mary Clavers!' Have you never heard of five-and-twenty's being a *turning point*, and ken ye not its meaning? Why, *faire maydens* then reverse the hour-glass of old gray-beard; and, one by one, drop back the golden sands that he has scattered, till, in five years, they are twenty again. Of course, then, I *must* be 'under twenty-five;' but, as a punishment for your lack of gallantry, you shall not know whether the sands are dropping in or out of my glass. One thing, however, is indisputable: I am not 'sharp,' my face has not a single *sharp* feature, nor my temper (it is I, who know, that say it), a *sharp* corner, nor my voice a *sharp* tone. So much in self-justification, and now to the little package which you hold in the other hand.

"I send my sketch in advance, because I am afraid cousin 'Bel' and I might not interest you and the public so much as we do ourselves; and then how are we to 'consider you paid.' In truth, I can not write *clever* things. 'Bel' might, but she never tries. Sometimes she plans for me; but, somehow, I never can find the right words for her thoughts. They come into my head like fixed-up visiters, and 'play tea-party' with their baby neighbors, until I am almost as much puzzled by their strange performances as the old woman of the nursery rhyme, who was obliged to call on her 'little dog at home' to establish her identity. No, no! I can not write *clever* things, and particularly on the subject to which I am restricted; but if it is the true sketch that you would have for the sake of the information, why here it is. You will perceive that I have been very particular to tell you all.

"Pray, do you allow us *carte blanche* as far as the hat and dress are concerned? You had better not, for 'Bel' never limits herself. How soon may we have them? The summer is advancing rapidly, and my old muslin and straw are unco' shabby. Yours with all due gratitude, "FANNY FORESTER."

Whoever our fair correspondent may be, old or young, *naive* or crafty, we can tell her that talent like hers need never want a market. We commend her, thus in print, to those princes of literary paymasters, Graham and Godey, with our assurance that no more entertaining pen strides a vowel in this country. The sketch of "The Cousins," which we shall give hereafter, has a *twixt-tear-and-smile-fulness* which shows the writer's heart to be as young as a school-girl's satchel, whatever kind of wig she wears, and whatever the number of her spectacles. And she will be as young forty years hence—for genius will be a child, eternity through, in Heaven. If, by chance, the lady is a *sub-twenty-fivity*, she is a star rising, and we should like to visit her before she culminates.

THE REST OF WHAT WE HAVE TO SAY.—There is a circulation that beats newspapers—beats them particularly in this—the Tuesday's paper overtakes the Monday's, but the *lie* of Monday is never overtaken by the truth of Tuesday. Some time since a sketch appeared in the Mirror, written by a correspondent, which was seized upon immediately by some of the busy-bodies of society, as an intentional attack upon one of the first families in this city. A week or two after its publication, a friend informed us of the rumor, and we read the sketch over again to see what was objectionable in it. With the exception of a correction made by the proof-reader, and one accidental circumstance, invented by the writer to round a sentence, there was nothing in it that could possibly apply to the family in question, and we were amazed at the interpretation put upon it. Subsequent knowledge of the writer and her object has completely removed from our mind, and that of the family alluded to, all shadow of suspicion that any particular person or persons were in her mind while writing it. The story has again come round to us, however, and in so bold a shape that we think it worth while to nail it again with a denial. *There never has been in the Mirror, and there never will be, any offensive allusion to individuals in private life.* Descriptive writers constantly describe *classes*, and, if they describe them well, they will apply as the essays in the Spectator do, to hundreds of persons. The amiable Miss Sedgwick, utterly incapable of an intentional wound to the feelings of any one, has lived in constant hot water, from the offence taken at the supposed personalities of her descriptions. It is very easy for a malicious person to take *any* sketch of character, and find for it a most plausible original. *But there should be a watch kept for those who first name these discoveries—the first finders of the key to a mischievous allusion.* The *first* time you hear a malicious story, MARK THE TELLER OF IT—for ten to one, in that person, male or female, lies the whole malice of the invention and application. Such people do not work in the dark, however. Mischief-making is a most unprofitable trade, and we trust that, in the future school of American morals, the *certain infamy of being the first teller of a malicious tale*, will be a predominant feature. It can easily be made so, by "keeping the subject before the people."

One of the most curious features of New York is the gradual formation of a PATERNOSTER ROW—or the making of Ann street to correspond with that famous book-mine and fame-quarry of London. Our enterprising and thrifty friends and neighbors, BURGESS, STRINGER, & Co., are the "LONGMANS" of this publishing Row, and truly, the activity of their sales, and the crowds leaning continually over their counter, give a new aspect to the hitherto contemplative current of merchandise in literature. Their central and spacious shop on the corner of Broadway, is a thronged book-market, as vigorously tended and customered as the sales of pork and grain. They have lately added to their establishment two stores intervening between them and us, and, with the office of our friends of the "NEW WORLD" farther down the street, and several intermediate publishing and forwarding offices, we of the Mirror are in the midst of a formidable literary mart, that seems destined to concentrate the book-trade, and make, of Ann street, as we said just now, a Paternoster Row. The Turks (who, by the way, have many other sensible notion, *besides* washing themselves instead of their shirts), devote each differ-

ent lane of their grand bazar to a single commodity —no shoemakers to be found out of Shoemaker-lane, and no books out of Book-alley. The convenience of this arrangement, to the public, is very great, and it would be, in this city, a prodigious saving of labor, in cartage and traffic, to the booksellers themselves. We have a faint hope of seducing over, to our Row, the agreeable clique of our friend Porter of the "Spirit," and we hope Inman of the Columbian will follow after (to save rent), and in this way, we shall have a morning lounge in Ann street for the *beaux esprits*, that will enable us to combine into a *literary social order* and have some fun and more weight. Nothing like combination, oh, fellow-pensmen! Why should we not have a head, and wag it, like the chamber of commerce and the powerful presbytery? For a class that keeps the key of the city's *to-morrow*, the press in New York is as strangely unorganized and segregate a body as anarchy of public opinion could possibly desire. But we are trenching here on something we have *in petto*, to write upon more gravely hereafter.

We seldom read a novel. We can not afford the sympathy, even when we have the time. But, somewhat liquefied on a warm afternoon of last week, our resolution would not hold, and we took up "The Rose of Thistle Island," a Swedish novel by Emilie Carlen, just published by Winchester. The story took hold of us immediately, and we read the book through before going to bed, charmed with its earnest and graphic truth of narration and character, and particularly with the *entire fusion* of the style, betraying no thumb-spot from the dictionary-cover, and no smack of haste or clumsiness in the transfer. It reads like a book original in English, and that, to our professional superfinery of noun and pronoun, is no small difference from ordinary translations.

The Remainder.—One of the greatest pleasures of *living* in our free country, is the unceasing satisfaction one feels at not having died last week—fortunately surviving to put down *one more lie* that, if you had been dead, would be as durable as your tombstone. Another peculiarity of our country—good or bad as you chance to feel about it—is the necessity to talk a great deal about yourself, if you would keep up a lively popularity. With these two patriotic promptings, let us say a word of a trip we made lately to Albany.

It is not perhaps generally known that Albany was our birthplace. We were born once before, it is true, in Portland, somewhere about half a life ago—a "man-child." But in Albany, in 1827, we first opened our eyes, as an adult lion. Up to that period we had been under tutors, and had known only boy-friends. By a fortunate chance we suddenly acquired the friendship of a man of great talent and accomplishment, and on a visit to this, our first man-friend at Albany, we stood, for the first time, clear of the imprisoning chalk-lines of boyhood. Those who have "hived the honey" of their summers of the heart, know well how intoxicatingly sweet was the first garden of life in which they walked as *men*. Still a child at home, and still a college-boy at New Haven, we were, at Albany, a man who had written a book, and as the companion and guest of our fashionable and popular friend,* we saw beauty enough, and received kindness enough, to have whipped a less leathery brain into syllabub. The loveliness of the belles of Albany at that time, and the brilliancy of its society, are perpetuated in a remembrance that will become a tradition; and we have never since seen, in any country or society of the world, an equal proportion of elegant men and beautiful and accomplished women. It was so acknowledged over the whole country. The regency of fashion, male and female, was confessedly at Albany. New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore, were provinces to this castle of belle-dom! We have an object in showing what Albany was, at the time we were in the habit of visiting it, and how inevitably, from a combination of circumstances, it became and has remained, to us, a paradise of enchanting associations. There is no spot in this country which we remember with equal pleasure. It was the first leaf turned over in our book of manhood.

We went to Albany with these memories upon us, a week or more ago, to lecture. We spent the morning in finding old friends and reviving old associations, and in the evening we had an audience much larger than we looked for, and as brilliant as hope born of such memories could have prefigured it; and we returned to the city the morning after, gratified and delighted. But (and here comes the matter in hand) there seems to have been a gentleman in Albany who was unwilling we should be delighted. We have not seen the article he wrote, but, as condensed in another paper, it goes to show that the reasons *why we were unsuccessful* at Albany were, first, that we have been in the habit of abusing its Dutch aristocracy, and second, that two years ago we "insulted a lady there and refused a challenge from her friend!" Now here are four items of *absolute news* to us: 1, that we did not succeed—2, that we ever insulted a lady anywhere—3, that we ever declined any fight that was ever proposed to us—4, that we ever abused the Dutch at Albany.

On the *fourth* count of the indictment, alone, a friend has thrown a little light. We *did* once, inadvertently, *use an adjective*, in a way which has been remembered fifteen years! We said of the swine in the streets of Albany (in some trifling article for a newspaper), that they were a nuisance "more Dutch than decent." The alliteration seduced us somewhat, but there was provocation as well—for, the night

* I trust it will not be considered mistimed or unnatural if I follow the impulse of my heart, and put, into a note to so worldly a theme, the substance of a tearful and absorbing revery, which, for the last half hour, has suspended my pen over the paper. The name of the gentleman I have just alluded to, John Bleecker Van Schaick, will call up, at once, to the memory of the Albanians, as well as to the prominent men of all parts of the country, a loss, by early death, of one of our most accomplished gentlemen, and most admirably-gifted minds. The proportion—the balance of character and intellect, in Mr. Van Schaick—the fine sense of honor, and the keen discrimination of wit, the manliness and the delicacy, the common sense and the strong poetical perception —made him, to me, one of the most admirable of studies, as well as the most winning and endearing of friends. I loved and honored him, till his death, as few men have ever won from me love and honor. It was a matter of continual urging on my part, to induce him to devote his leisure, given him by ample means, to literature. Some of his poetry appeared in the magazines, and is now collected in a volume of the American poets. But he had higher studies and more vigorous aims than light literature, and he had just broken ground as a brilliant orator and statesman, when disease unnerved and prostrated him. Mr. Van Schaick had, however, another quality which would have made him the idol of society in England—(though, comparatively, little appreciated here)—unequalled wit and brilliancy of conversation. I say *unequalled*—for I have lived long in the society of the men of wit most celebrated in London, and I have ever thought that this countryman of my own was their unequivocal superior. His wonderful quickness and fineness of perception, and the ready facility of his polished language, combined with his universal reading and information, made his society in the highest degree delightful and fascinating; and though, as my first friend of manhood, I gave him warm and impulsive admiration, my subsequent knowledge of mankind has constantly enhanced this admiring appreciation. In all qualities of the heart he was uprightly noble; and, altogether, we think that in him died the best-balanced and most highly-gifted character we have ever intimately known.

before writing it, strolling home from a party in Albany, we had been brought from the seventh heaven to the sidewalk, tripped up by a pig! Now, to us, the pig was *Dutch*. We had lived only in New England, where this animal, from some prejudice against his habits, *has not* the freedom of the city. Visiting two *Dutch* cities, New York and Albany, we found the pig master of the *pavé*, and the offending adjective, lubricated by our disaster, slipped into its place with inevitable facility. We have heard from time to time, of this perversion of the word *Dutch*, as a thing remembered against us. We had hoped that the great fire in Wall street, the death of Harrison, the Miller-prophecy, and the other events of the last fifteen years, would have wiped that small adjective out. We do not know why it should outlive the poets who have written and been forgotten in that time—the steamboats that have been built and used up—the politicians who have flourished and fallen—the comets that have glittered and gone—the newspapers that have started and stopped. The secret of that little adjective's imperishableness is worth analyzing—especially by poets and the patentees of "asbestos safes." We wish we could stumble upon as long-lived a *conjunction!*

Seriously, we are annoyed and hurt at the discovery of a hostility that could make itself heard, in a place we owe so much to for past happiness. We beg the Albanians to forgive us for the unintentional offence, and to take us and our Mirror into that favor of which we have always been ambitious.

The spot where all the winds of heaven turn the corner—the coolest and most enjoyable spot in the hottest and least enjoyable summer's day—is the outside bastion of Castle Garden. We made our way there a few days ago, when the streets were fairly in a swoon with the breathless heat, and it was as cool and breezy, outside the round castle, as a hill-top on a May morning. For children—for happy idlers with a book—for strangers who wish to study the delicious panorama of the bay—there is no place comparable to the embrasures, parapets, and terraces of Castle Garden.

TWO OR THREE LITTLE MATTERS.—There is no struggling against it—*we have a need* to pass the summer in some place that God made. We have argued the instinct down—every morning since May-day—while shaving. It is as cool in the city as in the country, we believe. We see as many trees, from our window (living opposite St. Paul's churchyard), and as much grass, as we could take in at a glance. The air we breathe, outside the embrasures of Castle Garden, every afternoon, and on board the Hoboken and Jersey boats, every warm evening, are entire recompenses to the lungs for the day's dust and stony heat. And then God intends that *somebody* shall live in the city in summer-time, and why not we? By the time this argument is over, our chin and our rebellious spirit are both smoothed down. Breakfast is ready—as cool fruit, as delicious butter under the ice, and as charming a *vis-à-vis* over the white cloth and coffee-tray as we should have in the country. We go to work after breakfast with passable content. The city cries, and the city wheels, the clang of the charcoal cart and the importunities of printer's imp—all blend in the passages of our outer ear as unconsciously and fitly as brook-noises and breeze-doings. We are well enough till two. An hour to dinner—passed in varnished boots and out-doors-inesses—somewhat a weary hour, we must say, with a subdued longing for some earth to walk upon. Dinner—pretty well! Discontent and sorrow dwell in a man's throat, and go abroad while it is watered and swept. The hour after dinner has its little resignations also—coffee, music, and the "angel-visit" from the nursery. Five o'clock comes round, and with it nature's demand for a pair of horses. (Alas! why are we not centaurs, to have a pair of horses when we marry?) We get into an omnibus, and as we get toward the porcelain end of the city, our porcelain friends pass us in their carriages, bound out where the earth breathes and the grass grows. An irresistible discontent overwhelms us! The paved hand of the city spreads out beneath us, holding down the grass and shutting off the salutary earth-pores, and we pine for balm and moisture! The over-worked mind offers no asylum of thought. It is the out-door time of day. Nature calls us to her bared bosom, and there is a floor of impenetrable stone between us and her! At the end of the omnibus-line we turn and go back, and resume our paved and walled-up existence, and all the logic of philosophy, aided by icecreams and bands of music, would fail to convince us, that night, that we are not victims and wretches. For Heaven's sake, some kind old man give us an acre off the pavement, and money enough to go and lie on the outside of it of summer afternoons!

Let us out of this great stone oven! The city *is* intolerable! Oh, from these heated bricks and stones, what moistureless, what wilted, what fainting air comes to the nostrils! The two river-breezes doing their best to meet across the island, swoon in Broadway. The pores gasp, the muscles droop, the mind is blank and nerveless. Let us out somewhere!

We had such a fever upon us as is expressed above, when a friend offered to drive us to ROCKAWAY. With a mental repetition of the affecting prayer of the poor woman in the ballad,

("Take a white napkin, and wrap my head softly,
And then throw me overboard, me and my baby!")

we crept into his wagon, and bowled away silently on the road to Jamaica. It was a hot evening, but the smell of the earth, and the woods, and the dairy-farms, roused our drooping petals a little. Jamaica lies somewhat in the island's lap, however, and it was not till we began to sniff the salt of the open Atlantic, that we were once more "capable creatures." But what a revivification as we approached Rockaway! The sea-breeze nudged up our drooping eyebrows, gave a pull to the loose halliards of our let-go smiles, crisped our pores, and restored everything to its use and its activity—the irrevocable starch in our shirt-collars alone incapable of rally. Rockaway (we write only for those who know nothing of it) is part of the snowy edge of the Atlantic—St. George's hotel, at Portsmouth, England, being all but next door to the Rockaway pavilion. Of course there is nothing to take the saline coolness out of the breeze (unless by chance it has come across St. Helena or the Azores), and the difference between the "entire quadruped" in the way of a sea-breeze, and the mixtures they get in some other sea-side places, is worth taking pains for. But let us tell, in plain language, *what sort of place Rockaway is*—for the benefit of those who are choosing a month's resort for health or pleasure.

The *pavilion* of Rockaway is an immense hotel, whose majestic portico forms the centre of a curving beach of two or three miles in the bend, on the southern shore of Long Island. From this portico, and from the windows of the hotel, the delightful sight and sound of the beating surf are visible and audible—eternal company to eye and ear. The beach extends for miles either way—a broad floor as smooth as marble, and so hard that a carriage wheel scarce

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leaves a print, and this, as a drive, we presume to be the most delightful and enjoyable in the world. The noiseless tread of the horse, and the unheard progress of the wheels, the snowy surf along the edge of which you keep your way, and the high exhilaration given to the spirits by the sea-breeze, and the enlivening beat of the waves upon the sand at your feet, form, altogether, an enchantment to which, in the way of out-door pleasure, we scarce know a parallel. And, *as a walk*, the pure hard floor of that interminable beach is, of course, equally delightful.

The arrangements for bathing are very well managed. There are some twenty bathing-houses on the beach, near the house, and, between the hours of ten and twelve in the forenoon, the ocean-side is guarded and kept exclusive to the ladies and their attendants. An omnibus constantly plies between the bathing-houses and the hotel, and to ladies and children, to old men and young, the hour spent in the invigorating surf is the pleasure of the day. All, alike, come back elated and animated, and the society of the place shows very markedly the fillip given by the sea-bathing to health and spirits. Children, more especially, who have drooped in the city, pluck up appetite and vigor immediately at Rockaway.

As the favorite and regular resort of many of the best families of the city, the society of the pavilion has always been acknowledged to be of a more refined quality and on a more agreeable footing than that of any other watering-place. It is equally removed from useless ceremony and undesirable freedom. Those who wish to combine gayety with the pursuit of health and the enjoyment of luxury, have facilities for all these at Rockaway, in a degree as desirable as it is unusual. The table is not surpassed by that of any hotel even in the city, and this, in a watering-place, *is* a peculiarity! Mr. Cranston, the keeper of the house, thoroughly understands his business.

As to facilities for getting to Rockaway, the railroad from Brooklyn ferry takes you to Jamaica in half an hour; from Jamaica, on the arrival of the cars, starts regularly a mammoth omnibus with six horses, and other roomy conveyances are supplied if necessary, which bring you to Rockaway in an hour. All delays included, it is about two hours from the city.

Certain coolness and *certainly-improved health* thrown into the scale, the desirableness of Rockaway, as a summer resort, far outweighs that of every other watering-place in the country.

A late number of the Southern Literary Messenger contains two poems of uncommon merit for the drift of a periodical. One is by Mr. Gilmore Simms (whose much-worked mine has now and then a very golden streak of poetry), and the other is by H. B. Hirst—a poem of fifty-seven stanzas on the subject of ENDYMION. This latter is after Keats. It is very highly studied, very carefully finished, and very airily and spiritually conceived. Its faults are its conceits, which are not always defensible—for instance, the one in italics, in the following beautiful description of Diana as she descended to Endymion:—

"A crescent on her brow—a brow whose brightness
Darkened the crescent; and a neck and breast
On which young love might rest
Breathless with passion; and an arm whose whiteness
Shadowed the lily's snow; a lip the bee
Might dream in, and a *knee*
Round as a period; while her white feet glancing
Between her sandals, shed a twilight light
Athwart the purple night.
Cycling her waist a zone, whose gems were dancing
With rainbow rays, pressed with a perfect grace,
Her bosom's ivory space."

Now we know as well as anybody what the "round of a period" is, and we have seen, here and there, a goddess's knee, and we declare there is no manner or shape of likeness that justifies the comparison! With the exception of two or three of these lapses away from nature, however, it is a beautiful poem—this "Endymion"—and will read well in a volume. By the way, let us wonder whether the sweet poetess by the same name is a sister of Mr. Hirst.

We consider Niblo's garden one of the chief "broideries" upon our woof of probation in this dirty planet, and if there are to be offsets for good things enjoyed this side of Cocytus, we expect to pay for Mitchell. Oh, thou pleasant Mitchell! And he to grow fat under the exercise of such a wand of industrious enchantment! What is the man made of, besides brains!

We sat through the "REVOLT OF THE HAREM," a night or two ago, and saw all its funny sights, *seriatim*. The ballet, as intended to be seen, was excellent—for the time and material, indeed, quite wonderful. But we had our little pleasures (not down in the bill), and one of them was to see pretty Miss Taylor, the clever opera-singer, figuring as an Odalisque danseuse! If that pretty actress be not abducted, and sold to the sultan within a year, we shall think less of the enterprise of Salem privateers! She only wants to forget that she is Miss Taylor, indeed, to dance uncommonly well—the consciousness of her silk stockings being at present something of a damper to the necessary *abandon*. But, modesty and all, she is very charming in this ballet, and one wonders what Mitchell will make of her next! Korponay, too—the elegant Korponay—figuring as an Abyssinian eunuch! *That*, truth to say, had for us a dash of displeasure! He entered into it with all his might, it is true, and played the nigger with Jim Crow facility; but the part, for him, was out of character, and we shall not be content till he is *dis-niggered* by appearing once more in the role of a gentleman. The bath-scene was well arranged, though the prettiest girls were not in the water—(pray *why*, Master Mitchell?) And the military evolutions of the revolted ladies were very well done, and will be better done—with a little more practice, and the mending of *that* corporal's stocking with a hole in it. The town seemed pleased, we thought.

We have not yet mentioned the *première danseuse*, Mademoiselle Desjardins, who did very well in the way of her vocation, but from whose feet have departed, with the boots she wore, the exquisite symmetry we admired at Simpson's benefit. Ah, ladies, you should wear boots! Here were two feet in tightly-sandalled shoes, looking like two tied-up parcels from Beck's, which, a night or two before, in *brodequins bien faits*, looked models of Arabian instep! *Can* boots do that? We hereby excommunicate, from the church of true love, all husbands, fathers, and guardians, who shall rebel against the preference, by wife, ward, or daughter, of Nunn's boots at $3 50, over Middleton's slippers at ten shillings. The embellishment is worth the difference!

We have received a very testy letter from some old gentleman, requesting us to *reform the gait* of the New York ladies. He manages to convey what peculiarity it is that offends his eye, but he is mistaken as to the *stoop*. The lady *within* stands straight enough! If he knows this, and means covertly to attack the artificial portion of the outline, we can tell him that he rashly invades, not merely a caprice of fashion (which in itself were formidable enough), but the most jealous symbol and citadel of female domination! There are thousands of ladies who would resign carriages and

satin without a sigh, but who would die by fire and fagot rather than yield the *right* to mount on horseback in the masculine riding habit! "Wearing the breeches" is a worn-out figure of speech, but does anybody in his senses believe that the *usurpation* has not taken refuge in a new shape? Need we open our correspondent's eyes any further? What bird is the most pronounced and unequivocal type of martial and masculine bravery? What bird is the farthest remove, in shape, air, and habits, from his female partner? What bird lives up systematically to woman's ideal of a hero—a life of fighting and making love? Draw the outline from the comb of a fighting-cock to the feather-tip of his *bustle*, and you have the eidolon of male carriage—*and* the dressmaker's *ne plus ultra!* We warn off our correspondent!

LETTER FROM CINNA BEVERLEY, ESQ., TO N. P. WILLIS.

SARATOGA, U. S. Hotel, *August* 1.

You are feeding the news-hopper of your literary mill, my dear poet, and I am trying on the old trick of gayety at Saratoga. Which of us should write the other a letter? *You*, if you say so—though as I get older, I am beginning to think well of the town, even in August. You have your little solaces, my fast liver!

Well—what shall I tell you? This great khan in in the desert of dulness is full, to the most desirable uncomfortableness. Shall I begin with the men? God made them first, and as it is a test of the ultimate degree of refinement to reapproach nature, why, let men have the precedence! Less American than philosophical, you will say!—but *men first*, let it be! I must have my way in my post-meridian.

There used to be dandies! That was in the time when there was an aristocracy in the country. With the levelling (from the middle to the top) that has been going on for the last ten or twelve years, the incentive, somehow, seems gone, or, account for it how you will—there are no dandies! I am inclined to think that two causes may have contributed to it—the indiscretion of tailors in using gentlemen's ideas promiscuously, and the attention paid to dress by all classes—everybody who can buy a coat at all, being within one degree of *comme il faut!* The *other side of that degree* is not far enough off from the mob, and so dandyism is discouraged. Needlessly, it is true, for the difference is marked enough; but the *possibility* of a woman's being beautiful enough to adore, and yet not wise enough to know that degree of difference! Ah, my dear Willis, that an angel *may* "walk unrecognised!" It has killed the class!

There is one dandy only, at Saratoga, and he is but the dovetail upon the age gone by—a better-dressed man ten years ago than this morning at breakfast. One dandy among three thousand "fashionables!" It is early in the season, it is true, and (as a youth said to me yesterday, with a clever classification) "all *Carpenter's coats* are gone this year to Newport." But, still, there are those here—done into stereotype, and reckless of the peculiarities in themselves which are susceptible of piquant departures from the fashion—who would have been, twenty years ago, each one a phenix unresembled! How delightful the springs were, in those days of marked men! How adored they were by the women! How generously (by such petting as is now unknown) their anxieties of toilet were repaid and glorified! How the arrival of each "particular star" was hailed by the rushing out of the white dresses upon the portico of Congress hall, the acclamations, the felicitations, the inquiries tender and uproarious! There was a joyous reciprocity of worship between men and women in those days!—and as innocent as joyous! Compare it with the arms'-length superfinery, and dangerous pent-upitude of *now!*

And now, my dear Willis, a cautious word or two about the women. There are "belles" at Saratoga, well-born, well-moulded, and well-dressed—five or six of the first degree of perilous loveliness, none of the second degree (I don't know why) and fifty or sixty with beauty enough to make, each one, a dull man happy. The rest are probably immortal creatures, and have angels to look after them—but, as they make no sacrifices in proportion to their mortal plainness, they are ciphers, at least till doomsday. I will not impair my advantages by telling, to an enterprising admirer like yourself, even the names of the adorables, for as I slide into the back-swath of the great mower, I am jealous of opportunity—but there is one woman here who was the electric light of the court of France when I was abroad, a creature of that airy stateliness that betrays the veiled symmetry

"Of the fair form that terminates so well!"

and she is as beautiful now as then, for a kind of tender and maternal mournfulness of eye has more than made up for the fainter roses and more languishing lilies of lip and cheek. (God be praised for compensations!) But, without specifying more to you, I must hold back a bit of speculation that I have in reserve, while I make you marvel at a triumph of toilet—achieved by the kind of short gown, or kirtle,* never before seen but at a wash-tub, but promoted now to be the lodestar of the drawing-room! There are articles of dress, you know, which are *intensifiers*—making vulgarity more vulgar, aristocracy more aristocratic—and the lady who comes kirtled to breakfast at Saratoga, is of Nature's daintiest fabric, only less proud than winning—but fancy a buttoned-up frock-coat over a snowy petticoat, and you can picture to yourself the saucy piquancy of the costume. Titania in the laundry!

I was going to philosophize upon the changes in lady-tactics within the last few years, but I will just hint at a single point that has impressed me. The primitive confidingness of American girlhood (the loveliest social phase that ever ascended from the shepherd's fold to the drawing-room) has been abandoned for the European mamma-dom and watchful restraint, but without some of the compensatory European concomitants. I will not "lift the veil" by telling what those concomitants are. It would be a delicate and debateable subject. But the effect of this partial adaptation is, in my opinion, far more dangerous than what it seeks to supplant or remedy, and among other evils is that of making culpable what was once thought innocent. I shudder at the manufacture of new sins in a world where enough, for all needful ruin, *grows* wild by the road-side. I do not believe we shall grow purer by Europeanizing.

What else would you like to know? The water tastes as metallic as of old, though the beauties around the rim of the fountain are an increased congregation. The Marvins keep their great caravansary admirably well, as usual, though, surviving amid such a cataract of travel, they should rather call their hotel "Goat Island" than "United States." Union hall is making a fortune out of the invalid saints, and Congress hall looks romantic and flirt-wise as ever; and by-the-way, they are about to enlarge it, with a portico overlooking the spring. Delicious dinners can be had at the lake, and an omnibus runs there regularly, and in all matters, Saratoga *enlarges*. It serves a needful

*I have since discovered that this promoted article of dress was "dug up" by the spirited belles of Carolina, and is called at the south a "*Jib-along-josey.*"

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purpose in this gregarious country; and on the whole, no place of escape is pleasanter to man or woman.

How is the joyous brigadier? Make my homage acceptable to his quill and his epaulets, and ask him, in his next hour of inspired song, to glorify proud beauty in humble kirtle.

Come to Saratoga, my dear Willis, and let me tell your how sincerely I am yours,

CINNA BEVERLEY.

The time will come, perhaps, when we shall be a connoisseur in snuff-boxes, insects, or autographs—but, meantime, we are curious in the cultivation of the rarer kinds of friendship. The ingenious idea occurred to us, some ten years ago, of turning the waste overflow of our heart into some such special and available irrigation, and the result we shall leave to be published posthumously, under the title of AMICULTURE, or a TREATISE ON LOVE-WASTE. Our proper channels of affection being first supplied to the point of overflow, we have felt free to venture upon very bold experiments with the remainder, and some of our specimens, of course, are simply curiosities; but we have them (friends) of every quality, form, and condition, male and female, preserved with studious care and industry—guardedly confining ourselves to only one of a kind. Some of the humbler specimens are of great beauty, but will show better preserved and pressed in a posthumous *amibarium*. We can only venture, in our lifetime, to give specimens of the more ornamental varieties; and our object now is to introduce a leaf of the species "*callow dandy*"—in other words, to give you a letter from a very elegant lad with a nascent mustache, a prized friend of ours, now, for the first time, at Saratoga. He writes about trifles, but in hot weather we (for one) like trifles best; and as he writes, after all, with a dash of philosophy, we have not thought it worth while to omit or alter. Here is his letter, written in the vanishing legibility of a once good school-hand:—

U. S. HOTEL, *Aug.* —.

DEAR WILLIS: Your kind note to St. John, of the Knickerbocker, got me the state-room with the picture of "Glenmary" on the panel, and I slept under the protection of your household gods—famously, of course. The only fault I found with that magnificent boat, was the right of any "smutched villain" to walk through her. It is a frightful arrangement that can sell, to a beauty and a blackguard, for the same money, the right to promenade on the same carpet, and go to sleep with the same surroundings on the opposite sides of a pine partition! Give me a world where antipodes *stay put!* But what a right-royal, "slap-up" supper they give in the Knickerbocker! They'll make the means better than the end—travelling better than arriving—if they improve any more! I had a great mind to go back the next day, and come up again.

Saratoga's great fun. I had no idea there were so many kinds of people—beasts and beauties. Five hundred men and women in one house is a lumping of things that shoves aside a great many secrets there's no room for. Old women popping out of their rooms, with their wigs off, to call a waiter—lazy men coming to breakfast unshaved—cross people that *can not* be smiling *all* day long—lovers besieging, when the lady would prefer cracker and cheese—jealous people looking daggers while they pretend to blow their noses—bustles flattened by dinner-chairs into upright pianos—ladies spreading their nostrils at unexpected introductions—old maids in calm disgust, and just-outs in "sweet confusion"—a Turk in the portico selling attars, and a Jew in the drawing-room, shining in patent leather—all pretty good sights, as the world goes, and stuff for moralizing—eh, old Willis?

The charm of society *at Saratoga* lies in getting the thing without paying for it. To see a pretty woman *in town*, one has to resolve at breakfast, shape his arrangements, stick three hours to his resolve, travel a mile, ring a bell, run the chance of intruding or "not at home," talk to some bore in the way of aunt or brother, and two to one, after all, you light upon an undress humor in the lady visited. In the great drawing-room of the United States, on the contrary, the whole visitable world is reduced to the compass of a gamut, and you have it all within the spread of your hand, and *all in tune!* You dress, breakfast, and sit on a sofa, and in ten minutes your entire female acquaintance passes within three feet of your nose, and every one as ready to be talked to as if you had ridden three miles, and wasted patience and a forenoon to have that pleasure. You leave her when you like, without the trouble of an adieu, see and talk to twenty more with the same charming economy of time and labor, and having got through your *duty-talks* by eleven, you select your favorite and devote yourself to her for the remaining twelve or fourteen hours—"a month's love in a day!" This, if you please, *is* letting

> "the *serious* part of life go by
> Like the neglected sand,"

and very glad to be rid of it! Now, don't you think, my paternal Willis, that society in town has too many hinderances, obstructions, cross-purposes, exactions, mystifications, and botherations—considering that a *plague* slices off just as much life as a *pleasure*? I wish the Marvins would take a lease of New York, roof it in, knock away walls, and make a "Springs" of it! It is so very cumbrous, letting people have whole houses to themselves!

Have you anatomized this new fashion of *gaiter-boots*, my dear dandy? Do you observe what a breakdown they give to the instep, and how shamble-footed, and down at the heel the men seem who wear them? After all, there is a "*blood* look" to a man's leg as well as a horse's, and no dandy can look "clean-limbed" with unstrapped trousers and his apparent foot cut in two by shoes of two colors. The eye wants a clean line from the point of the toe to the swearing-place of the patriarchs, and an unblemished instep rising to the pantaloon. The world's tailors have been ever since breeches-time learning the proper adjustment of straps, and now it is perfected, the capricious world condemns it to disuse! Write an article about it, my dear Willis! And then these gathered French trousers—making a man into a "big-hipped humble-bee"—as if we needed to be any more like women! I see, too, that here and there a youth has a coat padded over the hips! Though, apropos of coats, there is a well-dressed man here with a new cut of Carpenter's. He's a Prometheus, that Carpenter—heating his goose by undoubted "fire from heaven!" The skirts of the last inspiration cross slightly behind, aiding the Belvidere "pyramid inverted" (from the shoulders down) and of course promoting the fine arts of tailoring. Allowing freely the tip-toppiness of Jennings in trousers, waistcoats, and overcoats, there is nobody like this Philadelphia man for *coats!* You might as well restore the marble chips to the nose of a statue as suggest an improvement to him. And what a blessing this is, my dear Willis! Do you remember the French dandy's sublime sentiment: "*Si l'on rencontrait un habit parfait dans toute sa vie, on pourrait presque se passer d'amour!*"

Ah! such an interminable letter as I am writing! Your friend "Jo. Sykes," the puller of the big wires, is here, handsome and thoughtful, with a daughter who is to be the belle of 1860—the loveliest child I have seen in my travels. The beautiful women I will

tell you about over our olives and tinta. No events that I can trust to the indiscretion of pen and ink.

Ever yours, AUGUSTUS ILIHO.

Of course there was a postscript, but that we must reserve for posterity. Our friend 'Gus Iliho is not a man to write *altogether* upon third person topics. But we have another friend at Saratoga—a female specimen—and we hope to hear from her, 'twixt this and the season over. Our readers will please expect it.

THE CABINET.

(*"The Committee" trimming pencil in the Eastern-most bathing-house on Rockaway beach. Enter the brigadier with nostrils inflated.*)

Brig.—Fmff! fmff! God bless the Atlantic ocean! Fmff! "*Salt* sea" indeed! I never smelt a breeze *fresher*. Fmff! fmff! fmff! You got the start of me, my dear boy! *(pulls his last high heel out of the deep sand and sits down on the threshold.)* What say to a strip and dip before we come to business?

Com.—Fie!—general, fie! Look through your fingers at the other end of the beach! It is the hour of oceanic beatitude—the ladies bathing! The murmuring waters will be purer for the interview. Bathe we in the first wave after!

Brig.—How *can* you

> "Play in wench-like words with that
> Which is so serious?"

Did you bring a towel, mi-boy?

Com.—Tut!—would you offend the south wind, that proffers the same office so wooingly? Walk on the beach, man, and let the sun peruse you, while you dry!

Brig.—So should I be more *red*, with a vengeance! But I don't like this dry-salting, mi-boy! It's too sticky! Ye gods! look at the foam upon that wave! What is *that* like, my poet?

Com.—Like the unrolling of a bale of lace on a broad counter! The "tenth wave" is the head clerk, and the clams and soft crabs are the ladies shopping! How I love the affinities of Art and Nature!

Brig.—Poh! Where's Nature's twine and brown paper? Don't be transcendental!

Com.—How ignorant you are, not to know eel-grass and devil's apron—Nature's twine and brown paper! My dear general, were you ever introduced to the Atlantic? Is this your first visit? Stand up in the doorway!

(Brigadier rises and the surf bows to the ground.)

General Morris! the Atlantic ocean. Atlantic ocean! General Morris. I am happy to bring two such distinguished "swells" together. Though (*apropos*, Mr. "Heaving Main!") the general is a gay man! Look out for your "pale Cynthia!" The moon is not famed for her constancy!

Brig.—What are you mumbling there, mi-boy! I wish, under the tender influence of these suggesting waters, to express a wish that you would write some poetry, or give us a new tale, or dash us off a play, or—

Com.—Or, in some other way make rubbish for posterity! No, sir! There are no pack-horses in Posthumousland, and, as much as will ride in a ghost's knapsack, with his bread and cheese, is as much, *in quantity*, as any man should write who has pity for his pedestrian soul on its way to dooms-day! Why, general, the TALES which I am about to publish (including "Inklings," "Loiterings" etc., etc.), will make, of themselves, a most adult-looking octavo. My POEMS and PLAYS have tonnage enough to carry, at least, all the *bulk* necessary to a fame; my MISCELLANIES, yet to be collected, will make a most sizeable volume of slip-slop; PENCILLINGS is no pamphlet; and LETTERS FROM UNDER A BRIDGE, and other epistolary production——do you see how beautifully the sand immortalizes the industrious waves that write successively their sparkling lines on the beach!

Brig.—Don't malign your "eternal fame, mi-boy!"

Com.—More eternal, I *believe*, than the love of the impertinent Lothario in the sonnet:—

> ("But say, my all! my mistress! and my friend!
> What day next week th' eternity shall end?")

but how much more eternal it would be, if they would make the genesis of a man's works like that of the patriarchs—dateable from the first satisfactory off-shoot of his manhood! Do you remember the expressive genealogy of Shem?

> 12. And Arphaxad lived *five and thirty years* and begat Salah:
> 13. And Arphaxad lived *after he begat Salah* four hundred and three years and begat sons and daughters.
> 14. And Eber lived *four and thirty years* and begat Peleg:
> 15. And Eber lived *after he begat Peleg* four hundred and thirty years, and begat sons and daughters.

And so on, up to Abraham, whose father was seventy years old when he was born. But don't you suppose these boys did anything before they were thirty-odd? Their *history* begins with their first creditable production! Eber was nothing till he begat Peleg, though, very likely, the critics of that time "preferred very much his earlier productions."

Brig.—And you think you could begin, now, with your first Peleg and Salah?

Com.—You have said it. But, as I hinted before, my posthumous knapsack is already full of rubbish, and——a thought strikes me!

Brig.—"Call it out!"

Com.—I'll change my style and start a new reputation, *incog!*

Brig.—Famous!

Com.—And sell some man the glory of it for an annuity!

Brig.—Good!

Com.—(*Thoughtfully*)—The old countess of Desmond shed her teeth three times.

Brig.—A precedent in nature.

Com.—(*Firmly*)—*Soit!* Done! So be it! Hang me if I don't! You'll hear of a new author before long—one that beats *me* hollow! Look me up a purchaser, my dear brigadier! Literary fame furnished at—say, three thousand dollars per annum!

Brig.—Mi-boy, the ladies have left the beach—I wonder if the sea would condescend to us, now!

Com.—Peltry after roses and ivory!—I don't know!

Brig.—Talking of Esau—he should have lived in cravat-time. Well-drest, your hirsute customers looks not amiss! (No pun, you villain!) Stand back, my unclad-boy! Here comes a wagon load of women!

Com.—Chambermaids and nurses; who, by the way they flock to the beach in the male hours, must either have eyes with a nictitating membrane, *or* a modesty that is confined to what they hear. I wish to heaven that all females were patricians—undesecrated by low taste and servitude! It's like classifying owls with angels because they are both feathered, to call these rude creatures *women!* What's that scar on your breast, brigadier?

Brig.—Slide down your "nictitating membrane," mi-boy, and don't be too observing! Here goes! Hup! *(The brigadier rushes into the surf, takes a stitch through three frills of the island's shirt, and rises like a curly-headed sun from the ocean.)*

Com. (*solus*).—There he swims! God bless him for a buoyant brigadier! How the waves tumble over his plump shoulders, delighted to feel the place where ride his epaulets and his popularity! Look out for sharks, my dear general! They snuff a poet afar off!

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Natural victims we are to them—on land or water! Hear him laugh as he shakes the brine out of his whiskers! Was ever such a laugh! His heart gives that "ha! ha!" a fillip as it sets out! I must swim off to him! Clear the beach, soft crab and sand-bird! Morris and Willis must swim together!

* * * * * *

Brig. (*Sitting down to dry.*)—This salting freshens a man, and this wetting makes him dry. Oh for a drink and the asp of Cleopatra—a cobbler and a viper! Shake yourself, mi-boy!

Com.—Suppose we roll in the sand and take a wrestle, like the athletæ of old—eh? How do you propose to get the sand and gravel out from your *doigts du pied*, general?

Brig.—"Gravelled," we are, mi-boy, but not "for lack of matter!" Let's dress first, and then go down and rinse our feet with the aid of the moon's lover—lacking a servant to bring a pail! Are you dry?

Com.—Inner and outer man—very! What's this—dropped out of your pocket!

Brig.—A song* that I wrote for Brown to set to music. Shall I read it to you?

(Brigadier reads with his hand on his breast.)

'TIS NOW THE PROMISED HOUR.

"The fountains serenade the flowers,
Upon their silver lute—
And, nestled in their leafy bowers
The forest-birds are mute:
The bright and glittering hosts above,
Unbar their golden gates,
While nature holds her court of love,
And for her client waits.
Then, lady, wake—in beauty rise!
'Tis now the promised hour,
When torches kindle in the skies
To light thee to thy bower.

"The day we dedicate to care—
To love the witching night;
For all that's beautiful and fair
In hours like these unite.
E'en thus the sweets to flowerets given—
The moonlight on the tree—
And all the bliss of earth and heaven—
Are mingled, love, in thee.
Then, lady, wake—in beauty rise!
'Tis now the promised hour,
When torches kindle in the skies
To light thee to thy bower."

Com.—True and smooth as a locomotive on a "T" rail! Is it sold and set?

Brig.—Beautifully set to music by Brown, and sold to Atwill, who will publish it immediately.

Com.—It's a delicious song, my happy troubadour, and destined to tumble over bright lips enough to make a sunset. That we should so envy the things we make! My kingdom for a comb! I shall never get the salt out of my hair—I'm

"briny as the beaten mariner,
Oft soused in swelling Tethys' saltish tears."

If you want a curl to *keep*, now's your time!

Brig.—Willis?

Com.—My lord?

Brig.—I hear you were voted in to the "Light Guard" last week.

Com.—Yes, sir, an honorary private! I feel the compliment, for they are a set of tip-top capables, joyous and gentlemanly—but, my dear martinet, what the devil do they want of a man's *dura mater?*

Brig.—A man's what?

Com.—The weary membrane of an author's brain.

Brig.—They want it, you say?

Com.—With the official announcement came an order to equip myself according to directions, and "deposite my *fatigue-jacket*" in the armory of the corps! What fatigue-jacket have I, but the jacket of my brain?

Brig.—True! Pick up your boots and come along!

(*Exit the brigadier barefoot, and the cabinet adjourns.*)

* This song, set to music, has been purchased and copyrighted by Mr. Atwill.

Half an hour later—room No. 300, *Rockaway Pavilion. Two sherry cobblers on the table, with two straws, erect in the ice.*)

Brig.—How like this great structure on the sand must be, to a palace amid the ruins of Persepolis!

Com.—The palace of Chilminar with forty columns and stairs for ten horses to go up abreast!—very like indeed—especially the sand! Somewhat like, in another respect, by the way—that the palaces of Persepolis were the tombs of her kings, and Rockaway is the place of summer repose for the indignant aristocracy of Manhattan.

Brig.—True, as to the aristocracy, but why "indignant?"

Com.—That there can be fashion without them at Saratoga (which there could not be once), and that "aristocratic" and "fashionable" are two separate estates, not at all necessary to be combined in one individual. Rockaway is full, now, of the purest porcelain—porcelain fathers, porcelain mothers, porcelain daughters!

Brig.—Then why is not the society perfect at Rockaway?

Com.—Because the beaux go after the crockery at Saratoga. The rush, the rowdydow, the flirtations, and game suppers, are all at Saratoga! Aristocracy likes to have the power of complaining of these things as nuisances inseparable from its own attraction. Aristocracy builds high walls, but it likes to have them pertinaciously overleaped. The being *let alone* within their high walls, as they are now at their exclusive watering-places, was not set down in the plans of aristocratic campaigns!

Brig.—But they are charming people here, mi-boy?

Com.—The best-bred and most agreeable people in the world, but the others give a beau more for his money. In all countries, but ours, people make acquaintances for life. But the hinderances and obstacles which are not minded at the beginning of a lifetime acquaintance, are intolerable in an acquaintance for a week (the length of most summer acquaintances with us), and the floating beaux from the south, the west, the Canadas, and the West Indies, go where they can begin at the second chapter—omitting the tedious preface and genealogical introduction.

Brig.—Rockaway is stupid, then.

Com.—Quiet, not stupid. The lack of beaux and giddy times is only felt by the marriageable girls, and there are a great many people in the world besides marriageable girls. And upon this same "many people," will depend the prosperity of the Pavilion. When it is known that it is a delightful place for everything but flirting, it will be a centre for sober people to radiate to, and a paradise for *penserosos* like you and me, general—eh? I suppose Cranston would as lief (liefer, indeed) that his rooms should be filled with tame people as wild.

Brig.—How's your cobbler?

Com.—Fit to immortalize the straw that passes it!

Brig.—What birds are those, my Willis?

Com.—Shore birds that build in the sedge and feed on molluscous animals—death on the soft crabs! And, general, do you know that the male of this bird (called the *phalarope*), is a most virtuous example to our sex? What do you think he does?

Brig.—Feeds the little-uns?

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Com.—Hatches them, half and half, with the she-bird, and helps bring them up!

Brig.—Is the gender shown in the plumage?

Com.—No.

Brig.—So I thought. Your handsome peacock, now, leaves it all to the hen. The domestic virtues are their own reward—remarkably so! Is that the dinner-bell?

Com.—Yes, it is *that* music!

"Give me excess of it—that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die."

I'll meet you below, my dear general! Adieu!

(*Cabinet adjourns for the day.*)

THE CABINET.

(*Rockaway beach, Sunday evening. The brigadier and committee seated on their boot-legs, after walking two miles, barefoot, on the hard sand.*)

Brig.—Boots are durance vile, mi-boy! How much we lose in not keeping our feet open to female assiduities! Fancy one of those apostolic washings—a sweet woman kneeling before you, and, with her hair breathing perfumes over your ankles, performing it as an office of tenderness and hospitality! *Can* patent leather be weighed against desuetude so melancholy!

Com.—I am satisfied that the tender pink in your toe-nails was intended by nature to be admired, my dear brigadier! And there is nature's remonstrance—eloquent in a corn—against the airless confinement of boot and stocking! Why is a poet like a sandal?

Brig.—Philosophize, my dear boy, don't quibble!

Com.—Because he's a *soul* kept under with a thong!

Brig.—Willis, I love the sea!

Com.—So sung Barry Cornwall, "the *open* sea." As if Pharaoh had not yet passed over! To *me* the sea seems, on the contrary, for ever slamming down trap-doors of surf, and carefully covering the "treasures of the deep" with cold water. I never saw anything less "open!"

Brig.—There goes the sun down! as red as—what shall I compare it to?

Com.—A wafer, sealing up this 17th of August for the doomsday postoffice. Happy they who have not forgotten the P. S. of repentance!

Brig.—Ah, mi-boy! that pious infancy of yours! It oozes through the after-crust of your manhood in drops of poetry! Pity you are less of a saint than you were at seventeen!

Com.—Less of a saint *I am not*, though more of a sinner *I am!* All I had seen at seventeen was beauty and goodness, and with an innate sense of beauty and goodness, I worshipped the Maker, my youth through, with a poet's adoration! The heart melts and drops upon its knees within a man, at any sudden revelation of unusual loveliness; and I have worshipped God, and loved one of his angelic creatures, with the white quivering lip of the same rush of blood inward. If to look often and adoringly "through nature up to nature's God" be devotion, I am still devout. No sunset, no morning's beauty, no rich and sudden sight of loveliness in scenery, goes by without the renewal of that worship in my heart that was once religion. I praise God daily. Worldling as I am, and hardly as I dare claim any virtue as a Christian, there is that within me which sin and folly never reached or tainted. The unprompted and irresistible thoughts, upsprings in my mind in any scene of beauty, would seem prayers, and pure ones, to many an humble Christian. Pardon me for reading to you this inner leaf, my dear brigadier!

Brig.—Thank you, on the contrary, for its philosophy, my dear boy! Saints and worldlings have more feelings in common than the pulpit admits. That I believe.

Com.—The chasm between them in this world should be narrowed, for they have many sympathies. The bigot makes the separation unnaturally wide. Who is the one man mentioned in Scripture as "loved" by the Savior? The "young ruler" who could not give up his "great possessions" "to inherit eternal life!" Is not this tender interest in one "out of the fold," a lesson—a most unheeded lesson, to the strict sect? I talk feelingly of this, for I have an admiration of goodness and purity that has never separated itself from my love of beauty. I love a simple and unobtrusive piety, and am drawn irresistibly toward the possessor. Yet this better part of my nature is excluded with the rest, when I am denied Christian sympathy. Come out of dream-land, brigadier, and observe the tender violet in that upper cloud!

Brig.—I was thinking whether the wave that falls upon the beach is to be congratulated or pitied—comparing its arrival, that is to say, with its "swell" time upon the sea.

Com.—Congratulated, I should say. The hoary locks with which it approaches the beach, though they are breakers ahead when seen from the sea, are beautiful when seen from the shore—as the head, whitened with the dreaded troubles of life, grows more beautiful in the eyes of angels, as it is more whitened and troubled, approaching heaven! But what hypocrites these shore-birds are, with their whitest plumes turned earthward! See that dark-backed snipe on the beach, with his white breast and belly!

Brig.—Rather what knowledge of mankind they have—preferring to keep their darker side for the more forgiving eye of Heaven!

Com.—True—the better reading! Do you like snipe?

Brig.—With a pork shirt they are fairish—that is, if you can't get woodcock. But, mi-boy, it isn't *you* that need ever eat snipe!

Com.—As how?

Brig.—(*Pulling out the Sunday Mercury and reading*)—"Willis, it is said, has profited $5,000 by the sale of the last edition of 'Pencillings by the Way.'"

Com.—The mischief he has!—for "has" read *would be pleased to.* Perhaps the editor of the Mercury will be kind enough to fork over the difference between fact and fiction! By-the-way, I have read the book, myself, for the first time in eight years, and I have been both amazed and amused with the difference between what I *saw* then, and what I *know* now! And I am going to give the public the same amazement and amusement, by writing for the Mirror a review of "Pencillings" with my new eyes—showing the interesting difference between first impressions and after familiarity.

Brig.—They'll want to read "Pencillings" over again, mi-boy!

Com.—For a hasty pudding it has held out surprisingly already. The fifth edition, embellished with engravings, is still selling well in England, and in the most stagnant literary month of the year we have sold two editions, as you know. I am inclined to fear that I shall be less known by my careful writings than by this unrevised book—written between fatigue and sleep, by roadsides and in most unstudylike places, and republished, in the Mirror edition, exactly as first written! There is a *daguerreotypity* in literal first impressions, my dear general, and a man would write an interesting letter, the first moment after seeing the Colosseum for the first time, though a description from memory, a month after, would be very stupid. Did you ever feel posthumous, brigadier?

Brig.—No. I never was dead.

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Com.—Nor I, except "in trespasses and sins"—but a letter I received to-day has given me a most posthumous sensation. It was sent me to publish, by a lady who has lived several years abroad, and has lately revisited Saratoga. It will "rub my brass" as the maids say, to publish the passage about myself (quoted from the letter of a German baron), but it may make somebodies buy "Pencillings" to know that it has passed abroad into a *vade-mecum* for travellers. So, down modesty and swell pocket! Who knows but that the "Sunday Mercury," that "lighted on the heaven-kissing hill" of $5,000, may be a better prophet than historian! Set your heels comfortably into the sand, general, and listen to this letter. There are some sweet lines at the close, written by the same lady after visiting the home of the young poetess Davidson, whose precocious genius and premature death have been so feelingly written upon:—

"When you and I, my dear sir, met so pleasantly some weeks since at Saratoga, I forgot to give you an extract from a letter which I had received from Germany. No one can be insensible to deserved praise from a far land, and I know you will read with gratification these few lines from a distinguished friend of mine: 'I remember with pleasure our visit to your splendid frigate, the United States, in the bay of Naples. We met Mr. N. P. Willis on board, and after his cruise I met him again at Lady Darley's. He will not remember me, but if you ever see him, tell him that a person who has visited almost all the spots described in his "Pencillings by the Way," feels the greatest pleasure in reading his book at least twice a year. It accompanies him regularly from Dresden to his estates in the spring, and back to the city in the autumn.'

"Not having seen Saratoga for many years, I was curious to perceive what changes time had made. Of course, its outward condition is greatly improved, and the remarkable change of all is the transition of the fashion and gayety from Congress hall to the United States hotel. It would be unwise to compare this latter establishment with any other that we have seen in Europe, inasmuch as the whole order of arrangement is entirely different; but this must be conceded, that *for a fortnight*, no place in the world offers more amusement. One may remain months at Carlsbad, Baden-Baden, &c., without fatigue, in consequence of the entirely independent manner of living; but Saratoga must be taken, *to be enjoyed*, in homeopathic doses of the beforementioned fourteen days. It is really extraordinary how well-ordered and conducted is the United States hotel, when we remember the crowds that dwell within its four walls and its colonies; and assuredly the brothers* who bring about this state of things, deserve great commendation. Having been repeatedly told, since my return from a long absence, that Saratoga had deteriorated, I confess to having seen nothing of the sort. I had the good fortune to meet some of the most remarkable men of my country, and many of the fairest of its daughters, and to enjoy their society. I hold that Saratoga must be visited upon broad American principles—*no cliques* (like will come to like)—but a gracious word for all. At Carlsbad, and all other continental watering-places, the government provides a master of ceremonies, who introduces, regulates the balls, &c. The voice of the people gives this position, at the United States hotel, to a citizen of Baltimore, and allow me to say, that those who look upon him as a mere manager of balls, totally mistake his character; for a kinder and better heart never beat within a human breast than he possesses. Indeed, Baltimore seems to have been singularly well represented this year—the incomparable beauty of its women eclipsing all, and the wit alone of one finished gentleman of that town being sufficient to leaven a 'mass meeting.'

"I think the visits of clergymen to watering-places a signal benefit, when they resemble the Rev. Dr. Bethune, engaging in pleasing conversation with young and old, whom he enlivened by his eloquence. He never lost sight of the great aim of his existence—their improvement. Ever surrounded by eager listeners, he left them better, wiser. On the whole, I think we must consider Saratoga as a great public good—a neutral ground, where the south discovers that the north is not a Mont Blanc, and the north perceives that the south is not a Vesuvius!

"My last visit at Saratoga was to the late home of the gifted Davidsons. Their brother kindly accompanied me, and presented me to his bereaved father. It seemed, as I lingered amidst their remains, a very *home of shadows**—a wondrous contrast to the surrounding scenes. I considered myself quite fortunate in having paid this visit, as Dr. Davidson leaves Saratoga shortly, and the establishment will thereby be entirely dismembered.

* "A home of shadows! mid the din
Of fashion's gay and glittering scene
So calm, so purely calm within
Breathing of holiness serene.

"A home of shadows! where the twain,
Who dwelt within its hallowed core,
Are sought with wondering eyes in vain,
Alas! to bless its walls no more!

"The pair have winged their glorious flight,
And, borne by angels through the air,
To realms of everlasting light,
Are linked with cherubs bright and fair.

"Some student, yet, in time untold,
Star-seeking in the dark blue sky,
Will, midst its silver lamps, behold
These joyous Pleiads wandering by.

"Back, back to earth—its pleasures, cares—
Must thou, my soul, my thoughts be given,
But, bless the spot, that, midst its snares,
Called for a lingering look to heaven."

Brig.—Charming verses, and she must be a fresh hearted and impressible woman who wrote them. Do you remember the first thought of "Pencillings," mi-boy—the oysters at Sandy Welsh's, ever which I offered to send you abroad?

Com.—Theodore Fay, you, and I, supping together!

Brig.—You have a way of knowing opportunity when you see it! I little dreamed of so long a lease of you! Dear Theodore! how I should like to eat that supper over again!

Com.—I am very glad it agreed with you (presuming it is me and Theodore you want over again—not the oysters!) They say Fay has grown fat, handsome and diplomatic. When shall we have that sweet fellow back among us?

Brig.—When they want the place for a green secretary, who knows nothing of the court or court language. As soon as a man has been long enough attached to a legation to be presentable and useful, they recall him! What is that other letter I brought you?

Com.—From a lady at Fishkill, who is dazzled with the upshoot of "Fanny Forester." She thinks Fanny's offhand piquancy is easy to do, and the letter shows how much she is mistaken. I would fain say an encouraging word, however, for she seems to have the best of motives for wishing to be literary. Now, is it kinder to discourage such beginners at once, or to encourage them good-naturedly into a delusion?

Brig.—Always discourage, mi-boy, for if they have genius, they will prosper

"like a thunder-cloud, *against* the wind,"

* Messrs. Marvin—excellent hosts and most worthy men.

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and if they have none, they are better stopped where they are. How many heart-aching authoresses do we know at this moment, who can write just well enough to be wofully distressed with the reluctance of the market! The only style saleable is the spicy but difficult vein of bright Fanny Forester, and yet, to a neophyte, that very woof seems the easiest woven! A woman who is more intelligent than the people around her, is very apt to believe that she might be famous, and make money with her pen; and unless

"Fair politure walk all her body over,
And symmetry rejoice in every part,"

she endeavors in this way to compensate herself for the lack of belleship. Better raise flowers and sell bouquets, dear Rosalie Beverly!

Com.—The gray lace of twilight's star-broidered veil has fallen over the sea, brigadier. Let us paddle back through the surf-edge to the bathing-houses, boot, and reappear to a world (I don't think) disconsolate without us.

THE CABINET.

(*Shop-door, Ann street. The Brigadier and Committee standing, sphinx-wise, outside.*)

Brig.—The "devil" was here just now for "copy," my dear boy!

Com.—The devil here and no Fanny Forester! We have given our readers a taste of this charming *incognito*, brigadier, and now they'll not feast without her! I wonder whether she's pretty?

Brig.—So would she be over-endowed. No, mi-boy! I warrant that, with all her cleverness, she has envied, many a time, the doll of the village!

Com.—A woman is, sometimes, wholly unadmired, who would become enchanting by a change of her surroundings. That playful wit of Fanny Forester's, what-like shell soever it inhabits, would make her the idol of a circle of appreciators—for its work is in her face, *somewhere!* Do you remember George Sand's description of one of her heroines? "Elle était jolie par juxta-position. Heureuse, elle eût été ravissante. Le bonheur est la poésie des femmes, comme la toilette en est le fard. Si la joi d'un bal eût reflété ses teints rosées sur ce visage pâle, si les douceurs d'une vie élégante eussent rempli, eussent vermillioné ses joues déjà légèrement creusées, si l'amour eût ranimé ses yeux tristes, elle aurait pu lutter avec les plus belles jeunes filles. Il lui manquait *ce qui crée une seconde fois la femme:—les chiffons et les billet-doux!*"

Brig.—(*who had gone in to escape the French quotation, and returned as the last word lingered on the committee's lips*).—Write a "billetdoux" to the next unrisen star, mi-boy, and ask her—(him, it, or her)—to shine first, like Fanny Forester, in the columns of the Mirror. I love the baptism of genius, and (modestly speaking) I have been the St. John in the wilderness of new writers.

Com.—Apostolic brigadier! You *do* know a star, even "at the breast"—though, from sucking poets deliver me mostly, oh, kind Heaven! They exact a faith in their call and mission that precludes everything but the blindest and most acquiescent admiration. I remember my own difficult submissions to the corrections of the kind, but truthful and consistent critic of my youth, Buckingham of the Boston Courier. He was always right, but it is hard, when your feathers are once smoothed down, to pluck out and re-stick them in your poetical peacockery! Ah, juvenilities! We build bridges over chasms of meaning, but they drop away behind us, as we pass over! In Heaven, where there will be no grammar and dictionary, we shall have a new standard of excellence—*thought.* Here, it is thought's harness—*language!* What makes these people throw their potato-parings into the gutter, my dear general?

Brig.—Ann street, mi-boy, calls for the attention of Mayor Harper. The Mirror has a dainty nostril or two, and there are flower-pots in the windows opposite, and Burgess & Stringer keep the choicest of literary conservatories, yet we reside upon a rivulet of swill! The simple enforcement of the law would sweeten things, but there is no police except for criminals in this land of liberty. Look at that brace of turtle-doves coming up-street! What loving friendships women have, at an age when boys are perfect Ishmaelites.

Com.—Pardon me, my dear general, if I correct your cacology. The sportsmen call two turtles a *dule* of turtles, not a *brace.* Though, by-the-way, I have not long been in possession of my learning upon that point. Let me read you a chapter on the nomenclature of such matters from this book in my hand. Will you listen? The book is "Goodman's Social History of Great Britain"—a gem of delightful reading:—

"The stags which ran wild in the king's forests were named as early (if not earlier) as Edward III. (1307), from their antlers; thus the first year the male is called a calf, second year a brocket, third year a spayer, fourth year a stag, fifth year a great stag, sixth year a hart of the first head.

"In the notes of Sir Walter Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' is a curious account of the brytling, breaking up, or quartering of the stag. 'The forester had his portion, the hounds theirs, and there is a little gristle, called the raven's bone, which was cut from the brisket, and frequently an old raven was seen perched upon a neighboring tree waiting for it.

"The fallow-deer, which are kept in the English parks, have also names, but not exactly the same as for stags. The males and the females the first year are called fawns, second year the females are called does, which name she always retains; but the male is called a prickett; third year he is called a shard; fourth year, a sword; fifth year, a sword-ell, or sorrell; sixth year, a buck of first head; seventh year, a buck; eighth year, a full buck; he is then fit for killing, and not before: and in the summer is very fat, which he loses in winter. Buck-venison is not fit to eat in winter, and ought not to be killed.

"When beasts went together in companies, there was said to be a pride of lions, a lepe of leopards, a herd of harts, of bucks, and all sorts of deer; a bevy of roes, a sloth of bears, a singular of boars, a sowndes of swine, a dryfte of tame swine, a route of wolves, a harass of horses, a rag of colts, a stud of mares, a pace of asses, a barren of mules, a team of oxen, a drove of kine, a flock of sheep, a tribe of goats, a sculk of foxes, a cete of badgers, a richess of martins, a fessynes of ferrets, a huske or a down of hares, a nest of rabbits, a clowder of cats, a kendel of young cats, a shrewdness of apes, and a labor of moles.

"When animals are retired to rest, a hart was said to be harbored; a buck lodged; a roebuck bedded; a fox kennelled; a badger earthed; a hare formed; and a rabbit seated.

"Dogs which run in packs are enumerated by couples. If a pack of fox-hounds consists of thirty-six, which is an average number, it would be said to contain eighteen couples.

"Dogs used for the gun, or for coursing, two of them are called a brace, three a leash; but two spaniels, or harriers, are called a couple. They also say a mute of hounds, for a number; a kennel of raches, a cowardice of curs, and a litter of whelps.

"'The seasons for alle sortes of venery' were regulated in the olden time as follows: The 'time of grace' begins at midsummer, and lasteth to holy-rood;

the fox may be hunted from the nativity to the annunciation of our lady; the roebuck from Easter to Michaelmas; the roe from Michaelmas to Candlemas; the hare from Michaelmas to midsummer; the wolf, as the fox and the boar, from the nativity to the purification of our lady.

"So for birds there is a vocabulary; and first, for aquatic birds: a herd of swans, of cranes, and of curlews, a dropping of sheldrakes, a spring of teals, a serges of herons and bitterns, a covert of cootes, gaggles of geese, sutes of mallards, baddylynges of ducks. Now for meadow and upland birds: a congregation of plovers, a walk of snipes, a fall of woodcocks, a muster of peacocks, a nye of pheasants, a dule of turtles, a brood of hens, a building of rooks, a numeration of starlings, a flight of swallows, a watch of nightingales, a charm of goldfinches, flights of doves and wood-pigeons, coveys of partridges, bevies of quails, and exaltations of larks.

"When a sportsman inquires of a friend what he has killed, the vocabulary is still varied; he does not use the word pair—but a brace of partridges, or pheasants, a couple of woodcocks; if he has three of any sort, he says a leash.

"If a London poulterer was to be asked for a pair of chickens, or a pair of ducks, by a female, he would suppose he was talking to some fine finicking lady's maid, who had so puckered up her mouth into small plaits before she started, that she could not open it wide enough to say couple.

"As the objects sportsmen pursue are so various, and as the English language is so copious, various terms have been brought into use: so that the everlasting term pair, this pairing of anything (except in the breeding-season) sounds so rude, uninstructive, and unmusical, upon the ears of a sportsman, that he would as soon be doomed to sit for life by the side of a seat-ridden cribbage-player as to hear it.

"It is the want of this knowledge which makes the writings of Howitt and Willis, when they write upon this ever-interesting national subject, appear so tame; the *sportsman* peruses their pages with no more zest than he listens to the babble of a half-bred hound, or 'a ranging spaniel that barks at every bird he sees—leaving his game.'"

Mr. Goodman adds, in a note, the explanation of my blunders in dog-nomenclature:—

"Mr. Willis, in vol. iii., p. 203, 'Pencillings by the Way,' gives the following information, speaking of the duke's greyhounds (at Gordon Castle): '"Dinna tak' pains to caress them, sir," said the huntsman, "they'll only be hanged for it." I asked for an explanation. He then told me that a hound was hung the moment he betrayed attachment to any one, or in any way showed superior sagacity. In *coursing* the hare, if the dog abandoned the *scent*, to cut across or intercept the animal, he was considered as spoiling the sport. If greyhounds leave the track of the hare, either by their own sagacity, or to follow the master in intercepting it, they spoil the pack, and are hung without mercy.' Perhaps Mr. Willis will excuse me if I show how unsportsman-like this is. In the first place, there are no *packs* of greyhounds; in the next place, those who attend on them are not called *huntsmen*; in the next place, they never run by *scent*: if they did, they ought to be destroyed. As to the caressing, no dog ought ever to be caressed without he had first performed some extraordinary feat, and then it should be done instantly. The everlasting petting or patting a dog, spoils it in its nature, its disposition, its temper, and its habits. It becomes worthless, except as a lapdog, and that is the most contemptible and worthless thing in all God's creation.

"Many years' close observation has convinced me, that where the dog is once admitted into the house, and petted, the dogs rule the children, and the children rule the rest; bringing in its train all the usual concomitants of turbulence, filth, and frowsiness; and turning the room into a dog-kennel.

"'If men transact like brutes, 'tis equal then
For brutes to claim the privilege of men.'"

The correction is very right—thanks to Mr. Goodman. My attention was called to the blunder, by the duke of Gordon himself, soon after the publication of the book in England; and I should have corrected it in this new edition, but for determining not to read the proofs, that the letters might be published *literally* from the first copy. But what beautifully descriptive words are those in the nomenclature of birds, my dear general: "A *watch* of nightingales!—a *charm* of goldfinches!—a *numeration* of starlings, and *exaltations* of larks!" How pretty it would be, instead of "Here come two pretty women!" to say, "Here comes a *charm* of women!" Instead of, "There stand Morris and Willis!" to have the shoemaker opposite say, "Look at that *pride* of lions," or that "*exaltation* of editors!"

Brig.—A "*muster* of peacocks" hits *my* fancy—descriptive, say, of two loungers in uniform! Aha! mi-boy!—fine!

Com.—Most brigadierish of brigadiers! You would rather be the *sodger* men have made you than the *poet* God made you! So would not I!

Brig.—you rejoice in a destiny fulfilled, then?

Com.—Quite the contrary. I mean to say that God made me a natural idler and trifler, and want made me a poet and a worky; and unlike you, I would rather be what God made me. By-the-way, do you know the trouble there was in the first composing of a horse? This same amusing book quotes from Fitzherbert's old book on agriculture: "A horse has fifty-four properties, viz.: two of a man, two of a badger, four of a lion, nine of an ox, nine of a hare, nine of a fox, nine of an ass, and ten of a woman. This description has been somewhat altered, but perhaps not improved upon, viz.: three qualities of a woman, a broad breast, round hips, and a long mane; three of a lion, countenance, courage, and fire; three of a bullock, the eye, the nostrils, and joints; three of a sheep, the nose, gentleness, and patience; three of a mule, strength, constancy, and good feet; three of a deer, head, legs, and short hair; three of a wolf, throat, neck, and hearing; three of a fox, ear, tail, and throat; three of a serpent, memory, sight, and cunning; and three of a hare or cat, cunning, walking, and suppleness."

THE CABINET.

(Committee's private study. Brigadier lounging in a fauteuil.)

Com.—My dear general, what do you think, abstractly, of industry? Does no shuddering consciousness of awful platitude creep over you, in this dreadfully exemplary career that we are pursuing? I feel as if the very nose on my face were endeavoring to "dress," as you military men say—striving to come down to the dull, cheek-bone level of tedious uniformity! I declare I should be pleased to "hear tell" of something *out* of the "way of business"—sentiment of some sort!

Brig.—Listen to a song that I have just written. There is a background of truth to it—the true sadness of a lovely living woman—that would supply your need of a sensation, if your imagination could picture her.

Com.—It shall! Read away, my friend!

(Brigadier reads.)

* * * * * * * *

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Com.—That is a peculiarly musical and engaging measure, and you have hung it upon hinges of honey. It smacks of the days when poets wrote a song a year, finishing, to the last vanishing point of perfection. What do the women say to you for translating their prose into angel-talk?

Brig.—They love poetry, mi-boy! The more poetical you can make their life, the more they love life and you! They would rather suffer than live monotonously. So, beware the "even tenor!"

Com.—Even of prosperity, eh? I'll beware when I see it coming!

Brig.—Ah, mi-boy, you have no idea of the intense abstraction of mind necessary to bring a poetical imagination down to habits of business.

Com.—Do you really wish to know what is to be the new rage in society this winter?

Brig.—What?

Com.—*Married belles!* The 'teens dynasty is passing away! The talk, this summer, at all the watering-places, has been of beautiful women, who (if, perchance, they *have* loved out their love) *have not* shone out their shine! Heavens!—how many there are completely shelved in American society, who have never had more than two winters of vogue in the world, and who are compelled to believe that, out of thirty years of loveliness, only two are to be rescued from the nursery—only two to intervene between the nursery filial and the nursery maternal! What a utensil woman is, in this way! For what did Heaven give them their *other* powers? Heaven did not put the smile of woman under her arm! No! it was placed where it could not be covered without suffocation, and, doubtless, with a purpose:—that the lips and their outgoing should be kept open to society! Till those lips fade—till the mind that speaks through them loses its playfulness and attraction, woman can not be monopolized without a manifest waste of the gifts of nature—making that bloom for two years only, that was constructed to bloom for forty! Besides—these very charms are withdrawn from the world before ripening—flowers permitted only to bud! There never was a belle who was not more agreeable after marriage than before. An unripe mind is far less agreeable than a ripe one. The elegant repose of lovely married women is far more enchanting than the hoydenish romping or inexperienced sentiment of girls. Speak up, brigadier! What say?

Brig.—It is highly natural, mi-boy, that this change should be coming about, *now!* But it was both natural and necessary that, hitherto—in the unornamental foundation of American society, woman should be reduced to her simple primitive mission—shining, like the glow-worm, only long enough to attract the male. When married, she passed into the condition of an operative in a nation-factory—a working mother, a working educatress, a working patriot-maker. Her whole time was then needed for offices that are now performed—(all but the first)—by schools, moral teachers, surrounding example, and national routine. Lubricate the child now with money, and it will slide on to manhood over an inevitable railroad of education and good influences. Of course, the mother is now at liberty to shine as long as nature feeds the lamp; and, indeed, it is in this way, only, that she can fulfil her destiny—dispensing elsewhere the sweet influences no longer needed exclusively by her children.

Com.—Statesmanlike and pellucid! Well, sir, this great national metamorphosis is now coming about! It has been secretly resolved, among the young married men of New York, that there shall exist, this winter, a *post-connubial belle-ocracy:* and that married belles shall, accordingly, have the *pas*, in waltz, quadrille, promenade, and conversation. How delicious!—isn't it? It enlarges the field so! I believe, general, that I, for one, shall "cast my slough," and try my youth on again!

> "For when the life is quickened, out of doubt,
> The wits that were defunct and dead before,
> Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move
> With casted slough and fresh legerity,"

and who knows? I may be agreeable in the reformed baby-house of society!

Brig.—"Hope on—hope ever!"

THE CABINET.

(Committee and Brigadier in confidential session.)

Com.—My dear general, it won't do! Read these two letters!

Brig.—I won't waste my eyes with them! It *must* do! who says it won't do?

Com.—One Noggs.

Brig.—Who's Noggs?

Com.—By Jove, he writes a capital letter! Hear this, my incensed brigadier!—(*reads.*)

"DEAR WILLIS: You frightened me to-day, terribly, in the hint you threw out in the course of conversation with the 'brigadier,' to wit: 'Shall we make it into a monthly?'

"Make the WEEKLY NEW MIRROR into a monthly! God forbid! *I* forbid, anyhow. 'Who are you?' I am a live Yankee, at your service, who lives in the land of soles and codfish, whig pow-wows and democratic clam-bakes—one who has not been so '*decorously* brought up,' perhaps as some of your readers, but 'a man for a' that'—a constant reader of the Mirror, at any rate—*proof* of my manhood, eh?

Well, sir, I, Newman Noggs, Esq., of Lynn, county of Essex, etc., etc., do hereby seriously and ardently protest against any such nonsense as is implied in the above question. Excuse me, sir, but I couldn't help it. I feel so worked up at the bare idea of the visits of the Mirror coming only monthly, that I can hardly stick to decency. Why, sir, I shouldn't be in trim for my sabbath-day meeting—albeit a pious man am I—were it not for the 'preparatory' study in the Mirror, Saturday nights. Not that you are so dreadfully religious, but there is always sure to be something in you that makes me feel *better*, and when I feel 'better' I want to go to church, of course, to let myself and the world know that I'm getting kind o' good. As for the literary merits of the Mirror, it don't become the like o' me to be offering an opinion. All I've got to say is, that I 'individually' like it first-rate. There's a sort of racy, spicy, off-hand, unstudied wittiness about it that takes my eye amazingly. So, for God's sake, or more particularly for my sake, dear Willis, don't ye change it. Suppose it does cost some folks a little more for postage than it would for something else—what o' that? Who's afraid of a cent or two? I'm a poor man 'long side o' some folk, and yet I rather pay letter-postage than have it stop. So, Willis dear, just tell your postage friends to economize in some other department, or, if they can't do that, tell 'em I'll make it up to 'em.

"No, no, friend of my early youth, don't think of any such thing, that is, if ye love me—for I could better spare—something better, than the piquant dish of conversation which weekly (oh, let it be ever weekly) occurs between 'mi-boy' and our dearly-beloved general, the 'brigadier.'

"Mrs. Noggs, too—a strong woman, by the way—is, nevertheless, *weekly* on this point, very. She says she'll never forgive you if you change the fair form of the Mirror. Think o' that! Though not a vain woman, she has a passion for looking into the Mirror

that is very affecting. On the other hand, she says if you'll give up the horrid notion of changing the form of the Mirror, she'll fry you '*a nipper*' as brown as a nut, with her own fair hands, when next you come Bostonward, and will visit our humble cottage near the sea. I have ye now! For my well-tried friends, Gentleman Charles (him of the Astor house, I mean) and his handsome partner, tell me you are a gallant youth and well affected toward the ladies.

"We shall look anxiously in the next Mirror to find our anxious hopes confirmed, and, if not disappointed, shall henceforth, as in duty bound, ever pray for your everlasting welfare, world without end.

"Yours till then, "Noggs."

Com.—I have had twenty letters the last week (none as good as that, but) all to the same purpose! I am inclined to think, general, that Heaven's first periodical (Sunday) was arranged in accordance with some revolution of our mental nature, and that once in seven days, as it is good to rest, so it is good to read, or grieve, or go love-making. Friends dine together once a week, making friendship a weekly periodical. Lovers of nature in cities ride to the country once a week. We eat a boiled dinner once a week. Everybody in New England needs beans once a week. The weather comes round once a week—fair Sundays and wet Sundays coming in successive dozens. There is nothing agreeable in nature that is monthly, except the moon, and the very sight of *that* periodical puts people to sleep!

Brig.—There is the monthly rose, mi-boy!

Com.—The poorest rose that blows!

Brig.—But here is a point I should like to make clear to the public. With an enormous subscription every day increasing, we are every day making less money.

Com.—How, oh, business man?

Brig.—Thus: For Mirrors that we sell through agents in cities, we get but four cents each. For Mirrors that we send to subscribers by mail, we get the full price—sixpence each. The irregular and exorbitant postage has nearly killed our mail subscription, on which we chiefly depended, while in cities, where our patrons get them *from the agents without postage*, we have a sale growing daily more enormous. The deuse of it is, that the Mirror at sixpence is as cheap as it can possibly be sold with anything like profit, and selling it to agents *literally at cost*, the increase of the agency circulation does us no manner of good!

Com.—Why sell to agents at cost?

Brig.—It was a necessary evil in the beginning—lacking capital to hire the doing of what agents do.

Com.—And we must go on as we begun?

Brig.—Short of a six months' paralysis, which we could not afford, there is no help for it! But the *postage* is the great block in our way! Most people would subscribe and have it sent to their houses by mail, if the postage were not more than the subscription.

Com.—How would that be helped in the monthly form.

Brig.—Ah! now you come to the matter. The monthly Mirror goes for *seven cents postage*, and most of our mail subscribers who remain, have the Mirror *sent in the monthly form, by mail*—and I wish all who value the Mirror, or care for us, would do the same. To take it weekly from an agent, does not bring back to you a single leaf of Glenmary, my dear boy!

Com.—Ah, my dear friend—Glenmary! Some villain—some wanton and unfeeling villain—has destroyed a vine I planted, which had completely embowered that sweet cottage. In an Ithaca paper, sent to me yesterday, I find a letter—here it is—from some Owego gentleman to the editor. Let me read you part of it:—

"The cottage you know, like a bird's nest, is almost hid in the foliage. On one side is the road passing over 'the bridge,' and all around a sweet lawn, sloping away to 'Owego creek.' The bridge was once white, and neat in its outward appearance. But how Willis, even in the 'summer months,' made his 'bridge-gipsying delicious,' is now a mystery. The 'groundwork' is flood-wood, and reptiles crawl where 'swallows peeped out from their nests against the sleepers,' while every five minutes a baptism of dust comes down from above, as a benediction from the passing traveller. But the pruning hand of a man of taste has been wanting to all this rural spot for two years past, which may account for the blemishes we find in the picture so beautifully drawn in 'A l'Abri. Some *Caligula* among shrubbery has *cut the root of a luxuriant vine, which spread itself over the cottage front, making a delightful arbor of the piazza; and its leaves and tendrils, already changed in hue, are folding themselves to die.* As through it the night-breeze rustled, it seemed to breathe of the desolation that had stolen upon this garden, sacred to the memory of a lovely *exotic* which made it a paradise, and the fadeless light of genius."

That is written by some kind man, who understood how a heartstring might be cut through with a vine one had planted and cherished. Whoever may be the perpetrator of that needless outrage, I commend him to the notice of my friendly neighbors, adding a petition from me, which may thus reach them, that only Time's hand may be suffered to ravage my lost paradise.

Brig.—The subject troubles me, mi-boy! Let us change it. I've a funny communication here, from a Rip Van Winkle, who dates fifty years hence, and—

Com.—Keep it till next week, general, and let us get into the fresh air. I'm manuscript sick. *Allons!* Stay—while I mend my outer man a little, read this funny letter, sent me by the lady to whom it was written. She thinks her friend, young "Cinna Beverley," is a genius.

(Brigadier reads, with an occasional laugh.)

"TO MISS PHŒBE LORN.

"DEAR BEL-PHŒBE: I have been 'twiddling my sunbeam' (you say my letters are 'perfect sunshine') for some time, more or less, in a quandary as to what is now resolved upon as 'Dear Bel-Phœbe'—the beginning of this (meant-to-be) faultless epistle. I chanced to wake critical this morning, and, 'dear Phœbe,' as the beginning of this letter of mine, looked both vulgar and meaningless. I inked it out as you see. A reference to my etymological dictionary, however, restored my liking for that '*dear*' word. It is derived from the Anglo-Saxon verb *Der-ian*, which means *to do mischief.* Hence *dearth*, which, by doing mischief, makes what remains more precious, and hence *dear*, meaning something *made precious by having escaped hurting.* 'Dear Phœbe,' therefore (meaning *unhurt Phœbe*), struck me as pretty well—you being one of those delicious, late-loving women, destined to be 'hurt' first at thirty. Still, the sacred word 'Phœbe' was too abruptly come upon. It sounded familiar, and familiarity should be reserved for the postscript. I should have liked to write 'dear Lady Phœbe,' or 'dear Countess Phœbe'—but we are not permitted to 'read our title clear,' in this hideously-simple country. Might I invent an appellative? We say *char-woman* and *horse-man*—why not put a descriptive word before a lady's name, by way of respectful distance. Phœbe Lorn is a belle—why not say *Bel*-Phœbe? Good! It sounds authentic. This letter, then, is to *Phœbe, unhurt and beautiful* (alias), 'Dear Bel-Phœbe!'

"You are an ephemeron of a month—the month at Saratoga, in which you get wings to come forth

from your eleven months' chrysalis in the country—and you are now once more 'gathered to your fathers,' and mourning over the departed summer! Your Arabian mare feels your thrilling weight again, and you astonish your pet cow with sponge-cake over the lawn fence, and give caraways to your top-knot hens, and say 'Sir' to your greyhound, and make-believe care for your dahlias and tube-roses—but the pleasantest part of the day, after all, is its heavenly twilight of closed eyelids, when you can live over again that month at Saratoga—myself, perhaps, then, cursorily remembered! For you rejoice in the perils of love, unhurt and and adorable Phœbe!

"But you know enough about yourself and you wish to hear about the town! Well!—the flies are numb with the first frost, the window-blinds are open nearly to Union square, somebody has been seen with a velvet waistcoat, starch is 'looking up,' and the town is full of palmetto-hatted and ready-made-clothing-ized southerners. By these data judge of the epoch. I, myself, am among my dusted household gods, and, at this moment (writing in my bed-room) see my boots phalanxed in their winter parade. I must say it is, so far, pleasant! Perhaps—but you want news, not the philosophy of boots in repose.

"You heard of the marriage of one of our wild Indians to an English girl, not long ago in London. She has been at the Waverley some days, and has excited no little curiosity. She is moderately handsome, but in such an unusual style of beauty that she out-magnetizes many a more strictly beautiful woman. My *vaurien* friend, F., the artist (who chanced to dine opposite the chief and chief-ess at the *table-d'hote* a day or two since), declares the face to be wholly unique, and a sufficient explanation of the extraordinary whim of her marriage. I have never, myself, wondered at it. The crust, impenetrable upward, of English middle life, is enough to drive genius of any kind more mad than this! What hell like inevitable mediocrity in anything! This fine woman, now going to live a dog's life with an Indian in the wilderness, would have spent her days in a brick row, and grown idiotic with looking out upon the same sidewalk till death. Which would you rather?

"Do you remember (for beautiful women don't always remember beautiful women) the adorable Mrs. C., at Saratoga—that charming specimen of a healthy and practicable angel? She has been here a week on her return from Niagara, and Flagg, the beauty-painter, has stolen a copy of her on canvass. Ah, Bel-Phœbe! You have a loss in not realizing what it is to a man when an exquisite face *holds still* to be critically admired! You can see the grain of the velvet in her brown eye, now, and trace by what muscle her heart pulls, to keep down that half-sad corner of her delicious mouth! He is an appreciator, that Flagg, and paints a woman as she looks to appreciators—differently from the butchers'-meat estimation of common gazers on beauty. Mrs. C., has gone to Baltimore, where beauty is an indigenous drug—belles of that 'city rich in women' being never valued till transplanted. But heavens! how tired you will be of reading this long female paragraph! Hasten to speak of something with a man in it!

"One of the most fascinating men in England is ekeing out an exile from May fair, by singing and lecturing on songs to the delighted Croton drinkers. He is a man of that quiet elegance of address that seems nothing in a woman's way till she has broken her neck over it, and he sings as such a man shouldn't—to be a safe man, that is to say! Fancy Moore's songs any more bewitched than Moore intended! Mr. McMichael's voice glides under your heart like a gondola under a balcony—Moore's melody representing the embellished and enriched moonlit water. It is the enchanted perfection of lover-like, and gentleman-like song-singing. I heard Moore sing his own songs in England, and Mr. McMichael sings them in the same style—only in *apotheosis!* (Ask your papa to translate that big word.)

"Do you care about theatres? We have a new tragedian, about whose resemblance to Macready the critics are quarrelling, and a new tragedian-*ess* who has put the boxes into fits by coming on the stage without a——bustle! (Fancy Desdemona without a bustle!) Of course you are surprised, for this is one of these 'coming events' that *could not possibly* 'cast their shadows before,' but fashion is imperative, and

'Where ruled the (*bustle*) Nature broods alone!'

I understand the omnibuses are to be re-licensed to carry fourteen inside, and the shops in Broadway are petitioning (so Alderman Cozzens told me to-day) to put out bow-windows, in expectation of the vacated space.

"Seriously, there has been a growing mistrust (Pearl-streetingly speaking) of the article woman, as shown to customers! Thank fashion, there is more chance now of a poor youth's knowing the ('ground covered by the imposing obligations of matrimony!')

"As to the fault found with Anderson—his resemblance to Macready—I see it in no objectionable particular, unless it be the incorrigible one, of a mutual brevity of nose. He was educated to his profession by Macready, and of course has his master's severe taste, and smacks somewhat of his school, which is a good one. I like him much better than I do Macready, however, for, though he has most of his excellences, he has none of his defects, and, in voice and pliancy of action, he is much that artificial man's superior. Criticism aside, Anderson plays *agreeably* and makes you *like* him, whereas Macready, playing ever so well, does it *disagreeably*, and makes you *dislike* him! But I am no judge—for I would rather sit on a sofa by most any woman than sit in a box during most any play. Pity me!

"Hast thou great appetite, and must I vouchsafe thee still another slice of news? The new hotel uptown is waxing habitable, and the proprietor is in a quandary what to call it. The natural inquiry as to what would be descriptive, has suggested a look at the probabilities of custom, and it is supposed that it will be filled partly with that class of fashionables who feel a desire to do something in life besides laboriously 'keep house,' partly by diplomatists and dandies wishing to be 'convaynient' to balls and *chez-elles*, and partly by such Europeanized persons as have a distaste for American gregariousness, and desire a voice as to the time and place of refreshing and creature. The arrangements are to surpass any previous cis-Atlantic experience, and the whole project is considered as the first public flower of the transplanted whereabout of aristocracy. It has been proposed to call it MAY FAIR HOTEL—'May Fair' being the name of the fashionable nucleus of London. HAUTEVILLE HOTEL has been suggested, descriptive of its position up-town. HOTEL RECHERCHE, HOTEL CHOISI, are names proposed also, but more liable to criticism. I, myself, proposed A L'ABI—as signifying a house aside from the rush of travel and business. Praise that, if you please! Billings, the lessee, is a handsome man, of a very up-town address, with the finest teeth possible for the welcome to new-comers—this last no indifferent item! He is young—but young people are the fashion. 'Young England' and 'Young France' wield the power. I have not mentioned the system of the hotel, by the way, which is that of Meurice's at Paris—a *table-d'hote* and a *restaurant*, and dinner in public, or private, or not at all, at your option. Charming—wont it be?

"Crawford, the sculptor, has come home from Italy,

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and, as he is the American, *par excellence*, in whom resides the sense of beauty, I trust he may see you.

"What else had I to say? Something—but I'll write it on a slip, for it will be personal, and you like to show all your letters to 'the governor.'

"Adieu, dear Bel-Phœbe, and pray tear up the slip enclosed as soon as you have recovered from fainting. Yours at discretion. "CINNA BEVERLEY, JR."

"FANNY FORESTER."—We have been accused, face to face, several times, and by letter once or twice, of being, *ourself*, that bewitching masquerader. We have conjured some variety out of our workyday quill, it is true, and have an unfulfilled and recorded vow of a new *alias*—but in "Fanny Forester" there resides a dimpled youthfulness and elasticity that is not found so many miles on the road as our present sojourn! Oh no, sweet Fanny! they slander you and do too much credit to our industry and versatility! Those who wish to know more of Fanny Forester, may hear of her, *now*, among the high-priced contributors of Graham and Godey.

DR. LARDNER'S LECTURE.—We did not chance to hear Dr. Lardner's excellent and amusing lecture on the "London *literati*," etc., but the report of it in the "Republic" has scraped the moss from one corner of our memory, and we may, perhaps, aid in the true portraiture of one or two distinguished men by showing a shade or two in which our observation of them differed from that of the doctor. We may remark here, that Dr. Lardner has been conversant with all the wits and scholars of England for the last two or three lustrums, and we would suggest to him that, with the freedom given him by withdrawal from their sphere, he might give us a book of anecdotical biography that would have a prosperous sale and be both instructive and amusing. We shall not poach upon the doctor's manor, by the way, if we give our impression of *one* of these literati—himself—as he appeared to us, once in very distinguished company, in England. We were in a ball in the height of the season, at Brighton. Somewhere about the later hours, we chanced to be in attendance upon a noble lady, in company with two celebrated men. Mr. Ricardo and Horace Smith (the author of Brambletye House, and Rejected Addresses), Lady Stepney, authoress of the "New Road to Ruin," approached our charming centre of attraction with a proposition to present to her the celebrated Dr. Lardner. "Yes, my dear! I should like to know him of all things!" was the reply, and the doctor was conjured forthwith into the magic circle. He bowed "with spectacles on nose," but no other extraneous mark of philosopher or scholar. We shall not offend the doctor by stating that, on this evening, he was a very different looking person from his present practical exterior. With showy waistcoat, black tights, fancy stockings and small patent-leather shoes, he appeared to us an elegant of very bright water, smacking not at all, in manner no more than in dress, of the smutch and toil of the laboratory. We looked at and listened to him, we remember, with great interest and curiosity. He left us to dance a quadrille, and finding ourself accidentally in the same set, we looked at his ornamental and lover-like acquittal of himself with a kind of wonder at what Minerva would say! This was just before the doctor left England. We may add our expression of pleasure that the Protean facility of our accomplished and learned friend has served him in this country—making of him the best lecturer on all subjects, and the carver out of prosperity under a wholly new meridian.

But, to revert to the report of the lecture:—

"The doctor gave some very amusing descriptions of the personal peculiarities of Bulwer and D'Israeli, the author of 'Coningsby,' observing that those who have read the works of the former, would naturally conclude him to be very fascinating in private society. Such, however, was not the case. He had not a particle of conversational facility, and could not utter twelve sentences free from hesitation and embarrassment. In fact, Bulwer was only Bulwer when his pen was in his hand and his meerschaum in his mouth. He is intimate with Count D'Orsay, one of the handsomest men of the day, and in his excessive admiration of that gentleman has adopted his style of dress, which is adapted admirably to the figure of the second Beau Brummell, but sits strangely on the feeble, rickety and skeleton form, of the man of genius."

Now it struck us, on the contrary, that there was no more playful, animated, *facile* creature in London society than Bulwer. He seemed to have a horror of stilted topics, it is true, and never mingled in general conversation unless merrily. But at Lady Blessington's, where there was but one woman present (herself), and where, consequently, there could be no *têtes-á-têtes*, Bulwer's entrance was the certain precursor of fun. *He was a brilliant rattle*, and as to any "hesitation and embarrassment," we never saw a symptom of it. At evening parties in other houses, Bulwer's powers of conversation could scarce be fairly judged, for his system of attention is very concentrative, and he was generally deep in conversation with some one beautiful woman whom he could engross. We differ from the doctor, too, as to his style of dandyism. Spready upper works, trousers closely fitting to the leg, a broad-brimmed hat, and cornucopial whiskers, distinguished D'Orsay, while Bulwer wore always the loose French pantaloon, a measurable hat-brim, and whiskers carefully limited to the cheek. We pronounce the doctor's astrology (as to *these* stars) based upon an error in "observation."

The reporter adds:—

"D'Israeli he described as an affected coxcomb, with a restless desire to appear witty; yet he never remembered him to have said a good thing in his life except one, and that was generally repeated with the preface, 'D'Israeli has said a good thing at last.'"

That D'Israeli is not a "bon-mot" man, is doubtless true. It never struck us that he manifested a "desire to appear witty." He is very silent in the general *melée* of conversation, but we have never yet seen him leave a room before he had made an impression by some burst in the way of *monologue*—either an eloquent description or a dashing new absurdity, an anecdote or a criticism. He sits indolently with his head on his breast, taking sight through his eyebrows till he finds his cue to break in, and as far as our observation goes, nobody was ever willing to interrupt him. The doctor calls him an "affected coxcomb," but it is only of his dress that this is any way true. No schoolboy is more frank in his manners. This is true, even since D'Israeli's "gobble up" of the million with a widow. When we were first in London, he was the immortal tenant of one room and a recess, and with manners indolently pensive. Three years after, returning to England, we found him master of a lordly establishment on Hyde Park, and, except that he looked of a less lively melancholy, his manners were as untroubled with affection as before. We do not in the least doubt the sincerity of the doctor's report, but it shows how even acute observers (we two are that, doctor!) will see the same thing with different eyes. This article is too long.

New York has an unsupplied want—no less a thing than a FASHIONABLE PROMENADE. Broadway, that

used to be the parade of all that was feminine, fashionable and fair, has been, for some time, only a walk of plain-dress-necessity to the *noli-me-tangeries*, and it will soon be left entirely to the deaf and the humble —so intolerable is the Bedlam racket of its abominable omnibuses! (To get an audible answer to the "How do you do?" one has need to take one's friend into a store.)

Our ladies have done like the English, in giving up shopping and walking the street in full dress, and now, where is to be the English or French substitute—our Hyde park or our Bois de Boulogne? Ladies, in London, are supposed to be so incapable of walking *at all* in the street, that, if they do so, it is rather well-bred not to recognise them in passing. But after shopping in disguise in Regent street (their Broadway) they go home and "dress for the carriage," and drive out to meet all the world in the "Rotten row" of the park. Up and down this half mile they follow in slow procession, meeting as slow a procession going the other way, and bowing at every carriage length, and, no public hack being admitted into the park, *those who have no carriages have no promenade!*

Don't let us improve with our eyes shut! We have taken off our foot of fashion from one round of the ladder. How long is it to be suspended in the air—for, a *driving park* is the next inevitable step upward?

Odd Enough.—The best view of Trinity steeple and almost the only view of Trinity *church*, is across some old one-story wooden groceries in Greenwich street, the spectator standing upon the opposite sidewalk! "We never know to whom we look best," said we to the steeple, when we discovered it! To Broadway-gazers, Trinity steeple is a Gothic *column*. The body of the church is wholly lost as to effect, and it was a great mistake not to set it *sidewise upon the street*. But, let us suggest something to the enormously wealthy vestry of that church. There is not a valuable building, nor scarce a lot unoccupied by a nuisance, between this splendid fabric and Greenwich street. How easy to buy this advantageous slope, and make of it an ascending foreground, unequalled except by the ascent to the capitol at Washington! Besides the addition to the beauty of the city, it would give another "lunge" to the neighborhood of Wall street, and grace, fitly and with additional beauty, the resting-place of the gallant and lamented Lawrence.

Change in New York Habits.—The great peculiarity of America—our gregariousness, as shown in our populous hotels—has taken a large stride on its way to the exclusivism of Europe. The office of the lessee of the *new hotel up-town* has been overrun with applicants, and most of them, we understand, with a view of availing themselves of its privileges as a *hotel garni*—or furnished house where the meals are discretionary, as to place, time, and price. Let us look a little into this.

A gentleman arrives at a London hotel. He alights at the door of what resembles a private house. He is shown to a small parlor and bed-room, and left alone with his baggage and the peculiarly neat and unsociable chairs and table. He orders his dinner and tea, and it is served to him *alone*. He is as much *alone* the remainder of the day and evening, and from that time to doomsday, if he stay so long; and there is no place about the house where he can vary this *loneliness*, except the coffee-room, where the parlor class of lodgers have no errand and rarely go. His engagement with the landlord is to pay so much, by the day, for his rooms, and for whatever else he chooses to order. What with the absence of books, and all the comforts and trifles that give a look of home, and, on the other hand, the lack of the American compensations, such as reading-room, ladies' drawing-room, sitting-rooms, and thronged halls and entries, the solitude and gloom of a hotel in the heart of London could scarce be exceeded.

But, admirably suited as is the American system of hotel to the relief and pleasure of the stranger and traveller, there is a class of hotel-lodgers who would be more comfortable in New York were there a hotel after the European fashion—and it is with a view to this class, mainly, that the new hotel up-town has been designed. We refer to the class who wish a luxurious home, but can not afford time, trouble, or money, to be housekeepers. There are many families of this description—families who pass the summer in the country, but in the winter reside in town, and, dreading the trouble and expense of a town house, would still prefer a private table and drawing-room. For such, a *hotel garni*, with elegant suites of apartments and a *restaurant* on the floor before, is the well-adapted provision, and this class is sufficiently large to more than warrant the enterprise of the hotel up-town.

The great mass, however, even of families (and certainly of bachelors), prefer the *gregarious hotel*, where two or three hundred people form almost one family, where eating and dancing and social pleasures are all enjoyed in common, and where business and amusement are closely, and without foresight or trouble, closely intermingled. This style of living best suits the great mass of a business community, and it will not be till we have a ruling proportion of aristocratic idlers, that the gregarious hotel will go out of fashion. That may be fifty years hence, or our "gregariousness" may become a national peculiarity, and the Astor "stay put" for a century.

We speak the Tuscan, and lively Mr. Palmo is betrayed by his soft *c* to be a Piedmontese or a Venetian—else we should venture to give him the ideas here-below embodied, in his own *lingua de belleza*. We beg his worthy and eloquent legal counsellor, however (whom we have the pleasure to know), to translate to him, through some medium more pellucid than the last, the nicer shades of our meaning. We put up our prayer for its happy voyage to the manager's harbor of comprehension.

An opera, like a woman, is never to be taken literally. It is not, exclusively or mainly, a place wherein to hear good music. If the music be the best that can be procured (though it were only the best in Ethiopia), the uncrowned but very executive King Public is content. "Our" ear is merciful! But the opera is a place for the advancing of two ends more—human tenderness and human vanity. Ten go thither *to flirt*, and forty *to be seen*, where one goes to pamper his auricular nerve upon a cadenza. We don't see that this requires enlarging upon.

We wish to enlighten those who have hitherto been proudly content with their own country (haven't travelled, and that's the reason), as to the *true uses* of the opera abroad—the way it is *truly used*, that is to say, where sing Rubini and his starry troupe. First, as to construction. The London opera-house (like the Parisian) is composed of a hundred or more *private* boxes, and a pit. The private boxes are used by their lady-proprietors *to receive company* during the evening, and the pit is used to reconnoitre the boxes, to lounge, to chat, and to be visible in white gloves and opera-glass (this last a most necessary demonstration by those who would not otherwise be considered "men about town"). We have not yet mentioned the *lis-*

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tening to the opera. This very subordinate part of the evening's entertainment commences at the signal "sh!" "sh!" from the connoisseurs, indicating that some favorite *aria* is commencing which is worth listening to, or a duett or quartette, or fine point of action, coming off, and, till this is past, the audience, above and below, is breathlessly still and attentive. At all other times during the performance of the opera, it is rather *green* than otherwise to pay attention to the stage, and anybody who should request that his neighbors would not converse during the *recitativo secco*, would be smiled at as "capital fun!" The opera, in short, is considered as a help, an accompaniment (or, if you like, a stop-gap) to conversation, and the consequence is that nowhere are people so much at their ease, and nowhere are so many bright and merry things said as at the opera! We'll mend our pen, dear reader, while you compare this with the quaker-meeting attention so tediously given at Palmo's.

But this is to be mended (the practice, we mean—the pen does pretty well), and the first thing we wish to suggest to Mr. Palmo is *an improvement in the "fop's alley" part of it.* To go round behind the boxes, as the house is constructed *now*, is formidably conspicuous, unless one has a direct errand to the lady next the stage; yet this, with the exception of having a seat in the pit, and *sitting in it*, is the only way to get a look at the house and "see who is there." Let Mr. Palmo drop *a staircase, passing under the stage-box to the front of the pit, and there would be an excusable lounge of observation all round the house*—a prodigious difference in the attraction for the dandies, let us assure you, signor! You need the dandies! You wish to make it among the necessities of a "man about town," that he should have a season-ticket to the opera. But it is no pleasure to sit cramped and silent in one seat, and no pleasure to come in and stand *behind the audience* for the whole evening, or for an hour. It would be a pleasure to *see the audience from the front*, and that can not be done *now*, without a pretty "cool" walk to the orchestra and back. Now could it?

We have two or three other propositions to make for the improvement of the social opportunities of the opera, but this will do for to-day. *Addio, signore!*

We cordially approve of the reason for, and the feeling which prompted the following paragraph. We have the pleasure of knowing the three gentlemen mentioned in it, particularly the urbane captain, and we wish the Howards a happy retirement, and Captain Roe a-*bounding* prosperity—but this done, we wish to note a nationality as it passes; and first, to quote a paragraph:—

"It has been announced in various quarters that the Messrs. Howard, who have established the hotel so extensively and favorably known as Howard's Hotel, have disposed of that establishment to Captain Roe, of the "Empire" steamboat. * * * As for the Howards, we are glad that they have done so well. We presume that, being relieved now from the labor of keeping such a large establishment, they will retire to some of those beautiful retreats with which their native state, Vermont, abounds."

It will be seen at once that a traveller who should measure this trio by the European scale of condition in life—(rank these gentlemen, that is to say, with "mine host" in any other part of the world)—would make a blunder. The difference between an American hotel-proprietor, and a London Boniface, is not merely that our hotels are six times as large. It is not merely that he is six times as great a "proprietor." The *vocation* is almost wholly different—and the difference is a result of the totally different habits of the two countries. In London, you *may*, by chance, see the "land-*lady*," daily, but you may be months in the house without seeing the "land-*lord*." (Two terrible misnomers, by-the-way, for the hostess, though she has no land, is not a lady but as a *land*-lady, and mine host is far enough from a *lord with land*; though he is no lord except as a *land*-lord!) The English host, therefore, is never an acquaintance of his guest, and the guest knows his hostess only in the quality of an upper servant. The reader will have recognised the difference we wish to point to. The American hotel-keeper has charge, not of twenty or thirty people *living wholly in their own private rooms*, but of two or three hundred, whose habits are all gregarious, and *to almost every one of them he (the landlord) is a personal and familiar friend.* The extent of this friendly intercourse with persons mostly of the better class, gives to the hotel-proprietor a mass of influence, direct and indirect, which makes him a very important person in the community. He is continually appealed to for knowledge on popular subjects, such as is got only by great facilities of hearsay. He is often made a reference in disputes, from his necessary habit of impartiality. He is intrusted with deposites of great value by his guests, and is the confidant-general of the secrets and difficulties of strangers, and of travelling lovers and mourners. Ladies and families are committed to his charge. Public entertainments are given by his advice and direction; and, in short, he has so much harm, and so much good influence, in his power, that he is, necessarily, a person of high moral character, superior judgment, discretion, and information—*without all which* public opinion would not tolerate him in his place—and, *with which*, while in the full exercise of his vocation, he naturally holds a high station of republican social rank. It is in tacit obedience to this scale of valuation, that the change of masters in a public hotel is made the subject of newspaper announcement and comment—a notice of the fact which would seem to a London editor wholly beyond its consequence and value.

We are aware that it is rather Utopian to give nominal *rank* to people according to their actual worth and influence; but let us have our little bit of fancy now and then! We should be afraid to call public attention to the rank of *editors*—measuring it by their power!

OLE BULL AND HIS MISSING "SPOT."—As we predicted, this great luminary took the light of the world to himself on Saturday night, and became visible above the horizon of the footlights precisely at eight,

"Bright as a god, but punctual as a slave!"

Mrs. Child (the moon who reflects the masculine gold of his music in the feminine silver of language) sat in the stage-box, somewhat obscured in the penumbra of a shocking cap. (We rely upon Miss Dorsey to invent a "silver cloud," or, at any rate, some headdress more becoming for the waxing glory of this charming reflector.) The Memnonian music awoke, of course, with the appearance of Ole-Apollo, and the crammed world of fashion sat breathless. By the time the first piece was played, however, it was felt that there was something wrong. The audience was irresponsive. The ivory inside edge of the moon's disk (disclosed by the tranquil smile at first), became less and less visible, and disappeared. The applause was mechanical. Madame Burkhardt arose like a morning vapor, and clouded the horizon with an abominable song. Ole Bull broke out again, and though the shadows had shortened somewhat before

he finished his second piece, there was still a lack—still but a dull acknowledgment of his glory.

We presently discovered the cause. A heavy forelock of hair, which used to drop over the forehead of the inspired Norwegian, descending "with the linked sweetness long drawn out" of a cadenza, and then tossed back like an absorbed comet with the revulsive sweep of a return to the *flon-flon* of the air—this expressive forelock, with the steeped sweetness of the Niagara it had overheard, and the dreams of melody it had stirred to, was gone to "—— and scissors." The "sun was (the day before) shorn of his beams"—by Cristadoro! Mingled with the hair of the uninspired, that magic lock had been swept into Broadway from the floor of the undiscriminating barber, and, fallen from the heaven of harmony, is now sticking to the wheels of omnibuses in a purgatory of Sysiphus. Those in other cities who remember the toss back of that wild lock of hair in the convulsive transitions of Ole Bull's music, will understand that there must have been, emphatically, *a spot missing* on his luminous face.

Spite of politics and attractions elsewhere, the house was crammed; and in spite of the missing lock, Ole Bull recovered his power over the audience. The last piece he played was electric, and the curtain fell amid unlimited plaudits.

The pay for Periodical-Writing.—What a butcher would think of veal, as a marketable article, if everybody had an ambition to raise calves *to give away*, is very near the conclusion that a merely business-man would arrive at, on inquiring into the saleableness of fugitive literature. It is as pleasant for people not hackneyed in authorship to see their thoughts transferred to print, as it is for beauties to see their faces transferred to canvass; and, if customary, most contributors to periodicals would pay the publisher as willingly as women pay the portrait-painter. Another thing. Females are naturally facile writers, and the attention paid to the mental culture of women in our day, has set their thoughts a-flow upon paper, as the letting in of sunshine upon the dark floor of the forest draws to the surface new springs of water. These facts to begin with, the reader will easily understand the *pourquoi* of the unpromising literary market we have to "open up" to him.

There are several of the magazines that pay for articles, but no one of them, we believe, pays for *all* its contents. Graham and Godey (two men of noble liberality to authors) pay prices to some of their contributors that would far outbid the highest rates of magazine-payment in England. Their prose-writers receive from two to twelve dollars a page, and their poets from five to fifty dollars an article. The Columbian and the Ladies' Magazine also pay well. The North American Review used to think it liberal enough to pay Edward Everett a dollar a page. All the paying magazines and reviews, however, reject fifty articles to one that they accept, and they pay nobody whose "name" would not enrich their table of contents. In point of fact, *but for the necessity of a brag*, and the misfortune that a writer, once made famous, esteems pay a desirable manner of compliment (whether he wants the money or not), the literary periodicals in this country might do well, relying only on the editor's pen and the epidemic "*cacoethes*." The Mirror did so—and was as cleverly contributed to, we think, as any periodical in the country. The rejected articles (offered to us, of course, as a gratuity) would have filled, at least, a *barrel a month!*

Newspapers pay for reporting and editing, but seldom or never for "articles." The favor, on the contrary, of *giving room and circulation to another man's ideas*, is growing into a saleable commodity—the editor (on the ground that he risks the popularity of his paper by relinquishing the chance of a better article) *charging rent* for his columns instead of *hiring a tenant*. To every scheme of public interest—to every society—to everything which newspapers can hinder or further—there is attached some person who is both desirous and able to present the subject forcibly on paper; and, quite as readily and zealously, if there be an objectionable side to it, springs up a pen-and-ink caviller in opposition. Between them, and with the desire to figure in print which besets very many able men, newspaper-editors need pay for little aid except eyewater and scissors, and they get credit for a world of zeal in good causes by articles they neither write nor pay for. We have got to the footboard of our Procrustes bed.

Authors' Pay in America.—We have hot coals smouldering in the ashes of "things put off," which we poke reluctantly to the surface just now—reluctantly *only* because we wish to light beacons for an author's crusade, and we have no leisure to be more than its Peter the Hermit. We solemnly summon Edgar A. Poe to do the devoir of Cœur de Lion—no man's weapon half so trenchant! And now let us turn the subject round, small end foremost.

These are days when gentlemen paint their own boots, and we have latterly been our own publisher. We have thereby mastered one or two statistics which, we know not well why, never looked us in the face before, and which we proceed to hold up by the nape of the neck for the encouragement of the less stuffy or less inquiring. Authors who can not find publishers, and authors who, having found them, have been as much respected by them as pig-iron by the razor-maker, are invited to "lend us their ears"—on interest.

What proportion should an author have of the net profits of a book? This seems a shallow question enough, but there is a deep hole in it. Remember, in the first place, that the author wrote the book—that God gave him the monopoly of the vein from which it is worked—that he has been at the expense and toil of an education, and to other expenses and toils—(as in travel)—*that his mind's lease is far shorter than his lease of life*—and that thoughtsmiths should be better paid than blacksmiths or goldsmiths (that is to say, if the credit the work does to the country goes for anything in the valuation). The question of the division of profit is between author and publisher, and the publisher gives his uneducated mental attention to the sale, a brief use of his credit for the printing and binding, and runs a most partial risk as to the result—for he need not purchase the book except in obedience to his own judgment and his readers', and the cost is paid, of course, before there are any "net receipts." (There is great capital made of this "risk," but *ninety-nine books in a hundred* more than clear expenses!) Now, taking a stereotyped dollar-book for example, the plates, worth four or five hundred dollars, are paid for, with a moderate sale, in the first month. Suppose it to be three months. The use of the publisher's credit for $500 for ninety days has been his only outlay of consequence; but the author has had *his* outlay of brain-work, time, genius, and years of education. The printing and getting up, after the plates are paid for, cost about *one fifth of the retail price*—twenty cents on a dollar. To charge ten cents more on each copy for the absolute expense of selling and circulating, is more than liberal; and now, *how shall the remaining seventy cents*—the net profit—*be divided between author and publisher?*

We should like to have a watchmaker's answer to that question. How much ought the jeweller to have for buying it from the maker, warranting it "to go" after examining it, for advertising it, and for selling it across a counter? Suppose the watch to sell for a hundred dollars, and seventy dollars to be the net profit above cost of material. What would you say, if the maker got but ten or twenty dollars, *and the retailer fifty or sixty?* Yet that is the proportion at which author and bookseller are paid for literary production—the seller of the book being paid *from twice to five times as much* as the author of it!

Certainly, the *readiest-minded man* we ever knew, as well as one of the most brilliant and highly cultivated conversationists, is Major Davezac, the subject of the anecdote below. Never was a man more out of place as a stump-orator and agitator, well as he acquits himself in these turbulent vocations. It is none of our business to discuss that point, however. We were only about to roll the anecdotical snow-ball a little larger, by recording a *bon mot* of the major's, at the birth of which we chanced to be present. Davezac was chargé at Naples in eighteen hundred and some time ago, and French being the language he was born in, his wit of course played freely in the court vernacular. He was quite the idol of the *diplomatic corps*, and an "indispensable" at all dances and masquerades. We were dining one evening in his company during the carnival. The major sat opposite to us, next to a very pretty German countess. During the procession and the pelting of sugar-plums which had occupied the early part of the day, the countess had received a slight bruise upon her cheek. Davezac wore court-plaster on his lip—a hit also from the sugared ammunition. They were both complaining. "*Eh, Monsieur Davezac,*" said the countess, mournfully, "*il faut reunir nos douleurs!*"—"*Oui, madam, et nos blessures!*" replied the major instantly, placing his lip upon the cheek of the surprised sufferer.

Cosmopolite Attraction in Broadway.—Within a few doors, in the neighborhood of Prince street, are collected accidentally, at present, four most vivid representations of four very distant and different countries—Spain, India, Paris, and Constantinople—the "*Alhamra,*" the "*Panorama of Madras,*" the "*Panorama of Paris,*" and the new shop of "*Turkish curiosities.*" He who wishes to realize what balloons are to do for us in '55, can astonish and confuse his geographical impressions to his entire satisfaction, by a visit to all these in one morning.

The Turkish shop has articles for sale that could seldom before be obtained except by a voyage to the Orient. We brought some curiosities from Constantinople, but we have a thousand times regretted, since, that we had not quadrupled our purchases in the bazars and bezestein—so much were the articles admired, and so impossible was it, even in the curiosity-shops of Europe, to find specimens of them. No person who is luxurious in personal habits would willingly be, for example, without the *Turkish shirts*—having once seen them. They are the poetry of *negligé* costume—the idealized romance of the drapery of dishabille. Those who have time to make a luxury of dressing-room or boudoir—the beautiful and idle of either sex—should take a look at the gossamer shirts from Constantinople. But there are all manner of things in this shop beside. There are beautiful gold-embroidered slippers, small carpets and ottoman-cloths, attars in gold bottles, gold-embroidered handkerchiefs and gilded pastilles—everything, in short, that one buys of old Mustapha, near the Hippodrome in Stamboul, confectionary included. We inquired after old Mustapha yesterday, and the Greek who keeps the shop (who was himself a confectioner in Constantinople) delighted us with talking of him, as if he had seen him yesterday! Picturesque and jolly old turbaned Mustapha!—what fun it was to have the curtain lifted by his grinning Abyssinian in anklets and wristlets, and step into the back shop to take coffee and try his essences! It quite came over us like a dream yesterday—the chat with this Broadway Constantinopolitan. If you have any curiosity, dear reader, call and taste the confectionary at this shop, and look at the translucent shirts, and see the Persian inkstands, and handle the graceful cimeters, and look at the Brusa silks and seraglio slippers—in short, see Constantinople—for that is a palpable slice of it!

Jumping the Pew.—We were once in the gallery of a country church when an address was to be delivered to a Sunday school. The body of the house was reserved for the adult audience, and the boys were confined to one of the side aisles. There was evidently an understanding, however, that if not otherwise wanted, the well-cushioned seat facing the chancel was to be given up to as many lads as could occupy it. It would hold, perhaps, twenty, and a hundred of them were packed in the aisle like figs, waiting till the class leader at the head should "open up." Looking on with some amusement, we found our eye arrested by the bright face of a lad, half way down, who bore the keeping back very impatiently. His struggles to pass the other boys were vehement, but of no use. He was slight, and his neighbors were bold and sturdy. Presently he bit his lips, entered a pew, jumped the partition into the central aisle, and walked round to the front. There was a murmur of indignation among the boys, and a general smile among the spectators, *but he secured his pick of seats.* The clergyman, in the course of his address, thought proper to get up an impromptu colloquy, and, to the evident annoyance of the other boys, selected the pew-jumper, who sat just before him, for the honor. The lad arose, when questioned, and surprised the whole audience with the clearness of his replies. He sat down amid general applause, and (whatever reproof he got in private for his daring) he was the envied hero of the day. We have often since had the successful boldness of this lad recalled to our memory by the class of things it illustrates, and our mental reply, after reading a letter to which this was the preface, was—"Better jump the pew!"

Our correspondent *can not get a hearing from the public!* Few things are more difficult. We have not read his book, but it may be excellent snuff to *keep a fame going*, and yet not the stuff to *start one.* Genius is expected "never to go into the water till it knows how to swim"—never to expect to be read but for having been read before! With any degree of ability, more or less, it is easy to be almost hopelessly overlaid. We, ourself, are a very humble example. We "jumped the pew" unconsciously, in England, with our furiously abused "Pencillings," and immediately sold, for the highest price, an edition of "Inklings of Adventure"—a series of tales that had fallen still-born into the lap of Boston, and for the first printing of which we paid more than a thousand dollars on our return to their birth-place. Instances of "jumping the pew" will occur to every observer of men—every reader of biography. *It is the shabby door to many a path of glory.* Almost every profession begins with a dilemma—hope deferred, or a *pew to jump!* The starving lawyer in the west, who flogged his neighbor to have a case to plead, *jumped the pew!*

The veteran Buckingham, one of the most judicious, able and respected editors in the country, was starving in Boston, when he "jumped the pew" with the abusive "Galaxy"—making himself *read from terror* till he was famous enough to be *read for merit*. The game is dangerous, however, and the principle lies in most questionable neighborhood. For one who would succeed in it there are ninety-nine who would fail, and failure is hopeless extinction! The pew can be jumped *but once*. The attention of the public can be but once summoned by a rude pluck at its beard; and, to keep attention long enough to have the rudeness forgotten, there must be merit that the public would regret overlooking—*merit, indeed, of which the neglect was injury enough to justify violent extrication.*

THE MIRROR STEAM-PRESS.—It would be curious not to lose sight of the Latin word, dropped for translation into the scholar's ear, till it re-appears in English on his tongue, but a half-hour's watching of the steam-press on which the Mirror is printed would be hardly a less instructive spectacle of contrivance. To complete the assimilation of the second process to the first, it would have been necessary, till lately, to employ a boy to pull the word off the scholar's tongue; but, by the ingenuity of R. HOE & Co., the great organ of public opinion is endowed with a happy delivery of its own—laying off the sheet that was printed and ready for utterance, that is to say, and drawing in its iron tongue, *unaided*, to be laden with the meantime coinage of another.

The improvements in printing-presses within the last ten or fifteen years are probably far less remarkable than some other progresses of mechanic invention, yet they are wonderful enough to use up quite as much curiosity as it is comfortable to find epithets for, in a day. The difference between the old Ramage press, and the steam-miracle in our present office, is peculiarly impressive to ourself. There is a small bar of iron in this press which fulfils precisely the same destiny to which we were at one time devoted. We were considered in an exemplary line of life while performing exactly its office—that of inking the type—during a long year of disgust with Latin—(when a sensible papa took us at our word, and allowed us to prefer a trade to a satchel!)

The ink was in those days kept in a wooden box, and, with two stuffed leather balls, a boy or man, beside the press, distributed it over the face of the type, while the pressman was fixing the sheet for the impression. We remember *balling* an edition of "Watts's Psalms and Hymns," which it took weeks to print, and, by the same *token*, there are lines in that good book of which we caught glimpses on the "frisket," that, to this day, go to the tune we played with the ink-balls while conning them over! Reviving ambition sent us back to school, however, and invention soon after superseded the ink-boy's elbows (encumbered with a stomach), by a bit of machinery that neither required to be fed, nor committed verses to memory while inking the type! This getting rid of the *boy* was the peculiarity of the *Smith* press, and then followed the *Napier* press, which dispensed with the *man*, and needed only the tending of two girls or boys; and now (thanks to Mr. Hoe), we have a steam-press, which *puts up three iron fingers for a sheet of white paper, pulls it down into its bosom, gives it a squeeze that makes an impression, and then lays it into the palm of an iron hand which deposites it evenly on a heap—at the rate of two thousand an hour!* We often stop with curiosity to look at the little arrangement which does the work our elbows have ached with, and we think the Mirror press altogether is a sight worth your coming to see, dear reader!

THE FIRST DAY OF THE WORLD'S NEW LEASE was clasped upon the last yesterday of the completed series, by as glorious a retiring moon, and as brilliant a rising sun, as were ever coveted by the "old gray-beard," at whose funeral they are to be the expiring candles. A finer night than last night—a finer day than *to-day*—never relieved watch upon the "tented heavens." We stood looking up a steeple from our bed-room window at midnight (having first finished an article for to-day's paper, *upon the venture* of its being wanted), and we stood shaving at the same window when the gold smile of the unexpected sunrise called upon the surprised weather-cock to look about him as usual! We, therefore, certify to the world's coming honestly by its "situation." Go about your business, oh, mankind!

Coming down the front steps of the Astor, at half-past six, we naturally enough took a look up Broadway, to see if, perchance, some blessed change in the pavement might not give the first sign of a new Jerusalem. But if the sapphire paviors had called upon Mayor Harper, he had struck at something in the contract. The old holes were there, with stones of the accustomed complexion—(chafed "trap," mineralogically speaking)—and the mud evidently unaware of a miracle. But, *hey!* HOW! WHAT! *a rainbow across Broadway??* Could we believe our eyes?—a many-colored arch completely spanning the street, hung with flowers, and men walking over it!!! Was an advent forthcoming, after all?

While we write, that Advent is in progress! It is the ADVENT OF YOUTH—JUVENOCRACY IN THE ASCENDANT! A flowery arch spans the breadth of Broadway, and under it winds, at this moment, the procession in honor of first maturity—*manhood in youth!* It scarce needed, it is true, that the world should be born again before its new monarch should make formal entry. It was, ten years ago, discovered in France—two years ago in England—last year in America—*that the gray head was only the wisest while there were no books but experience!* That which men once waited to know till the hair was silvered, is now taught the child at school—conned in the ambitious dream of the youth in his puberty. The world has "hung fire" in other ages, from the damp of burnt-out enthusiasm spread like a blanket over its brain-powder. Improvement has gone upon crutches. Action waited for enterprise to cough. Courage stayed to fumble for spectacles. The forenoon shadows of the sun of human intellect were of untrustworthy measure, and the dial *to begin to work by* was shadowed till post-meridian!

Without touching upon the *political* articulation in "the roar of the Young Lion," we MARK THE EPOCH—the epoch of "*Young* France," "*Young* England," "*Young* America!" We could show, had we time, how strikingly the peculiar habits of our land have *more prepared us than other countries*, for the sovereignty of YOUTH! We have no time now. We must go forth with the crowd and see the bright cheek and curling beard of the Young Monarch in his hour of triumph. The cannon are pealing! The drums shake upon the prophetic sunshine in the air!

"Hail to the" YOUTH "that in triumph advances!"

12 *o'clock.*—We have been to Broadway. The procession is soon to form. The mounted marshals of the day are galloping to and fro with their ribanded insignia—the pictorial outside of the Museum is perfectly embroidered with petticoats (a charming *relief!*)—the windows on both sides of Broadway are crammed with gayly-dressed spectators—the 500 Boston young men (fine, wholesome-looking fellows, who certainly do credit to their "parsley bed"), are assembled with their badges in front of the Astor—the town is full of what the ladies would call "handsome young

strangers"—the omnibuses carry flags—the whole street, from the triumphal arch to the pinnacles of Trinity, looks impassable with the glittering crowd. We never saw comparable preparation for a festal march. It will be a day to be remembered—mocked at, perhaps, as the first after a millenial crisis, but glorified as the first in the *great era of Youthfulhood!*

Mass Meeting of Newsboys.—We may be permitted, perhaps, to please our friends with the announcement that we at least stand well *upon the sidewalk!* The exhaustion of our large edition at four o'clock, yesterday afternoon, and a general return of the newsboys from their routes with eager demands for more, occasioned a multitudinous holding of counsel among those piping potentates, and to the astonishment of our corner and the neighborhood, the assembled varlets *actually gave the Evening Mirror three cheers!* We bow to the tattered *vox populi*, and own the soft impeachment. Gentlemen newsboys! give us your hand (with a newspaper between!) and permit us to offer you a business suggestion. *Astonish one of your insinuating number with a white shirt, and try the new trick of selling us with a smile to the ladies!* Call him the ladies' boy, and treat him delicately when he is dressed and can't afford the results of your familiarity! Your powerful body amounts at present to some three or four hundred, and your profits will soon tempt the competition of older gentlemen, unless you find more worlds to conquer. *Hurrah for the ladies*, gentlemen (waving whatever you have to represent a pocket-handkerchief)—and now, if you will graciously withdraw your attention, we would speak to those over whom you have the advantage of youth.

We have to thank the press all over the country for the most flattering mention and the kindest encouragement. *Our own craft seem to love us.* We thought of quoting some of their felicitous notices, but our grateful pride would thus fall into a shape used for puffing, and we shrink from the medium. Thanks to our friends—simply but fervently.

Gold Inkstand to the Authoress of the Scottish Chiefs.—The works of Jane Porter have probably brought more money into the hands of booksellers than those of any writer except, perhaps, Scott, and at this moment steam-presses are employed in printing large editions of her delightful novels. An enthusiastic man, a great admirer of Miss Porter, has, for the second time, started a subscription among the booksellers of this city to present her with a *gold inkstand*, and the Harpers, Appletons, Langleys, and others, have subscribed with enthusiastic liberality. Perhaps a description of *Jane Porter* with a little of her *hitherto unwritten history* may not be unacceptable.

Miss Porter was the daughter of a gallant English officer, who died, leaving a widow, and three children, then very young, but all destined to remarkable fame Sir Robert Ker Porter, Jane Porter, and Anna Maria Porter. Sir Robert, as is well known, was the celebrated historical painter, traveller in Persia, soldier, diplomatist, and author, lately deceased. He went to Russia with one of his great pictures when very young, married a wealthy Russian princess, and passed his subsequent years between the camp and diplomacy, honored and admired in every station and relation of his life. The two girls were playmates and neighbors of Walter Scott. Jane published her "Scottish Chiefs" at the age of eighteen, and became immediately the great literary wonder of her time. Her widowed mother, however, withdrew her immediately from society to the seclusion of a country town, and she was little seen in the gay world of London before several of her works had become classics. Anna Maria, the second sister, commenced her admirable series of novels soon after the first celebrity of Jane's works, and they wrote and passed the brightest years of their life together in a cottage retreat. The two sisters were singularly beautiful. Sir Thomas Lawrence was an unsuccessful suitor to Anna Maria, and Jane (said by Sir Martin Shee to have been the handsomest woman he ever saw) was engaged to a young soldier who was killed in the Peninsula. She is a woman to have but one love in a lifetime. Her betrothed was killed when she was twenty years of age, and she has ever since worn mourning, and remained true to his memory. Jane is now the only survivor of her family, her admirable mother and her sister having died some twelve or fourteen years ago, and Sir Robert having died lately, while revisiting England after many years' diplomatic residence in Venezuela.

Miss Porter is now near sixty. She has suffered within the last two or three years from ill-health, but she is still erect, graceful, and majestic in person, and still possessed of admirable beauty of countenance. Her large dark eyes have a striking lambency of lustre, her smile inspires love in all who see her, and her habit of mind, up to the time we last saw her (three or four years ago), was that of *reflecting the mood of others in conversation*, thinking never of herself, and endeavoring only to *make others shine*, and all this with a tact, a playfulness and simplicity, an occasional unconscious brilliancy and penetration, which have made her, up to sixty years of age, a most interesting, engaging, and lovely woman. We have had the good fortune to pass several months, at different times, under different hospitable roofs, with Jane Porter, and, considering the extent of her charm, over old and young, titled and humble, masters and servants, we sincerely think we never have seen a woman so beloved and so fascinating. She is the idol of many different circles of very high rank, and passes her time in yielding, month after month, to pressing invitations from the friends who love her. The dowager queen Adelaide is one of her warmest friends, the highest families of nobility contend for her as a resident guest, distinguished and noble foreigners pay court to her invariably on arriving in England, she has been ennobled by a decree of the king of Prussia, and with all this weight of honor on her head, you might pass weeks with her (ignorant of her history) without suspecting her to be more than the loveliest of women past their prime, and born but to grace a contented mediocrity of station.

This is an impartial and truthful sketch of the celebrated person for whom the above-mentioned compliment is intended. We trust it may find her alive, and with her accustomed bright smile upon her lips—God guard and preserve her!

Rocking-Chair *vice* Inkstand *resigned*. We gave, "by authority," an account of a subscription paper, the purpose of which was to present to Jane Porter *an inkstand of gold*. Our publisher-mayor Mr. Harper, headed the list with $40. We wrote a paragraph on the subject, and the same evening were called to see a rocking-chair into which the inkstand had been suddenly converted by a rub against the Aladdin's lamp of propriety. We went into Meeks's museum of sumptuous furniture, and the chair was disrobed, for us, of a beautiful chintz cover presented to Miss Porter by Messrs. Meeks, the makers. The chair is a bijou. The model is appropriately Elizabethan—(a

chair for the virgin queen of English romance, made in the style of the virgin queen of English history)—the carving in rosewood relief, and the lining of crimson velvet. The exact model of the chair was sent to Queen Victoria not long since, as a specimen of American furniture, by a club of English gentlemen. The *cadeau* goes out consigned by the mayor of New York to the lord-mayor of London, for his worshipful presentation, Mr. Griswold, the packet owner, giving it an honorary passage. The following letter, written on parchment and sealed with the city arms, accompanies it:—

"New York, *October* 28, 1844.

"Dear Madam: The undersigned, booksellers, publishers, and authors, of the city of New York, have long felt desirous of transmitting to you a memorial of the high and respectful admiration which they entertain for one to whose pen we are indebted for some of the purest and most imaginative productions in the wide range of English literature. As the authoress of 'Thaddeus of Warsaw,' the 'Scottish Chiefs,' &c., your name has spread over the length and breadth of our land, and the volumes of your delightful works may be found gracing alike the abodes of the wealthy, and the humble dwellings of the poor. And deservedly so—for if purity of sentiment, felicity of expression, and the constant inculcation of the noblest lessons of religion and morality, be any passport to literary fame, then will the name of Miss Porter rank high on the list of those whom the present age delights to honor, and for whom coming ages will entertain a deep feeling of reverential esteem.

"Regarding you, therefore, as that one among the writers of our time who first opened up the path that has been since further embellished by the kindred genius of a Scott, we take the liberty, as well on our own behalf as in the name of thousands of American readers to whom your charming productions have taught, in so graceful and captivating a manner, the lessons of true virtue, of presenting you with the accompanying testimonial of our sincere and grateful esteem.

"We have the honor to remain, dear madam,

"Your obedient servants,

"James Harper, *Mayor of New York*,
W. H. Appleton, Daniel Appleton,
Chas. S. Francis, S. B. Collins,
Harper & Brothers."

We have still another light to throw upon this famous chair. The Wood, without which it might not have been built, did not come from the West Indies in planks of *amyris balsamifera* (rosewood), but from Canandaigua, in the shape of a gentleman whose heart distils a better balsam—of courtesy! We first heard of Mr. Wood and the proposed presentation of an inkstand, from Miss Porter herself. She inquired whether we knew Mr. Wood, and gave us the history of his project to compliment her, *apropos* of promising us a sight of *barrels of presents* which had showered upon her from all parts of the world. She expressed a most simple-hearted delight in the extent of her American reputation, and wished to see a copy of one of the American editions.

On our return to this country we found a small copy of the "Scottish Chiefs," almost illegible with grease and thumbing, in the kitchen of a remote tavern in Pennsylvania. We sent it to her with a little water added unintentionally to its romance—having fallen overboard with it in our pocket while ferrying a skiff across the Susquehannah. By the way, let us here record an act of liberality in an English publisher, which is *apropos* of this present from the American bibliopoles. We were one day requested by Mr. George Virtue, the enterprising publisher of the American Scenery, to be the bearer of a message to Miss Porter. He wished to publish her Scottish Chiefs in a beautifully-embellished edition. The copyright, by English law limiting duration, had long since expired—but Mr. Virtue wished to give Miss Porter £200—*one thousand dollars*—for her formal consent. The check was sent the next day, and the edition, one of the most superb specimens of embellished edition in the language, is since completed.

The old proverb says of a *burn*,

"Rub *it* to *Wood*,
It will come to good,"

and we had a *burn* at our fingers' end as to the real mover's getting his share of the credit of this compliment to Miss Porter. There is little enough *enthusiasm for others' glory* in the world—little enough to prevent all fear of surfeit by mention. We have recorded, therefore, against his express orders, the disinterested zeal of William Wood in this matter.

The Overcoat Dilemma.—We have received a note from a dismayed tailor in a thriving inland town of Massachusetts, begging us, "for charity's sake," to inform him "*what is* the fashion for overcoats." He protests that the models sent him from the city are inelegant and unbecoming—and he begs us to inquire of some dandy, *regnant* or *ci-devant*, as to the existence, among knowing men, of some outer habiliment more becoming than the prevailing type. This is our summing up of his wishes as expressed in a letter of three pages.

Before venturing to tamper with so ticklish a subject, let us fortify the ground by an extract from a very grave and well-considered lecture on the "Changes of the Fashions," lately delivered before a lyceum in Portsmouth:—

Although the inventors of *new fashions* and the *leaders* in them are highly culpable for the injury they do society—yet nine tenths of those whom we see in fashionable attire are persons on whom no imputation can be cast: neither is there one in a hundred of their dressmakers or tailors, hatters or cordwainers, who are deserving a breath of censure for doing their work in a fashionable style. So powerful an impetus has been moving the fashionable world, that no individual can with safety hold up a resisting hand. Nothing but a combined strength can overcome it.

Common sense asks—why is it that a coat of a few years' standing, with a broad back and long waist, which the prudent man has kept for his holyday wear, is not as really valuable as one in which the seams are more nearly allied, or the buttons placed in a different position?

Public opinion replies—the man is *not in fashion*. The observers point him out among the multitude—"There is a sample of old times"—"There goes a miser who can't afford a new coat:" and a soft voice whispers as he passes—"I wonder who would have that old-fashioned man!" How frequently is the public sympathy excited for an adroit rogue *in fashionable attire*, who has received the just sentence of the law—while the poorly-clad culprit by his side, not more guilty, passes almost unpitied to the gallows.

Thus to be out of fashion a man is generally regarded as wanting in spirit or purse; and it becomes a matter of necessity for a modest man, who wishes to elude the notice of the world, to follow along in the wake of fashion. However much a person in common life may be disgusted with its fluctuations, he must bear the imputation of *vanity*, and in some degree lose his influence in society, if he either has a new dress made in an old style, or for convenience appears in any new clothing which is made more

with a view to general utility than in subservience to fashion.

With this warrant for giving a grave opinion on the subject, we proceed to huddle together our kerseymere ideas as follows:—

The *sack-coat* belongs to the climate of England, and is wholly *desorienté* in this country. It was invented as a kind of *body-umbrella* in which elegant men could pass unwet from club to cab, in that climate of eternal moisture, and was never meant to be used but as a *garment of transit*. A dandy *bien pointu* in his kid and varnish extremities, may certainly walk the street safely in a sack-coat, as his quality would be known by his gloves and boots only, were he otherwise parenthesized in a barrel. But, unless redeemable by the point of his boot or a finger of his glove, no man is "dressed" in a sack. By universally making sack-coats of *coarse cloth* in England, they class them very definitely with hackney-coaches and umbrellas—temporary conveniences of which the material is by no means a point of honor.

In England, however, dandies dress *to drive*, and in this country they dress *to walk*, and, of course, it is *more* important *here* that the street coat should be *becoming to the shape* than is thought necessary in England. The *paletot* (for a description of which see "Scott's" authentic "Mirror of Fashion") is becoming to men of fine carriage, and the "Taglioni," when cut into the back adroitly, is becoming to slender figures. In the present *anarchy of overcoat*, however, every man can choose for himself, and our pastoral querist of the shears, we venture to assure him, is perfectly safe in first suiting his customers, and then swearing it to be the fashion. We would just hint, in conclusion, that there *is* a mixture of *cloak* and overcoat that we have seen on a "slap-up" man lately from Paris, and *this* chanced to hit *our* weakness. Any man who has genius in his shears will require no broader hint of what the combination looks like!

YOUNG MEN'S PROCESSION.—The procession of yesterday, was less remarkable for its numbers (estimated at 3,000) than for the *unusual interest taken in it by the spectators*—the enthusiasm of the ladies and more quiet lookers-on, and the boundless heartiness of the cheers by the people in the streets. The *quality of the general feeling*, to our thinking, was more nearly up to the warmth of the Lafayette Ovation, than any procession that has taken place since. We remarked, also, that in the escorts and cavalcade, there was a large mixture of *fashionable young men*, which is a new feature in the public processions of this city. There were also *more clergymen*, who had errands in town and about the streets, than usual—the white cravat in rather uncommon proportion. Altogether, we think the bed of this new party has a longer and broader blanket—covering higher toward the fastidious *public head*, and falling more kindly upon the serviceable *public feet*—than any new-party blanket spread within our recollection. *Youth is beloved.* Its hopes are contagious. Its opinions are supposed free from selfishness. Its ardor is credited with inspiration. The *party of youth*, whenever it is combined for one object, must triumph, it seems to us—for it carries with it an outside atmosphere of electric sympathies exclusively its own, while, within, it has the energy of enthusiastic first manhood, and confidence unsubdued by experience.

OPENING OF THE RAILROAD TO WHITE PLAINS.—The first rush of blood through the heart of Pygmalion's statue, and the first rush of a rail-car, on Saturday, through the bosom of the Bronx valley, would seem to us a well-matched fable and fact, were not the fact, both as a surprise and a change, more electric than the fable. To realize it, one must get at the way it is looked at by the rustic dwellers in the plains beyond. They were called upon to believe that a city which has, all their lives, been *four hours* distant, "good driving," would, after the forthcoming celebration, be slid up to within *one hour*, "easy going." Their potatoes are to glide *to* market, and coal and groceries to glide back, with magical facility—their women-folks are to go to town, stop and get home between dinner and supper—the morning newspapers are to arrive from New York a little after breakfast—the citizens are to come out by hundreds for an afternoon walk—New York, in short, is four times as near as it used to be, only the land is *not* knocked away between! A gentleman told us, just before the cars started on their return, from White Plains, that the country-people, around, were not only incredulous as to the completion of the road, up to the time of the arrival of the cars, but that they still (6 o'clock P. M.) looked upon the whole affair—celebration, train, music and guns—as a humbug that could never hold out—got up for some Millerite or political *hocus-pocus*, and to end only in the ruin of their credulous neighbors!

To start fair, however. We were invited to join the worshipful society of aldermen, bank-directors, stockholders, and judiciary, who, on Saturday afternoon, were to invade, for the first time, by public railroad, the virgin seclusion of the White Plains. The access, through the valley of the Bronx, promised something attractive in the way of landscape, and there was a pull out of town in the soft air of the morning. We were at the cars punctually at one, found a friend inside, and a band of music a-top, and rolled away from the City Hall with a double momentum—steam to draw the cars, and the gentlemen *in* the cars who are drawn on for the steam! We went on our musical way through Centre street, embellishing it (by the beauty attracted to the chamber-windows) as the moon brightens the clouds in passing through, and with a momentary chill from the deserted propriety of streets up-town, were soon in the fields—fields by the way, which are secured to Nature and shorn of their chief value (nearness to town) by the railroad which makes fields beyond quite as come-at-able.

We gave Harlem an outbreak of music in passing through, stopped a moment at Williams' bridge, where the road has hitherto terminated, and then proceeded upon the new track through the Bronx valley.* The scenery for the next twelve miles was as primitive and fresh as if a three-days' journey lay between it and a great city—the most unconscious looking old water-mills on the stream, the woods and hill-sides with a look most innocent of snob and suburb, and a universal gape of amazement on the faces of cottagers and their cows. The seclusion and thorough *country* of the whole twelve miles were enchanting, and we promised ourselves a ramble to twenty successive nooks that we saw (and twenty successive times of course had occasion to remember that we had become a utensil of daily use, labelled "never to be taken out of the kitchen!" We are sorry to say the grass will probably do pretty well without us, now, till we disturb it to ask leave to pass under.)

The hill-sides suddenly fell back and we glided into an open plain, where two or three hundred rustic-looking people were assembled—six or seven of them

* The road, from a few miles above the Harlem river, follows the *valley* of the Bronx, a small stream, taking its rise near Rye, and sometimes dignified by the name of a river. We believe that it was contemplated by the British government, at one time, to form a court of inquiry, to try the British admiral for not ascending the Bronx river with his fleet, and destroying the army of General Washington, then lying near White Plains.

busy on a knoll near by, ramming a welcome up a gun. The report rang as the engine stopped, and——White Plains was cosmopolized! Out jumped Wall street and City Hall. An old negro and his very old wife commenced furiously opening oysters at a bench near by. The cars stood in the middle of a corn-field. The country people gathered around and looked hard at the boots of the company. Two or three barrels of crackers were rolled over the corn-hills to a new stable building in the field. Everybody from the city seemed exclusively occupied with smelling the ploughed ground. Horses were tied to the fences all about. The landscape (breasted with fine, fertile hills, and having the White Plains for its lap), was slumbering in a soft haze, with just sunshine enough to content a man who would be contented without it, and altogether the scene was simple and fresh near by, and the distance more picturesque than the name of "White Plains" had suggested.

On the floor of the new barn, half boarded and nearly shingled, were spread four long tables, laden with a very profuse and substantial repast, and, in fifteen minutes after arrival, the president was in his place, and the stockholders and their guests seated and "in a fair way" to be enthusiastic. After a round or two of champagne, the president's health was drank and his report called for—but we will give the statistics in another paragraph.

Pretty sure of hearing the report and reading the speeches "in the way of business," we accepted the invitation of Mr. Lyon, and drove to his beautiful residence, near by—a Gothic cottage of most absolute taste, a sketch of which we had seen in the new edition of "Downing's Rural Architecture." It is enough to make one doubt all the ills of life to see such a place to pass it in. The table-land of the White Plains lies behind the house, and a valley—folded slope over slope, and sunk, knoll below knoll—drops away from the lawn in front, showing miles of wild-wood and fertile fields, with a shady glen leading away to the left—the whole combination, for an inland view, unsurpassed in variety and beauty. The cottage is in the Tudor style, faultless within and without. We wish we had time and space to say more of it and its surroundings. We should add that Mr. Lyon has been the zealous apostle of the road, and that a procession was formed after the collation to make him a complimentary visit. They went to his house, preceded by the band, but were unfortunately missed by Mr. Lyon, who was conducting his friends back by a shorter path across the fields.

The White Plains moon rose to see us off, and, as we got under way with music and cheers, she added another full face to the gazing rustics, and, when last seen, was apparently climbing up on a barrel to look over the spectators' shoulders. As she was in town when we arrived at half past nine, and as there were no ladies invited by the directors, she must have got a ride somehow behind, and whatever the conductor may say (for we know her well!) the paying her passage was probably "all moonshine."

Labor and Brains.—We hear much about "protection for labor," and very little about *protection for brains*—(except in the way of a hat). The working men, those who use their hands skilfully and industriously, have many advocates of their claims. The politicians and the law-makers and the newspaper press, take up their cause loudly and sincerely, but those who "can not dig," who are "ashamed to beg" and have nothing but their brains—their intellect, to depend upon—are whistled down the wind, "the prey to fortune."

One class of these luckless personages, is that of editors and assistant editors, and their remuneration is not only inadequate, generally speaking, to their support, but far below their real merit. What would the newspaper press of this city be but for these men? Nothing! They are the indirect means of giving a livelihood to thousands, and are never thanked for it. For example. We know of a newspaper in this city which owes its success to a small corps of editors, whose whole pay is about two thousand dollars per annum. If they should withdraw their aid, the paper *would stop beyond a question*.

Let us see what their brains do for others. The paper-makers receive from the establishment, $18,000 a year. The compositors receive about $10,000 more—the reporters and clerks about $3,000 more. The type-makers and ink-manufacturers about $2,000 more. And this expenditure goes on from year to year. It would be utterly impossible for this $32,000 to be received and expended in this way, but for the talent and tact of two or three persons connected with the paper. A large number of persons *is actually supported by their brains*, and yet there is not one among the number thus supported, who does not think his own personal labor and toil, far more important and praiseworthy than that of the men who actually furnish them with employment! This is the justice of the world! This is the result of the ridiculous notions prevailing, that the lifting of the sledge-hammer is more deserving of reward than the skill which guides its blows. Mechanical labor of all kinds is better paid than literary labor, and it is time that just impressions prevailed on this subject. Let us honor the working men, but when they are *aided* by talent and literary industry, they should honor them in return.

The editorial corps are making the fortunes of many newspaper and magazine establishments in this country, and yet many men of talent are starving under the effort.

Portrait of Wordsworth by Henry Inman.—Without wishing to compare our great painter to a worm—except as having used up one system (of artistic ideas) and being fairly on wing in a new one—we think the worm in chrysalis and its emergent new creature very fair types of the Inman that *was*, in America, and the Inman that *is*, in England. Before this time we think he would have gone abroad prematurely. Genius requires to complete its first identity—to ripen fully—to acquire the perfection of command over, and familiarity with, its in-born peculiarities—before trusting itself in a sphere which is both removed from habit and aids to concentration, and bewildering with the glitter and supremacy of other models. No matter what the pursuit, there is a natural mental chrysalis—a time after completed manhood, when a change of scene, change of habits, change of influences, external and internal, renew the life of both mind and body, open chambers in the soul hitherto unseen, and incredibly beautify and enrich the whole existence. How many painters have we seen confirmed into tame copyists—crushed by the weight of the masters above them—by going abroad with a new-born style just struggling into shape and seeming of its own! In a minor way, how many characters are smothered by being forced into a too trying element of society before completing their natural idiosyncrasy!

Power went abroad at the right stage of his existence as a sculptor—Grenough, perhaps, too early. Inman might, possibly, have gone earlier, with equal advantage. He has been, for some time, gaining little in his art. The easily-given and ill-weighed praise of our country had long ago satiated him. He had little stimulus beyond the profit of his pencil. But the mind that lies fallow under such torpor, ripens and

collects richness under the surface, and *ploughed again*, before it is mastered by weeds and tangle, it shows wondrous fertility and vigor.

We have put down, now, what passed through our mind while looking yesterday at a head of Wordsworth, which is just received from Inman. It is a masterly piece of work, though but a sketch. The truth to nature convinces you that it is an infallible portrait, without your ever having seen the original. It is Wordsworth. It is the shell of the meat in his books. His feeblenesses and his philosophic simplicities are there. You see how he came to write what we have read. He has done his own portrait—a faithful copy, in poetry, of the same as this on canass. Majestic and weak, wise and silly, far-sighted and credulous old man! He looks like his poetry, and to a man who could read characters as some do, there would be nothing new in his books after seeing Inman's picture, nor any surprise in Inman's picture, after seeing his books.

What will Broadway be like, with *omnibuses excluded, and two lines of railcars plying its entire length?* Where will the tracks be?—both in the middle, or one on each side? If the latter, how will carriages stand by the sidewalk with safety? If the former, will there be room left for two carriages to pass each other on either side? Will not the frequent taking-up and setting-down of passengers, and the consequent hinderance of cars behind, make the passage up and down tediously slow? These are questions that, with sundry others on the same subject, will furnish table-talk to the city for the ensuing week—the announcement of the corporation's intention to have a railroad there being yesterday made public. Let us mumble about it a little. The slowness of the motion would justify a very narrow track. By placing the seats lengthwise, and back to back, the cars themselves might be made very narrow, and with a roof overhead, and no sides (or sides removable in fair weather), passengers might easily jump on and off, and be sufficiently protected. They will probably stop for passengers at the crossings only. The fare will be taken by a boy inside, as soon as the passenger is seated, to prevent delay. We shall have the comfort (sitting back to back) of not becoming so compulsively acquainted with *anybody's* face, breath, knees, and umbrella. Our chances of being the subject of a coroner's inquest will be diminished 100 per cent.—the present rate and manner of omnibus-driving having (we presume) nearly doubled the cost of life-insurance to those who live in the upper part of the city. There will probably be *fast lines* established in the streets nearly parallel to Broadway, and the great tide of human life, now concentrated in one thoroughfare, will be divided into three. McNair & Scarpa, and other sellers of "acoustic oil," will languish under the suspended deafening of Broadway, and that charming lounge will be once more susceptible of enjoyment by walk *and talk*. The danger of prying off a wheel upon the railtrack, or coming in contact with the cars, will deter the timid from taking their carriages into Broadway, and we shall meet all the pretty shopperesses on foot (the greatest Amelia-ration)! The "Kipp & Brown" 'buses will be obliged to come down Church street, and have their terminus at the corner of Fulton street and Broadway—or (query?) will the lower part of Broadway, between the Park and Bowling-green, be necessarily left open to the converging lines from east and west?

"Taglioni is coming to this country." So say the papers; and if it prove true, we shall see the difference between the apparent efforts of a football and a balloon—between common and rarefied *air* (in *manner* as well as in motion)—between a smile which, beautifully dissected from the muscles that might else move it, is left stereotyped upon the face, and a smile timid, natural, and impulsive—in short, the difference between the "divine Fanny" and the womanly Taglioni. (We prefer a woman to "a divinity" any day!) Like all women permitted to be *desirably famous*, Taglioni paid the inexorable penalty of being *undesirably mated*. She has amassed a fortune or two from the "gold dust" at the toe of her white slipper—dissipated, they say, without pity, by her husband, and she has at last cut him (*in toto*), and goes entirely upon her own legs. We hope they and the Cunard paddles will, indeed, bring her to this country. In seeing any other stage-exhibition, one is conscious of the seat he sits on and the trouble of holding his hat. To see Taglioni is to be in a trance, during which one might almost be content with the seat of St. Lawrence—on a gridiron. We shall remember (talking of seats), "while memory holds her seat" (and has any pleasure in sitting on it), the first performance of La Sylphide at Paris—by far the most entrancing and intoxicating spectacle we ever witnessed. We venture to refer the reader to our description of it in "Pencillings." We wonder whether Taglioni *will* come! Echo—"come!"

MAJOR NOAH AND HIS APOLOGY FOR THE CRUCIFIXION.—Our friend, the lecturer on the Restoration, has written us a letter, phrased with great forbearance and kindness, but finding grievous fault with our yesterday's notice of his discourse at the Tabernacle. His letter is too long to publish, as he requests, but we will give its substance, and leave out only his expressions of good will. He says he "understood from a friend that we were fast asleep before the lecture commenced, and slept throughout the whole of it." With his letter, the major sent us a copy of the Mirror with the objectionable passages of our report underlined. Here they are:—

"Major Noah arose and commenced with an apology for the Jews as to the crucifixion of our Savior."

"With the exception of his very adroit disparagement of the Savior," &c., &c.

Some extracts from the lecture, copied from his MS. into the Express, were also sent us by the major, and we extract the page which, in the delivery, impressed us as represented in our objectionable sentences.

"The Jews were amazed, perplexed, and bewildered at all they saw and heard. They knew Jesus from his birth: he was their neighbor; they knew his father Joseph, and Mary his mother, his brothers, James and Judas; he was in constant intercourse with his brethren in their domestic relations, and surrounded by their household gods; they remembered him a boy, disputing, as was the custom, most learnedly with the doctors in the temple; as a man pursuing to the age of thirty, the modest and laborious calling of his profession; and yet he proclaimed himself the Son of God, and performed most wonderful miracles, was surrounded by a number of disciples, poor, but extraordinary gifted men, who sustained his doctrines, and had an abiding faith in his mission; he gathered strength and followers as he progressed; he denounced the whole nation, and prophecied its destruction, with their altars and temples; he preached against whole cities, and proscribed their leaders with a force which, even at this day, would shake our social systems. The Jews became alarmed at his increasing power and influence, and the Sanhedrim resolved to become his accuser, and

bring him to trial under the law as laid down in the 13th of Deuteronomy.

"In reflecting deeply on all the circumstances of this, the most remarkable trial and judgment in history, I am convinced, from the whole tenor of the proceedings, that *the arrest, trial, and condemnation of Jesus of Nazareth, was conceived and executed under a decided panic.*"

Now it seemed to us, and *it seems* to us (for we are wide awake *now*), that to represent the Son of God, while on a mission from Jehovah for the salvation of a world, *made the victim of a "decided panic"*—the "earth quaking, the rocks rent, the sun darkened, the graves opened, and the veil of the temple rent in twain," as the consequence of a "decided panic," under the influence of which the Jews had crucified one whom they "knew as a boy," and as an industrious laborer—this *does seem* to us a "disparagement of the Savior," and of the dignity of his mission, and it *does seem* to us as intended to "apologise for the Jews." What other aim or relevancy has this very new and original reason for the crucifixion, *but* to apologise for the act?

As this is the "first time for centuries" that the Jews have had an apologist, our readers will be interested to know more particularly how the crucifixion is defended. We therefore yield to our own wish, and give the following more extended extract from Major Noah's lecture, underlining those passages which we offendingly described as "adroit disparagement," and "apology for the Jews:"—

"The title of God was a title of power and dominion, and frequently was conferred by the Almighty himself on earthly rulers. 'See, I have made thee a God to Pharaoh,' as God supreme said to Moses. *Son of God was a title frequently conferred on those of distinguished piety and learning*, and on those possessing the emanations of the divinity, and this title the apostles themselves carry out in their writings.

"'The Son,' 'My Son,' not the Father; the humanity, not the divinity, the image of the invisible God, not the invisible God himself; and as Paul said, there is one God and one mediator between God and man. Could the Almighty delegate a mediatorial character to any one on earth? Who can doubt it? God said to Moses, 'Behold, I send an angel before thee to keep thee in the way; provoke him not, for he will not pardon your transgressions, for my name is in him; my spirit is in him.' *It was not therefore altogether on the charge of Jesus having called himself Son of God, that the Sanhedrim accused and condemned him; political considerations mingled themselves*, and in a measure controlled the decision of the council, and this is demonstrable from the declaration of Caiaphas himself, as stated in the Gospel: 'Better that one man should die than that the nation should be destroyed.'

"*It was the sedition, and not altogether the blasphemy, the terror and apprehension of political overthrow, which led to conviction, and this political and national characteristic was maintained throughout; it was that consideration which induced the Jews to urge upon Pilate a confirmation of the sentence.* It was the charge of assuming the prerogatives of Cesar, not the name of the Divinity, which overcame the well-founded objections of the Roman governor, and crucifixion itself was a Roman and not a Jewish punishment. The opprobrious insults heaped upon the master came from the Roman soldiers, and that mixed rabble, which, even in our day, desecrate all that is held sacred.

"I place these most absorbing events before you, my countrymen, not to contrast things sacred with those which are profane, but that you should understand the exact position of the Jews at that time; their painful situation, their prostrate condition, their timidity, their hesitation, without even a ray of hope; a people so venerable for their antiquity, so beloved and protected for their fidelity, on the very threshold of political destruction.

"*It is not my duty to condemn the course of our ancestors*, nor yet to justify the measures they adopted in that dire extremity; *but if there are mitigating circumstances*, I am bound by the highest considerations which a love of truth and justice dictates, to spread them before you, at the same time to *protest against any entailing upon us, the responsibility of acts committed eighteen hundred years ago by our fathers*, and thus transmit to untold generations the anger and hatred of a faith, erroneously taught to believe us the aggressors.

"*The Jews, my friends, were but the instruments of a higher power, and in rejecting Jesus of Nazareth, we have a great and overwhelming evidence of the infinite wisdom of the Almighty.* Had they acknowledged him as their Messiah at that fearful crisis, the whole nation would have gradually sunk under the Roman yoke, and we should have had at this day paganism and idolatry, with all their train of terrible evils, and darkness and desolation would have spread over the earth. But the death of Jesus was the birth of Christianity; the Gentile church sprang from the ruins which surrounded its primitive existence; its march was onward, beset with darkness and difficulties, with oppression and persecution, until the Sun of Reformation rose upon it, dissipating the clouds of darkness which had obscured its beauties, and it shone forth with a liberal and tolerant brightness, such as the Great Master had originally designed it. *Had not that event occurred, how would you have been saved from your sins? The Jews in this did nothing but what God himself ordained*, for you will find it written in the Acts of the Apostles, 'And now, brethren, I know that through ignorance ye did it, as did also your rulers!'"

We leave it to any Gentile (saved by the "decided political panic" of the Jews under Caiaphas), whether it was not reasonable enough—at least for a man "fast asleep"—to fancy he could detect in the above argument, an "apology for the Jews," and a "disparagement of the Savior." We were quite too fast asleep to detect anything else!

No, dear major, we were *not* "asleep" when this was delivered! Our head was down—for you had two unshaded lamps, looking like blazing earrings, on either side of your benevolent head, and our eyes are as weak as your heartstrings—but we went to the Tabernacle, not only with the interest of friendship for yourself, but with high excitement in the *unparalleled background of your theme!* We could not tell you, without a seeming rhapsody—we could not trust ourself to record, out of blank verse—the scope your subject seemed to possess, the tragic sublimity of your position, the climax of events you wished to be instrumental in bringing to a close, and the interest that *might* be awakened in the Christian world by an eloquent, life-devoted, fervent apostle of the restoration! There is no theme for eloquence with a thousandth part of the pathos, depth, splendor, and *present convergency* of this! Heavens! what a theme! The key of the whole Christian era! The winding up of a cycle of two thousand years numbered from the crucifixion! The close of the one expiation which is the theme of scripture-prophecy, and with the closing of which comes in the millenial glory, and the renewal of Paradise on earth! This theme, on the lips of genius, one would think—genius accursed eighteen hundred years ago, and to be one of the forgiven at the second coming of the Messiah—might burn like the fire upon the lips of Paul, and turn all eyes toward waiting Jerusalem. This was the view of the subject with which we went to the

Tabernacle, dear major!—almost envying you your qualification by birth for the using of it. We meant no disrespect in our notice. We were only a little disappointed and annoyed that you did not kindle into a crusader, or try on Peter the Hermit, till we gazed at you, spite of your earrings!

And now—("to step out of the carriage and see ourselves go by")—you are wrong if you are right, major, and right if you are wrong! If your Jewish creed be right, you are wrong to deny its manifest deduction. If your Jewish creed be wrong, you are right in wishing to explain it away. But you can not have your cake and eat it, too. You can not reconcile the church with the synagogue, nor can you lecture palatably and frankly from the synagogue to Christians. The time, at least, is not come. "*At the end of the world*" (says a commentator on the Bible), "Christ will unite the church with the synagogue, the Jew with the Christian, the Christian with the Gentile; then all things will be restored to a perfect union, and there will be but one shepherd and one flock."

PRICES OF WOMEN—COLD AND WARM.—A lovely female slave, warm from the mountains of Circassia, and warranted not to be second-hand, may be bought at Constantinople for three hundred dollars. A lovely female statue, cold from the marble mountains of Carrara (and spotless as the snow, without a doubt), was lately sold by Mr. Power to the Hon. William Preston, for three *thousand* dollars. Something would seem to be wrong here—the "*clay*-tariff"—or the Ottoman "protection"—or *something!* Various questions arise. Is an *original woman* a favorite article? Is the imitation by Power of the fabrics of Nature & Co. an improvement upon the model? Is the presence of the faculty of speech in the *cheaper* article any special indication of a preference that can be relied upon in the buyer? Perhaps some extensive dealer in both articles will oblige us with a solution of this mercantile problem.

We had a *bonne bouche* of opera last night at Niblo's which made us long for the whole feast—a hint of a ballet which provoked great desire for more—and just such a sprinkling of judicious white gloves as satisfied the cognoscents that there was *something* in the bill that had a pull upon the town's fashion. Then, as if it were to be *nothing but* an appetizer, Madame Pico appeared in a private box, and the audience saw, that, whatever the warble might be, the throat it would come from was of the most capable fulness of beauty. We have had our suspicions, from the quietness with which she "bides her time," that Madame Pico is a star conscious of the swing for a large orbit, and very sure of "putting a circle round the" town, whenever she rises. It is a considerable spoke in the wheel of this same orbit that she is a very superb woman. She has the adorable low Greek forehead, like Mrs. Norton's (the poetess), and a certain *maintien* of bust and neck which shows the kind of passionate uppishness the old gods used to be fond of. (*Vide* the gods' old pictures.) We were not surprised last night to overhear a foreigner telling one of his countrymen that Madame Pico would make more impression in New York than any prima donna since Malibran. What say, Corbyni! Light up your dress-circle with a little more gas, and give us ballet and opera with Borghese and Pico on alternate nights!

In every civilized country but this, the government backs up the opera, as an important public refinement. The royal treasurer is always half a stage manager. With us, the people are the sovereign, but Chancellor Bibb, not having, as far as we know, offered terms to Madame Pico, we, as one of the royal pores, do our part of the insensible perspiration, and express the warm desire of the public, that Madame Pico should appear. It is manifest dulness of enterprise, to have no opera *now*. There are no parties, the autumn weather is moderate, the strangers hang about town, till after the Indian summer, and there is no room for doubt that the thing would be supported.

There was a demonstration of enthusiasm, last night, which appeared to be quite *a l'improvista*, at the performance of the Polka, by "Master WOOD and la Petite CARLINE." These two little miniatures—of the size of children six years old—danced, to our thinking, quite wonderfully. We are likely to have no grown-up dancers, this year at least, who, reduced to the same size by an inverted opera-glass, would do the Polka any better. The necessary air of *galliardise*, the precision, combined with *abandon*, the look and gesture, were all capitally well done. They are charming little people, and a good *deal* of a "good card" for any theatre. *Query*, for Corbyn—Would not a ballet, by these Lilliputians, got up for children, to commence at four o'clock in the afternoon, and last about one hour, be a paying enterprise?

One hint more: Is there not the making of a fine actress and singer in Miss Rosina Shaw? She has beauty, remarkable voice, grace and confidence—four "pretty wells." Keep an eye on her, Mr. Manager!

THE DAY AFTER THE BALLOT.—The contention for the favors of Mrs. Vox Populi is over. The difficult dame has made her election. The future president is in the ballot-box, and that womb of authority is now silently waited upon by the paternal majority. God bless whatever is to be brought forth!

Thank Heaven the town is stiller! There is more noise upon the blacksmith's anvil and the shoemaker's lap-stone—more clatter upon the tinman's vice and the coppersmith's rivet—but the town's *heart* beats less audibly, to-day, and the town's pulse less feverishly and wildly. The political bully is looking around unwillingly but peacefully for work. The club wrangler's vocation is gone. The working-man will give less of his evening to the bar-room and caucus. Wives rejoice. Children are glad.

Considering only individuals, the immediate tumult and recoil of politics seem only evil and violence. The pore and the *pediculus* will complain of bloodletting and blister. We believe the country at large is benefited by the bringing of these bad humors to the surface, however. We are sure at least that we see *all there is*, in our body popular, that is dangerous. There is evil disposition, antagonism, discontent, craving for excitement, love of combination, dormant energy, and ambition—qualities everywhere distributed, and hungering, every one, for a field of action. Where better would they break out, than in politics? How, easier, should we know our neighbor's length of conscience-string and proneness to trick and unfairness, than by watching him when his passions are roused and his cautiousness forgotten? What man in a political committee knows too little of his fellows for future living with them?

But, thank God, the tumult once over, the city returns to peace, industry, and prosperity. Injury and calumny stand no more behind the editor's chair—literature and commerce, instead, look promptingly over his shoulder. The merchant is relieved from anxiety, and knows how to shape his venture. The mechanic "hangs" politics for a plague and a bother. The republic has set up its master, and is content to be governed while it toils and prospers.

There is one feature of the late contest, however, for which we can find no philosophical offset. We

refer to the unparallelled and insane extent to which *betting* has been carried. Of any *good* this practice does we do not see even a shadowing. Of its intolerable *evils* we hear mournful accounts at every turn. It seems to have infected, with a gambling mania, those who never before hazarded money on a question of chance or uncertainty. We have heard several really most lamentable instances of fatuity and disaster in this new demon-shape of party-spirit. Families are ruined, creditors robbed, children deprived of education and bread—by men who would as soon cut off their hands as throw a stake at a gaming-table! Is there no power in the law to put a stop to this new evil of politics? We ask this question to provoke, if possible, an answer.

And now—as politics *walk out* from the public mind, and there is room for something else to *walk in*—let us mention a great evil in this country of ours, and tell some news that has an example by which to mend it.

WE TOIL TOO MUCH!

LADIES' DICTIONARY—the word *Alpaca*. The Alpaca is a South American animal, much used as a beast of burden by the Indians, with long hair, principally black, but slightly grizzled. It is an excessively irritable animal, and indomitable till soothed. The importance of this animal has already been considered by the English, in their hat, woollen, and stuff trade, and an essay on the subject has been published by Dr. Hamilton of London. The wool is so remarkable, being a jet black, glossy, silk-like hair, that it is fitted for the production of texile fabrics differing from all others, occupying a medium position between the wool and the silk. It is now mingled with other materials in such a singular manner, that while a particular dye will affect those, it will leave the Alpaca wool with its original black color, thus giving rise to great diversity.

WHO WANTS A DRESS-OPERA?—There is a large class in every metropolis who are fond of gayety, dress, and "a place to go to," but who do not like private parties for three or more reasons: 1st, the lateness of the hours; 2d, the trouble of making the agreeable; 3d, the card-and-visit nuisance, the management and ceremony, necessary to keep up fashionable vogue. The part of the evening between eight and eleven is, to this class, the time of the twenty-four hours in which they wish to be abroad, to be admired, to be amused. The less trouble with it the better; and they would rather give a dollar and think no more about it, than leave a card at an expense of memory, time, equipage, and politic calculation. They want a place where everybody dresses; where it is light; where they will see beauty, and be seen themselves by appreciative eyes; where there is music to hear and a show to look at if they like to be silent, or friends in a box near by if they wish to converse—a place where they can hear the gossip, have singers to criticise, and "see the world"—in short, AN OPERA.

To the great majority of ball-goers—particularly to the men—the time from eight to eleven hangs heavily. They would gladly dress early and go first to the opera, if it were habitually a dress-resort.

There are many well-off people to whom a dress-opera is the only tolerable amusement—lame people; ladies who only look well sitting, or look best in shawls and opera-dress; foreigners who do not speak the language; timid persons, who wish to see the gay world without encountering it; and the many families who have a competency to live and can afford amusement, but want a handle to the door of society.

The first object of strangers in town (of whom there are always several thousands), is to go where they can see the well-dressed and fashionable people. *Most* strangers, in a large city, would rather see the exclusives in an opera-box, than the Croton reservoirs, or the monsters in a menagerie.

People in ceremonious mourning find a great relief in seeing the gay world from an opera-box.

Last (not *least*, unless you please!) some people would frequent the opera, the season through, for *the music*. It "soothes" *our* "savage breast"—for one, and we think the "hang" of opera-music in the town hum and whistle is a desirable and refining variety.

Now, with all this desirableness and frequentability, is it not wonderful that no larger capitalist than Signor Palmo (pocket edition), should have ventured to embark in a scheme for an opera-house! It is not a scheme to prosper—*done by halves*. It must be a splendid affair, or a failure. There must be comfort in the seats, breadth in the alleys, *boundless prodigality in the lights*, luxury in the saloons and entrances, and Alhambrian excellence in the refreshments. The manager should be a mixture of Cæsar, Talleyrand, and Bluebeard—awful, politic, punctual in pay, and relentless to the caprices of primadonnas. Two slashing critics should be employed to annihilate each other daily, in opposing preferences for the performers. The exaction of full dress for all comers should be rigidly enforced. The names of the belles at every last night's opera should be disembowelled and paragraphed every morning. Prestige, celebrity, show, humbug, and ceremony, should be added to the most indefatigable real merit in the management, and *then* the shareholders would make money.

Then, too, we should have a DRESS-RESORT—what no theatre now is or ever has been in New York, but what, of all refinements and resources, is the most delightful and indispensable. We could write a column about the blessing of beauty seen in public, the chastening and refining influences of music, the restraining proprieties of dress and observance, etc., etc., etc.—but we confine ourself to tangibilities. One more fact—the existence of such an opera-house, so conducted, would link New York in the operatic chain of star-travel; and Grisi, Lablache, and the rest, would as certainly come here from London and Paris, as go to Vienna and St. Petersburgh, Berlin and Naples. Our readers in Wall street will please consider this as a "*money article*."

PROMISCUOUS REPLIES TO LETTERS.

DEAR JACK: Since my compulsory budding, flowering, and bearing fruit, have been accelerated to one season *per diem*, to feed a daily paper, you will easily understand that I found it necessary at first to work all my sap into something useful—omitting as it were, the *gum deposite* of superfluous correspondence. I accordingly left you off. Your last letter was slipped into the no-more-bother hole, without the usual endorsement of "answered," and I considered you like a trinket laid aside before a race—not to encumber me. I miss the writing of trumpery, however. I miss the sweeping out of the corners of my mind—full of things fit only for the dust-pan, but still very possibly hiding a silver-spoon.

Do you want any more explanation of why you get a letter from me for one cent, printed, instead of a written one at eighteen and three quarters? It is wonderful how much cheaper printing is than writing!

I left off my envy of your country life as usual with my summer trowsers, not caring to see the death of anything—even the resigned summer. As soon as I have occasion to button my coat to keep out the air, I am content with that part of the earth's breast that is paved over. The town is honored now by the pres-

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ence of those who could go away if they wished, and, as, human-like, the town values those who can do without it, "New York is gay." Shopping is *this* month's pastime, however. The ladies have no need of parties while they can yield reluctant dollars to insidious temptation. It was in competition with the "fall goods" that the opera failed a month ago—opened on the supposition that people had nothing to amuse them! A manager, and not know the sex! Kech! Palmo!

The town is to be illuminated on Monday next by the apparition of a new base and a brace of primadonnas. Madame Pico has been biding her time like game in the larder, and the town is quite ready to sweeten her with the *current* condiment and devour her. She is a beautiful woman, and though I never could get *my* sentiment over the foot-lights, I love to see the town fascinated. Pray Heaven she sings well—after all the heralding I have done for her! If that well-chiselled throat should have an awkward corner in it, we should have to restore to Borghese her divided throne and go back to our worship of her toilet and other utmost-possibles, with an indifferent grace. Happy queen of Sheba, who ordained that no woman should reign after her!

Well, sir, what do you want to know? There are few things above ground that I do not hear of, some hundreds of newspapers doing their best to make news and send it to me—to cook to your liking! He who subscribes to the Mirror appoints me his fashioner of things palatable to know, and though, like other cooks, I pass under my nose a vast deal I should not choose for my own relishing, I do my best to give it with due spice and proportion. Indeed, what with serving so many people with so many different kinds of knowledge, I feel like the omnificent man called for in Ben Jonson's "Staple of news:"—

> "Where is my fashioner, my feather-man,
> My linener, perfumer, barber, all!"

When Saturday comes round with the life, business, fun, and literature of the whole week in one—a mirror'd *E Pluribus Unum*—it seems wonderful to me how so much, and of such endless variety, could have been gathered into one week's history! That weekly Mirror is worth binding and keeping, if it were only as a choice record of the events of the buyer's times—set down, point by point, with the life he lived amidst their occurrings. There is nothing good, brilliant, or important, that is not recorded in it, and, if a man wants to forget as he goes along, that packhorse will take the load off his memory, and for three dollars a year bring it safe after him!

And now, dear Jack, assuring you that this letter is wholly confidential, and that you are *not* at liberty to give it away as an autograph, I record myself,

As usual, Yours, ——— ——— ———.

To JOHN ——— ESQ.,
(a friend in the country).

ETIQUETTE OF WEDDING-CARDS.

MESSRS. EDITORS: My friend *John Smith* is to be married to *Lucy Jones*. She issues a card of invitation like this:—

> MR. AND MRS. JOHN SMITH
> AT HOME,
> No. 59 B—— street, Tuesday Evening,
> November 14th.
> JOHN SMITH,
> LUCY JONES.

Now he intends to use this for inviting to the *ceremony;* but I tell him it is wrong, and can only be used to invite to the party *after* the ceremony. He contends that this is the *usual* form—so the engraver tells him, etc.

Please give us the law in these matters (we can appeal to no higher authority in matters of etiquette and fashion); let us have the two customary forms, for *wedding* and *party*, for the enlightenment of inexperienced candidates who wish to follow the fashions, and much oblige, CUSTOM.

P. S.—We wait for your infallible decision.

Wednesday morning.

REPLY.

DEAR CUSTOM: Your friend is wrong, from the egg to the apple. Miss Lucy Jones has a mother, or father, guardian, or friend, at whose house she is to be married. The invitation should come from the person under whose protection she is given away—(*sent*, if you please, to *Mr. Smith's* friends, with Mr. Smith's card, but *understood* by Miss Lucy Jones's friends, without card or explanation). It is tampering with serious things, very dangerously, to circulate the three words, "AND MRS. JOHN SMITH," one minute before the putting on of the irrevocable ring. The law which permits ladies (though not gentlemen) to change their minds up to the last minute before wedlock, exacts also that the privileged angels should not be coerced by the fear of seeing the escaped name afterward on a wedding card! Besides, such a card, so issued, would be received from Mrs. Smith before there was any such person.

The first proper use of the wedded name is to send it with parcels of wedding-cake, the morning after the ceremony, to friends and persons desired as visiting acquaintances. This is considered an excusable advance on the part of persons entering newly upon life, and the *promptness with which a return-card is left upon the bride* is an indication of the degree of pleasure with which the proposition of acquaintance is received. Another advantage of cake and card:—the etiquette of (exacting that a new nail should be thus driven in all acquaintances that are to be kept up) enables bride and bridegroom to drop, without offence, such acquaintances of each as are respectively undesirable—persons inseparable from the set in which the lady has lived, who are not agreeable to the bridegroom, and bachelor acquaintances of the bridegroom, who may be thought too free for the fireside. Wedded life is thus begun with a "culled posy of friendship," the door of society open before, and mischief-makers shut out behind.

Our compliments to Miss Jones, and we remain,

Very truly
Open to card and cake,
MIRROR TRIPLET.

UNMARRIED PEOPLE *four times as liable to insanity as* MARRIED PEOPLE.—The "Concord Freeman," in a statistical article made up from hospital reports, shows, that if a man is, perhaps, oftener *out of pocket* when married, he is not so often *out of his head*. The editor says: Few people are aware how much more insanity prevails among bachelors and unmarried ladies than among the married of both sexes. We learn from the examination of very many reports, that of every five of all lunatics sent to American hospitals, three are unmarried, and only two are married, and that almost all of them are over twenty-one years old. On the other hand, it is pretty certain that in all the community over twenty-one years of age, there are more than three times as many in as out of wedlock. If this be the case, then the unmarried are more than four times as liable to become insane as married people.

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The Herald seems to think we have bought the "Republic." We are sorry that a republic is a marketable commodity, but at any rate we have bought nothing of that name or description. Our ambition, somehow, does not seem to stumble upon things republican. In this world we desire a farm, on which we can be "*monarch* of all we survey," and in the next, we pray for a citizenship in the *kingdom* of heaven.

"Up-Town" and "Down-Town."—We see that these names of the different halves of the city are becoming the common language of advertisements, etc. A person advertises in one of the papers a "*Down-town* singing school," and another a "*Down-town* dancing academy." We think our friend Billings would better stick to "*Up-town Hotel*" as the better designation of the new brick khan.

The new Sequel to Theatrical Intelligence.—Since the bishops and deacons have taken to indicting each other for fallings-away of which the public like to read the Scan. Mag., we observe that the particular column of newspapers which is devoted to spicy news, theatricals, police incidents, etc., has silently become the locality for brief paragraphs announcing where distinguished preachers are to hold forth. In the *salad column* of one of the papers there is one announcement of a play followed by six announcements of sermons! And in another paper there are very nearly two columns of sketches of sermons, from a specific "reporter!!"

We saw yesterday, for the first time in this country, an equipage of full ceremonial splendor, faultless in taste, and evidently not at all modified by any dread of democratic prejudices. We admired the "bravery" of the turn-out, and the courage of using it. The ice broken, there will soon be conjured others from the vaults in Wall street—but meantime, let us look a little at the *necessity for a promenade drive* in New York, and its probable locality.

In or near every capital of Europe there is a spot which serves, for those who have carriages, the same purpose which Broadway serves for promenaders on foot. In London it is the Mayfair side of Hyde park; in Paris it is the Champs Elysées and Bois de Boulogne; in Florence it is the Cascine; in Rome the Pincian hill; in Naples the Strada Nuova. In all of these capitals the titled and wealthy avoid driving in the crowded streets except upon errands of necessity, and in London it is the custom to keep a plainer vehicle with cob-horses expressly for use at night and errands in the city. Ladies who have occasion to go out in the morning, do so on foot and in the plainest dress, followed invariably by a servant. They return to lunch at one or two, and immediately after dress for the *show* part of the day's out-door occupation. The carriage comes round in full livery at the specified hour, and, the shopping and business-errands having been despatched in the forenoon, the equipage starts upon the afternoon destination of ceremony or pleasure.

An hour before sunset or the dinner hour, the principal drive is over, and the scattered equipages meet, as upon a fashionable exchange, for a promenade of display. This conventional assembling is relied upon for recognition of acquaintance, for arrangements as to the evening, for keeping advised of the fashions, for seeing strangers, and for contests of style in equipage and personal attire. The dandies must be seen *there*, in cab or mounted; the women of "position" must refresh *there* the memories of forgetful tributaries; the new candidate for fashion must *there* display that taste in "belongings" which can only be guessed at in a ball-room; *there* are seen all whose means make them eligible to expensive circles of society, and who (by something that *will and does tell*, in the equipage, or the mode of dressing for, and appearing in, it) *there* make claim to fitness for, at least, a ceremonious conversance with the *haute volée*.

Of course, there is a *postern of society* in all cities, through which are admitted certain classes, who keep no equipages—those who are to amuse, instruct, or embellish the gay world—poets, parsons, and pretty women; but the *promenade on wheels* is, to all others, the inexorable vestibule, and, as far at least as *this* gate, the ordinary seekers of the heaven beyond must come *with horses*. Cowper only mentioned the barest essentials when he said,

> "Well-drest, well-bred,
> *Well-equipaged*, is ticket good enough
> To pass us readily through every door."

In New York, however undesirable to the mass, this formidable gulf is about to be sunk, between wealth and competency. At present there is no distinction among the *upper ten thousand* of the city. There is no place where equipages are exclusively looked for. There are five or ten thousand young men who dress as well as the millionare's son; five or ten thousand ladies for whom milliners and mantua-makers do their best; ten or twenty thousand who can show as well on foot, and walk as well without heart-burnings, in Broadway—one as another. New York is (at this critical moment, before the shoot of the centripetal particles to a new nucleus) the largest republic of "first quality" people that the world ever saw.

There is one spot which has been talked of as a promenade drive, and we believe some endeavor has been made to purchase it for the purpose—the beautiful wood on the right of the Third avenue. That charming spot would stand to New York very much as the Cascine to Florence. We doubt, however, whether, yet awhile at least, the object would warrant the purchase.

The *first probable promenade drive*, we should say, would be the Fifth avenue, from Washington square to the Croton reservoir. The splendor of the houses on this broad highway is far beyond that of any other portion of the city; it is no thoroughfare for omnibuses; it leads from the wealthiest neighborhood to a prominent public work; it is on the return route from the loveliest drives on the island; and, should the summit of the rising ground on which the reservoir stands be fixed upon, as proposed, for the Washington monument, and planted and decorated, that limit would be a convenient turning-place, and a charming and airy spot for a sunset *soirée en voiture*.

A Story for your Son, Sir.—The present king of France, one very cold evening, was riding from Boston to Salem on the outside of the stage. He was entirely without money to pay for a lodging that night, and he began to make friends with the driver to get part of his bed. After a while the driver's compassion was aroused. "You are not a very clean looking chap," said he to the poor Frenchman, "but my bed is in the harness-room, where there's a stove, and if you'll keep your trowsers on, and sleep outside, *I don't mind!*"

The Republic of Broadway.—Eyes were contrived at some trouble; the great sun shows only the

outside of things; the present and visible (Carlyle-ically speaking) is the world God adapted our senses to; and though some people like to live the life of a sundial under ground, *we* prefer to throw *to-day's* shadow from whatever we do—writing about what we see, and thinking most about what jostles our elbow. This explained.

We have a loose slip-slop or two for the young men about town—not as to their invisible minds and morals, but as to their visible walking and dressing. Having "bought our doublet in Italy, our round hose in France, our bonnet in Germany, and our behavior everywhere," we may perhaps excusably scale a pedestal to give our opinion; though the credit we take to ourselves may be granted in the spirit of Falstaff's to Doll Tearsheet, "We catch of you, Doll, we catch of you!"

There is nothing so republican as a dressy population. We are no "leveller," but we like to see things level themselves; and the declaration of independence is impotent in comparison with the tailor's goose. A young man about town slips his miniature into five thousand eyes *per diem*. Fifty of the five thousand who see him *know* whether his father is a mechanic or a rich man; and it depends wholly upon his dress and mien whether the remaining four thousand nine hundred and fifty take him to be a rich man's son or a mechanic's son. It is reasonable, of course, to let the fifty *who know* think what pleases them, and to dress for the very large majority *who don't know*. This is apparently the tacit philosophy of the young men of New York. There is no telling, by any difference in dress, whether the youth going by has, probably, a sister who is an heiress, or a sister who is a sempstress. There is no telling the merchant from his bookkeeper—no guessing which is the diner on eighteen pence, and which the *gourmet* of Delmonico's—no judging whether the man in the omnibus, whom you vaguely remember to have seen somewhere, was the tailor who tried on your coat, or your *vis-à-vis* last night at a ball.

As we said above, this is a true republic. A young man whose appearance is four-story-housy, can very well afford to let a *few* people know that he sleeps over the shop. If he is more elegant than a rich man's son, he gets as nearly the full value of the difference as ordinary vanity would require. Every young man finds means to dress to his liking, and of course every young man starts fair, each morning, with all of his age, for the day's competition in bright eyes.

We shall be understood, now, in our republican effort to add still another levelling to this of the tailor's goose—to bring the attractions of plain men up to those of the "aristocracy of nature." The hints we have to throw out will be slighted by the good-looking; taken advantage of by the plain—thus levelling, in another respect, *upward*.

The rarest thing seen in Broadway is a young man who *walks* well. A stoop in the back is almost national; and an upright, graceful, gentlemanlike gait is as rare as it is singularly striking. If you can afford the time to walk slowly, high-heeled boots are a great improvement. With time enough, you drop the foot insensibly from a high heel, like an actor walking down the slope of the stage. Beside, it makes the instep look high, which implies that your father did not carry a hod.

Avoid a broadcloth shirt, in the shape of a shapeless garment with sleeves (one of the new fashions). It looks colic-y, with the wind bellying it out in all directions as you walk along.

Leave long cloaks to the elergy. The broad velvet collar, turning over, diminishes your apparent breadth of shoulders, and it should be worn with careful dramatic propriety, not to be very awkward and inelegant.

If you are about to have an overcoat made, get a fat friend to go and be measured for it. At any rate, let not your diaphragm be so imprisoned, that the first heroic sentiment will tear off a button. One of Jenning's cutters is the apostle of a reform in this matter—measuring you (if you request it) by a magnifying-glass, from the waist upward.

These are not King Canute's days, when "none under the rank of gentlemen dare presume to have a greyhound to follow him." The outward symbols, once peculiar to elegance, are pretty well levelled up to, as we said before—but, by careful observation, you will now and then see a something that nice men do, or do *not* do, which has not yet got through the hair of the promiscuous. As an example, and in the hope that it will not be generally understood, we will mention, that very particular men, for the last year, have walked the street invariably with a kind of *grieved look*—very expressive and distinguishing.

We will resume this republican theme.

THE DESIGNATION OF THE LADY PRESIDENTESS.—If it had not been for a certain ante-expiatory "white horse," we should have prayed for the miraculous return to this world of "John Tetzel, Vender of Indulgences." The editor of the Morning News did justice to his Irish blood a day or two ago, by giving back, to the loser's wife, a saddle-horse he had won in a bet; but how, in the name of all the gallant proprieties, can he justify himself to the ladies of the democracy for making no distinction between *their* queen and the (of course) less glorious queen of any country on earth? The promiscuousness of *two* "Mrs. P's!"

"WHITE-HOUSE.—Among other consequences of the election of Mr. Polk, it is said, will be to locate in the White-house at Washington the handsomest and perhaps the most accomplished lady that ever presided in its stately halls. Mrs. P. has, for some years, been remarkable not only for personal beauty, but for that greater charm, graceful manners, and a highly-cultivated mind."

If, in this democratic country, one may venture to say a word for the *other* "Mrs. P.," we think that Louis Philippe's having slept with a stagedriver in this country *(vide* a late anecdote) might have procured for his wife the easy privilege of at least one distinguishing initial. It surely would not seriously invade the simplicity of our court circular to add a "J." to the single-letter title of the lady presidentess of fifteen millions and Texas! Be generous, gentlemen people! Let us have *some* distinction in the Queen "P.'s" of the two countries. The editor of the Morning News will be some day minister to France. Fancy his being called on to present "Mrs. American P." to "Mrs. French P."

OVERHAUL OF SAILING ORDERS.—The sails draw—the freight sits trim in the hold—the ship minds her helm, and the wind strengthens on the quarter with a freshness that strains rope and spar. It is perhaps the best moment that will occur, in the long voyage before us, to overhaul our signals and sailing-papers, and understand how we are to communicate with the fleet, and go straightest and most prosperously to our destined haven.

(Whoa, Pegasus! We have been as poetical as will have been expected of us at one day's notice. Drop to the ground and let us go off on a plain trot!)

We have always looked upon the gentlemen of the daily press as among the enviably unlabelled potentates of this country of King Everybody-nobody—

enviably as having enormous power and little responsibility as to the using of it. The power will doubtless remain as large and the responsibility as small. "A free press" is the lesser of two evils. In the perpetuation of this state of things, however, lies our future vocation, and—while we have it yet in our power to "make a clean breast," and avow what we have objected to in the exercise, by others, of the spells by which we are to conjure—let us name at least the one blot which most smirches the forward face of the profession.

It were of little use for *one* editor to declare that he would make war freely upon *opinions*—never upon *persons*. And the disadvantage is not merely that of throwing away the dagger in battle, because the sword is more gentlemanly—not merely a lessening of one's formidableness to an opponent. The evil is in *the greater curiosity to watch the stabber*, felt by the lookers-on. The temptation to be personally abusive lies in the diseased appetite of the crowd that *will follow* the abuser—leaving the scrupulous man alone with his decency. Living as editors do, by the favor of the crowd, if many are willing to minister to this diseased appetite, decency in the few is a kind of slow, business-suicide.

It would almost require a Utopian fancy to picture the beauty of a press from which personalities and illwilled abuse were wholly excluded. No personalities in literature, and none in politics—the author, editor, and statesman, alike intrenched in

> "that credent bulk
> That no particular scandal once can touch,
> But it confounds the breather,"

—how completely the envy of malignant mediocrity would be deprived of its now easy sting, and how completely ruffianism and brutality would be confined to the bully-club and dram-shop! Scholars would wait on public opinion, at the editor's table, busied only with embellishing, and not engrossed with defending their fair fame; and gentlemen of sensitive honor, who are now appalled at the calumnious gauntlet of politics, would come forward to serve their country at the small posts occupied now only by men senseless to defamation.

To the coming about of this paradise of letters, *editorial consent* is alone wanting. No one man could live long, the *only* calumniator of the press. No one man would dare to hold the only pen deficient in courtesy and gentlemanlike regard to private character. Complete silence from the rest of the press toward the one offender, after a unanimous publication of his disgrace—refusal, without exception, to exchange papers with him from that time forward—any combination, in short, which should make the ostracism of such an individual, by his brethren of the press, universally known—would suffice to purge the press of him. One year of such united self-censorship would so purify the public habit of news-reading, that an offence against propriety would at least startle and alarm the public sense; and, arrived at that point, a very moderate apostleship might complete the reform.

We do not anticipate this. Oh, no! We are

> "—in this earthly world, where to do harm
> Is often laudable; to good sometimes
> Accounted dangerous folly;"

but, at the risk of being the "grave of our deserving," we shall do the leaning of *one* to the better side. We shall have harder work for it. Nothing is easier than to be popular by habitual illwill. Trashy minds write most readable satire, and, with the mood on or off—the industry willing or reluctant—fault-finding is fecund production. But if *good* nature can be spiced—if courteous treatment of our brother editors, brother authors, and all nameable men, can be made palatable to the public—if a paper wholly incapable of an unkindness, but capable of all things pleasurable else, can be fairly tested—we trust to do without *the price of giving pain*, and we trust that the money so turned out of our hand will not be like the lost oil of the tomb of Belus—irreplaceable.

THE COST OF FASHION.—From a pamphlet sent us, we learn that *five hundred millions of dollars* are spent annually in the United States for such articles of dress as are subject to the fluctuations of fashion. Of this sum, it is computed that sixteen millions are spent for hats, probably about twenty millions for caps and bonnets, and for other articles of dress not less than four hundred millions!

So that not far from a million and a half dollars are spent *daily* for clothing; of which, if the calls of fashion claim but ten per cent. (but probably she receives double that sum), one hundred and fifty thousand dollars are sacrificed *daily* at the footstool of the fickle goddess, by the enlightened citizens of the United States!

Is it not time that some standard of *national dress* was established? We certainly have had sufficient experience to know what kinds of clothing are the most convenient, and one good reason can not be produced for the unmeaning changes which are every day taking place.

It is not to be expected that in a free country, where it is proverbial that "every man is at liberty to wear shoes or go without," an association to fix upon a general standard of dress would lead all to adopt it. No—there would be those still found who, lacking other points to recommend them to public notice, would act the cameleon still. But no small portion of the community would recommend that course which would most evidently be for the public good.

The number, if large and respectable, would exert a sufficient influence by their example to prevent the standard fashion from ever appearing out of date. The ladies' bonnets would then be new at the end of three years, instead of being old-fashioned at the end of one. The gentlemen's hats would be fashionable until worn out; and the wedding coat, which is saved for holyday occasions, might descend from father to son, a fashionable garment.

A HUMBUG FAME.

THOMAS CARLYLE.—We have nowhere seen a juster view of this much-talked-of writer than is given in the October number of the Biblical Repository, a journal conducted with great ability by an association of divines. The writer (Prof. J. T. Smith, of Newton Theological Institute, Mass.) allows Carlyle to be a "most vigorous, unique, and original thinker and writer," and that his "Past and Present" is "certainly worth reading." He allows further, that that work contains many noble and truthful sentiments, uttered with commanding energy. This, however, is the extent of his commendation. "We must, on the whole," says the writer, "characterize it as a book, in style, barbarous; in politics, incendiary; in philosophy, dubious; and in theology, execrable." This opinion the reviewer supports by an analysis of the work, and by a specification of particulars.

The barbarity of the style no one doubts, and no one, except a few *very* warm admirers, defends. This very barbarity seems to us only another manifestation of that arrogance which characterizes all Carlyle's

attempts. A man who condemns everybody must needs be an inventor.

The work is said to "breathe an overweening, morbid admiration of the past." Nothing of the present satisfies Mr. Carlyle; nothing of the past but elicits his commendation, and among other things, Scandinavian savagery, Mohammedanism, twelfth century catholicism, the fighting barons of feudal times, Popes Gregory and Hildebrand, and other personages of like stamp, each and all present to him some phase worthy of special notice and admiration. The religion and the systems of government of the present day, have very hard fare at his hands, since the former is all cant, hypocrisy, and quackery, and the latter nothing better, to say the least. We are, in truth, recommended to go back to the twelfth century for models of religion and government. The HERO must be found by some means—or he must find himself. A *fighting* aristocracy like that of the twelfth century is no longer possible; but a *working* aristocracy must take its place, and the system of *villanage* be restored. Indeed, American slavery seems essentially the system recommended by this *practical* preacher.

The sum and substance of our own view of the whole matter is, that while we sympathize *to some extent* with Mr. Carlyle in his dissatisfaction with the present state of things, the remedies he proposes in his deep-mouthed and most oracular tone, are absolutely naught—the mere dreams of a mind well-intentioned enough, but half-crazed with overweening self-estimation.

He insists much on the necessity of a "French revolution" in England. "There will be two, if needed; there will be twenty, if needed. . . —The laws of nature *will* have themselves fulfilled," and much more to the same purpose. Yet this inevitable fulfilment of the laws of nature which is to work all good, seems, according to the seer's estimate, as yet to have wrought nothing but ill. His final hope is a hero-king: "Yes, friends: hero-kings and a whole world not unheroic—there lies the port and happy haven," &c. In fine, if Carlyle's words mean anything (which, the more we read the more we doubt), the whole people are to be roused to violent revolt, and plunged into all sorts of horrors, as a preparation for a better state of things!

Carlyle speaks of the last two centuries as godless centuries—and that in contrast with the long ages that went before them. What is this but to shock the common sense of history? And his remedy is HERO-HOOD. What is this but inane twaddle? Monstrous, unblushing egotism, is one of Carlyle's striking characteristics. Great and learned men, astronomers, philosophers, and others, are "poor scientific babblers;" he alone, it would seem, discerns the reality of things, and has the key to the mysteries of nature. "Insight" has been granted to no other.

One of the wonders of the age to us is, that such a monstrosity as Carlyle should have attained so high a place in its estimation. His merits are so overloaded by the most shocking and unbounded affectation and egotism, that we rise from the perusal of much that he has written with no other sensations than those of weariness and disgust.

The poems of the Kentucky Sappho, AMELIA, have been published in a very elegant gift-book volume, by *Tompkins, of Boston*. We have expressed our almost unqualified admiration of this lady's poems, as they separately appeared. She has a mind fed equally from a full heart and a prodigal imagination.

It was once remarked to us, by a critic as candid as he is discerning, that there is a great development of the poetic sentiment in this country; that many of our collections, which, in their brief existence, resemble the flowers that seem to be born only to die, like those delicate, odorous, and lovely objects in nature, have often a character of sweetness, purity, and freshness, grateful to refined taste and a feeling heart. The pieces contained in this volume are worthy of such praise. A loving heart, and a soul in harmony with the beauty of the world and the divine spirit which informs it, dictated these poems.

We might make many beautiful selections from this handsome volume; but we must content ourselves, for the present, with naming one, "The Little Stepson," which, in its earnest simplicity, and its ringing music, reminds us of that favorite translation, "My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they've dropped into the well!" Not merely that the measure is the same, but that the whole tone seems the echo of far-off and primitive manners—the voice of untutored affection.

MIFF BETWEEN JOHN BULL AND BROTHER JONATHAN.—The offensive *club exclusion* by which English aristocrats have undertaken to make Americans pay their debts, does, unquestionably, put the screw upon a national weakness. We are not sorry for it—but there could have been nothing in worse taste or showing a more ignorant lack of discrimination—setting aside the fact of its being done by a class of men, who are themselves, notoriously bad paymasters. We do not believe, however, all that is in the papers on the subject. The "Reform-Club," in which it originated, is a new combination of ill-ballasted politicians, and the movement will be disclaimed in some authoritative shape, before a month is over. Trifling as the matter abstractly is, it would act very pungently on any question of war-making which should arise among us within a year.

Perhaps some of our readers would like to know how far an exclusion from the clubs affects Americans in England. The fact of not having the honorary privilege of admission to the two principal clubs, was (before this national exclusion) sufficient evidence that a gentleman had not come well introduced. One of the first and most natural questions addressed to a stranger in London is, "What club are you in?"—the intention being to ask you to a *tête-à-tête* club dinner, if you turn out agreeable. This is almost the only courtesy that a literary man in England has it in his power to show you. He can give you a dinner for a few shillings at his club (if you are a member of it and not otherwise), which in point of style and comfort is equal to a nobleman's entertainment. Or (which is more common) he can say, "I dine at the Athenæum to-day at six. If you have no better engagement, we'll put our chairs together"—each man in this case paying his own bill. An invitation to club privilege is only got up by high interest, however. It requires some person of consequence to play the applicant, and the number of strangers in each club, at one time, is seldom more than twenty or thirty. The following are the formulas of invitation to the two principal clubs:—

"PALL MALL, *28th January*, 1835.

"DEAR SIR: I am directed by the committee of the 'TRAVELLERS' to inform you that they have great pleasure in admitting you as a visiter to the club for the ensuing month, and that they hope to be favored with your frequent attendance.

"I have the honor to be, sir,

"Your most obed't and humble serv't,

"J. W. SINGER, *Secretary*."

———.

"ATHENÆUM, LONDON, *19th February*, 1835.

"SIR: I am directed to inform you that the committee of the 'ATHENÆUM' have ordered your name to be placed on the list of distinguished foreigners residing in London, who are invited to the house of the club for three months, sub-

ject to the same regulations as the members are required to observe.

"In case your stay should be prolonged beyond that period, and it should be your wish to have this invitation renewed, it will be necessary that an application be made to the committee to that effect.

"I have the honor to be, sir,
"Your very obedient, humble servant,
"EDWARD MAGRATH, *Sec'y.*"

— ———.

It is rather important to a man making his way in London society, that he should be seen at the clubs. The formidable "Who is he?" is always satisfactorily answered by, "Don't know, but I saw him at the club." It influences all manner of introductions, breaking down scores of invisible walls between the new-comer and desirable things and people. A call at the clubs is an invariable part of the routine of a fashionable man's morning. He goes there to meet friends, to hear the news, to bet, to smoke, to make engagements —to prepare for the out-door part of the day, in short. All notes, requiring a very private delivery, are addressed to a man at his club. Men who have no libraries of their own, do the most of their reading there. It is the place to see great men, fashionable men, famous men; and to see them without their masks—for the security, as to the proper introduction of all present, throws an atmosphere of marked *laisser-aller* around sensitive greatness.

We sat down, however, to comment upon the *ignorance as to our country*, shown by the late narrow-viewed movement of club-exclusion—the evident ignorance of any distinction between *state responsibility and national responsibility*. To mention it is enough, however; and we turn to that which will show the out-lying proof of English ignorance of us.

One of the dullest, most arrogant, and unscrupulous of travellers is commended in the last foreign quarterly, by one of the most unfair and ignorant of critics. If all travellers and critics were like this well-matched pair, the subject of British tourists and reviewers, and their opinions and statements concerning us would not be worth a thought. Of the capacity and information of the reviewer, take one or two specimens. "The unanimity of whigs, tories, and radicals, upon the one topic of American society (i. e., in condemnation) is a thing to wonder at and reflect upon." Two of the most readable works of this class within the last ten years are decidedly favorable—those of Miss Martineau, and the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray. A more striking instance still of the reviewer's utter ignorance or most shameful falsification is his representing the internal traffic in slaves as *publicly* repudiated, and founding on that a charge of duplicity, since "men—— are ready to swear there is no such thing from one end of America to the other as a trade in slaves." A very suitable person this to write comments on American travels! With such endorsements Mr. Featherstonhaugh's statements can not but pass current! We did not suppose there was, in the obscurest corner of Europe, one dabbler in ink so profoundly and inexcusably ignorant as not to know that slaves were openly bought and sold in the slave states of this country. That such Cimmerian darkness (to make the most charitable supposition) should envelope the brain of a British reviewer is a marvel indeed!

It was not, however, to expose such ignorance that we took up the pen, nor to draw the very natural conclusion of the amount of *information*, which Mr. F.'s book conveyed to his countrymen at large, since, notwithstanding the title "slave states," his reviewer concluded there was no acknowledged slavery—for without purchase and sale the system is of course knocked on the head.

But such are not all British tourists, nor such all British reviewers; and it is worth while to inquire why it is, that, placing out of the account writers of this class, there is still so large a proportion of our well-informed and sensible visitants, who get an unfavorable impression of our institutions and of our state of society.

We ought to give up the idea of a prevalent ill-feeling toward us in the fatherland of our ancestors, or a wish to put us down, because we are on the wrong side of the water. Few Englishmen like us the less because we are Americans, and not French or German or Russians. Thousands of us when abroad have experienced the contrary.

Nor ought we to suppose that envy, jealousy, or ancient grudges, are at the bottom of the hard measure meted out to us by tourists. True, we have met in war as enemies, and in peace as commercial rivals, and have in both *held our own;* but meanness and spite form no part of the character of John Bull. He has tremendous faults, but he keeps tolerably clear of pettinesses.

One fault shows itself with the English abroad, wherever they are. Though the greatest travellers, they are the least cosmopolitan. The island mania attends them everywhere, except at home. Like some mistresses to some lovers, old England seems the dearer the farther they get away from her. Goldsmith's Traveller's lengthening chain is no fiction. Across the ocean it is often insupportable. Sometimes, also, this distance has, at the outset of the voyage, "lent enchantment to the view," which, when dispelled, leads to a bitter, though unreasonable disappointment.

The very resemblance which we bear to the English—and must bear, from our origin, our language, our literature, and our continued intercourse ever since the ocean rolled between us—is unfavorable to a just, and still more to a partial judgment of us, on the part of those honestly disposed to do us justice. To other people the British traveller can apply, in some measure, the true standard—i. e., to each its own; but for us, he can have only the *home standard*. Weighed by this, we are, of course, found wanting. He find us nine tenths English, and scolds that the other tenth is not English too.

It is needless to discuss the point, whether that tenth is better or worse—the English blood *renforcés* (as some Frenchman has pronounced, justly we—— hope) or not—it is enough that it is not English for the genuine John Bull to pronounce it ridiculous or insufferable; to laugh or rail at it according to his humor. The general resemblance he can not deny, but he unreasonably demands an exact likeness. In the points where this is not perceptible, he of course considers us shockingly degenerate, altered altogether for the worse. Now there are various points which we should not expect him to appreciate justly, for we know he is a creature full of prejudices and contradictions, and he must see with his own eyes or not see at all.

Another real difficulty is, that no mere passing traveller can realize the crowning glory of our country and of our institutions—the general diffusion of comfort and intelligence. A traveller is looking out for the salient points—something striking or marvellous —something that will tell in his book and his memory. A thousand comfortable or even elegant private dwellings that he might pass, would not make upon him so vivid an impression as one splendid palace—while the former would indicate a thousand families living in comfort and abundance, and the latter that there was one family of over-grown wealth with a presumption against its possessing the average worth of the former, or even enjoying their average happiness.

We contribute to the severity of the judgments against us by our own fault. Our sensitiveness lays us peculiarly open to attack, and none reply to such attacks with more violence. The foreigner who

knows this and who can not perhaps conscientiously grant us all we ask, sharpens his weapons beforehand for the encounter, and deals harder blows in anticipation of those which he knows he is about to bring down upon himself.

To this must be added our national vanity—a characteristic which the candid among us own. From demanding too indiscriminate praise, we do not get that which we really deserve, as the trader, who praises his wares extravagantly, is sure to have them undervalued. If our claims were more moderate, they would be oftener acknowledged. If we exacted less, more would be voluntarily given. If we did not rise up against deserved reproof, we should be oftener spared that which we did not deserve.

When we claim the eloquence of a Chatham for every stump orator, and then apply the same phrases to our really great and eloquent men, the latter are sufferers. If we claim for our every-day life or even for our *soirées recherchées* the grace and polish of a court, where they have nothing to do but to kill time agreeably, the assertion is simply ridiculous. Some traveller (Dickens we believe) says of the factory-girls of Lowell, that they have the port and bearing (or something to that effect) of well-bred ladies. Pretty complimentary we should think! But an annotator somewhere (but where we know not), is not satisfied. He adds, that if Mr. Dickens should meet these persons in private circles, he would find they had the corresponding elegance and manners. As if any good factory-girl at Lowell would pass muster at Queen Victoria's drawing-room!

The new Prima Donna.—The haste with which it is the fashion to write about prima-donnas, giving them a cornucopial criticism, on their *debut*, and dropping directly after into very brief notices, reminds us of a lady's reproach to her lover, in the old play of the Spanish friar: "You men are like watches, wound up for striking twelve immediately; but after you are satisfied, the very next that follows is the solitary sound of single one." We should like very much to defer expressing an opinion of Madame Pico, till she had a little recovered from the embarrassment of a first performance, and (more important still in criticising) till we had steeped our tympanum a little longer in the honey the bees of Italy have shed upon her lips; but——

The audience at Palmo's, last night, was, probably, the best ever assembled since Malibran's time, as to the capability of judging of a cantatrice by taste and comparison. Madame Pico, even in Italy, would scarce have dropped her golden cadences into more judicious ears. Fortunately, too, the unripeness of an entirely new opera was corrected by the predominance of natural melody in the composer's style—making it all come to the ear with the impromptu welcome sometimes refused to the best music. By the way—without knowing whether this opera will grow upon us, and allowing, at once, that it has none of Beethoven's under-song, nor any of the supernatural combinations of Mozart—we must express our almost passionate delight in its main burthen and character. We write, it is true, by a past-time-to-go-to-bed candle, and with the *graciles-que sensus* still reeling under the intoxication of the cup of bewitched sound; but if this gets to press (and we shall look it over before breakfast, to-morrow morning), we congratulate the every-day-ear of the city we live in, upon a opera that is natural as a bird's song, and that can be enjoyed with as simple a taste for music—at the same time, no more to be disparaged, for its simplicity, than the bird's throat for not having the harp-stop of a piano. But let us go on, story-fashion.

The curtain drew up, and after the appearance of the usual precedent foil of chorus-singers, Sanquirico, the *ben amato* of the company, came on as a postillion. After making a bow, with the good-will of a waterfall, in acknowledgment of the applause with which he was met, he went on playing his part, and (to dismiss him with this brief notice) most admirably to the last. The make-way motions of the guard and the *aspettando* impatience of the music, now prepared us for the prima-donna. She was to represent a young girl, under the protection of the prince and princess, whose escape from ruin by a villain is the story of the opera. "Chiara!" trilled the "cue" and in glided Chiara!

Madame Pico has a look in her face as if "Sorrow had passed that way." She has had a narrow escape of being superbly handsome, and, as it is, she could personate, with small call upon the imagination, the part of "Mrs. Helpless Ingulfus," on the stage or off it. Tho' not near so beautiful, she is a strong likeness of Mrs. Norton—the same low, concentrative forehead, the same something-or-other in the sweep of the dark hair, the same caressing inwardness in the white round of the shoulder. There is rather too much of a *cadenza* in her bust, and her under lip does not always come up with the alacrity we like in a woman, but we may change our opinion. She was very much frightened, and these matters are

> "now high, now low again,
> Like a ring of bells that the wind's wooing alters."

The welcome of applause ceased, and the expected voice trembled on the silence. It was listened to with pricked ears, nodded to by the cognoscenti at the first pause—approved, applauded. It was a rich, clouded contralto, its depths hidden by a soprano part, like a dark well impoverished by a slant beam of sunshine. As she went on, gathering a little more control, her voice sank to the inner sound-chamber where the heart sits to listen, and the audience, instead of louder applauding, began to murmur their admiration. Evident as it was that the delicious *home* of her voice was never reached, or borrowed from, by the notes of that soprano part, there was a kind of full forth-shadowing of reserved power which made, even what she did sing, satisfy the ear. And then, occasionally, where the lower notes approached her treasury of un-used power, she flung out a contralto cadence upon the air with an effect the audience waited impatiently to hear repeated. We feel bespoken to be enchanted with a fair development of that full throat's capabilities. Artistic comparison apart, we have a passion for a contralto—nothing that can pass the portal of an ear touching with half the delicacy our *levia affectuum vestigia*. Those who take our criticisms will, if they like, make allowance for this weakness.

Borghese was in one of the *avant-scene* boxes, lending her captive town to her rival with the best grace imaginable. She well may—for a smiling rivalry between her and Pico will give each new attraction, particularly since their voices are of totally opposite quality. The little soprano *comme-il-faut* has her advantages, and Madame Pico has hers. Neither of them is quite the "horn of Astolpho, at the sound of which the hearer went mad," but while hearing either, as Esdras says, "a man remembereth neither sorrow nor debt." May they pull together "like Juno's swans, coupled and inseparable!"

The footrace we have seen this afternoon "carried the town" more completely than any excitement we have yet been abroad in—politics not excepted. We were late, but a thousand people were on the road with us, and when we arrived, the first race was

just over, Jackson the winner. The weather was *Indian* summer, in its most bracing smile—good omen, a punster would say, for the red-skinned competitor! The roads had been dried pretty well by the sharp wind of yesterday, the grass looked glossy, and King Pluribus was in unusual good humor—as he generally is on the first bright day after bad weather.

The stands looked like stacks of noses and hats, and after a vain attempt to find room in the principal ones, we descended to the course to take our chance with the great company of the jostled. As it was an object to get a near view of the runners at the end of the first quarter of a mile, we crossed the area of the field to the less thronged side of the course, and awaited their coming. Several loads of undisguised sinners were near us, one of whom, a professed matron, apparently, coolly sat with a pair of pistols, waiting some expected attack from a crowd of ruffians who had surrounded them. She looked quite capable of a tragedy; but the striking of the bell at the stand drew off the rowdies to the ring-fence, and the pistols in the gloved hands gave place to a bouquet. We had been thinking that there should be a competitrix in the race to inherit the honors of Atalanta, and a female, by a pull of the forefinger, might easily have taken the day's notoriety from the competitors in the race.

A stroke of the bell—a shout from twenty thousand throats—a sudden radiation, to one point, of all the loose vagrants in the field—and around came the horse-fence, that in single file kept pace with the runners, hemming them in from the crowd. The grotesque-looking pedestrians hugged the wooden railing very closely as they came along, Barlow ahead, the Indian close on his heels, and Gildersleeve, the victor of the last race, quietly consenting to be number three. The foremost man was simply "diapered," as the nurses say, exhibiting his white Saxon skin in strong contrast to the smoked hams of the Indian behind him, and if the race had depended on muscle merely, a good anatomist might have picked out the winner, by points fairly displayed, as easily as a horse's capabilities are seen by the jockey.

They ran very differently. A plumbline, dropped from the forehead of each, would have fallen a foot in advance of Barlow's body, and eighteen inches in advance of the Indian's, while it would have lain close to the breast of the erect little Gildersleeve. Barlow never took his eyes from the ground, and kept his lower jaw relaxed in a kind of shame-faced smile. We observed that his *make* was in exceeding good distribution, and though he was slightly knock-kneed, he made play as straight ahead as a pendulum, losing nothing by sideling. Gildersleeve's natural ballast, on the contrary, rounded him to, slightly, at every step, and his shoulders were partly employed in counteracting the swing. McCabe, who was compact all over, trotted along like a stiff little pig, giving nowhere, and the Indian, a long, stringy six-footer, seemed to follow his head like a kite's bobs—the nearest way for a wave. Gildersleeve, it struck us, was lividly pale, the Indian ready to cry with anxiety, McCabe spunky, and Barlow slyly confident of success.

We crossed over to the stands, where, we presume, upon four acres of ground, there were twenty-five thousand men. It was a peculiar-looking crowd—sprinklings excepted, very *game*-y. We presume no pick of New York city could have brought out of it, so completely, the stuff it holds for an army. The betting was going on vigorously—Barlow and Steeprock the favorites, but every man talking up his countryman. The Irish swore up McCabe as he came along, the English applauded Barlow, the New-Yorkers encouraged Gildersleeve and the Indian. Meantime, the horse-fence-men rode open the crowd with striking and shouting; betting-books were whipped out at every completed mile; boys cried cigars; rowdies broke down barriers and climbed into the stands; the men on the roofs pointed after the runners, and hallooed the gainings and losings; and every third minute the naked white shoulders came round ahead, and it was manifest that Barlow gained constantly, and, unless the little Yankee or the Indian could overhaul him by a miraculous push, he was sure to win.

They came along for the tenth mile, and the crowd were almost still with anxiety. The overtaking rush, by which Gildersleeve won in the last race, was now expected of him by his backers. Barlow passed, a hundred feet ahead; Steeprock strained after, with a sponge at his lips, and his knees tottering; Gildersleeve came third, a spectacle of pallor and exhaustion; Greenhalgh, another Englishman, was evidently making more speed—and that was the last we saw of them in motion.

With the thousands rushing in from all sides we were swept toward the judges' stand. The horsemen came on, in the midst of a sea of heads keeping pace with them, whips going, shouts pealing, boys and bullies screaming, swearing, and crowding. "Barlow!" "Barlow!" "Barlow!" arose from hundreds of wild voices, and the tumult of inquiry as to the others grew deafening. We backed out a little to hear the victor called off by the judges. A moment's stillness was procured, and the competitors were named from the stand in the order in which they had come in: Barlow, Steeprock, Greenhalgh, Gildersleeve. The time made by the winner was ten miles in fifty-four minutes twenty-one seconds.

As we turned away, Gildersleeve was brought along by two men, with his eyes half closed and his tongue loose in his lips; and he seemed just able to place his feet, one after the other, mechanically, as he was lifted over the ground. A sicker-looking man we never saw. A minute after, Barlow appeared above the crowd, on a man's shoulders, waving his hand and smiling quite composedly, and the shouts, apparently from every voice, hailed him victor.

P. S. We had nearly forgotten a good conundrum the race gave birth to:—

Question.—Why did Barlow run so like a locomotive yesterday?

Answer.—Because he had behind him an *Indian-near.*

New Trial of Culprit Poets.—Mrs. Gilman has invented a new kind of book ("Oracles from the Poets," of which we gave a notice a few days ago), and the opening preface, very charmingly written, tries the poets by new standards altogether. She had occasion to ransack all the popular authors for answers to the fate-questions of her Fortune-Teller, and of course she discovered where lay the most thought and feeling of a peculiar character. She begins by finding out that poets are benevolent. She had great difficulty in finding sixty answers to the question, "*To what have you a distaste or aversion?*" while "*What gratifies your taste or affections?*" was stuff as common as clover. She says that in Shakspere there is a singular lack of *mention of places of residence*, and there seems not to be even a fair proportion of passages descriptive of musical sounds, hours, seasons, and (except in the Winter's Tale) of flowers. In Wordsworth, *scarcely a flower or musical sound is described.* They are alluded to, but not painted out. The poetry of Crabbe, though abounding in numerous characters, could furnish almost nothing for her purpose, on account of their being woven into the general strain of his narrations. Shelley, Landon, and Howitt, are eminently the *poets of flowers*, while

Darwin, with a whole "Botanic Garden" before him, and Mason, in his "English Garden," gave none fairly entitled to selection. Few passages of any sort, except those hackneyed into adages, could be gained from Milton, on account of the abstract, lofty, and continuous flow of his diction. Coleridge has corresponding peculiarities. Keats and Shelley are the poets of the *heavens*. Byron, with faint exceptions, does not describe a flower, or musical sound, or place of residence. The AMERICAN POETS, in contradistinction to their elder and superior brethren of the fatherland, display a *more marked devotion to nature*, with which a continued glow of religious sentiment aptly harmonizes.

Apropos—as the living American poets are in process of 'broidery, would it not be well to know where their worsteds are deficient, that they may shop up their lacking threads in the Broadway of contemplation? Will not some of our several sleeping female geniuses (intellectual *dolce-far-nientes*, of whom we know at least a capable dozen) take up the American poets and go through them with a discriminating bodkin, showing what colors lack replenishing? It would serve the poetry of Bryant-dom—the present passing age in which this faultless poet is the flower in most palpable relief. Come, ladies! tell us what Lowell (whose fame is being *worked* just now) had better thread his inspired needle with! Tell us what Longfellow is out of. Tell us whether Halleck has done enough to cover the pattern, and whether some others hadn't better unravel and work it all over again! At any rate, turn up their frames of immortality and show us the wrong side! Let them mend, if they like,

"Ere the worm pierce their tapestry, and the spider
Weave his thin curtain o'er unfinished dreams."

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND OF NEW YORK CITY.—The first three of the following paragraphs are from the True Sun of November 22, and the last is from the same paper of a day or two previous:—

"Politically, we are all republicans—socially, we are divided into classes on the 'European plan.' There is a certain class, for instance, that takes exercise only on one side of Broadway—the west side. The 'canaille,' to-be-sure, may walk there too, because, fortunately, our aristocracy, with all its pride and vanity, has no power; but what perfumed and ringleted exquisite would ever think of sporting his white kids, mustaches, and goatee, on the east side of our great thoroughfare? That would be literally wasting his sweetness on the desert air. We understand, by-the-by, that Stewart is severely censured for choosing the site of Washington Hall as the location of his new temple of taste and fashion, merely because it is situated on the east side of Broadway. However, if the pavement in front is sprinkled thrice a day with *eau de Cologne*, and Mr. Stewart doubles the price of his goods, in order to give *ton* to the location, it may do away with the fashionable prejudice against the promenade of the nobodies, and thereby equalize the value of the property on the two sides of the street. At present there is a very material difference in the price of the brick and mortar which borders the two pavements."

"THE OPERA.—That this is a refined and elegant amusement, no one can doubt; but to exaggerate its consequence, to make it a *grand controlling* feature in our society, is, in our judgment, giving it undue importance. With regard to its being a very 'aristocratic' affair in New York, we can only say, that a complete refutation of such an idea may be easily had at any time by a glance at the dress-circle *habitues*."

"THE ARISTOCRACY.—We must confess we do not think that wealth is the only essential necessary to place one in 'good society.' We can imagine many refined, intellectual, and charming people, who do not drive equipages lined with silk, and who have neither coachman nor footman bedizened with lace. What would be thought of the elegance of a leader of the *ton*, who could take a peculiarly-dressed partridge from a dinner-table, and place it in his *hat*, in order to carry it home with him? We do not imagine that such an *attempt* (for it was unsuccessful) marks any very superior degree of refinement!"

"There are some, again, who study a profound reserve, or rather adopt an appearance of *hauteur*. They are stiff, quiet, and unapproachable. These are the dandies of the cities, who adopt the Horatian sentiment of

"'Odi profanum vulgus,' &c.

You must not come 'between the wind and their nobility.' They wear the last productions of Watson, or Jennings, or Carpenter, and display a clean pair of kid gloves, with the last fashion of wrist-buttons. You might, if uninitiated, suppose them some distinguished foreigners on their travels. In nine cases out of ten they belong to the parvenu order of the aristocracy. Whiskey or codfish has taken a rise, and their honored father has made a fortune. The family-mansion in a back lane has been abandoned for some fashionable quarter, and visits—*on one side*—have been paid throughout the neighborhood. If they choose, they could astonish, but they would not condescend. The railroad-car does not shake down their consequence. They regret this progress of one art, which makes so many other arts useless. They are delighted when they escape from the crowd and seek the hotel, where the extravagant charges prevent the danger of further collision."

We received yesterday an anonymous letter, reproving us, in sober bad English, for ministering to the vanity of the rich, by an article in the Mirror on the selection of "a promenade drive." This, the reproof also given us a day or two since by a political paper for an article on the prima-donna, and the foregoing paragraphs from a neutral paper, aimed principally at popularity with the working classes, are sufficient indications, we think, that some bitter weed, passing for an aristocracy-nettle, is rolled up in the present cud of the reposing people.

We commence taking exceptions to the tone of these articles, by stating what seems to us a fact of general notoriety—that the ten thousand people *uppermost* in this city—(aristocrats, if wealth and position make them so)—are the most moral and scrupulous ten thousand in the four hundred thousand of the population. There is probably about this number—ten thousand—who are rich enough, if they choose, to keep a carriage. Two thirds of them, we presume, were poor men a few years ago, and the children of three fourths of them will be obliged to work for a living (a flying-fish aristocracy, who are hardly long enough out of the water, one would think, to give offence by their brief airs to those left in the element below them). There is a smaller class—perhaps two thousand families—who have been respectable and well off for two or more generations. There is a third class, still—perhaps one or two hundred—whose display is offensive, from no one's knowing where their money comes from, or from their being supposed to live dishonestly above their means, or from being notoriously vicious.

Of these three classes—an "aristocracy" of ten thousand—one half, at least, are religious, and the remainder seek refined pleasures, and attend theatres and operas; but, with the exception of the third and smallest class last named, we venture to repeat, that the upper ten thousand are by much the most

exacting of moral character in their friends, the most rigid in the support of moral opinions and charities, and the most exemplary in their individual private life. *This is true of the upper ten thousand of no other country in the world.* It would sound Utopian in England to assert this to be true of the upper classes of any city on the face of the earth. Look at the difference of the standards in ordinary matters. To make a good match, *here*, it is necessary that a young man should be *moral;* and if he be of high character in this respect (and the lady willing), public opinion will not suffer his pretensions to be slighted by the richest man! In every other country the lover's morality is altogether a secondary consideration—family and fortune far before it. Morality is a young man's *best card* in New York; whether his object be influence, matrimony, good business-connexion, appointments from societies, or general position in the best circles. This truth needed only to be put in print to make people wonder it had not been said before!

It is a wretched trick caught from English papers and English plays, to talk of the rich as *certainly vicious*, and of the poor as *necessarily virtuous*. We live in a country where the sovereignty (that part of society which vice commonly *noses* and follows close after) resides at the opposite end from the sovereignty of England. *The more virtuous class, here as there, is comparatively powerless at the polls.* The rowdy drunkard and the gambler do as much toward president-making and the selection of lawgivers, as the thrifty merchant, and the rich father of a family of virtuous daughters; and, as there are a hundred husbands, of either of the first-named classes, to one of either of the others, virtue and order keep company with sovereignty—in this country as little as in Europe! *Power* is at the surface of a country, and the scum rises to it. We are *quite aware*, that the pen and inkstand with which we write these sentiments will *not* be, to *all* readers, "a pot of lambative electuary with a stick of licorice."

RIVALRY AT THE OPERA.—The musical tilt, to decide which was the *more* prime of the prima-donnas, came off last night, to the very great entertainment of the town's ornamentals. It reminded us very strongly of the contention between the lute and the nightingale, in the old play of the "Lover's Melancholy." Borghese drops dead in the last act, very soon after a glorious and triumphant outbreak by Pico; and we will quote a passage to show how this resembles the poetic story—premising, by-the-way, that a musician, playing in the woods, is overheard by a bird, who mocks him till the lute-player gets angry at the excellence of the rivalry:—

"To end the controversy, in a rapture,
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly—
So many voluntaries and so quick—
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method,
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
——— the bird (ordained to be
Music's first martyr) strove to imitate
These several sounds; which, when her warbling throat
Failed in, for grief down dropped she on his lute,
And broke her heart."

But, to tell the other story—"after the manner of men."

The opera was "Lucrezia Borgia." Signorina Borghese represents (as well as we could understand the story) a bad mother, who, in poisoning a large party of youths, half rakes, half conspirators, for having insulted her sign over the door, poisons one too many—her son. Madame Pico represents the leader of the set, and does the noise and the jollification. She descends upon the stage the first thing after the rising of the curtain, dressed in a very modest suit of male attire, and figures about as a Roman Captain Rynders, bandying dialogue here and there, but with no chance of display in the three or four first acts. Borghese, we began to think, was to have the best of it all the way through. She was exquisitely dressed, sang with as little of the split-straw in her soprano as we ever heard her sing with, and *acted to her singing* (as she always does) with what the Greeks called *onomatopeia*—movement linked with sound indivisibly. The applause was pretty well, but not overpowering.

The fourth act represented the youths at the fatal supper, Pico the principal customer. After a little hobnobbing on the other side of the table, she glides round, upon her plumptitudinous locomotives, and dashes into a song, rich, rollicking, and *risvegliato!* Down went the bucket for the first time into her well of *contralto*, and up came the liquid and golden music, of a round, true fulness, that made the ear's thirst a luxury. It was a passage full of involutions, abrupt, startling, and bacchanal; but her skill in flinging her voice from point to point, with the capricious surprises of the music, was wonderfully subtle. The audience was, for the first time in the evening, fairly lifted clear of the ground. On the part of the stage-company, no *encore* was looked for at this point of the opera. The closing of Pico's song is the signal for a death-bell and the disclosing of a hearse a-piece for the jolly junketers. The audience were not ready, however. The applause kept on till the hearses backed out, and the song was sung over again. Oh, how deliciously it was sung! No voice, however large its compass, was ever sweeter, rounder, mellower in its quality, than Madame Pico's. The audience murmured, and leaned forward, and ejaculated, and with one unhesitating accord, it seemed to us, gave over the palm to the *contralto*. The chorus-singers seemed surprised—she herself forgot her male attire, and courtesied (the first time we ever saw how it was done, by-the-by), a tributary bouquet flew over the footlights, and Lucrezia Borgia rose up once more, like an apparition amid the hearses in waiting.

The last act, like the first three, was all Borghese's. It is deep tragedy, and she played it well. The young man, poisoned by mistake, held his stomach till he was done for, and his letting go was the signal for Borghese to give her "C sharp," and go after him. The curtain dropped, and the applause rose immediately. Borghese came out and was cheered till she courtesied out, but still the applause continued. No reply. The canes began to rap, and the audience seemed *not* beginning to go. "PICO!" shouted somebody. "PICO!" shouted everybody. Still no answer. The deafening uproar at last lifted the curtain, and there was Borghese! led forward by Perozzi, and courtesying again! And presently, all alone, with her hair down her back, her mustache gone, and a loose dressing-gown about her, the real queen by acclamation took the honors there was no longer any denying her. The will of the audience, and the will of the Italian corps, were two entirely different matters.

We really do not see why these fine-throated people can not consent to do their best, and let the public like which they please. The two singers are both admirable, each unrivalled in her way: and, because we admire the new-comer, it is no reason why we should not still appreciate our former favorite. But see how unlike musical people *in prose* are to musical people *in poetry*. We will quote the conclusion of the pretty story we began our criticism with, for a lesson of magnanimity, after the bird dropped, broken-hearted, upon the lute.

"It was the quaintest sadness
To see the conqueror, upon her hearse,
Weeping a funeral elegy of tears.
He looks upon the trophies of his art,

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Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and cried,
'Alas! poor creature, I will soon revenge
This cruelty upon the author of it.
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:' and, in that sorrow,
As he was *pashing it against a tree*,
I suddenly stepped in."

Another night we trust to see Borghese submitting resignedly, like the bird, to be beaten; though if the conquering Pico undertakes, in consequence, to "pash herself against a tree," we trust the manager will "suddenly step in."

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY DINNER.—We went to the dinner of the Historical Society last evening, with a mood in our mental pocket, which was as useless to us as the wrong mask for a night of carnival. We went to indulge in relaxation and gratify curiosity. We decided in the midst of confusing avocations, that it would be delightful to see Mr. Adams and Mr. Gallatin, pleasant to listen to the voices whose words we should read in the next morning's papers, and curious to see the first *menu* of the opening hotel up-town. We presumed there would be some dull talking, which the dinner and the friends around would keep off with the by-play of conviviality, and that we should, at any rate, hear wit, get our cares jostled from astride us, and store up, for illustration to future thought and reading, two pictures of men who are soon to pass over to history.

But—(the two great statesmen who were to be present set aside for the moment)—it is not easy to come *at all* into the presence of a large number of men of superior intellect, without feeling the dormant thunder of the cloud about us. This is partly a moral magnetism, we presume, but there is a physiognomy in crowds; and, to the eye accustomed to see men "as they come," the look of an assemblage of master-intellects is the laying of a spirit-hand upon the beholder. There were present the leading minds of this great metropolis—able divines, merchant princes, formidable politicians, brilliant lawyers, scheming capitalists, influential citizens, philanthropists, scholars, poets, and journalists—none of them common men, and none without the sympathy-read print upon the forehead—distinction's philactery of pain.* Seated at table, we looked about upon the men we knew, and followed back into their bosoms the visible thread of which we knew the knot at the heart-strings. We have no time here—(our hasty thoughts going from us, sentence by sentence, into irrevocable print, as we record them)—no time to separate and describe the crowding influences that changed our careless preparatory mood into an overshadowed and attentive silence. We passed an evening of resistless revery—much of it homage, much of it quickening to ambition, and in part a coveting of fellowship and sympathy. But we can not go on with this misplaced record of emotions.

There are weighty and wide influences exercised by an historical society, which, again, we can only hint at, far too hastily. Historical record is the paymaster of the immortality toiled for by greatness; and it is vital to the existence of great motives, that this treasurer's trust should be faithfully discharged, and his accounts chronicled in blazon. Affecting mention was drawn from Mr. Adams of his coming reward from history—the reward of justificatory triumph—for having passed through the fire of calumny. It was over these heated plough-shares that he has walked to the luminous door by which he is about to pass from the world; and if he could be sure of no brother-spirits left behind, to see the truth written in characters legible to the world, he would have done his great services to his country, by sufferings, indeed, mournfully thankless. In a republic, especially in an age of free-thinking and irreverence for usage, like ours—the influence of a society which brightens and keeps manifest the coolly-proved wisdom of the past, is more especially all-needful. History forgotten, the present is a ship without chart or compass, trusting to the stars alone in the clouded storm-nights of politics. Ambition, with *that* watchful dragon asleep—no record to be dreaded beyond the memory of the living—would be a fiend loosed upon the world. History is our citadel of safety.

* We may say, in passing, that we have seen the first men of their time in many countries, and many assemblages of distinguished men, but it struck us that we had never seen either a finer collection of intellectual heads, or finer individual specimens, than this occasion had brought together.

NEW KIND OF HOTEL UP-TOWN.—We have thought that it would, perhaps, interest our readers to go into a detail of the differences between the popular hotel (like the Astor, the American, Howard's, &c.) and what is understood in Europe as the *hotel-garni*—of which the up-town hotel is the new example in this country.

The *hotel-garni* is a furnished house, in which the *lodging* is the only charge not variable at the option of the guest. A certain price is charged for the rooms occupied, and the other expenses are according to what is ordered. A popular bachelor, for example, makes a great economy of this. He pays for his rooms and his breakfast; and, if invited out to dine five times in the week, saves the corresponding items in his bill—five dinners and five bottles of wine. This, in Europe, is considered a fair offset against patent blacking, white gloves, and hack-hire; and puts society on a level with health, sunshine, reputation, and other plain matters-of-course. A common table and a *restaurant* are not necessary parts of a *hotel-garni*, but they serve to increase its eligibility. There is a certain price for a dinner at the *table d'hote*, charged separately every day; but in Europe few dine at the common table except strangers in town. A fashionable man avoids it as an implied confession, 1st, that he has not been invited out that day, and, 2d, that he can content himself with everybody's dinner and company. For families, particularly if there are unmarried daughters, it is irreconcilable with position, if not with propriety, to live at the public table. The rooms in these hotels are arranged so as to unite a drawing-room with each bedroom, and every person, or family, respectably lodged, has a private parlor for meals and reception of visits. There is no large common drawing-room, of course. The meals are furnished by express order, given each day, to the *restaurant* below, and sent up with tablecloth, silver, glass, &c.—all at the appointed hour, and all removed together when dinner is over—giving the lodger no trouble, except to wait on himself while dining, or provide a servant to do so. As each dish is for one person only, however (or one family), the expense of such a dinner is much greater than where the dishes are cooked in larger quantities for a hundred people. To dine in private on as many dishes as you may taste for fifty cents at a public table, would cost, probably, from two to five dollars.

The ordinary hotel is, of course, described by specifying the peculiarities of the other. It will be seen at once that the *hotel-garni* must prevail with the increase of *exclusiveism* in this country. It is only in new countries that families can do without household gods; and it is only where the whole male society of a country is only unharnessed for sleep from the eternal drag of money-making, that the domestic virtues can be left safely without private altars

and locked doors, single roof-trees, and four-walled simplicity. Twenty years hence, we venture to say, the Astor's splendid drawing-room will be occupied by some nabob of a lodger—needed no longer as a common parlor—and its long galleries will be but suites of apartments, every third bedroom converted into a cosy saloon, and the occupants seeing as little of each other as neighbors in a "block."

There are some very republican advantages in our present system of hotels, which the country is not yet ready to forego. Tell a country lady in these times that when she comes to New York she must *eat and pass the evening in a room by herself*, and she would rather stay at home. The going to the Astor, and dining with two hundred well-dressed people, and sitting in full dress in a splendid drawing-room with plenty of company—is the charm of going to the city! The theatres are nothing to that! Broadway, the shopping, and the sights, are all subordinate—poor accessories to the main object of the visit. A large company as cheap as none at all—a hundred dishes as cheap as one—a regal drawing-room at her service, with superb couches, piano, and drapery, and costing no more than if she stayed in her bedroom—plenty of eyes to dress for if not to become acquainted with, and very likely a "hop" and a band of music—bless my soul, says the country lady, I hope they'll never think of improving away all that!

And, *there lies the pinch!* The senator *now* on his way to congress, dines with his family *at the public table*. The gentleman who does not choose to keep house, invites his friends to dine with him *at the public table*. The man who prefers to dine in a private parlor is satirically made welcome to his own society—if he prefers it! The distinguished, the fashionable, the dressy, and handsome, may all dine, without peril of style, *at the public table*. But—since *so may* the opposites of all these, and anybody else who is tolerably dressed and well-behaved—*the public table* is the *tangible republic*—the only thing palpable and agreeable that we have to show, in common life, as republican. And when the exclusivism of the *hotel-garni* draws its dividing line through this promiscuous community of habits, *the cords will be cut which will let some people* UP, *out of reach, and drop some people* DOWN, *out of all satisfactory supposible contact with society.*

GROWTH OF WESTERN LITERATURE.—We are happy to notice that seven out of the seventeen articles with the names of the authors, in the last two numbers of the Biblical Repository, are from persons connected with literary institutions west of the mountains. Among the subjects of the western writers are, The Writings of Martin Luther; Evidences from Nature for the Immortality of the Soul; and the Natural History of Man in his Spiritual Relations. Another article contains an able defence of presbyterianism. So far as we can judge from a hasty view, these subjects, some of which are the greatest that can employ the pen anywhere, are treated with tact and ability, and give us a favorable opinion of the condition of our western seminaries of learning. The remaining contributions are from New England, with the exception of one from Virginia. New York does not appear in the list of contributors' names.

THE OPERA.—The "stars" of the opera are just through *their* night's work and the stars of heaven are half way through *theirs*. We have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with a single individual in either company—knowing neither Venus nor Pico, Lyra nor Borghese, "off the stage." We are about to announce an ASTROLOGICAL CONJUNCTION, however, and, as "many an inhumane thought hath arisen from a man's sitting uncomfortably in his chamber," we have sent for an emollient to our arm chair, in the shape of cold duck and champagne—expecting thereby to achieve our nearest perihelion to the calm clear-sightedness of Copernicus.

Up-town New York, a week ago, was in the situation the starry firmament was in, about two hundred years before the Christian era. Pythagoras recorded his conviction at that time that there were *two stars wanting* to complete the harmony of a certain portion of the heavens, and, in the very spots named by the great philosopher, Mars and Jupiter did soon after make their first appearance. In like manner a Daily Pythagoras, of this city (we think it was Mr. King of the American), darkly hinted in a late evening paper, that there were two stars necessary—contralto and soprano—to complete harmony of the Palmospheric constellation; and, in that very troop, Pico and Borghese did soon after take their places in similarly harmorious conjunction. We trust history will do us justice for linking together these two marked foreshadowings of stars' "doing something for their families."

[Your health, dear reader, in a glass of Cordon-bleu——m—m—mplck!——delicious!]

And now we have to beg the discreet portion of the public to step with us behind the curtain—not that (representing the rosy dawn) which drops before Mars and Jupiter, but that (representing Jupiter feeling the pulse of Minerva) which drops before Borghese and Pico. There has been a terrible rowdydow in the operatic green-room. Borghese has been hitherto queen of the zodiac, and her orbit was only intersected by nebulæ of nameless supernumeraries. The breaking of Pico upon the gaze of the impartial star-worshippers, however, and their undeniable preference, of the star at fifty dollars a night to the star at double the money, sent Borghese sick to her bed; and she is said to have vowed (with the spunk of the Lost Pleiad, who died for jealousy of her six brighter sisters) that she would never rise again——if papa would excuse her.

[Our astronomy is used up, dear reader, but the champagne still holds out. A glass to Borghese's better resignation, and let us go on, in terrestrial phraseology.—M-m-mplck!]

Borghese commenced *making position*, a year or more ago, and has pursued it very skilfully, and, therefore, very creditably to herself. For a winter, or more, before showing herself as an admirable actress, she revolved in the japonica circles up-town, as a singer at parties, and made acquaintances and friendships exclusively among the forced-plant customers of Hogg and Thorburn. Her manners were of that well-studied, eager unconsciousness, which is the modesty of nature in a hot-house school; and her tact, elegance, and musical science, were leaved like a rose-bud tied up with a string—showing what the prima-donna might be, if the young lady were loosed and expanded. As the parent-stem required to be relieved of her, she prepared to throw herself on the public; and when she did, she was, of course, plucked from neglect, and cherished in the protecting bosom of the society that had secluded her. She has been worn in triumph, as the first flower of the opera, for a couple of seasons—as you know, dear public!

But nature exacts an equilibrium; and where there is more public harmony, there will be more private discord. The children of the "boot on the map," kick against authorities, and every tuneful rehearsal had its offset in a quarrel. Signor Borghese (the star-father), not being of the sect of the Apotactitæ, who renounce property, took advantage of a tight

place in the treasury, and bought in, "for a song," the theatrical weapons and wardrobe. Of course, whatever solvent might separate the other parts of the company, they crystallized, again, around their only possible nucleus—*the prima-donna who had the toggery!* And, at this stage of the Borghese monocracy—came Pico!

Months passed away. The story of Pico's errand—her husband a political prisoner at Venice, and her voice the only probable conjurer of the gold key to release or relieve him—was told and apparently forgotten. We heard it, and reserved our republican sympathy till she should appear. The Mirror suggested a concert—knowing nothing of her powers—but her friends thought she had better bide her time with the opera. She has done so. At *half the pay* of Borghese, she played to-night for the second time, in the opera of Lucrezia Borgia.

We have come home from hearing her—"*possessed*" (as this undevoured cold duck is our witness)—our capacity for delight plummeted—our cistern of unshed tears strangely and pleasurably troubled—our pen as gushing with welcome to Pico as the miraculous oil-spring of old Rome that welcomed home the conquering Augustus.

[Her health in this last glass of champagne—God bless her!]

The house was crowded. Borghese sang beautifully, and played as no other female in America can play. She was heartily applauded—but—as on the last opera night—the tumult of the house was reserved for the drinking song of Pico. It is her first chance to unchain soul and voice after nearly a whole opera of subservient by-play. Oh how the first swooping away into those clear silver caverns of her throat—dropping through unfathomable love-depths with her fearless *down*-cadences, and turning with an easy *up*-lift again toward the summit-perch of the careless altissimo—how like an eagle's swoop it careered! overtaking the dew falling, and the perfume rising into the sky, and, with all its fierce swiftness, robbing the cleft air of nothing but fragrance and softness.

[We are getting poetical—but champagne after Pico, is, as the Venetians say, *tanto amorevole!* We'll go to bed and sum up in the morning.]

Thursday Morning.—Our friend of the "Morning News," expresses, in his paper of to-day, a regret that "a feeling of rivalry is encouraged between Borghese and Pico." We are surprised at this discouragement, on his knowing part, of the great secret of good opera and good everything else. When are they ever so likely to sing so well, and to *draw so well*, as when

> "their souls come upward to their lips
> Like neighboring monarchs at their borders meeting?"

He adds, that "Pico fairly out-Pico'd Pico," and we should say the same of Borghese, if the name would come as pat.

No! no! *let them be rivals!* What could be prettier?—more gracefully done, and more touchingly enlisting to the feelings—than Borghese's picking up the wreath *again*, last night, and giving it generously to Pico? We broke a new malacca stick in applauding that action alone. *Viva* Borghese! *Viva* Pico! You are two halves of a scissors, dear ladies, and rivalry is your rivet. Divide the public—since *both halves are your own, after they are divided!*

PICO AND BORGHESE.—These two ladies are certainly most poculent commodities, and the town drinks their delicious music with unquestionable intoxication. The crammed opera-house was as breathless with absorbed attention last night as if Pico's rosy-lipped cup ministered to every heart's measure of fullness—one palate common to all. For ourself, we confess immeasurable delight in Pico. Her voice has a road to the heart upon which criticism takes no toll—the gate-opening facility of music going *home*. One listens to it as Shelley seems to have listened to the witch of Atlas—

> "Her voice was like the voice of his own soul
> Heard in the calm of thought,"

—the very inmost tenant of your bosom, somehow, seeming to have "expected it, all along."

Borghese is a treasure to a town—an uncommon creature—such an actress and artist as we shall not see again until we deserve a benefit from the gods—but Pico! oh, Pico is of quite another invoice of goods from paradise. Borghese is the most ingenious harmony-pump that, for many a year, has offered patronage a handle—the other is a natural-well spring of passionate and careless music, that would flow as bountifully, for a bird to drink, as for an emperor to stoop to. Pico's voice would cut up like a polypus—not a fragment without the making of a woman in it. She neither sings, nor moves, nor smiles, as if she remembered ever doing it before; and if she has not the great "art of concealing art" (of which we have had our half a suspicion), she is one of those helpless irresistibles that could as soon become invisible as not bewitch.

The drinking song (Pico's only good chance in the whole opera), was stunningly applauded last night, and, at the close, a wreath was thrown to her from a very select company in a private box, and thrown with a pretty good aim—for she caught it upon her bosom. Out of it—(or the place where she caught it—we could not tell which)—dropped a sealed note, which we trust contained a check payable in favor of the imprisoned husband at Venice.

If we *had* a moderate thought during the opera of last night, it was that there could be no question of a keen taste for music in New York—for here was a crowded audience, attentive, appreciative, measuring its applause most judiciously, and leaving the house delighted. We are *sure* a large opera-house would *do*—with more inducements to foreign subordinates, more enterprise to procure visits from the Parisian and London operatics, better regulations for private boxes, etc., etc. We think, for one, that there is no greater pleasure, away from a man's hearth, than a *good opera*.

ENVY OF THE RICH, OR, THE FLYING-FISH ARISTOCRACY, AND THE NO. 1 PASSENGER LEFT BEHIND.—In the hurry of composition, yesterday, we stumbled upon a similitude (a "flying-fish aristocracy") which, we think, expresses that transitory duration of American "up-in-the-world," which should make the greater number of rich people looked upon with indulgent affection by those left temporarily below. Of such short-lease wings as most American "first families" fly with, there need be little envy, one would think—in the democratic element they drip with till they drop again. There are families, however—a small number—who hold their own for three or four generations; and, in the "measureless content" of these with their position, the democrats find offence; but one of the most curious social problems we know of, is the manner in which the old families of New York are let alone, and tacitly eclipsed by the more newly prosperous; and we must offer to our readers a descriptive similitude for this also. (Our object, it will be seen, is to take away the *offence* of aristocracy, if possible, and induce King Public to let us cater for them, as for all other classes, with level editorial republicanism!)

A half hour before the starting of the Oxford night mail, a fat gentleman was discovered fast asleep in the coach, which was still under the shed. He occupied the back seat, and his enormous bulk filled it so completely that there was no room for the usual fourth inside passenger. But four seats were taken and paid for, and the last man booked insisted on his right to a place—fat man, or no fat man! The stout gentleman was waked, and requested to come out till the other three were seated.

"He [however] knew his rights, and knowing dared maintain;"

and having mentioned his name, and inquired whether it was not first on the book, settled his chin into his cravat, and speedily snored again! "Is this Oxford? —bless me, how I have slept!" said the fat man, rubbing his eyes, when the coach door was opened the next morning—*in the same place where it stood when he went to sleep!* The driver had hitched his team to *another coach*, and the three unprivileged customers last booked were probably breakfasting in Oxford!

It strikes us that the people who are *last booked*, in this community, may very well monopolize the envy —(success in arriving at their destination of conspicuousness being, of course, the chief matter of envy)— and the fat sleepers, upon the usurped seats, once left out of the proscription, the charity for "flying-fish" easily forgives the remainder.

If the above does not please our friend "Cheap Jemmy," we will never do a good-natured thing again as long as we live. If he knew Latin, we should send him in a bill for a *diaphoretic*.

AFTER THE OPERA.

(Supper in 184*'s room at the Astor—the brigadier here "on business"—a poulet pique, and a bottle of champagne in silver tissue paper, also here "on business"—Eleven O'clock, Esq., just parting from the bell of St. Paul's, with a promise to be "round in the morning.")*

Brig. (*nodding, and taking up his glass*).—Mi-boy!

184 (*laying his hand on the general's arm*).—Not in such profane haste, my prompt sodger! That glass of wine is the contemporary of bliss—sent to us to be drank to the health of a bride, now three hours past the irrevocable gate.

Brig. Married at eight? *Do* you say that? God bless her, in a bumper! (*gazes abstractedly into the bottom of the glass, and speaks musingly.*)—Ten minutes past eleven!—Well, who's the lady, and who the happy man?

184. One of our parish, who, though he does not personally know us, wishes us to be made aware of his happiness. We have written ourselves into his bosom. God bless him for the loving door in his eye—isn't so, my tree-sparer! So may all men take us in! Try a bit of chicken now, general, or that tear in your eye will fall back on an empty stomach!

Brig. And what a difference it makes—what it falls back upon, mi-boy! The salt in a tear is not natural, depend on it, or the in'ards would take to it more kindly. What an etiquette of mercy it would be, now, to make pathos and bad news matters of full-dress—never to be alluded to in good society, till a man has ceased, as Menenius says, "to pout upon the morning!" What's your to-morrow's leader?

184. *Not* coming to business at the *second* glass, I hope? Fie on you for a disrespect to the bride. (*The brigadier blushes, and covers his confusion by reading the label on the bottle.*) How enchantingly old Belisario and his captive sung their vows of friendship to-night! Ah, music and lights!—things are *so* much finer for embellishing! *Our* small friendship now, general—brought forward to the prompter's cupboard and foot-lights—*do* you think it would be encored, like that?

Brig. As you don't ask for information, mi-boy, let's proceed to business. Can you give me an idea of your to-morrow's editorial?

184. No!

Brig. And the boy is to come for it at seven!

184 (*seizing a pen*). What shall it be?

Brig. Why, there's the mud in the streets—and the Bohemian Girl—and the wretched weather—and the menagerie—and Vandenhoff—and Stuart's candy-shop—and Mrs. Coles—

184. By—the—by!—a discovery!—Tryon ought to head his play-bills with the Marsellois war-cry—"to arms!—to arms!" I never saw a pair in my life more exquisitely moulded and polished than Mrs. Coles's, of the Bowery circus—as shown after her third undoing on horseback! It takes a symmetrical woman, of course, to stand tiptoe upon a flying horse, and strip, from a jacketed Cracovienne to a short sleeved evening dress—but ladies of this vocation, well made in all other respects, are usually thin from the elbow to the shoulder. Shall I make a "leader" of Mrs. Coles?

Brig. Certainly not, mi-boy! nor a follower either! Just indicate, as it were—call attention mysteriously —hint somehow—that there is a part of the equestrian performance that reminds you of things you saw in Italy—statuary or something—delicately, mi-boy—very delicately! What else have you got down there in your memorandum-book?

184. Half a dozen topics. Here's a note that smells of "above Bleecker," requesting us to implore of Japonica-dom *not* to give parties on opera-nights! Really, they *should not!* The opera is a rare luxury, without which a metropolis is like a saloon without a mirror, and there should be a little combination, among refined people—if not to give it extra support, at least to throw no hinderance in its way. They do this in London—(where, by the way, there are but two operas a week, and it would be quite enough here) —Lady Blessington, for one, never "at home" on opera-nights, and dinner-parties are given at an earlier hour to release people in time. The quality of the opera depends, of course, on its enthusiastic support, and those who can appreciate it can do no less, I think, than to go in full dress, and go habitually. It is far pleasanter than a party, is over at bearable bed-time, and, just now, the company at Palmo's is too good to be slighted. And, by the way, have you thought how gloriously Pico has beggared the loud trumpet we blew for her on her first appearance! "Ants," says the old proverb, "live safely till they have gotten wings, and juniper is not thrown away till it hath gotten a high top." She is neither your ant nor your juniper-blossom—is she general?

Brig. (*who has been dozing*). Not *my* aunt, mi-boy, whoever you're talking of. I never had one—hope I never shall!

184. What's that note falling out of your pocket, meantime?

Brig. Well thought of—I brought it to you for a paragraph. What do you think it is? A complaint from the ladies that the young men waylay them on the staircases!

184. Heavens and Sabines! wait till I dip my pen in the thunder-stand! Who? How? When? How many?

Brig. At parties—at parties—my dear boy—don't be violent! This lady declares (*brigadier opens the note*) that it is a "perfect nuisance, the mere descent from the dressing-room to the ball-room"—"a pretty girl has to come down a perfect ladder of boys—every stair an engagement to dance"—"no chance for a

pick"—"her mind fatigued with the effort to remember her partners"—"no hope of dancing with a grown-up man from Christmas to April"—"*green* talk altogether"—"dreadful sense of unripeness"—"no subject but Pico and Polka"—"begs we will write the boys off the staircase," etc., etc. You see your subject.

184. Shall I tell you why that was not written by a woman? Don't you see that if this system of long lists of engagements were done away, a lady would have no escape from a disagreeable partner—no plea of too many engagements—no chance for a lie whiter than many a truth? Don't you see, that (now duelling is laughed at) a lady can leave *out* an *early* partner on the list, or slip a *tardy* one *in*, with perfect ease and comfort—distressing nobody's mamma with fears of Hoboken! Leave the ladies alone for putting down troublesome usages! Your letter was written by some old coxcomb going out of fashion, who can get nobody to dance with him, and lays it to *the boys on the staircase!* Tut!

Brig. Twelve o'clock, and where's your leader? Oh, mi-boy, think of to-morrow's paper!

184. Hang the leader! Let's go without it—once in a way!

Brig. Gracious! no! What will the public say? There goes one o'clock! Bed-time (for *me*—not for *you*)—and nothing from you for the boy in the morning! Oh, mi-boy, sit up! Go and wash your face, and feel fresh! Write a paragraph requesting the Mirror brides to send their champagne, hereafter, exclusively to the talking partner! Where's my hat? Get inspired, mi-boy, get inspired! Good night!

184. Stay—stay—stay! Listen to this! (184 *reads the foregoing dialogue to the brigadier, whose face gradually reassumes its usual serene placidity. He lays down his hat and picks another wing of the chicken.*)

Brig. And you have been writing this down, all the time, with your hand deep in that old cabinet! Bless me, what a boy you are for expedients! I thought you was scratching autographs, or writing "Pico," or sketching Glenmary, or something! But you haven't mentioned the weekly?

184. Poh! it doesn't want mentioning.

Brig. Not more than the sun and moon, and other periodicals—but you trust the world's memory too much, my worky! They'd forget the sun shone if it wasn't down in the almanac! Say something!

184. Well, let's see! It's our diary of the world's goings-on and what we think of it—published every seventh day. It is a week's corn, ground, sifted, and bagged, for those who can't go to mill every day. It is a newspaper without the advertisements and other trumpery—at half price, in consequence of lumber left out and one postage instead of seven. It is edited every day, and other weeklies are edited once a week. It gives the news, the fashions, the fun, the accidents, the operas, and our all-spice to make it keep, in a handsome, preservable shape—bindable for reference and re-reading—"the times" as it were, "boned and potted." Shall I say any more?

Brig. Three dollars a year—

184. Mum, man! Never mention money after midnight! What will the angels say! Go to bed! go to bed! (*Exit brigadier, after a silent embrace.*)

AFTER THE OPERA.

A FEW GRAVE REMARKS WHILE SUPPER IS COMING.

The Cinderella-tude of Madame Pico's own situation, in the operatic corps, and her still disputed claim to the "glass slipper" of preference, sent us to Palmo's, to-night, with somewhat of an owl upon our shoulder. We dreaded Prince Public's final choice between her and the favorite daughter of Don Magnifico—for the real-life opera had come to its last act, and, as she should or should not, make the most of the opportunity (of which we had done our best to be the "Pilgrim Alidoro"), she would, or would not, wear to-morrow the crown of Palmo-dom. The curtain is down, and——

ENTER SUPPER FOR NO. 184.

Before we grow too enthusiastic for the nice distinctions of criticism, let us say a word of the general performance of the opera. Why the frisky Signor Antognini, whose conceit,

> "Ploughed by the sunbeams only, would suffice
> For the world's granary,"

was cast in a part that the unemployed Perozzi would have done so much better, and so much more agreeably to the public, we have no Italian spectacles to see. And—apropos—if it is the object of the company to *please and draw*, why did not Borghese (except that silver is less tractile than gold) take the second *role* in this opera, as Pico did in Lucrezia Borgia? The part sustained by Miss Moss has rather more scope in it than that of Orsini, and how vastly more attractive the opera, so cast, would be to the public! Signor Tomasi showed the vertebræ in his voice, to-night, more than he did in Belisario—probably from stooping with difficulty to the comic; but Sanquirico—what shall we say of his admirable personable of Don Magnifico? We'll drink his health by way of answer. (*A lei, Sanquirico!*) And so ends our fault-finding.

SECOND GLASS.

This glass of purple Tinta, steeped in the latitude of Italy, tastes, of course, of the climate of Pico's voice; and we are glad to vary, with this redolent bumper, the avenue to our heart—so breaking up the ear's monopoly of toll. Health to Cinderella triumphant! Her voice has a flavor—(if this wine be like it—and it is the sun's fault if it is not like it—for the same cupful of his mellow light fed the *grape* from which gushed the wine and the *lip* from which poured the melody)—worthy of the immortality of Falernian. (For this discovery of homogeneousness of pulp we beg a medal from the Institute.)

We were afraid, as we said before, that Pico, "like a careless farrier, would lame her well-shod glory with the last nail," but she sang throughout with unblemished deliciousness, and the "*piu mestar*," at the close, fairly took the town! Nothing has been heard like it, in this city, since Malibran, either in voice or execution. We have made up our mind about Pico. Her *abandon* is like the apparent carelessness of all kinds of genius—*fearless trust after finished study.* Of that desperate and intoxicating *let-go*, Borghese has none. She is artistic and careful in the most passionate extremity, dying, even, "with her wits all about her." Pico fastens each link of the composer's melody in her brain, with workmanlike fidelity; but when she comes out from her music-smithy, she brings with her no memory of the clink of hammer and rivet. In that relying forgetfulness lies the mystery of her charm. It is recognised, by the instinct men have that this is the quality of those who do best—statesmen or soldiers, poets or lovers—the most successful, in all enterprises, throwing themselves on what they have once made up their minds to, as a bird launches from the cliff. Nature prodigally seconds the unhesitating trust of Pico's execution. Her voice follows her concerted thought with the certainty of a shadow and the fulness of a floodtide. The plentitude of every shade and semi-tone, insures, in the first five minutes of hearing her, an absence of all dread of flaw or falling off—an assurance,

that whatever height or depth she stoops her neck to swoop for, it will bring, for the listener,

"those music-wings
Lent to exalt us to the seventh sphere."

WE DRINK TO THE JACOB'S LADDER OF MUSIC.

A new light breaks upon us as to the uses of the opera. As (to the wicked) common speech is a convenience and swearing a luxury, so poetry is a convenience to passion, and music its luxury. An unharmonized shout—a succession of cries—may mean anything; but a chorus, or a concerted transition of cries, has a meaning to convey floodtides out of the soul. Poetry may fall cold upon the *eye*, but music *must* melt in the *ear*. These premises allowed, the opera becomes (does it not?) a healthful vent to the passions of a metropolis—a chance (for those who long to swear and do violence), by a more *innocent* "giving way,"

"to wreak
Their thoughts upon expression!"

How common the feeling "to want a spree!" and who that for three hours has choked back tears in his throat, and been enraptured with a contralto across the footlights, is not ready to go to bed like a gentleman? An opera is a blessed *succedaneum* to the *many*. To the *few* it is the loan of a dictionary from Heaven! Thoughts otherwise mute—feelings whose dumbness is the inner man buried alive, leap to free-breathing utterance with music. It is for this reason that an unknown language is the best vehicle for an opera. We wish to hear the harmony, and let our souls furnish the articulation. Don't you see, now, my dear "Bohemian Girl!" the plain reason of the platitude of English opera! Italian music has words to it, and so has a dancing-girl a carotid artery—but you wish to feel your *own* heart beat delightfully, and not to count the quickening pulses of Taglioni's—you wish to embark your *own* thoughts in music's enchanted boat, and not see how it was first laden with other people's. A man's soul can have *nothing in it unsaid*, when he wants a libretto to help him listen understandingly to Pico!

And now, having translated into grammatical English, the inarticulate contents of a chicken's breast, and a pint-bottle of Tinta (for the benefit of a public to whom these eloquent midnight companions would otherwise have spoken in vain), let us to bed—apropos-imously remarking, that, in the paragraph precedent to this, there is a hint as to the uses of an opera, worthy the attention of the society of moral reform. As the clergy are, probably, asleep at this hour (3 o'clock), we say no more.

(Exit "184," *with a candle.)*

THE MIRROR HELD UP TO THE TIMES.—It is a trick of ours to begin *at the other end*, when the subject would otherwise *open dry*—bespeaking attention, as it were, by first naming the inducement. As we have lately been pulled up for not giving credit, we may as well mention, that we took this peculiarity of style from Mother Goose's politic inducement to the five reluctant patrons of the milkpail:—

"Cushy cow bonny, give down your milk,
And I will give you a *gown of silk*."

Silk gown:—we are about to show how we have arrived at the conclusion, that, in the state of the country now "opening up," it will be necessary *for every gentleman to be a pugilist.*

We beg to premise, that the state of things we are about to show forth is by no means a sign of republican retrogression. We are about to record no disparagement to the *outline* of the republic. It is a *pyramid*, in fair progression, but refinement sits within it like an *hourglass*. Half-way up the ascent of *political* perfection, the *social* diagram within is at its inevitable "tight place;" and while we remember on what a breadth of polite foundation public opinion built up society at the Revolution, and while we believe that, half a century hence, we shall have as refined standards as any country on earth, we believe that, *now*, there is a squeeze upon good-breeding in this country (less protection for private rights and feelings than there was once, and will be again), and it is as well that those who are to suffer by the tight place should be prepared to stand it.

To protect that upon which the proprietor has a right to put a value, is the object of law and civilization. Five dollars, paid back, will satisfy a man who has been robbed of five dollars; but the thief goes to prison besides. A wound given to a man is soon healed and forgotten, but the assailant is condemned for a felon. A newspaper-attack upon a man, for peculiarities with which the public have no business, may be a deeper offence to him than the loss of half his fortune, yet the attempt at remedy by law is worse than bearing it in silence. The damages given are trifling and nominal, and the prosecution propagates the evil.

The above is a skeleton statement, to which the memory of every newspaper-reader will supply the flesh-and-blood illustrations. A late decision in Massachusetts, *justifying an unnecessary libel on the ground of its truth*, threw off, to our thinking, the last skin of the metamorphosis. There is left, now, no protection, by law or public opinion, to anything but the *pocket* and the *person* of the citizen. His private feelings, his domestic peace, his hard-won respect from other men, his consciousness of respectability abroad—commodities of more value to him than money—are outlawed, and, if wronged, left to his individual avenging.

Few republicans need to be told that the law casts no formidable shadow unless shone upon by public opinion. The law of libel is powerless, because the license of the press is agreeable to the public. If it were not so, the libeller would not find himself, after conviction, still on the sunny side of public favor—nor would judges charge juries with the little emphasis they do—nor would juries give, as they do, damages that turn the plaintiff into ridicule!

There is another thing that republicans need not be told: that where a just remedy is denied by the law, the individual takes the penalty into his own hands—the same public that left him to administer it, kindly warding off the law when he is tried for the retributive assault and battery. A case of this sort lately occurred in the tabernacle city. A family of the most liberal habits and highest private worth—just risen to wealth by two generations of honest industry—chose to marry a daughter with entertainments proportionate to their fortune. A malicious editor, avowedly "to make his paper sell," and for no other reason, came out with a foul-mouthed ridicule of the festivities, that completely destroyed the happiness of the brightest domestic event of their lives. One hundred thousand dollars would have been no inducement to the family to suffer the pain and mortification that were, and will be for years, the consequences of that unprovoked outrage. But where lay the remedy? The law would perpetuate the ridicule, without giving damages that would outweigh the additional sale of the paper. It chanced, in this case, that the injured man was of athletic habits and proportions, and the editor was small and puny. *The plaintiff* (that would have been, had there been public opinion to give power to the law) called on the *defendant* (that would have been) and whipped him severely; and

when tried for the assault and battery, was punished with a fine next to nothing. The public opinion of the city of "broad philacteries" virtually justified both outrages. But where would have been the remedy, if the physical superiority had been on the other side, or if the popular blight-monger had been an unassailable cripple?

Another case of legal justification of club-law lately occurred in this city. It is so marked an instance, also, of the *social impunity of printed injuries* (the inflictor, Mr. Gliddon, being still a popular lecturer, and glorified daily by the model family-newspaper of Boston), that we venture to quote three or four passages from the libel. Mr. Cooley, the flogger, had described, with humorous ridicule, some people he saw in Egypt, and Mr. Gliddon takes it for granted (though it is denied by Mr. Cooley) that the ridicule was aimed at himself and his father. A pamphlet of thirty or forty pages of abuse of Cooley is the retort to this supposed allusion, and from a notice of the pamphlet in a daily paper, we copy three or four of its quoted sentences:—

"If, since the publication of 'The American in Egypt,' it be a work of supererogation on his part (Gliddon's) to place upon public record the petulant vagaries of an upstart, to recall the petty shifts of an itinerant miser, to unmask the insidious insipidities of a would-be author, or to refute the falsehoods of a literary abortion, it will be allowed that the deed is none of his seeking, but has been fastened on him, as the *only* course within the letter of American laws whereby a poltroon can receive chastisement from those who would have gladly vindicated their honor by means to them far more satisfactory."

"Again Mr. Gliddon says: 'I grieved that, not having been gifted with prophetic vision, I neglected to apply it [the corbash] in the Thebaid to Mr. Cooley himself, for I may never have such an eligible chance again.'"

"Had he been in Cairo at the time [of my departure from that city], he should have laid aside all official character, even at the risk of eventual censure, and Mr. Cooley should not have perpetrated his pasquinade in 'Arabia Petrea and Palestine,' before he [Gliddon] had hung a 'cowskin on those recreant limbs!'"

"If he [Gliddon] do not *now* apply a horsewhip to Mr. Cooley's shoulders, it is solely because, in a community among which both are residing, the satisfaction he should derive from a physical expression of his obligations to Mr. Cooley, might prove more expensive than the pleasure is worth."

"Our relative positions have been, and, so far as may depend on him, will remain perfectly distinct; for possible affluence will never raise Mr. Cooley to the social standing of a *gentleman*."

"Mr. Cooley's fractiousness is confined to *paper pellets*. Innate cowardice is a guaranty for his never resorting to a different manifestation of his vicious, though innocuous waspishness."

The first time Mr. Cooley saw Mr. Gliddon after these expressions of restrained warlike impatience, he gave him a beating. Mr. Gliddon prosecuted him for assault and battery, recovered "five dollars damages," and went on lecturing with high popular favor. What was Mr. Cooley's remedy for being published as "no gentlemen," a "miser," and a "coward," who had three times escaped personal chastisement? Mr. Cooley is not the "loafer" these epithets would seem to make him. He is a man of fortune, and a most excellent citizen, with highly-respectable connexions, and a hearth blessed with the presence of beauty and refinement. A duel would have brought upon him a ridicule more formidable than personal danger—the law on the subject is a cipher—and, to remove the pointed finger from waiting on him at his very table, he was *obliged* to chastise the man who stigmatized him.

One more proof of the same new state of things, though in a different line. A highly-educated young lawyer in this city, in canvassing for the whigs, during the late political contest, was severely whipped by three members of the leading democratic club. He lay a-bed a week, recovering from his bruises, and, at the end of that time, walked into a meeting of the club referred to and demanded a hearing. Order was called, and he stated his case, and demanded of the president of the club that a ring should be formed, and his antagonists turned in to him—one after the other. It was enthusiastically agreed to, and the three bullies being present, were handed over to him and handsomely flogged, one after the other. Of course this is not all we are to hear of such a man; but who will deny, that when he comes to stand for congress, he will not have counterbalanced, by this act, the disadvantage of belonging to one of the most aristocratic families of the city?

We are expressing no discontent with our country. We are playing the *Mirror* only—showing the public its face, that it may not forget "what manner of man" it is. We have shown *by facts*, that there is no more remedy among us, for the deepest injuries that can be inflicted, than there is among wild beasts in the forest. Duelling is as good as abolished, we rejoice with all our hearts—but it owes its abolition to the country's having sunk below the chivalric level at which that weed could alone find nourishment. We leave to others to draw conclusions and suggest remedies. We are not reformers. We submit. But we should think a man as improvident, not forthwith to be rubbing up his sparring, as a gentleman would have been in Charles the Second's time, to have walked abroad without his sword. They have a saying in the Mediterranean (from the custom of yoking a hog with a donkey together for draught), "You must plough with a hog if you stay in Minorca!"

Rev. Sidney Smith's description of himself from a letter to a correspondent of the New York American.—"I am seventy-four years old; and being a canon of St. Paul's, in London, and rector of a parish in the country, my time is equally divided between town and country. I am living amidst the best society in the metropolis, am at ease in my circumstances, in tolerable health, a mild whig, a tolerating churchman, and much given to talking, laughing, and noise. I dine with the rich in London, and physic the poor in the country—passing from the sauces of Dives to the sores of Lazarus. I am, upon the whole, a happy man, have found the world an entertaining world, and am heartily thankful to Providence for the part allotted to me in it."

We can add a touch or two to the auto-sketch of the witty prebend, who, we think, is one of the men most thought about just now. He is a fat man, weighing probably between two and three hundred pounds, with a head and stomach very *church*-man-like—(that is to say in the proportion of a large church with a small belfry)—a most benevolent yet humorous face, and manners of most un-English boisterousness and cordiality. At a party he is followed about, like a shepherd by his sheep, and we remember, once, at his own house, seeing Lord Byron's sister, the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, one of the laughing flock browsing upon the wit that sprung up around him. One would think, to see him and know his circumstances, that the gods had done their best to make one of the Mr. Smiths perfectly happy.

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JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

(In reply to our respected private correspondent, and the editor with his puddle against every man, and every man's inkstand against him.)

When is a statesman beyond accusation? NOT while he is still armed in the arena!—NOT while he has neither dismounted from the car of ambition, nor, even once, made sign to the world, that he would fain stop and turn his face to his Maker!

We are understood as referring to Mr. ADAMS. We consider this present active member of congress as, beyond competition, the most potent spirit in America. "Venerable" he is—and "his hand trembles"—but his venerableness is a cavern of power, and his uplifted forefinger

> "trembles as the granite trembles
> Lashed by the waves."

We know *there is* a level on the mountain of life, where the air is pure and cold—a height at which impurity can scarce come, more, between the climber and his God—but, *it is above where the lightning comes from*—it is above the dark cloud where sleeps the thunder, collected from below, and charged with inseparable good and harm. This incorrupt level is, at least, *one step* above the cloud in which Mr. Adams has pertinaciously lingered; and if his friends insist that he has been long enough lost to common scrutiny to have reached the upper side of the cloud of dangerous power, we must be excused for pointing our conductor till he is done stirring in the thunder.

Persuade us that Mr. Adams is so "venerable" as to have outlived all liability to the license described by the poet:—

> "For now, *at last*, *alone*, he sees his might!
> Out of the compass of respective awe
> He now begins to violate all right,
> While no restraining fear at hand he saw."

Persuade us that a vindictive man may be safely bowed before, for an angel, with his hand, for the first time, fetterlessly clutched on this world's thunderbolts! Persuade us that Mr. Adams could not stoop his statesmanship to resent, and that he is *not* one of those dreaders of political extinction, who feel that "not to be *at all* is worse than to be in the miserablest condition of *something*." Persuade us, in short, that no provocation in argument, no lull of responsibility, no oracular unanswerableness, no appetite for the exercise of power, no

> "injury,
> The jailer to his pity,"

could tempt Mr. Adams, with his present undiminished mental vigor, to swerve a hair line *from good*—by weight thrown upon public measure, or by influence wrongfully exercised over the fair fame of the dead and the private feelings of the living—persuade us of all this, and we will allow that he is beyond—"venerably" beyond—the remindings of human censure!

But now—having arms-lengthed it, in reply to a very formal letter we received last evening condemning the admission into our columns of a communication accusatory of Mr. Adams—let us come closer to the reader with a little of our accustomed familiarity.

We were called upon a day or two since, by one of the first scholars and most intelligent of businessmen among us—this communication in his hand. He left us to read it at our leisure. We, at first, were unpleasantly affected by it, and slipped it upon our refusal hook—sorry that so great a man as Mr. Adams should have an unbeliever (and so weighty an unbeliever), in greatness so ready for its closing seal. We should have stopped at this regret, probably, and only thought of the subject again when returning the manuscript, but that we had been previously impressed with our friend's *courage in historical justice*—on a wholly different subject. This brought about the sober second thought, and we turned it over somewhat as follows:—

Of the allowed UPPER TRIUMVIRATE of this country—CLAY, JACKSON, and ADAMS—the peaceful good name of the *first* is, just now, closed for history, by his willing relinquishment of public action. The world owes him the glorified repose for which he has signified his desire. The *second* has also retired; and, though he sometimes has sent his invincible banner to wave again in the political field, it would be a harsh pen that would transmute, and make readable by judicious eyes, the silly abuses syringed at the venerable old chieftain by the Bedouin squirt of the "Express."

The third—Mr. Adams—we could not but feel, at once, was off the pedestal where the world had willingly placed him, and had come down, once more

> "to dabble in the pettiness of fame."

(We shall be pardoned, by the way, for quoting what is recalled by this chance-sprung quotation—a comparison which seems to us singularly to picture Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams as to loftiness of public life and motive.) Dante says:—

> "The world hath left me, what it found me, pure,
> And, if I have not gathered yet its praise,
> I sought it not by any baser lure.
> Man wrongs and time avenges; and my name
> May form a monument not all obscure,
> Though such was not my ambition's end and aim—
> To add to the vain-glorious list of *those*
> *Who dabble in the pettiness of fame,*
> *And make men's fickle breath the wind that blows*
> *Their sail.*"

We felt, at once, that this latter character—this *aliquis in omnibus, nihil in singulis*—was, as displayed in Mr. Adams's career, rather the mettle of invincible obstinacy and unrest acting upon strong talent, than the ring of the clear metal of human greatness. There was nothing in Mr. Adams's life of toil that had not fed his innate passion for antagonism. He was a born ascetic, in whose nostrils the fiery perils of other men were but offensive smoke—who had no temptation to softer pleasure than a pasquinade against a political rival—who had made the most of the morality which came natural to him, and which, in this land, covers more sins than charity. He was not, like Clay and Jackson, great in spite of the impassioned nature for which we (so inconsistently), love the man and disclaim his greatness. He has been the terror of his time for wounds worse than murder—yet gave no stab that could be "stopped with parsley." He needed no shirt of penance to make him remember that

> "The virtues of great men, will only show
> Like coy auriculas, in Alpine snow."

He has profited by men's not remembering that (in the zoology of the pleasures), the sin of the sloth were a merit in the armadillo—one hating to move, and the other hating to be still, and both tested by their activity of motion. In short, Mr. Adams—though he has unquestionably walked to the topmost stone of the temple of statesmanship, and is now the third greatest man in the country that shakes under him—has exclusively pampered his own desires, topmost and undermost, by the practice of the virtues that have shielded him. The toils that have advanced him were begun in the pastime of an aristocratic youth; and *position*, up to quite the end of that "second heat" of his ambition-race, was an inheritance perseveringly thrust on him. Can such a man, while our destiny is still hourly hanging on his lips, be "venerable" beyond the possibility of censure?

With this unwilling mental review of the "boiled peas" of Mr. Adams's pilgrimagé to greatness—unwillingly, as it was irresistibly and truthfully disparaging—we reverted to our first picture of his present position. We had been truly, and even tearfully, affected, on seeing the old man, at the late festival of the Historical Society—doubtless very near his grave, but fighting his way determinately backward through the gate of death—and we expressed ourself in terms of high respect and honor, when we wrote of it the morning after. It is a recompensing ordinance of Nature, that the glory and virtues of a great man accompany *his person* and his sins lie where they first fall—in the furrow of history. It is hard to look upon any man's face, and remember ill of him; and there is many a great man, who has a halo where he comes, and none where he is heard of.

We remembered nothing disparaging to Mr. Adams that evening. But in our office, with a shade drawn over our eyes, to compel a disagreeable decision of duty, we saw that the age and decrepitude, which apparently exacted submission to his will, had left no joint open in his harness, loosened no finger upon his weapons of attack. He can defend himself—he has hundreds to defend him, should he be silent. His much talked-of "diary" lacks no evidence that truth can furnish; and *if* the charges against him *are* "mere cobwebs in a church bell," the best of prayers is, that he may burst them with one stroke of living triumph, and not leave even that slight violence to be done by the knell of his departure.

The last thought that came to us, and the only one we thought necessary for a preface to the communication, was, that *now* would probably be the time chosen by Mr. Adams himself for denying (and they MUST BE DENIED!) these indictments against his greatness. The five years' silence that will follow his death, had better harden over no ulcer—to be re-opened and cleansed, to the world's offence, hereafter. We took some credit to ourself, for simply saying this, without recording what we have been compelled to record now—the *reasons* of our thinking gravely of the communication. We would have taken the other side and entered into the defence quite as willingly—but the writer, as well as Mr. Adams, is a man not to be denied a hearing. We may perhaps be permitted to close this article—written in a most unwonted vein, *for us*—with a little editorial comfort from Shakspere:—

> "What we oft do best,
> By sick interpreters, or *weak ones*, is
> Not ours, or not allowed; what worst, as oft,
> Hitting a grosser quality, is cried up
> For our best act. But if we shall stand still—
> For fear our motion will be mocked or carped at,
> We should take root here where we sit, or sit
> For statues only."

"MONEY ARTICLE" ON THE OPERA.—We were delighted to hear it whispered about at the opera, last night, that there is a movement among the people of taste and influence to "set up," by a liberal subscription, the present excellent, but impoverished and struggling operatic company. The first thought that occurs to any one hearing of this, would, probably, be a surprise that, with such full houses as have graced the opera, they have not been thriving to the fullest extent of reasonable expectation. We understand, however, that it is quite the contrary. When the present company commenced their engagement, there was an arrearage of gas expenses to be paid up, the license was to be renewed, at $500; and the house, even when full, gives but a slender dividend over the expenses of the orchestra, scenery, lights, stage properties, and dresses. At the only "division of the spoils" that has yet been made, Madame Pico received but sixty dollars—so insufficient a sum being all that this admirable singer has received for several months' waiting, and one month's playing and singing! Her dresses alone cost her twice the sum! Borghese received twice this amount, but the other performers, of course, much less even than Pico.

In the history of the first introduction of Italian music into England, in 1692, it is stated that the singers (an "Italian lady," a *basso*, and a *soprano*) were taken up by two spirited women of fashion, wives of noblemen, who arranged benefit concerts *at their own houses*, for the "charming foreigners," and inviting their friends as if to a ball—*demanding five guineas for each invitation!* The rage for these expensive concerts is recorded as a curious event of the time, and it was a grievous mark of unfashionableness not to be honored with a ticket.

The American public is a hard master to these children of the sun. They take no comfort among us, if they lay up no money. Our climate is both dangerous and disagreeable! Our usages, and prejudices, and manner of life, all at variance with theirs! Their hearts are bleak here, and their pockets at least should have a warm lining! And (by the way) see what a difference there is, even between our country and chilly England, in the way society treats them! We chance to possess an autograph letter of JULIA GRISI'S, given us by the lady to whom it was addressed—a daughter of Lucien Bonaparte married to an English nobleman. Look at the position this little chance record reveals of a prima donna in England:—

"AIMABLE ET TRES CHERE PRINCESSE!—

"Je suis vraiment desolée de ne pouvoir aller ce soir chez Lady Morgan. Je dine chez le Prince Esterhazy ou je dois passer la soirée. Demain au soir, j'ai un concert pour M. Laporte, le reste de la semaine je suis libre et tout à vos ordres. Si vous croyez de combiner quelque-choze avec Lady Morgan, comptez sur moi! Demain je passerai chez Lady Morgan pour faire mes excuses en personne.

"Que dirai-je de ce magnifique voile! Que la generosité e l'amabilité sont innées dans la *grande famille*.

"Croyez toujours, madame la princesse, à tout le devouement de votre servante, JULIA GRISI.

"Milady D—— S——."

We chance to have another dramatic autograph, a note of LEONTINE FAY'S, given us by the same noble lady (and we may say here, *apropos*, that we should be very happy to show these, and others, to persons curious in autographs)—showing the same necessary reliance on special patronage:—

"THEATRE FRANCAIS.

"M'lle Leontine Fay a l'honneur de presenter ses humble respects a Lady D——, et de solliciter sa puissante protection pour la soirée qui aura lieu a son benefice Vendredi, 10 Juliet. Le choix des pieces et les noms des artistes qui veulent bien contribuer a son succès liu font esperer que miladi, qui aime à encouragér les arts, daignera l'honorer de sa presence."

This is dated from the French theatre in London, but we treasured up the autograph with no little avarice, for Leontine Fay was in the height of her glory, in Paris, when we first went abroad, and, to us, she seemed a new revelation of things adorable. She was made for the stage by nature—as scenery is adapted by coarse lines for distant perspective. Her eyes were dark, luminous, and of a size that gave room for the whole audience to "repose on velvet" in them.——But we wander! We resume our subject, after saying that we never envied prince or king, till we heard, at that time, that Leontine Fay passionately loved the prince royal—the young duke of Orleans. He is dead, she is grown ugly, and we are left to admire Pico. "Much after this fashion," etc., etc.

Grave people (though by no means *all* grave people) are inclined to bid the opera "stand aside" as a thing unholy. We think this is a mistake. We be-

lieve music to be medicinal to body and soul. With entire reverence, we take leave to remind the religious objector of the cure of Saul, and to quote the passage:—

"But the spirit of the Lord departed from Saul, and an evil spirit from the Lord troubled him. And Saul's servants said unto him, Behold now, an evil spirit troubleth thee. Let our Lord now command thy servants which are before thee, to seek out a man who is a cunning player on a harp; and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand, and thou shalt be well.

"And it came to pass that when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took a harp and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

The medicinal value attached to music by the ancients is also shown in the education of Moses at the court of Pharaoh. Clemens Alexandrinus has recorded that "Moses was instructed by the Egyptians in arithmetic, geometry, rhythm, harmony, but, *above all, in medicine and music.*" Miriam sang and danced in costume, and David "in his linen ephod," and the only reproach made by Laban to Jacob, for carrying off his two daughters, was, that he did not give him the opportunity to send him away "with mirth and with songs, with tabret and with harp." We refer to these historic proofs, to remind the objecting portion of the community that *scenic musical representation was a vent for domestic and religious feeling among the ancients*, and that, in an opera—particularly one unaccompanied by modern ballet—there is no offence to moral feeling, but, on the contrary, *authorized good.*

To revert to our purpose, in this article—(chronologically, somewhat spready!)—We do not know what shape the aroused liberality of the wealthy classes of New York will take, but we should think that Madame Pico—(as she has given us the most pleasure, at the greatest expense to herself, and is an unprotected and exemplary woman, alone among us)—should have a *special benefit* by subscription concert, or some other means as exclusive to herself. We suggest it—but we presume we are not the first it has occurred to. Will the wealthy gentlemen who are nightly seen in the dress-circles, delighted with her exquisite music, turn the subject over at their luxurious firesides?

To and about our Correspondents.—We wish to "define our position" with regard to our correspondents and their opinions.

Were an editor to profess an agreement of opinion with every writer for his paper, he would either claim a superhuman power of decision on all possible subjects, at first sight, or he would exclude communications on all subjects, except his own mental hobbies and matters of personal study and acquaintance. To avoid both horns of this fool's dilemma, he opens a *correspondence column*, in which anything (short of an invasion of a cardinal virtue, or violation of a palpable truth) may very properly and irresponsibly appear. The only questions the editor asks himself are, *whether it will interest his readers, and whether it is worth its space in the paper.*

But there are people for whom it is necessary that we should go back to the very catechism of political economy, and show upon what principle is founded the expediency of a free press—a press untrammelled by a king in a kingdom, and by the sovereign republicans in a republic.

Opinions have been well likened to steam—powerless when diffused abroad, resistless when shut in and denied expansion. The unconscious apostleship of Mr. Adams—procuring an explosion in favor of abolition, by his obstinacy in provoking an undue suppression of the subject—is a striking illustration of this. Nothing makes less impression on the mind than abstract principles to which there is no opposition—nothing is dearer to the heart than opinions for which we have been called on to contend and suffer. A free press, therefore, keeping open gate for all subjects not prohibited by law and morals, is far safer than a press over-guarded in its admissions to the public eye.

Having thus repeated, as it were, a page of the very spelling-book of freedom, let us bespeak, of our subscribers, a *let-off*, as far as we personally are concerned, for any decent opinions expressed under the head of "correspondence." We *throw open that part of our paper.* It is interesting to know what people think who do not agree with us. We court variety. We would not (in anything but love) be called a bigot. New opinions, even the truest, are reluctantly received, and, we think, very often culpably distrusted. As far, therefore, as the *yea* or *nay* may go, on any proper subject, we care not a fig which side writes first to us, and we hereby disclaim responsibility for all articles under "*our correspondence*," except on the score of morals and readableness.

The Opera.—The Puritani is one of those operas with which musical criticism has little or nothing to do. If only tolerably sung, the feeling of the audience goes on before—making no stay with fault-finding. The applause last night, after a most limping and ill-paced duett between Tomasi and Valtellina, was tempestuous; and Antognini, in one passage, ran off his voice, and was gone for several notes in some unknown region, and yet, on spreading out his hands immediately after, there was great approbation by the audience! Great effort was made by the audience to encore "*Suoni la tromba*," but the two *bases* thought more basely of their bases than the audience, and did not repeat it. Is there no way to implore Valtellina to abate a little of his *overreaching* of voice, in that superb invocation? He overdoes it terribly.

We are not writing in very good humor, we are afraid—but the enthusiasm of a crammed house needs no propping. We would not find fault if they needed our praise. Borghese did well—but will do better at the next representation. She would sing with fuller tone for a little egg beat up with brandy. We longed to unreef her voice—in some way crowd a little more *abandon* into it. She acted as she always does—to a charm.

Pico was in one of the proscenium boxes, looking very charming, and evidently enjoying the whole opera with un-envious enthusiasm. She went with a bouquet for Borghese—so said a bird in our ear.

OLE BULL'S NIAGARA.

(an hour before the performance.)

Saddle, as, of course, we are, under any very striking event, we find ourselves bestridden, now and then, with a much wider occupancy than the plumb-line of a newspaper column. Ole Bull possesses us over our tea-table; he will possess us over our supper-table—his performance of Niagara equi-distant between the two. We must think of him and his violin for this coming hour. Let us take pen and ink into our confidence.

The "origin of the harp" has been satisfactorily recorded. We shall not pretend to put forward a credible story of the *origin of the violin;* but we wish to name a circumstance in natural history. The house-cricket that chirps upon our hearth, is well known as belonging to the genus Pneumora. Its insect size consists almost entirely of a pellucid abdomen,

crossed with a number of transverse ridges. This, when inflated, resembles a bladder, and upon its tightened ridges the insect plays like a fiddler, by drawing its thin legs over them. The cricket is, in fact, a *living violin;* and as a fiddler is "scarce himself" without his violin, we may call the cricket a stray portion of a fiddler.

Ole Bull "is himself" with his violin before him—but without it, the commonest eye must remark that he is of the invariable build of the restless searchers after something lost—the build of enthusiasts—that is to say, chest enormous, and *stomach, if anything, rather wanting!* The great musician of Scripture, it will be remembered, expressed his mere mental affliction by calling out "My bowels! my bowels!" and, after various experiments on twisted silk, smeared with the white of eggs, and on single threads of the silk-worm, passed through heated oil, the animal fibre of *cat-gut* has proved to be the only string that answers to the want of the musician. Without trying to reduce these natural phenomena to a theory (except by suggesting that Ole Bull may very properly take the cricket as an emblem of his instinctive pursuit), we must yield to an ominous foreboding for this evening. The objection to cat-gut as a musical string is its *sensibility to moisture;* and in a damp atmosphere it is next to impossible to keep it in tune. The string comes honestly enough by its sensitiveness (as any one will allow who has seen a cat cross a street after a shower)—but, if *the* cat of Ole Bull's violin had the least particle of imagination *in* her, can what is left of her be expected to discourse lovingly of her natural antipathy—a *water*-fall?

But—before we draw on our gloves to go over to Palmo's—a serious word as to what is to be attempted to-night.

Old Bull is a great creature. He is fitted, if ever mortal man was, to represent the attendant spirit in Milton, who

> "Well knew to still the wild woods when they roared
> And hush the moaning winds;"

but it seems to us that, without a printed programme, showing what he intends to express *besides* the mere sound of waters, he is trusting far too rashly to the comprehension of his audience and their power of musical interpretation. He is to tell a story by music! Will it be understood?

We remember being very much astonished, a year or two ago, at finding ourself able to read the thoughts of a lady of this city, as she expressed them in an admirable improvisation upon the piano. The delight we experienced in this surprise induced us to look into the extent to which musical *meaning* had been perfected in Europe. We found it recorded that a Mons. Sudre, a violinist of Paris, had once brought the expression of his instrument to so nice a point that he "could convey information to a stranger in another room," and it is added that, upon the evidence thus given of the capability of music, it was proposed to the French government to educate military bands *in the expression of orders and heroic encouragements in battle!* Hayden is criticised by a writer on music as having failed in attempting (in his great composition "The Seasons") to express "the dawn of day," "the husbandman's satisfaction," "the rustling of leaves," "the running of a brook," "the coming on of winter," "thick fogs," etc., etc. The same writer laughs at a commentator on Mozart, who, by a "second violin quartette in D minor," imagines himself informed how a loving female felt on being abandoned, and thought the music fully expressed that it was Dido! Beethoven undertook to convey distinct pictures in his famous Pastoral Symphony, but it was thought at the time that no one would have distinguished between his musical sensations on visiting the country and his musical sensations while sitting beside a river—unless previously told what was coming!

Still, Ole Bull is of a primary order of genius, and he is not to wait upon precedent. He has come to our country, an inspired wanderer from a far away shore, and our greatest scenic feature has called on him for an expression of its wonders in music. He may be inspired, however, and we, who listen, still be disappointed. He may not have felt Niagara as we did. He may have been subdued where a meaner spirit would be aroused—as

> "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

(*Seven o'clock, and time to go.*)

* * * * *

(AFTER THE PERFORMANCE.)

We believe that we have heard a transfusion into music—not of "Niagara," which the audience seemed bona-fide to expect, but—of the *pulses of the human heart* AT *Niagara.* We had a prophetic boding of the result of calling the piece vaguely "Niagara"—the listener furnished with no "argument," as a guide through the wilderness of "treatment" to which the subject was open. This mistake allowed, however, it must be said that Ole Bull has, genius-like, refused to mis-interpret the voice within him—refused to play the charlatan, and "bring the house down"—as he *might well have done by any kind of "uttermost," from the drums and trumpets of the orchestra.*

The emotion at Niagara is all but mute. It is a "small, still voice" that replies within us to the thunder of waters. The musical mission of the Norwegian was to represent the insensate element *as it was to him*—to a human soul, stirred in its seldom-reached depths by the call of power. It was the *answer* to Niagara that he endeavored to render in music—not the *call!* We defer attempting to *read* further, or rightly, this musical composition till we have heard it again. It was received by a crowded audience, in breathless silence, but with no applause.

Miss JULIA NORTHALL'S first appearance as a public singer was very triumphant. If her heart had not kept beating just under her music-maker, she would have made much better music, however. When we tell the lovely *debutante*, that persons in besieged fortresses can detect the direction of the enemy's approach under ground, by placing sanded drums on the surface, which betray the strokes of the mining pickaxes by the vibrations of the particles, she will understand how the beating of her heart may disturb the *timbre* of her voice—to say nothing of the disturbance in the air by the accelerated beating of the anxious hearts of her admirers! She has great advantages—a rich voice deep down with an upper chamber in it (what the musicians call a *contralto sfogato*), and a kind of personal beauty susceptible of great stage embellishments. "Modest assurance" (with a preponderance of assurance if anything), is her great lack.

Sanquirico sang admirably—but his black coat spoiled it for all but the *cognoscenti.*

We came out of the opera-house amid a shower of expressions of disappointment, and we beg pardon of "the town" for remembering what Antigenides of Athens said to a musical pupil who was once too little applauded. "The next time you play," said Antigenides, "shall be to me and the Muses."

THE TWO NEW FASHIONS, WHITE CRAVATS AND LADIES' TARPAULINS.—Here and there a country reader will, perhaps, require to be informed that no man is stylish, now, "out" in the evening, *without a*

white cravat. To those who frequent the opera this will be no news, of course; as no eye could have failed to track the "milky way," around the semi-circle, from stage-box to stage-box. The fact thus recorded, however, we proceed to the *diagnosis* of the fashion (and of another fashion, of which we shall presently speak)—premising only that we are driven to the discussion of these comparatively serious themes, by the frivolous character of other news, and the temporary public surfeit of politics, scandal, and murder.

The white cravat was adopted two years since, in London, as the mark of a party—"Young England." Our readers know, of course, that for ten years, they have been worn only by servants in that country, and that a black coat and white cravat were the unmistakable uniform of a family butler. The cravat having been first worn as the distinction of a certain reforming club, in Cromwell's parliament, however, the author of Vivian Grey adopted it as the insignium of the new political party, of which he is the acknowledged leader; and, as the *king of the white cravats*, he has set a fashion for America. The compliment we pay him is the greater, by the way, that we do not often copy the tight-legged nation in our wearables.

It was established in Brummell's time that a white cravat could not be successfully tied, except upon the critical turn preceding the reaction of a glass of champagne and a cup of green tea. A felicitous dash of inspired dexterity is the only thing to be trusted, and failure is melancholy! As to dressiness, a white cravat is an intensifier—making style more stylish, and the lack of it more observable; but artistically it is only becoming to light complexions—by its superior whiteness, producing an effect of warmth on a fair skin, but impoverishing the brilliancy of a dark one. As a sign of the times, the reappearance of the white cravat is the forerunner of a return to old-fashioned showiness in evening dress, and, as the wheel comes round again, we shall revive tights, buckles, and shoes—expelling the levelling costume of black cravat and boots, and making it both expensive and troublesome to look like a gentleman after candlelight. So tilts the plank in republics—aristocratic luxury going up as aristocratic politics are going down!

But what shall we say of *trains* and *tarpaulins* for ladies wear! Jack's hat, copied exactly in white satin, is the rage for a head-dress, now—(worn upon the side of the head with a ruinous feather)—and a velvet train is about becoming indispensable to a chaperon! It will be a bold *poor* man that will dare to marry a lady ere long—what with feathers and trains and pages' wages! We rejoice that we had *our* fling in the era of indifferent pocket. Keep the aristocracy unemployed on politics for another administration or two, and we shall drive matrimony to the extremities of society—none but the very rich, or very poor, able to afford the luxury!

MERRY CHRISTMAS.—Our paper of this evening—(Christmas eve)—is to be read by the light of the "YULE LOG,"—or whatever else represents the bright centre around which, dear reader! your family does its Christmas assembling. We shall perhaps amuse you by suggesting a comparison between the elegant lamp, which diffuses its light over your apartment, and the expedient resorted to by your English ancestors to brighten the hall for *their* Christmas evening. "I myself," says an old historian, "have seen table-cloths, napkins, and towels, which being *taken foul from the table*, have been cast into the fire, and there they burned before our faces upon the hearth." This, of course, was by way of illustrating the greasy habits of our ancestors at table, and gives an amusing piquancy to the injunction of wisdom that we should cherish the "lights of the past."

There are two points of freedom in which we envy the condition of slaves at the south—FREEDOM *from responsibility at all times, and* FREEDOM *from all manner of work from Christmas to New Year.* "The negroes" (says a writer on the festivals, games, and amusements, in the southern states), "enjoy *a week's recreation* every winter, including Christmas and New Year's; during which they prosecute their plays and sports in a very ludicrous and extravagant manner, dressing and masking in the most grotesque style, and having, in fact, a complete carnival." We confess this *let-up* from the pressure of toil is enviable. The distinction between horse and man, in the latter's requiring mental as well as bodily rest, should be legislated upon—all business barred with penalties, except for the necessaries of life, during the Christmas holydays and during another week somewhere in June. We are a monotonous people in this country. The festivals of the Jews occupied a quarter of the year, and *eighty days* were given to festivals among the ancient Greeks! We do not fairly keep more than one in New York—New Year's day—the only day, except Sundays, when newspapers are not issued and shops are all shut.

We are sorry we can not *paragraph* America into more feeling for holydays, but we may perhaps prevent a gradual desuetude of even keeping Christmas, by heaping up our regrets when it comes round. We shall join the procession of visiters to the toy-shops and confectioners to-night, and we think, by the way, that these rounds to the gift-venders, might be made exceedingly agreeable. "GUION," "SANDS," "THOMPSON," "TIFFANY & YOUNG," "STUART'S CANDY PALACE," "BONFANTI'S," and "THE ALHAMBRA," are beautiful places for a range of soirees in hat and bonnet, and we went this round last Christmas eve with great amusement. Happy children are beautiful sights, and we can still see *bons-bons* with their eyes.

READER! *a merry Christmas!* and let us repeat once more to you the old stanza (tho' old Trinity is no longer what it was when this was written):—

> "Hark the merry bells chiming from Trinity,
> Charm the ear with their musical din,
> Telling all, throughout the vicinity,
> Holyday gambols are now to begin!
> Friends and relations, with fond salutations,
> And warm gratulations, together appear,
> While lovers and misses with holyday kisses
> Greet merry Christmas and happy New Year."

THE OTHER SIDE OF BROADWAY.—It is time that the *decline* of the era of shopping a-foot was fairly announced as at its *fall*—an epoch gone over to history. Washington Hall has been purchased as a property no longer objectionable from its being the other side of mud, and is to be speedily converted into the most magnificent "ladies store" within the limits of silk and calico. We are credibly assured that this last assertion is fully borne out by the plans of Mr. Stuart, the projector. No shop in London or Paris is to surpass it. But the best part of it remains to be told:—The building is to have a *court for carriages in the centre*, so that shoppers will thunder in at a *porte cochére*, like visiters to the grand duke of Tuscany! There will of course be a spacious door on the street, for those who can cross Broadway without a carriage—(poor zealous things!)—but the building is contrived for those to whom the crowded side of the street is rather an objection, and who wish their hammer-cloths to stand out of the spatter of omnibuses while they shop!! There is a comment on "the times" in this plan of Mr. Stuart's which we commend to the notice of some other parish.

Farther down-town, however (156) the shilling side of Broadway has been embellished by a new store, intended for all comers and customers, and certainly an ornament to the town—occupied by BEEBE & COSTAR, hatters. No more showy and sumptuous saloon could possibly be contrived than this "hatter's shop;" and it is very well that they keep one article of ladies' wear—(riding-hats)—for it is altogether too pretty a place for a monastery. The specimen hats stand on rows of marble tables, and the room is lined with mirrors and white panels—the effect very much that of a brilliant French *café*. As to the article of merchandise, Beebe & Costar have made tributary the "lines of beauty" to a degree which gives their hats a most peculiar elegance of shape, and it is worth the while of those who are nice in their *tegmen*, to "look in."

Apropos:—The only god who employed a hatter was Mercury—why is not that "English clever" deity, with his winged hat, installed as a hatter's crest? The propriety of it must have occurred to the hatters. Possibly we are so mercurial a nation, that it was thought impolitic—no man wanting any more *mercury* in his hat—*at least when it is on.* We see that the annual hatters' ball comes off on the 26th. May we venture to suggest as topics of discussion in the quadrilles—1st, Mercury's claims to the *arms* of the assembly, and, 2d, what peltry was probably used by the hatter of Olympus, and 3d, whether (as it was a winged hat) it must not have been made of the only quadruped that flies *fur*, the flying squirrel? "Curious questions, coz!"

FRANCE *versus* ENGLAND, or the BLACK CRAVAT *versus* THE WHITE.—We have received, in a very London-club-y handwriting, a warlike reply to the note we published lately from a French gentleman on the subject of the white cravat. The two nations seem to have separated into hostile array on the subject. Our English correspondent certainly brings cogent arguments in favor of the *white*, and indeed of English costume generally. After asking very naturally what our French correspondent's phrase, "*perfidious Albion*," had to do with it, and suggesting that "black cravat" had better "reflect on the late conduct of the French in the Pacific," he goes on with the matter in question:—

"The English fashion for gentlemen's dress is never to sacrifice comfort to appearance, which the French fashion invariably does; the clothes of the English are loosely made, so that every limb of the body is free. You see nothing in the dress that can be called effeminate; they appear to eschew everything that approaches the 'Miss Nancy school;' no man with them is considered well-dressed, however costly his attire, if he be not manly in his appearance. Now, a Frenchman's clothes are made to fit so tight, that it is impossible for him to look at his ease. A Frenchman dressed looks as if he had just come out of a band-box; he looks like a pretty doll which you see in the shop windows in Paris. To hand a lady a chair, he runs the danger of bursting his coat, or cracking his waist-band; he can not stoop to pick up a lady's fan, without danger to his inexpressibles. The Frenchman dressed is no longer the easy, pliant, laughing man, that we know him to be when in dishabille—but he is stiff, unnatural, and effeminate.

"The English fashion abhors display; the French, on the contrary, invites it. With the Frenchman dress is a great affair, for he intends to make a sensation. With the Englishman it is but secondary, for he does not believe that mere dress can have any influence. You may form an idea of the sentiments of both nations from this national character—the English (and Americans) are proud, but not vain; the French are very vain, but have little pride.

"Again: we like the Englishman's fondness for white linen, and in this we can not imitate him too closely. It is not only in the evening, as with the Frenchman, that he puts on his fine linen, but at rising he must have it.—Though he may wear a shaggy morning coat, his under garments must be spotless. You may know him when travelling on the continent, by the unrivalled whiteness of his linen. The same cleanliness makes the white cravat preferable. It has its recommendation in being a *clean fashion*—for no gentleman can wear it more than once; whereas, the black satin cravat, which your correspondent so much extols, is an exceedingly dirty fashion—for, after dancing, the perspiration settles in the satin; and with the dust in the room, &c., it becomes unfit to wear more than twice, whereas the French wear their cravats until they are worn out."

The sun "kept Christmas" yesterday, by appearing "in his best." We never saw a more joyous, kindly, holyday quality of sunshine. All who had hearts to go abroad with, went abroad, and *a-Broad*way was a long aisle of beauty in nature's roofless cathedral. God help all who were not happy yesterday! We picked up a bit of real-life poetry (by-the-way) in a very unexpected place yesterday—a confectioner's shop! The circumstance is at such a distance from poetry, that the flash comes before the report—a laugh before the eye is moistened. At Thompson's, the best confectioner of the city, we saw a large pound-cake, with a figure of a nun standing on it, dressed in white, and we were told that a cake had just gone to the sisters of the Barclay-street convent, with this little figure *in mourning instead of white*—sent by a young catholic lady who had just lost her mother. As a conveyance of a thought, intended to be entirely between the mourner and the sympathising sisters, we think this was very beautiful. Perhaps we spoil it by giving the coarse-minded a chance to ridicule it.

We wish to introduce to the reader the word *tonality*. Let us show its availableness at once by using it to express the secret of Pico's overwhelming effect upon the audience on Saturday evening. As musical people know, *melody* is the natural "concord of sweet sounds," and *harmony* may be tolerably defined as the artificial creation of surprises to vary melody. Malibran saw, for instance, that one of her rustic audiences could feel *melody*, but was incapable of appreciating *harmony*, when they tumultuously encored her in "Home, Sweet Home," and let her "*Di tanti palpiti*" go by without applause! It takes more than one hearing, for persons not learned in music, to appreciate the *harmony* of an opera, though if there be in it an air of simple *melody*, a child will listen to it, for the first time, with delight. But there are operas, much cried up, where the *melody* and *harmony* are *not in* TONE; and though people may be made to like them against nature (as they like olives), the majority of the audience will feel incredulous as to its being "good music." (We were two or three years opera-going before these unwritten distinctions got through our *dura mater*, dear reader; and if you are not in a hurry, perhaps you will pay us the compliment of reading them over again, while we mend our pen for a new paragraph.)

Pico sang a part in the opera of Saturday night, which, in our opinion, owed its electric power to three *tonalities:* tone No. 1, between the harmony and melody of the music—tone No. 2, between the music

and her own impression on the public as a woman—and tone No. 3, between the opera and the mood of the public for that evening.

Tone No. 1 is already explained. *Tone* No. 3 was, perhaps, a combination of pleasurable accidents—both the donnas in one piece, the house crammed with fashion, and graced with more beauty than usual, and (last, not least) the *change in the weather*. A sudden south wind in December, makes even fashion affectionate, and, with such influences in the air, music that is "the food of love," may "play on"—with entire confidence as to its reception. Of *tone* No. 2 (the part in Donizetti's opera) we wish to speak more at large, but we can not trust ourself afloat with it in a paragraph already under headway.

Donizetti is commonly rated as a trite and not very vigorous composer. As a musical convoy, he never drops the slowest sailor below the horizon. But, that he lets his heart steer the music whenever he can persuade science to give up the helm, everybody must have felt who has embarked a thought in one of his operas. The music written down for Orsini (Pico's part) expresses the character that Shakspere's words give to Mercutio—the prince of thoughtless good fellows, careless, loveable, and amusing. Between this and Pico's personal qualities (as made legible across the footlights), there is a *tonality* the town has felt—a joyous recognition, by the audience, of a complete correspondence between the good-fellow music she sings and the good fellow nature has made her. There is a class of such women—some of them the most captivating of their sex, and every one of them the acknowledged "best creature in the world" of the circle she lives in. Here and there a person will understand better what we mean if we mention that Pico sat in the proscenium-box on the night of Ole Bull's concert, and, with a full house looking at her with eager curiosity, sat and munched her under-lip most unbecomingly, in perfect unconsciousness of any need of forbearing to do in public what she would have done if she were alone! We must say we like women that forget themselves!

We heard twenty judicious persons comment on the opera of Saturday, and with but one expression of never, in any country, having enjoyed opera more. The *universal tonality*, to which we have tried to play the interpreter, is partly a matter of coincidence, and may not happen again; but we assure the two donnas and our friend Signor Sacchi, that with the remembrance of it, and *with them both in the glorious opera of Semiramide, next week*, they will want a larger house than Palmo's.

And, by-the-way, this amiable "Quintius Curtius" of the opera, who has procured us the luxury of a temple of music by jumping into the gulf with his $47,000—excellent Signor Palmo—claims of the public a slight return; no more than that they should *acknowledge the fact of his disaster!* It has been doubted that he has lost money, and some of the world's cruelty has been dealt out to him in the shape of a sneer at his sincerity. We copy (literally) the explanation sent us on the subject, and bespeak for him present public regard, and some future more tangible demonstration:—

"Being attracted by a statement made in the Mirror in reference to the Italian company at Palmo's opera-house, showing the receipts and disbursements for twelve nights, leaving but a small amount to be divided by the company, after having as good and better houses than when under the auspices of Signor Palmo, whose honesty has been imputed to have made money, and made the public and his creditors believe the contrary, now the mystery is solved, and the public should be satisfied of Signor Palmo's integrity, who is ready to show by bills paid, and his books, that he has lost $47,000 the last four years."

SUPPER AFTER THE OPERA.

Private room over the Mirror office, corner of Ann and Nassau—Supper on the round table, and brigadier mixing summat and water—Flagg, the artist, fatiguing the salad with a paper-folder—Devil in waiting—Quarter past ten, and enter "Yours Truly" from the opera.

Brig.—Here he comes, like a cloud dropping from Olympus—charged with Pico-tricity! Boy *(to the "devil")*, stick a steel pen in my hat for a conductor! Now—let him rain!

Flagg.—Echo—let him reign!

Yours Truly—(looking at the salad-dish).—Less gamboge for me, if you please, my dear artist! Be merciful of mustard when you mix for public opinion! But, nay! brigadier!

Brig.—Thank you for not calling on me to *bray*, mi-boy! What shall I *neigh* at?

Yours Truly.—How indelicate of you to call on an artist to exercise his profession on a party of pleasure!

Brig.—How?

Yours Truly—Setting him to grind colors in a salad-dish! What are you tasting with that wooden ladle, my periodical sodger?

Brig.—Two of "illicit" to one of Croton—potheen from a private still in the mountains of Killarny! Knowles sent it to me! You have no idea what a flavor of Kate Kearney there is about it!—(fmff! fmff!)

Flagg—(absently).—I smell the color of the heath-flowers in it—crocus-yellow on a brown turf!

Brig.—Stick a pin there, mi-boy!—a new avenue to the brain for things beautiful! Down with privileged roads in a republic! Why should the colors mixed for a limitless sense of beauty go in only at the eye?

Flagg.—No reason why. I wish we could *hear* colors!

Brig.—So you can, my inspired simplicity! and taste them, too! You can hear things that are *read*, and you can taste the *brown* in a turkey! *(Turning to Yours Truly)*—Was that well said, my dear boy?

Yours Truly.—Pardon me if I suggest still an improvement in the aristocracy of the senses! The eye has a double door of fringed lids, and the mouth an inner door of fastidious ivory; and, with the power to admit or exclude at will, these are the *exclusive* organs! The *republicans* are the nose and ear—open to all comers, and forced to make the best of them!

Flagg.—A new light, by Jupiter! Let us pamper the aristocracy! An oyster for my ivory gate, if you please, general, and let us spite the ear's monopoly of Pico by drinking her in silence! (——)

Brig.—(——)

Yours Truly.—(——)

Brig.—Touching Pico—*is* she, or *isn't* she?—you know what I want to know, my boy! Disembowel your mental oyster! What ails Borghese? What is a "contralto?" Is it anything wrong—or what?

Yours Truly.—A contralto, my particular general, is a voice that touches bottom—rubs your heart with its keel, as it were, while floating through you—comparing with a soprano, as the air on a mountain-top compares with a breeze from lower down.

Brig.—Best possible description of yourself, mi-boy! Go on, my contralto!

Flagg.—Yes—go on about Borghese—what is the philosophy of Borghese's salary being the double of Pico's?

Yours Truly.—Ah! now you touch the weight that keeps Borghese down! The public, like yourself, ask why the prima-donna who gives them the more pleasure is the poorer paid! Borghese—but first let me tell you what I think of her, comparison

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apart. (Boy, light a cigar, and keep it going with the bellows, *a la pastille!* I like the smoke, but to talk with a cigar in the mouth spoils the delicacy of discrimination.)

Brig.—Spare us the scientific, mi-boy!

Yours Truly.—Why, what do you mean? I am as ignorant of music, my dear sodger, as an Indian is of botany—but *he* knows a weed from a flower, and *I* talk of music *as the audience judge of it*—by what I hear, "mark, and inwardly digest."

Brig.—But the big words, my dear contralto!

Yours Truly.—"Foreign slip-slops," I grant you—but nothing more!—I lived three years in Italy, and, of course, heard Italian audiences express themselves, and here and there a phrase sticks to me—but if I know "B *sharp*" from "B *flat*" (which is more than some musical critics know), it is the extent of my knowledge. No, general! *there is no sillier criticism of music than technical criticism.* You might as well paint cannon-balls piebald and then judge of their effect by remembering which color showed through the touch-hole before priming! *Notes* go to the *ear; effects* shower the *nerves.* A musician who is a critic, judges of a prima-donna by the accuracy with which she imitates what he (the musician) has played on an instrument—like a *tight*-rope dancer criticising his brother of the *slack*-rope, because he don't swing over the pit! Analyze the applause at an opera! There are, perhaps, *ten* persons in a Palmo audience who are scientific musicians. These ten admire most what *they* can most exclusively admire—rapid and difficult passages (what the Italians call *fiorituri*, or "flourishes") executed with the most skilful muscular effort of the vocal organs. These ten, however, pass over, as very pleasant accidents of the opera, the part which pleases the rest of the audience—the *messa di voce*—the tender expression of slower notes which try the sweetness of the voice—the absoluteness of the "art concealing art," and which, more than all, *betrays the personal sensibility and quality of the actress's mind.* My dear brigadier, true criticism travels a circle, and ends where it began—*with nature.* But as the art of the prima-donna brings her to the same point, the unscientific audience are *most with* the most skilful prima-donna—nearer to a just appreciation of her than musicians are.

Brig.—Now I see the reason I am so enchanted with Pico, mi-boy! I was afraid I had no business to like her—as I didn't know Italian music! What a way you have of making me feel pleasant!

Yours Truly.—Pico has enchanted the town, brigadier! and I have endeavored to put the flesh and blood of language to the ghost of each night's enchantment. That ghost of remembrance sticks by us through the next day, and I thought it would be agreeable to the Mirror readers to have the impression of the music recalled by our description of it. Have I done it *scientifically?* Taste forbid!—even if I knew how! I interpret for "the million"—not for "the ten."

Flagg.—But about Borghese!

Yours Truly.—Well—I have a great deal to say about Borghese—I have a great deal of the "flesh and blood" I just spoke of, in reserve for Borghese; but I shall follow a strong public feeling, and not clothe *her* enchantments with language, till she slacks her hold upon the purse-strings, and shares equally, at least, with the donna whom the public prefer. There goes the brigadier—fast asleep! Good night, gentlemen! (*Exit* "*Yours Truly.*")

Ole Bull's Concert.—We longed last night for one of "Curtis's acoustic chairs," by which all the sound that approaches a man is inveigled into his ear and made the most of, for we heard Niagara attentively through, and at every change in the music wished it louder. We thought even the "dying fall" too expiring. It occurred to us, by the way, that if the text of this discoursed music had been one of *the psalms* instead of God's less interpretable voice in the cataract, the room for enthusiasm, as well as the preparation for it, on the part of the audience, would have been vastly greater. In a mixed assembly (of the quality of that at Palmo's last night) no chamber of imagination is furnished or tenanted except that of religion, and the very name of a *bible psalm on the violin* would have clothed any music of Ole Bull's performing with the aggrandizing wardrobe of association kept exclusively for "powerful sermons" and "searching prayers." We rather wonder that this ready access to the excitability of the mass has not been taken advantage of by the violinists.

We confess to a little surprise in Ole Bull's organization. With the

"Bust of a Hercules—waist of a gnat"—

a superb build for a gladiator or an athlete—*his violin is a woman!* The music he draws from it is all delicacy, sentiment, pathos, and variable tenderness—never powerful, masculine, or imposing. "The Mother's Prayer," and the "Solitude of a Prairie," are more effective than "Niagara," for that reason. The audience are prepared for a different sex in a cataract. We know very well that the *accordatura* of a violin is of all compass, and that Paganini "played the devil" on it, as well as the angel, and we repeat our surprise, that, even in a piece whose name suggests nothing but masculine power, the burthen should be wholly feminine! Fact, as this unquestionably is, we leave it to our readers to reconcile with another fact—that the applause at one of Ole Bull's concerts *bears no proportion to the enthusiasm*, as the ladies, without exception, are enchanted with him, and the men (who do the applauding) are, almost without exception, dissatisfied with him.

"Gentle shepherd, tell us why!"

Even at the high price of tickets, nobody draws like the Norwegian. A very sensible correspondent of ours proposed to him (through the Mirror) to lower his price, and allow those who could not afford the dollar to have an opportunity of hearing him. He is the soul of kindness and charity, and we should suppose this would strike him as a felicitous hint.

Battle of the Cravats.—The front row of the opera resembles a pianoforte with its white and black keys—the alternation of black and white cravats is so evenly distributed. The Frenchmen are all in black cravats of course, and the English and Americans in white, and a man might step his ears and turn his back to the orchestra (when the two donnas are on the stage together) and tell who is singing, Pico or Borghese, by the agitation of the black cravats or the white. It is a strong argument in favor of the white cravats, *apropos*, that the Americans, whose sympathy is with the French in almost everything, should have joined the English in this division of opinion. We have received two or three most bellicose letters on each side of this weighty argument, and would publish them if we had a spare page.

The Opera.—Madame Pico was evidently struggling, last evening, against the effects of her late illness; but she delighted the audience as usual, with her impassioned and effective singing. The opera

is a very trying one, and, to us, not the most agreeable in its general character—particularly in the lachrymose tone, throughout, of the part allotted to Pico. Sanquirico was a relief to this ennui, and he so charmed one lady in the house, that she threw him a bouquet! He played capitally well—barring one little touch of false taste in using two English words by way of being funny. It let him down like the falling out of the bottom of a sedan.

Several of our French friends, by the way, have requested us to contradict the *on dit* we mentioned in the Mirror, touching a "cabal to keep Pico subservient to Borghese." A regularly-formed one there doubtless is *not*—but the French are zealous allies, and every one of them does as much for Borghese as he can, and, of course, as much as he could do in a cabal. On the contrary, there seems to be no one individual taking any pains about Pico—the general enthusiasm at the opera excepted. Let us state a fact: We have received many visits and more than a dozen letters, to request even our trifling critical preference for Borghese; and no sign has been given, either by Pico or her friends, that our critical preference was wished for, or otherwise than tacitly acknowledged. This being true of a mere newspaper, what must be probably the difference of appeal to more direct sources of patronage? One or two persons have talked feelingly of pity for Borghese's mortification! We are watching to see when her mortification will be so insupportable that she will slacken her grasp upon Pico's just share of the profits! We are not only the true exponent of public opinion in reference to the merits of these ladies, but, if we are not personally impartial, it is because (though we have no acquaintance with either of the two ladies) we chance to know most of Borghese's friends. Pico is evidently a kind-hearted person, indolently careless of her pecuniary interests, and it is impossible to see the shadows of mental suffering in her face and not wish to aid her—but we should not sacrifice critical taste to do even that, and we have not written a syllable that her *effect* on the public has not more that justified. At the same time we have never said a syllable to disparage Borghese, and have only forborne to say as much of her merits as we should otherwise have done, because she was overpaid and strongly hedged in with supporters.

SERVANTS IN LIVERY, EQUIPAGES, ETC.—There is a stage of civilization at which a country *will not*—and a subsequent stage at which a country *will*—tolerate *liveried servants*. In a savage nation, an able-bodied man who should put on a badge of hopeless and submissive servitude for the mere certainty of food and clothing, would be considered a disgrace to his tribe. The further step of making that badge *ornamental to the servile wearer*, would probably be resented as an affront to the pre-eminence of display which is the rightful prerogative of chiefs and warriors.

In a crowded and highly-civilized country, it is found convenient for patricians to secure the tacit giving-way of plebeian encounter in thronged places—convenient for them to distinguish their own servants from other people's in a crowd at night—and, more particularly, in large and corrupt cities, it is convenient to have such attendants for ladies as may secure them from insult in public—the livery upon the follower showing that the person he follows is not only respectable, but of too much consequence to be annoyed with impunity. The *ostentation* of servants in livery is scarce worth a comment, as, unless newly assumed, it is seldom thought of by the owner of the equipage, nor is it offensive to the passer-by, except in a country where it is not yet common.

The question *whether a country is ready for liveries*—that is to say, whether it has arrived at that stage where the want they imply is felt, and where the distinctions they imply are acknowledged—is the true point at issue. It is a curious point, too, for, in every other nation, liveries may be excused as *traditional*—as being only modifications of the dresses of feudal retainers—while Americans, without this apology, must defend the abrupt adoption of liveries on the *mere grounds of propriety and convenience*.

We certainly have not yet arrived at that point of civilization where liveries are *needed*—as in England—to protect a lady from insult in the street. A female may still walk the crowded thoroughfares of New York by daylight—as she dare not do in London—unattended, either by a gentleman or a servant in livery. (We live in hope of overtaking the civilization of the mother-country!) Neither has a liveried equipage, as yet, the tacit consequence, in America, which secures to it in London the convenient concessions of the highway. We are republican enough, thus far, to allow no privileges to be taken for granted; and he who wishes to ride in a vehicle wholly invisible to omnibus-drivers, and at the same time to have his lineage looked into and perpetuated without the expense of heraldic parchment, has only to appear in Broadway with liveried equipage!

We differ from some of our luxurious friends, by thinking, that, as long as the spending of over five thousand dollars a year makes a gentleman odious in the community, liveries are a little premature. It is a pity to be both virtuous and unpopular. The moving about in a cloud of reminded lordship is a luxury very consistent with high morality, but it comes coldly between republicans and the sun—whatever fire of heaven the offending cloud may embosom. We wonder, indeed, at the remaining in this country, of any persons ambitious of distinctions in the use of which we are thus manifestly "behind the age." It is so easy to leave the lagging American anno domini of aristocracy, and sail for the next century—by the Havre packet!

That Heaven does not disdain such love of each other as is quickened by personal admiration, is proved by the injunctions to the children of Israel to appear in cheerful and becoming dresses on festal days—those days occupying rather more than a quarter of a year. The Jews also ornamented their houses on holydays, not as we do with evergreens (a custom we have taken from the Druid "mistletoe, cut with the golden knife"), but with such ornaments as would best embellish them for the reception of friends. The French nation is to be admired for supremacy, *in this age*, in the exhibition of the kindly feelings and the brightening of the links of relationship and friendship. It has been stated (among statistics) that for *bons-bons* alone, in Paris, on new year's day, were expended one hundred thousand dollars! We copy the French with great facility in this country, and (*until* the proposed "annexation of Paris") we rejoice in the prosperity of STUART'S CANDY QUARRY in New York, and the myriad cobwebs of affection that stick, each by one thread, to the corner of Chambers and Greenwich streets! If not quite a "pilgrimage to Jerusalem," it is a pilgrimage to our best signs and emblems of *Jerusalem usages*, to go the rounds of the gift-shops during the holydays; and no kindly Christian parent, *who wishes to throw out an anchor for his children against the storm of political ruffianism*, should neglect to bind friendship and family by a new tie in the holydays! We see a *use* in *the skill at temptation* shown by such admirable taste-mongers as TIF-

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FANY & YOUNG, WOODWORTH, GUION, and others, which is beyond the gratification of vanity, and far from provocatives to "waste of money." But this is no head under which to write a sermon.

We have (ourselves) a preference among the half dozen curiosity-shops of the city—a preference which may, perhaps, be called professional—springing from love for the memory of a departed poet. The son of Woodworth, the warm-hearted author of the "Old Oaken Bucket" and other immortal embodiments of the affections, in verse, is the present proprietor of the establishment known as Bonfanti's—(by our just mentioned theory of the holy ministration of gifts, employed on somewhat the same errand in life as the bard who went before). It may not be improper to mention here, that the last few painful years of the poet's life were soothed with a degree of filial devotion and tenderness which makes the Woodworths cherished among their friends, and this is a country, thank God, where such virtues bring prosperity in business!

BREAKFAST ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Astor house, No. 184—*nine o'clock in the morning—breakfast for two on the table—enter the brigadier.*

Brig. (*Embracing "us"*).—Mi-boy! GOD BLESS YOU!!!

"*We.*" (*With his hand to his forehead.*)—With what a sculptured and block-y solidity you hew out your benedictions, my dear general! You fairly knock a man over with blessing him! Sit down and wipe your eyes with that table-napkin!

Brig.—Well—how are you?

"*We.*"—Hungry! I'll take a wing of the chicken before you—killed probably last year. How many "friends, countrymen, and lovers," are you going to call on to day?

Brig.—I wish I knew how many I shall *not* call on! What is a—(pass the butter if you please)—what is a pat of butter, like *me*, spread over all the daily bread of my acquaintance?

"*We.*"—

"'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more!"

I'll tell you what *I* have done, general. Here is a list of all my circle of pasteboard. It begins with those I love, and ends with those with whom I am ceremonious. Those whom I neither love nor am ceremonious with, form a large betweenity of indifference; and though you *may* come to love those with whom you are ceremonious, you *never can* love those you are wholly indifferent to. I have *crossed out this betweenity.* Life is too short to play even a game of acquaintance in which there is no possible stake.

Brig.—How short life is, to be sure!

"*We.*"—Shorter this side the water than the other! In Europe a man is not bowed out till he is ready to go! *Here*, he is expected to have repented and made his will at thirty-seven! I shall pass my "second childhood" in France, where it will pass for a continuation of the first!

Brig.—My dear boy, don't get angry! Eat your breakfast and talk about New Year's. What did the Greeks used to do for cookies?

"*We.*"—Well thought of—they made presents of *dates* covered with gold leaf! Who ever gilds a date in *this* country? No! no! general! You will see dozens of married women to-day who have quietly settled down into upper servants with high-necked dresses—lovely women still—who would be belles for ten years to come, in France! Be a missionary, brigadier! Preach against the unbelievers in mulierbrity! It's New Year and time to begin something! Implore your friends to let themselves be beautiful once more! (Breast-bone of that chicken, if you please!) I should be content never to see another woman under thirty—their loveable common-sense comes so long after their other maturities!

Brig.—What common-place things you *do* say, to be sure! Well, mi-boy, we are going to begin another year!

"*We.*"—Yes—prosperously, thank God! And, oh, after the first in-haul of rent from these well-tenanted columns, what a change we shall make in our paper! Let us but be able to afford the *outlay of laborious aid*, which other editors pay for, and see how the Mirror will shine *all over!* I have a system in my brain for a daily paper—the fruit of practical study for the last three months—which I shall begin upon before this month has made all its icicles; and you shall say that I never before found my true vocation! The most *industriously* edited paper in the country is but the iron in the razor; and though it is not easy to work that into shape, anybody can hire it done, or do it with industry. The *steel edge*, we shall find time to put on, *when we are not, as now, employed in tinkering the iron!*

Brig.—Black-and-white-smiths—you and I!

"*We.*"—No matter for the name, my dear general!—one has to be everything honesty will permit, to get over the gulf we have put behind us. Civilized life is full of the most unbridged abysses. Transitions from an old business to a new, or from pleasure to business, or from amusing mankind to taking care of yourself, would be supposed, by a "green" angel, to be good intentions, easy enough carried out, in a world of reciprocal charities. But let them send down the most popular angel of the house of Gabriel & Co., to borrow money for the most brilliant project, without bankable security! And the best of it is, that though your friends pronounce the crossing of a business-gulf, on your proposed bridge of brains, impossible and chimerical, they look upon it as a matter of course when it is done! You and I are poets—if the money and fuss we have made will pass for evidence—yet nobody thinks it surprising that we have taken off our wings, and rolled up our shirt-sleeves to carry the hod! Not to die without having experienced all kinds of sensations, I wish to be rich—though it will come to me like butter when the bread is gone to spread it on. Heigho!

Brig.—How you keep drawing similitudes from what you see before your eyes! Let me eat my breakfast without turning it into poetry! It will sour on my stomach, my dear boy!

"*We.*"—So you are ordered out to smash the Helderbergers, general!

Brig.—Ordered to hold myself in readiness—that's all at present. I wish they'd observe the seasons, and rebel in pleasant weather! Think of the summit of a saddle with the thermometer at zero! Besides, if there is any fighting to do one likes an enemy. This campaign to help the constable, necessary as it is, goes against my stomach.

"*We.*"—Fortify it, poor thing! What say to a drop of curaçoa before you begin your New Year's round? (*Pouring for the general and himself.*) Burke states, in his "Vindication of Natural Society," that your predecessor, Julius Cesar, was the means of killing two millions one hundred thousand men! How populous is Helderberg—women and all?

Brig.—Twelve o'clock, my dear boy, and time to be shaking hands and wishing. Take the first wish off the top of my heart—a happy New Year to you, and—

"*We.*"—Gently with that heavy benediction!

Brig.—GOD BLESS YOU, mi-boy!

(*Exit the brigadier, affected.*)

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THEMES FOR THE TABLE.—Among the "upper ten thousand," there are, of course, many persons, not only of really refined taste, but of *practical common sense*, and to them we wish to proffer a hint or two, touching the usages just now in plastic and manageable transition among the better classes. The following note, received a day or two since, suggests one of the improvements that we had marked down for comment:—

"MR. EDITOR: I observe that a 'bachelor,' writing in the 'American,' recommends to '*invited*' and '*inviters*,' to send invitations and answers, *stamped*, through the *penny-post*. This is a capital idea, and I shall adopt it for one. I perceive that a bachelor in another paper says, 'it will suit him and his fellow-bachelors,' for reasons set forth, and that he will adopt the plan. Now, Mr. Editor, I am a housekeeper, and married, and my wife requires the use of all my servants, and can not spare them to be absent three or four days, going round the city, delivering notes, on the eve of a party. These notes could, by the plan suggested, be delivered in three hours, and insure a prompt answer. I can then know exactly who is coming and who is not—a very convenient point of knowledge!

"These reasons induce me to become an advocate of the suggestion. There are other sound arguments that might be urged in its favor, but pray present them in your own fashion to your readers.

"Yours, &c."

There is another very burthensome matter, the annoyance of which might be transferred to the penny-post—*card leaving!* When men are busy and ladies ill (the business and the illness equally unlikely to be heard of by way of apology) it would often be a most essential relief to commit to envelopes a dozen cards, and, with an initial letter or two in the corner,* expressive of good-will but inability to call in person, make and return visits without moving from counting house or easy-chair. This, in a country where few keep carriages, and where every man worth knowing has some business or profession, should be an easy matter to bring about; and, if established into a usage that gave no offence, would serve two purposes—relieving the ill or busy, and compelling those, who really wish to keep up an acquaintance, *at least* to send cards once in a while, as reminders.

We wish that *common sense* could be made fashionable among us—vigorously applied, we mean, to the fashions of the best style of people. Why should not the *insufferable nuisance of late parties* be put down *in this country* by a plot between a hundred of our sensible and distinguished families? In England they are at the dinner-table between six and ten; but why should *we*, who seldom dine later than three or four, yawn through a long unoccupied evening before going out, merely because they go to parties at eleven in London? Why should it not be *American*, to revise, correct, and adapt to differences of national character, the usages we copy from other countries? The subject of late parties is constantly talked over, however, and as all are agreed as to the absurdity of the fashion, a hint at it, here, is enough.

There are other usages which require remodelling by this standard, but while we defer the mention of them at present, we wish to allude to another argument (in favor of common sense applied to fashion) remoter and perhaps weightier than mere convenience. It is simply, that, if an aristocracy is to be formed in this country, the access to its resorts must be kept convenient for men of sense, or society will be left exclusively to fools. Believers in the eternity of democracy might wish fashion kept *inconvenient*, for this very purpose; but our belief is, that there is no place like a republic for a positive and even violent aristocracy, and, if inevitable, it is as well to compound it of good elements in the beginning. Simply, then, no intellectual man, past absolute juvenility, would consent to enfeeble his mind by fashionable habits injurious to health. Late hours and late suppers (in a country where we can not well sleep till noon as they do in Europe) are mental suicide. Hours and usages, therefore, which are not accommodated to the convenience of the best minds of the country, will drive those minds from the class to which they form the objection, and the result is easily pictured. We shall resume the topic.

* T. R. M., for instance (meaning this to remind you of me), written in the corner of a card, might imply that the friendly wish had occurred, though the call was overruled by hinderances.

LIVERIES AND OPERA-GLASSES.—There is really no way of foreseeing what the Americans *will* stand and what they *will not*. An aristocratic family or two, *unwilling to compete with the working-classes in personal attire, choose to transfer the splendors of their condition to the backs of their servants*. They dress plainly themselves and set up a liveried equipage—as they have an absolute and (one would think) an unoffending right to do. This, however, the American public *will not* bear—and the persons so doing are insulted by half the presses in the country.

But what *they will* bear is much more remarkable. In the immense theatres of Europe, where the upper classes are all in private boxes, with blinds and curtains to shut out observation if they please, the use of *opera-glasses* has gradually become sanctioned. It is found convenient for those classes to diminish the distance across the house, since they have the choice of seclusion behind curtains—which those in the pit have not. Abstractly, of course, the giving to a vulgarian the power to draw a lady's face close to him for a half-hour's examination, would be permitting a gross license. This being the custom in Europe, however, it is adopted with no kind of *comparisons of reasons why*, in New York. We build an opera-house, scarce larger than a drawing-room, and light it so well, and so arrange the seats, that people are as visible to each other as they would be in a drawing-room; and in this cosy place, allow people to coolly adjust their opera-glasses and turn them full into the faces of those they wish to scrutinize. So near as the glass is, too, it is utterly impossible not to be conscious of being looked at, and the embarrassment it occasions to very young ladies is easy enough shown. We have used this impertinence ourself (because in Rome we do as Romans do), but we never yet have levelled a glass upon a face without seeing that the scrutiny was at once detected. Since we have preached on the subject, however, we shall "go and sin no more."

"We ask for information:"—is the difference of reception, for these two European customs, explainable on the ground that opera-glasses are a luxury within the reach of most persons, and liveries are not? Do republicans only object to *exclusive* impertinences?

OPERA LAST NIGHT.—We presume we are safe in saying that no four inhabitants in New York gave as much pleasure last night as PICO, BORGHESE, PEROZZI, and VALTELLINA. We certainly would not have missed our share for any emotion set down among the pleasures of Wall street—well as we know the let-up of an opportune discount! That emperor of Rome who poisoned Britannicus because he was a better tenor than himself, and slept in his imperial bed with a plate of lead on his stomach to improve his voice, knew where music went to, and of what

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recesses, within his empire, he was not monarch without it. (We suggest a meeting of gentlemen up-town to erect a monument to Nero, now for the first time appreciated!)

Let us tell the story of Semiramide—and we must take the liberty, for clearness' sake, to use the names of the performers without the Siamese-ry of the names of the characters.

Borghese is queen of Babylon. She and Valtellina, who is an old lover of hers, have killed her former husband, a descendant of Belus by whom she had a child. This child is Pico, rightful heir to the throne. At the time the curtain rises, Borghese and Valtellina suppose that Pico also is killed, and the throne vacant for a new husband to Borghese. Valtellina wishes to be that husband; but Borghese, partly from dislike of him, and partly from having had enough of matrimony, takes advantage of a thunder-storm to put off her expected decision. Meantime Pico arrives (acquainted only with Mr. Meyer, apparently, who is a high-priest of Belus), and Queen Borghese, not knowing that it is her own child, falls in love with him! There is a Miss Phillips who is a descendant of this same Belus, and who is to have the throne if Borghese does not marry Valtellina. Pico loves Miss Phillips for some reason only hinted at, and has come to Babylon to see her. Mr. Meyer, who is the only one aware that Pico is the prince supposed to be lost, takes him down into the tomb of the dead king, tells him who he is, gives him his father's "things" in a box, and leaves him there to have a conversation with his mother who happens to drop in. It is all cleared up between them, and they sing a duet together, and go out for a little fresh air. Valtellina, mousing about after the queen, comes afterward to the tomb and meets the high-priest there; and one after another drops in, till the tomb is full, and the ghost of the old king takes the opportunity to get up and mention what he died of. Great confusion of course; and, soon after, Pico, feeling called upon to kill the murderer of the sleepless old gentleman, stabs at somebody in the dark and kills his mother! Valtellina is led off by the police, Pico faints in the arms of Mr. Meyer, the satraps and Babylonians rush in, and the curtain falls—leaving Pico to marry Miss Phillips and succeed to the throne. All this of course took place in a city built two generations after Ham (brother of Shem and Japhet) but what with the look of the "tombs," and the way people were stabbed and poisoned, it was impossible not to wonder what Justice Matsell would have done in the premises.

We shall hear Semiramide again to-night, and speak more advisedly of the music on Monday. At present, we can not convince ourself that Grisi and Persiani sang any better when we heard them in London. We can never hope for—and we need not wish—a better opera. BORGHESE is a most accomplished creature, with (among other things) an intoxicating way of crushing her eyes up to express passion (in a way that none but people of genius do) and she does nothing indifferently. PICO, with her wonderful at-home-ativeness anywhere between the lowest note and the highest, faultless in her science, and personally of the kind of women most loveable, is enough, of herself, to keep a town together. PEROZZI, with his sweet, pure voice, and gentlemanly taste (he was king of Egypt last night, by the way, and a candidate for Borghese's hand), is worthy to be a third star in any such Orion's belt, and the fourth may well be VALTELLINA, whose thorough base, we have no doubt, first suggested the idea of the forty-horse excavator lately patented by congress.

But what shall we say of the scenery? We were taken completely by surprise, with the taste as well as splendor of it, and we think Stanfield himself, the great artist who produces occasionally such marvels in the spectacles of Drury Lane, would have taken a pride in claiming it. Certainly no comparable scenery has been exhibited, to our knowledge, in this country. The costumes were also admirable.

Abstaining as we do, for to-day, from musical criticism, we can not help alluding to the electric effect, upon the audience, of the duet between Pico and Borghese—the well-known "*Giorno d'orrore.*" The house was uncomfortably crammed, but a pin might have been heard to drop, at any moment during the singing of it. It was a case of complete musical intoxication. The applause was boundless, but unluckily the *encore* (which we trust will not be foiled again to-night) was defeated by an evident fear on the part of the audience of interrupting a part of the duet not yet completed. If you love your public, dear Semiramide, nod, *to-night*, to the orchestra, *after* the bouquets have descended!

BEHIND THE CURTAIN.

Editor's room, toward midnight—Enter the brigadier, as the printers go down stairs—The day over, and the shop shut up under—A pen (too tired to be wiped) drying in peace on the editor's table—Newsboys done (thank God!)—Brigadier collapsed into a chair.

Brig.—Oh, mi-boy! To think of the trouble of "getting along," and the very small place in which we sleep, when we get there! I wonder whether a man would be much behind the time at his own funeral if he stopped working! I'm tired, Willis! I'll send my ticket for the afterpiece, and "go home," as the Moravians say.

"*We.*"—You forget! Editors are on the "free list" in the theatre of life, and "not entitled to a check."

Brig.—Talk plain to *me*, my dear boy, and save your heliotropes for the paper! The work I have done this week! Is it *you* that say somewhere, "there's no poetry in a steamboat?" Think of the blessed cry of "stop her!"

"*We.*"—And so you are fairly fagged, my "martial Pyrrhus!"

Brig.—Fagged and dispirited! Moving the printing office—getting all the advertisements set up in new type—little indispensable nothings plaguing my life out—new arrangements in every corner, and the daily paper going on besides——

"*We.*"—I don't wonder you're dead!

Brig.—That is the least of my trouble, I was going to say—(though, to be sure, what we have done this last week, changing office, and renewing type, without stopping the daily, is very much like shoeing your horse without slacking his trot)—but the "benefit," my dear boy, the benefit.

"*We.*"—So long since you have had any money to lend—is that what you mean? You are afraid you have lost the art of making yourself out poorer than the man who comes to borrow. Why, my poor general!

Brig.—Doesn't it strike you as a dreadful mortification, my dear Willis?

"*We.*"—The whole business?

Brig.—The whole business.

"*We.*"—Inasmuch as for genius to be rich, after being poor, would make a god of the man so enriched (by the intensity of his enjoyment, and his natural inoculation against catching the canker from his money)—it is wisely ordained by Providence that we shall not receive it in sums larger than $3, city bill, without mental agony. We should else be in heaven

before our time, my dear general—purgatory omitted!

Brig.—But isn't your pride wounded for me, my dear boy?

"*We.*"—As Cassio says (who, by the way, loved general Othello very much as I do you),

> 'I do attend here on the general,
> And think it no addition, nor my wish,
> To have him see me womaned."

I have no tear to shed on the subject. I have thought it all over, and would have stood in your place and received the painful thousands myself, if I had thought it more than you could bear—but let me tell you how I look at it.

Brig.—Do, mi-boy, and don't joke more than you can help!

"*We.*"—Editors are the pump-handles of charity, always helping people to water, and never thought to be thirsty themselves!

Brig.—You funny Willis!—so we are!

"*We.*"—You, particularly, have not only been bolted to the public cistern for every benefit of the last twenty years, the fag and worky of every possible charitable committee, but your paper has been called upon (and *that* people think nothing of) to blow wind into the sail of every scheme of benevolence, every device for the good of individuals or the public. People see your face on every printed note that comes to them. You are the other-folks-beggar of the town. When you die——

Brig.—No painful allusions now, mi-boy!

"*We.*"—I was only going to say, my dear general, that they will wish they had unmuzzled the ox that trod out the corn!

Brig. (*swallowing something apparently*). But I have had so many misgivings about this benefit concert, my dear Willis!

"*We.*"—The pump-handle changing places with the pail! Well—it will be a shower-bath at first, but you'll be full when it's over!

Brig.—There you go again!

"*We.*"—I was letting that simile trickle off my lips while I fished up, from my practical under-current, another good reason for your benefit. Suffer me to be tedious a moment!

Brig.—Be so, mi-boy—be so! I love you best when you're tedious!

"*We.*"—Well, then! Political economy differs from the common estimates of things, by taking into consideration not only their apparent value at the time of sale, but what it has cost, directly or indirectly, to attain that value. Do you understand me?

Brig.—No.

"*We.*"—For example, then!—a leg of mountain mutton may weigh no more than a leg of lowland mutton—but as the fibre of the meat is finer from being fed on highland grass, it is reasonable to estimate it by something besides its weight—i. e., the shepherd's risk of losing it by wild beasts, and the trouble of driving it up and down the mountain.

Brig.—True.

"*We.*"—Thus, a lawyer charges you fifty dollars for an opinion which it takes him but ten minutes to dictate to his clerk. A savage would laugh at the price, and offer to talk twice the time for half the money—but a civilized man pays it, allowing for the education, study, and talent, which it cost to give the opinion value.

Brig.—True again. Now for *our* "mutton."

"*We.*"—You and I, my dear general, are brain-mongers—which is an exceedingly ticklish trade. We start with our goods in supposition, like the capital of a western bank—locked up in a safe, that is to say (the skull), to which the "*teller*" alone has the key. We are never sure, in point of fact, that the specie is there, and we are likely at any moment to be "broke" by the critics "making a run upon the bank."

Brig.—Now that's what I call clear!——

"*We.*"—Don't interrupt me! The *risks* of success in literature, the outlay for education, the delay in turning it to profit, the endurance of the gauntlets of criticism, and the rarity of the gift of genius from God, should be added to the usually fragile shop in which its wares are embarked for vending. The poet, by constitution least able to endure rude usage, is the common target of coarseness and malice. Here and there, to be sure, a man is born, like me—with brains enough, but more liver than brains—and such men sell thoughts as they would potatoes, and don't break their hearts if customers find specks in them; but the literary profession, generally, is of another make, and "political economy" should *compensate* proportionally. They do it for clergymen! What clergyman feels it an indignity to be sent abroad by subscription, if his health fails? He considers that he is inadequately paid unless his parish take the risks of his health! And *you!*—besides the reason you have, wholly apart from our joint business, for needing this benefit—here you are, after passing your life in serving people, with a pair of eyes you can scarce sign your name by, and a prospect of a most purblind view of the City Hall when they make you mayor.

Brig.—Mi-boy! oh!

"*We.*"—There's but one pair of well-endorsed eyes between us, and suppose somebody leaves me money enough to unharness me from this omnibus, and turn me out to grass at Glenmary! What will become of you?

Brig.—Heaven indissolubly Siamese us, my dear boy!

"*We.*"—And I have not even named, yet, the ostensible ground for this concert—the songs you have loaded the women's lips with, and never received even a kiss for your trouble!

Brig.—What a fellow you are for reasons, Willis!

"*We.*"—My dear friend, I am going to state all this to the committee for your benefit! By the way—did you ever hear of Ismenias, the D'Orsay of ancient Corinth?

Brig.—Never.

"*We.*"—Ismenias commissioned a friend to buy a jewel for him. The friend succeeded in purchasing it at a sum below its value. "Fool!" said Ismenias, "you have disgraced the gem!" Did you suppose, general, that I was going to give the public the pleasure of paying you this tribute without taxing their *admiration* as well as their *pockets!* No! (Hear him!) No! I trust every woman who has sung, or heard sung, a song of yours, will be there to wave a handkerchief for you! I hope every man who loves literature, and has a corner in his heart for the poet who has pleased him, will be there to applaud you! I hope David Hale will give us gas enough to see you on the platform. I hope—God bless me, twelve o'clock!

Operatic Party.—As our readers are aware, a private sparkle from the stars of an operatic constellation, is one of the luxuries rated as princely in Europe—a proper fitness in the other circumstances of the entertainment requiring a spaciousness of saloons and a magnificence of *menu* which only the very wealthiest have to offer. The private dwelling-houses of this city, till within a few years, have been much too small for the introduction of this advanced phase of pleasure. Last night, however, a sumptuous residence, that might compare to advantage with any interior in Europe, was thrown open, and its "wilderness of beauty" delighted with private performances by the operatic company now in such admirable com-

bination. As being the head of a new chapter of national refinement, it would, perhaps, be *posthumously* worth while to depict the scene—not only as to its sumptuary splendors and costumes, but with a description of the "beauty that bewitched the light"—but however posterity might thank us for such an inky Arethusa, we have too much to do with what is above ground, just now, to bury charms for the future.

Madame Pico remarked, before the commencement of the performance, that it was almost as trying for singers used to a theatre to adapt the voice, *impromptu*, to a saloon, as for an amateur to calculate, at once, the volume of voice necessary to fill a theatre. The first two or three pieces were, notwithstanding this judicious apprehension, a little too loud. Signor Valtellina must have the credit of having been the first to reduce the "fill of the empyrean" to the capacity of a saloon, and, after the measure was taken, the music was exquisitely enjoyable. After tea (served in an adjoining apartment at the close of the first part) the artists assumed, to a charm, the necessary *abandon*, and the singing between tea and supper was, to our ear, faultless. The pianist only, M. Etienne seemed lacking in the magnetism to quicken the movement with the acceleration of Pico's climax, and we wished a younger or more sympathetic hand in the accompaniment; but this charming cantatrice has too infallible an ear to outrun the instrument, and the effect was sufficiently enchanting. She and Signorina Borghese were rapturously encored, and a laughing *terzetto* between Borghese, Sanquirico, and Perozzi, was called for, a second time, with boundless delight and enthusiam.

We had never before seen Madame Pico off the stage. Care has left no foot-print on the threshold of the gate of music, and her mouth is infantine in texture and expression; but her eyes have that indefinable look which betrays

"The thieves of joyance that have passed that way."

Her person shows to more advantage in a drawing-room than on the stage, and her manners, like those of all gifted Italians, are of a natural sculpture beyond the need of artificial chiseling. Borghese, too, has charming manners, and we were pleased with the cordial *accueil* given to the prima-donnas by the ladies of the party. Altogether, the absolute good taste of the entertainment, and the unusually choice mixture of elements, social, sumptuous, and professional, made the evening one of high enchantment.

Opera Singers.—At the benefit of Mademoiselle Borghese, lately, the centre of the ceiling suddenly gave birth (at the close of the first act) to a shower of *billets-doux*, which, being immediately followed by the descent of the drop-scene, representing Jupiter feeling the pulse of Juno, was understood by the audience "as well as could be expected." The delivery was rather a relief to the feeling of the house, for the crowd and pressure had been very uncomfortable, and some critical event was needed to relieve the endurance.

We have been pleased at the example, set by the good authority of the party of Monday evening, of giving a cordial, *social* welcome to distinguished musical strangers. America profits by having two nations marching immediately before her in civilization—each unwilling to imitate the other, but both open to study, by *us*, with no impediment as to our selection of points for imitation or rejection. The French and English are wholly at variance on the point we have just alluded to—*the social position given to celebrated musicians*. In the high circles of France, when a party is given at which the operatic singers perform a concert, the reception for the musicians consults only their *personal comfort*.—Chairs are placed for them, which they rarely leave to mix with the party, and their supper is always *separate from that of the guests*.

There is no intention shown, of treating them like equals. In England, on the contrary, the operatic company are the *pets of society*. Pasta, Catalani, Persiani, Grisi, and the male singers, Lablache, Rubini, Ivanhoff, and others, were free of all exclusion on the score of rank, and "dined and têted" familiarly like noble strangers from other countries. We have seen the duke of Wellington holding the gloves of Grisi, while she pulled to pieces a bunch of grapes at the supper table of Devonshire house; and we have a collection of autographs of public singers (two of which we published the other day), addressed to persons of high rank, and expressed in terms of the most confessed feeling of ease as to relative position.

We repeat that we rejoice in the power to select footsteps to follow in civilization (from those of two nations gone on before), and we take pride, that, in this latest instance, we have copied the more liberal and kindly-hearted usage. These children of a passionate clime are not justly measured by our severe standards; and we should receive them like airs from a southern sky, without cooling them first by a chymical analysis. They are, commonly, ornaments to society—joyous, genial, free from the "finikin" superfineries of *some* of those inclined to abase them—and *the difference of the pleasure they give, when their hearts are in it*, is offset enough for any sacrifice made in excusing the "low breeding" of their genius!

Borghese, whose benefit came off so triumphantly last night, is a woman of very superior mind, of manners faultlessly distinguished, and (essential praise to a woman) a model of toilet-ability. She is, besides, a remarkable actress, and a very accomplished musician. This is a pretty good description of an agreeable acquaintance; and, if we were to sketch Madame Pico, it would be in terms still more warmly eulogistic. We leave to the ladies who throw bouquets to Sanquirico, to laud the *men* of the opera, and wind up this essay of political economy, by drawing an instructive example, of the effect of what we preach, from the manufacture of a prima-donna into a queen and goddess, in the days of venerable antiquity.

"Among the female performers of antiquity, Lamia is certainly the most celebrated; how much her fame may have been aided by her beauty we can not determine. She was everywhere received with honor, and according to Plutarch, equally admired for her wit, beauty, and musical performance. She was a native of Athens, but travelled into Egypt to hear the celebrated flute-players of that country. During her residence at the court of Alexandria, Ptolemy Soter was defeated in a naval engagement by Demetrius, and all his wives and domestics fell into the hands of the conqueror. Lamia was among the number; but Demetrius was so attracted by her beauty and skill, that he raised her to the highest rank, and from her solicitations, conferred such benefits on the Athenians, that they gave him divine honors and dedicated a temple to 'Venus Lamia.'"

Madame Pico's Benefit.—We should be happy if Europe would inform us why this remarkable cantatrice comes to us "new as a tooth-pick," as to fame, and whether (the same lack of previous trumpeting having given us a surprise in Malibran), we are to have the credit also of the *eccalobeion* of Pico! Even without the "deep-sea plummet" of her contralto (which certainly does touch bottom for which most

voices lack fathoms of line) she has a compass as a *mezzo soprano*, which would alone serve for remarkable success in her profession. She is a most correct musician too—(the only false note we have heard from her, having been occasioned by her striking her chest too violently while singing defiance to Valtellina) —and, withal, a most gifted and charming woman, every way formed to be an idol for the public. We have written a great deal about Madame Pico, and, her benefit being the last occasion we shall find to do more than chronicle her movements, we shall send this quill to our friend Kendall of the Picayune (as the Highlanders send the lighted brand), enveloped in a stanza addressed by an Italian poet to Lady Coventry:—

"Si tutti gli alberi del mondo
Fossero penne,
Il cielo fosse carta,
Il mare inchiostro
Non basterenno a destrivere
La minima parte della"—

We leave the rest to the Picayune's prophetic divination.

Adieu, Pico, l'*in*-cantatrice! A clear throat and a plethoric pocket to you!

MADAME ARNOULT'S CONCERT.—It looked very queer (and a little wicked withal) to see opera-glasses and ladies with their heads uncovered, in the pews of the Tabernacle; and we are not sure that our "way we should go" did not twitch us for a "departure," when we found ourselves applauding with kid gloves in the neighborhood of the altar! We were applauding Pico; and the next thought that came to us was, a regret that such voices should not be consecrated to church choirs; for (granting the opera to be a profane amusement, as is thought by the worshippers at the Tabernacle), "it is a pity," as a celebrated divine once said, "that the devil should have all the good music." And, *apropos*—was not this capital remark—(attributed, we believe, to Wesley)—suggested by one, recorded of the pope Gregory of the fifth century? Britain at that time was, to Rome, what Africa is now to us —a savage country they brought slaves from; and the introduction of Christianity into that heathen land is said to have been prompted by the pope's admiration of the beauty of two or three young John Bulls who were for sale in the market-place of Rome. On inquiring of the merchant if they were Christians, and being informed they were pagans, he exclaimed, "*Alas, what a pity that the author of darkness should be in possession of men of such fair countenances!*" He commissioned Pelagius forthwith to send missionaries to the handsome British pagans, and hence the church of England—probably the only church, the members of which owe their salvation to their personal beauty! (Pardon this historical digression, dear readers!)

Madame ARNOULT took New York by surprise—she is so much better a singer than was supposed. With less effort, and in a smaller room than the nave of the Tabernacle, she would, however, appear to much more advantage. Her voice, to our ear, lacked fledging, or lining, or something to make it warmer or more downy—but it is a clear and most cultivable soprano, and she manages it with wonderful skill for a beginner at public singing. We predict great popularity for her. Madame PICO sang, with her, *the* duet from Semiramide, and it was enough to steep even the pulpit cushion in a this world's trance of music.

ARMLETS.—We have observed that there is a late fashionable promotion of the jewels of the arm to the more lovely round above the elbow, where, it must be confessed, a bracelet sits much more enviably imbedded. We rather think this renewal of the fashion of armlets is a clean jump from the rape of Helen to 1845, for the latest mention we can find of it is in the account of the Trojan nymphs, who laid aside their armlets to dance in the choirs on Mount Ida. It takes an arm, plump and not too plump, to wear this clasp with a grace, but where the arm is really beautiful, no ornament could be more fitly and captivatingly located. We were very much struck with the effect upon the dazzling arm on which we lately noticed it.

VIEWS OF MORRIS'S CONCERT.—There are few buttons on the motley coat of human dependance, to which the button-hole is not serviceably correspondent —the button (conferring the favor) commonly drawing the same garment closer by aid of the button-hole (receiving the favor). There is one very striking instance however, of *constant services unreciprocated, in what editors do for singers and actors.* Our attention has been called to this by a series of paragraphs—(part silly, part malicious)—expressing surprise that Ole Bull and others, who had never been in any way benefited by Gen. Morris, should have been asked to contribute their services gratuitously to his benefit concert.

It is needful, of course, in a newspaper, to make some mention and some critical estimate of all public performers. It may be done favorably or unfavorably; and *there is a way* of being abundantly paid for *either*. "BLACK MAIL" is willingly paid where commendation is sold in shambles, but the editor is *better paid, still*, if, with skilful roasting and dissection of the faults of public performers, he cruelly enriches his paper (like a *paté de foie gras* with the liver of the goose roasted alive), and so sends it, palatably spiced, to the uninquiring appetite of the public. He who has a hair of his head left undamned, to creep with shame at the "black mail" sale of his approbation—and he who has common human kindness to prevent his murdering the hopes of strangers to make his paper readable—both these are of classes that go unpaid, and commonly unthanked, for services most essential to others, and forbearance most costly to themselves.

The editor's business is to make his paper readable. The most difficult task he has to do is to be *readably* good-natured. The easiest writing in the world is criticism amusingly severe. If any one doubts, for example, that with the same pains we have taken, glowingly to interpret between Ole Bull and the public, we could have ridiculed him into a comparative failure—sending a laugh before him through the country that would have armed every listener with an impenetrable incredulity—if any one doubts our power to have done this, as easily as we have ushered him into hearts we made ready for a believing reception of his music, he does not know either the press or the public—neither the arbitrary license of the press, nor the public's weak memory for everything but ridicule. Where Ole Bull *now* stands, the press is comparatively powerless. He is stamped with success. But, when he stood on the threshold of this country's favor —a musician, whose peculiarities at first seemed tricks, and whom few heard for the first time with a confident appreciation—if, *then*, ridicule had met him, boldly and unsparingly, even though this one paper had alone opened the cry, he would have had us to thank, *we believe*, for the tide turned back on which he now rides triumphantly onward. Certain as it is that we could not, all alone, have *made* his present good fortune, it is quite as certain that we could, all alone, have *marred* it—and that, too, to the profitable spicing of our somewhat praise-ridden columns. We need not stop to

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tell the reader that we are describing the fiend Siamesed to Liberty—an *Irresponsible Press* which can not be chained without chaining Liberty too—but we wish to show that there is some merit in not harnessing this fiend to our own slow vehicle of fortune. There never was an opportunity so ready as Ole Bull's advent for amusing ridicule—but we were the first, or among the first, to *call for faith in him*, and aid in his appreciation. We did it from love of the man and belief in his genius, and would as soon have been marked on the brow with a hot iron as bargain for a syllable of it. But—the unforeseen opportunity presenting itself, when, apparently, he might return our paper's service by a favor to our associate—he was invited without scruple to do so. Suppose he had played ten minutes on the violin for the benefit of the proprietor of a paper devoted, for a year, invariably to his interests? Would it have been the "act of charity" for which a paragraphist says that "Ole Bull was unreasonably called upon?" The high-spirited Norwegian placed his regret, that he could not be here to comply, upon no such footing.

While we are calling things by their real names, we may as well change the label of another matter—the *motive* of the benefit to Gen. Morris. As the public know, our estimable associate, by twenty years of literary labor, amassed a moderate fortune, which, in the disasters of an era of bankruptcy, he suddenly lost. A part of his property was invested in the beautiful country-seat of *Undercliff on the Hudson*—the residence of his family for several years. His friends—with a provident hope, looking beyond the clouds that enveloped him—fastened, to the transfer of this lovely spot, a condition by which he might, if able, repurchase it at a certain time, and *at its then reduced valuation*. He has since been suffered to tenant it for a trifling rent. He has *improved it, embellished it, increased its value*. His children have grown up in it. But, meantime, the limit came around—(now only a short time off)—when the purchase must be made or the *home* lost. His old friends came to inquire into the probable result of their forethought for him. We need not give the particulars of our business—General Morris was partly prepared to redeem the property. The *lack* was a sum that might be covered by a benefit concert—so suggested by one of the parties. It was urged upon him and declined. He was told that Beranger had three subscriptions (one of twenty thousand dollars)—that Campbell had several—that Scott's children were relieved of his debts by a posthumous subscription of two hundred thousand dollars—and that private subscriptions for literary men were of common occurrence in England.

The public know the sequel. He refused, till the concert was agreed upon by his friends without him. The Italians, whom our paper had more especially served, sprang, *generously and with acclamation*, to reciprocate our constant advocacy of their company's attraction. The musicians resident here were all friends of General Morris, for *he alone, more than all other men in New York taken together*, had served the dramatic and musical profession. They, too, joyously sprang to the chance of benefiting him. Never was service more eagerly rendered than that by the performers last night at the Tabernacle—never came good purpose before the public, so lamely and disparagingly construed.

In making up our mind to allow the public to be intimate with us, we expect now and then to expose the lining of our gaberdine. We conform to the exigences of the latitude we live in—but upon *dishabille explanations*, we hope for *dishabille constructions*. What we have written here, between five o'clock, A. M., and breakfast (wholly without the knowledge of General Morris), goes to press with the ink undried, and we have no security against errors but that of writing as we would talk to our confessor. If the time should ever arise when really good intentions may be trusted to stand, in public opinion:—

> "With that credent bulk
> That no unworthy scandal once can touch
> But it confounds the breather,"

we may cease to explain "why our stocking is ungartered." Meantime, we expect to die.

THE OPERA BEREAVEMENT.—What is to become of this widower of a town when it has lost its fairly-espoused PICO, we must leave to the survivor's obituary to record. We may as well have our ears *boxed* and stowed away!—Their vocation is as good as gone! No more Pico? Faith, it will go hard for the first week or two! But—by the way—as those "lost from us" are invariably supposed to be crowned in the next place they go to, and as, of course, Pico will be crowned in the presence of St. Charles and the brunet angels of New Orleans, we must take upon ourselves, as her New York "gold stick in waiting," to summon one at least, of her liege subjects to his duty. (We happen, fortunately, to possess an autograph of George the Fourth, signed to the necessary formula.)

"*To G—— W—— K——, Marquis of 'Picayune:'*

"RIGHT TRUSTY AND RIGHT WELL-BELOVED COUSIN.—We greet you well. Whereas, the 1st day of March next (or thereabouts) is appointed for our coronation.—These are to will and command you (all excuses set apart) to make your personal attendance on us at the time above-mentioned, furnished and appointed as to your rank and quality appertaineth.—There to do and perform all such services as shall be required and belong to you.—Whereof you are not to fail.—And so we bid you heartily farewell.

"Given at our court at Palmo's, the 21st day of January, 1845, in the first year of our reign.

"PICO PRIMA (*donna*)."

STAR RETURNING TO ITS MERIDIAN.—PICO has changed her mind! *Jubilate!* She has declined to go to New Orleans with the Borgheses, and will remain here to be the nucleus for a new operatic crystalization. We beg New York and Boston to shake hands in felicitation! And now that it is settled (as we understand it was, yesterday, by a decisive letter to Signor Borghese), let us splinter a ray or two of light upon the diamond that has so wisely refused resetting. New Orleans is a *French* city, with a *French* opera; and Mademoiselle Borghese is a *French* woman, with lost laurels to win back from the *Italian* Pico. This new arena, little likely to have been an impartial one, is a great way off, the journey dangerous and tedious, and, to go there, Madame Pico must abruptly leave a wave of fortune, which she is now riding "at the flood," and give up *three* admiring cities for *one* that might be dubious! A new opera-house is about to be built here, of which she will be the first predominant star; her concerts, in the meantime, in the different cities, will profitably employ her; and, as to the company, there is a substitute lying *perdu* for Borghese, and a tenor might soon be found to replace Perozzi. Out of these facts, the public can pick the good reasons Madame Pico has for abandoning her journey to New Orleans. Let us do our best to show her that she has not made a mistake in preferring us

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TAKING THE WHITE VEIL.—The Undine of the Bowling-green (Miss Undine W——g, if named after

the gentleman to whose liberality she owes her existence) was shown last evening, with her radiant beauty enveloped in glittering white, to the assembled friends of the author of her being. To alight from the poetry of the matter:—Mr. W——g invited, yesterday, a party of his friends to see an illumination of the superb fountain with which he has embellished that part of the city. The rocky structure through which it leaps, is completely encrusted with ice, and it looked like—like more things than we have room to mention. The colored light covered the fountain first with a suffused blush of the tenderest pink, and this deepened to crimson, and the glow upon ice and water was really superb beyond any effect of the kind we have ever witnessed. It made even a Dry Dock omnibus (which chanced to be passing at the moment), look rosily picturesque and fairy-like. The black sky overhead; the delicate tracery of the naked branches of the trees; the enclosure of architecture with lights in the windows (which seemed completely to shut it in like the court of an illuminated palace), were all striking additions to the effect. We would inquire, by the way, whether this *couleur de rose* could not be adapted to the brightening of the ice with which the fountains of the *mind* are sometimes crusted over. Phlogistic chymists will please explain.

Improvements on the American Language.—The making an improvement in one's mother's property is, of course, a praiseworthy filial service, and we find that we have succeeded in enriching our "mother language" by successfully breaking, to new and valuable service, a pair of almost useless and refractory terminations. "-Dom" and "-tricity" may now be hitched by a single hyphen to any popular word, name, or phrase, and, without the cumbrous harness of a periphrasis, may turn it out in the full equipage of a collective noun! Our first experiment in this economy of parts of speech was the describing a charming class of society by the single word Japonica-dom. This musical substantive could hardly be displaced by a shorter sentence than "*the class up town who usually wear in their hair the expensive exotic commonly called a japonica.*" The second experiment was the word Pico-tricity—a condensation of "the power, brilliancy, and electric effect of the singing of Madame Rosina Pico." We see by the papers that these expediting inventions (for which we liberally refrained from taking out a patent) are freely used already by our brother administrators of the mother language, and we have only respectfully to suggest a proper economy and fitness in their application.

Early-hours-dom.—We scarcely need explain, we presume, that we have undertaken the wholesome mission of giving interest, as far as in us lies, to the more refined occupancy of *that portion of the day comprised between twilight and go-to-bed time*—becoming, so to speak, the apostle of *fashionable early-hours-dom.* Of course we are entirely too practical to dream of "reforming out," by mere force of argument, the four-hours' unprofitable yawn and the night's restitution-less robbery of sleep. Every one *knows* that the reasons for the late hours of European fashion are *wholly wanting in this country*—but every one consents to follow *the fashion without the reasons.* The only way to diminish the attraction of *late* amusements is to anticipate them by more attractive *early* amusements. It will be remembered that we commenced our vigorous support of the opera with this view of the use of it. It was a well-put though unsuspected blow to the habit of late hours, for many gave up parties they would otherwise have gone to, from having been sufficiently amused at the opera; and others found out, practically, that to dress and go to the opera from seven till ten, gave all the relaxation they required, *and their natural night's sleep into the bargain!* It is with this ultimate view of making a fashionable Kate

"Conformable as other household Kates"—

giving us a substitute that shall make late hours more easily dispensed with—that we look upon the plan of this new opera-house as a national benefit. If built luxuriously, lavishly lighted, *made to serve all the purposes of a sumptuous festal saloon, and give exquisite music besides.* it will be a preferable resort to a ball-room; and we believe that it is only from the lack of a preferable resort in evening dress, that late parties are any way endurable. Early parties on the off nights of the opera, would soon follow, we think—the habit of early hours of gayety, once relished—and so would creep *out* this servile and senseless imitation of foreign fashion.

Untilled Field of Literature in New York.—The one country we have lived in, without loving a native, is the country that, on the whole, gave us the most to admire—France. We embroidered a year and a half of our memory with the grace and wit of the world's capital of taste, and we have left a heart (travellers' pattern) in every other country between Twenty-second street and the Black sea; but, that we do not *even suspect* the color of a French heart-ache we solemnly vow—and marvel. We *admire* the French quite enough, however (perhaps there lies the philosophy of it!) to leave no fuel for sentiment to mourn over as wastage, and now—(*apropos des bottes*)—why have we no vehicle for French wit in New York—no battery for the friction and sparkle of French electricity? How can the French live without a "Charivari?" Twenty thousand French inhabitants and no savor in the town, as if the gods had "dined below stairs!" Ten thousand French women (probably), and either no celebrity, of wit or beauty, among them, or no needful newspaper-cloud in which the thunder and lightning of such pervading electricities could be collected!

We wonder whether the "*Courrier des Etats Unis*" (the Anchises French paper which we read, as the pious Æneas carried his father on his back, to have something to cherish, out of the city left behind—something French, that is to say)—we wonder whether, on their alternate days, the editors of that sober tri-weekly paper could not give us something spiced *à la Parisienne*—and whether such a vehicle, for the French wit that *must be here*, benumbed or hidden, would not be a profitable speculation! The "Courrier" is the best of useful and grave papers, and entirely fulfils its destiny, but it is small pleasure to the ten thousand people in New York, who relish French literature, to re-peruse the matter of the daily papers, *rechauffé* in a foreign language. If the lack of Parisian material, here, were an apparent objection, what a delightful luxury it would be to have a paper made up, *at first, entirely*, with the condensed essence of the gay papers of Paris? A feature of New York *charivari-ty* might be gradually worked in—but, meantime, a well-selected bouquet of the prodigal wit and fun of the capital (made comprehensible by a correspondence kept up with Paris, which should explain allusions, etc.) would be, we should really suppose, most attractive to the better classes of *our* society, and, to the French of New Orleans and other more remote cities, an indispensable luxury.

There is a natural *homeopathy* for everything French in this city—much stronger than for the same things

a l'Anglaise. We would wish, too, that the barrier of a different language were gradually broken down, so that some of the delightful peculiarities of Paris might ooze into our city manners through a conduit of periodical literature. Heigho!—to think of the brilliant intellectual lamps blazing like noonday in France, while, with the material for the same brightness about us, we sit by the glimmer of fire-light! Oh, Jules Janin! "American in Paris!"—come over with your prodigal brain and be a *Parisian in America!* Ordain yourself as a missionary of wit, and Janin-ify a continent by a year's exile beyond the Boulevards! You'll laugh at us when you return, but streams chafe the channels they refresh, and we will take you with your murmur!

"L'onda, dal mar divisa,
Bagna la valle e l'monte,
Va passegiara
In fiume,
Va prigionera
In fonte,
Mormora sempre e gem
Fin che non torna al mar."

It would hardly be inferred—but we really sat down to write the following paragraph, and not the foregoing one:—

THE PRIMA-DONNAS AT FAULT.—The "Courrier des Etats Unis" has now and then an ebullition of national spirituality, in the shape of a half column of theatrical gossip, and we have had on our table, for several days, a cut-out paragraph, very well hit off, touching one or two of the town's pleasure-makers. The editor is, of course, behind the curtain, as the natural centre of the foreign circle of New York, and he writes with knowledge. He gives as a fact that Borghese cleared $550 by her benefit, but he disparages the performance of that evening, and hauls the ladies seriously over the coals for having exhausted themselves at a private party the night before! He detects an anachronism in Semiramide, and calls Pico to account for appearing before the queen (as Arsace) with his mother's crown on, when the good lady had as yet only *promised* it to him! The first thing in the succeeding duet, says the "Courrier," should have been a remark from Semiramide (who has promised him the crown as a lover, not knowing it is her son) to this effect: "Vous êtes un peu pressé, mon bel amoureux!" ou bien, "De quel droit portez-vous cette couronne, que je n'ai fait que vous offrir?" The crown given him by the high-priest, out of the paternal box, was, of course, only symbolic, as the queen was still on the throne.

KORPONAY'S FALL, FROM A FAUX PAS.—Another matter touched in the same paragraph is the non-rising of the new ballet-star promised for that evening. The leader of the constellation chanced to be taken ill (below the horizon) at Philadelphia, but the *Courrier* states that the illness was owing to a fall, from a *faux pas*, and that the *faux pas* was an engagement by the tumbler (Korponay) to go to Philadelphia once a week for twenty-*four* dollars, when his expenses, wife and all, were twenty-*six!* The Courrier does not state, what we think highly probable, that Korponay's blood has come through too many generations of gentlemen to be good at a dancing-master's bargains.

THE NEW DANSEUSE.—A third topic of this same pregnant paragraph is the contention between two dancing-masters, Charruaud and Mons. Korponay, for the honor of having given the finishing grace to the "light fantastic toe" of Miss BROOKS, the new wonder. Monsieur Charruaud (Frenchman-like) declares that she is not only his pupil, but *by no means the best of his pupils!* Monsieur Korponay simply advertises her as his; and the star, and the star's mamma, confess to her Korponay-tivity. But—

("How Alexander's dust may stop a bung!")

What blood does the public think is running in the veins of this same "fantastic toe?"—James Brooks—the "Florio," who, ten years ago, was the poetical passion of this country—was the father of this dancing girl! What would that sensitive poet have written (prophetically) on the first appearance of his daughter in a *pas seul!*

LONGFELLOW'S WAIF.—A friend, who is a very fine critic, gave us, not long since, a review of this delightful new book. Perfectly sure that anything from that source was a treasure for our paper, we looked up from a half-read proof to run our eye hastily over it, and gave it to the printer—not, however, without mentally differing from the writer as to the drift of the last sentence, as follows:—

"We conclude our notes on the 'Waif' with the observation that, although full of beauties, it is infected with a *moral taint*—or is this a mere freak of our own fancy? We shall be pleased if it be so—but there *does* appear, in this exquisite little volume, a very careful avoidance of all American poets who may be supposed especially to interfere with the claims of Mr. Longfellow. These men Mr Longfellow can continuously *imitate* (*is* that the word?) and yet never even incidentally commend."

Notwithstanding the haste with which it passed through our attention (for we did not see it in proof), the question of admission was submitted to a principle in our mind; and, in admitting it, we did by Longfellow as we would have him do by us. It was a literary charge, by a pen that never records an opinion without some supposed good reason, and only injurious to Longfellow (to our belief) while circulating, un-replied-to, in *conversation-dom*. In the second while we reasoned upon it, we went to Cambridge and saw the poet's face, frank and scholar-like, glowing among the busts and pictures in his beautiful library, and (with, perhaps a little mischief in remembering how *we* have always been the football and *he* the nosegay of our contemporaries) we returned to our printing-office arguing thus: Our critical friend believes this, though we do not; Longfellow is asleep on velvet; it will do him good to rouse him; his friends will come out and fight his battle; the charge (which to *us* would be a comparative pat on the back) will be openly disproved, and the acquittal of course leaves his fame brighter than before—the injurious whisper in conversation-dom killed into the bargain!

That day's Mirror commenced its

"Circle in the water
Which only seeketh to expand itself
Till, by much spreading, it expand to naught."

We expected the return mails from Boston to bring us a calmly indignant "Daily Advertiser," a coquettishly reproachful "Transcript," a paternally severe "Courier," and an Olympically-denunciatory "Atlas." A week has elapsed, and we are still expecting. Thunder is sometimes "out to pasture." But, meantime, a friend who thinks it the driver's lookout if stones are thrown at a hackney-coach, but interferes when it is a private carriage—(has loved *us* these ten years, that is to say, and never objected to our being a target, but thinks a fling at Longfellow is a very different matter)—this friend writes us a letter. He thinks as we do, exactly, and we shall, perhaps, disarm the above-named body-guard of the accused poet by quoting the summing-up of his defence:—

"It has been asked, perhaps, why Lowell was neglected in this collection? Might it not as well be asked why Bryant, Dana, and Halleck, were neglected? The answer is obvious to any one who candidly

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considers the character of the collection. It professed to be, according to the proem, from the humbler poets; and it was intended to embrace pieces that were anonymous, or which were not easily accessible to the general reader—the *waifs* and *estrays* of literature. To put anything of Lowell's, for example, into a collection of *waifs*, would be a peculiar liberty with pieces which are all collected and christened."

It can easily be seen how Longfellow, and his friends for him, should have a very different estimate from ourself as to the value of an eruption, in print, of the secret humors of appreciation. The transient disfiguring of the skin seems to us better than disease concealed to aggravation. But, apart from the intrinsic policy of bringing all accusations to the light, where they can be encountered, we think that the peculiar temper of the country requires it. Our national character is utterly destitute of veneration. There is a hostility to all privileges, except property in money—to all hedges about honors—to all reserves of character and reputation—to all accumulations of value not bankable. There is but one field considered fairly open—*money-making*. Fame-making, character-making, position-making, power-making, are privileged arenas in which the "republican *many*" have no share.

The distrust with which all distinction, except wealth, is regarded, makes a whispered doubt more dangerous to reputation than a confessed defect. The dislike to inheritors of anything—birthrights of anything—family names or individual genius—metamorphoses the first suspicion greedily into a belief. A clearing-up of a disparaging doubt about a man is a public disappointment. "*That* fellow is all right again, hang him!" is the mental ejaculation of ninety-nine in a hundred of the readers of a good defence or a justification.

P. S. We are not recording this view of things by way of assuming to be, ourself, above this every-day level of the public mind—too superfine to be a part of such a public. Not a bit of it. We can not afford superfinery of any kind. We are trying to make a living by being foremost in riding on a coming turn of the tide in these matters. The country is at the lowest ebb of democracy consistent with its intelligence. The taste for refinements, for distinctions, for aristocratic entrenchments, is moving with the additional momentum of a recoil. We minister to this, in the way of business, as the milliner makes a crown-shaped head-dress for Mrs. President Tyler. It has its penalty, but that was reckoned at starting. We knew, of course, that we could not sell fashionable opinions at our counter without being assailed as assuming to be the representative of fashion*—just as if we could not even name a tribute of libertinism to virtue without being sillily called a libertine by the Courier, Commercial, and Express. However, there is some hope, by dint of lifetime fault-culture, that, in the sod over a man's grave, there will be no slander-seed left to flower posthumously undetected.

POPULARITY OF MADAME PICO.—During the past week we received a letter from a serious writer (a lady), confessing to her own great delight in Madame Pico, but wishing us to impress upon our religious readers, by arguments more at length, the sacredness of good music, even by an operatic singer. We remember a passage in Burnet's Records, which shows that even these operatic singers, if enlisted to sing in the choirs of churches, would become the special subjects of prayer. "Also ye shall pray for them that find any light in this church, or give any behests, book, bell, chalice or vestment, surplices, water-cloth or towel, lands, rents, lamp or light, or other aid or service, whereby God's worship is better served, sustained and maintained in reading and SINGING." It has long been our opinion that to heighten the character of church music would be aiding and giving interest and consequence to religious service, and the inviting of professed singers to the choirs, for the sabbaths they pass in the city, would make them particularly (according to Burnet) special subjects of prayer.

The four-feet precipice between the carriage wheel and the side walk, and the back slope to the range of racing omnibuses and drunken sleigh-riders, prevent ladies from embarking in carriages at present, and this is one thing that reconciles us to the opera people's having chosen to

> "fold up their tents like the Arab
> And silently steal away."

Madame Pico has found a rich oasis in Boston appreciation, and we trust the snow will have melted away before the Tabernacle so that it will not be an inaccessible desert when she returns. Her concert there will be like a dawn after a month's night of music.

TWO OR THREE NEW FASHIONS IN FRANCE.—In a French pamphlet handed in to our office a few days ago, purporting to be Monsieur Grousset's justification for having been shot down in Broadway by Monsieur Emeric, Mr. Grousset describes a previous affair with the same gentleman, lately, in France. On that occasion, he states, Mr. Emeric went to the field attended by *nine* persons, one of whom was a *lady!*

We find, also, by a private letter from a friend in Paris, that the now *common* FEMALE *practice* of SMOKING CIGARS is considered (by connoisseurs in knowing-dom) as a most engaging addition to the attractions of some particular styles of beauty! "The play of the mouth upon the cigar, the reddening of the lips by the irritation of the tobacco, and the *insouciant* air, altogether, which it gives to the smoker, adds to the peculiar quality of a dashing and coquettish woman, as much as it would detract from that of a retiring and timid one." The eyes (he adds) gleam with a peculiar softness, through the smoke. Our correspondent had just returned from a call on a charming American lady, whom he found with a cigar in her rosy mouth!

WELLINGTON BOOTS have been sported during the late bad weather for walking, by some of the fashionable ladies of Paris. They are made of patent leather, reaching to the knee, with a small tassel in front (at least so exhibited in shop-windows) and the leg of the boot rounded and shaped in firm leather, like the fashion of boots twenty years ago. The *high heel* (keeping the sole of the foot from the wet pavement), is "raved about," in Paris—the ladies wondering how such a sensible thing as a heel should have been so long disused by the sex most in need of its protection. The relief of the ankles from contact with the cold or wet edge of the dress in wet weather is dwelt upon in the description, as is also the increased beauty of the foot from the *heightening of the arch of the instep* by the high heel.

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* Others have recorded this national habit of attacking the individual instead of the opinion. Dr. Reese, in his "Address in behalf of the Bible in Schools," thus speaks of the manner of opposition to his philanthropic labors:—

"I have learned that to tremble in the presence of popular clamor, or desert the post of duty when it becomes one of danger, is worthy neither of honor nor manhood; *else I would have gladly retired from the conflict to which I found my first official act exposed me, and the hostile weapons of which were aimed, not at the law under which I was acting, but hurled only against my humble self.*"

FASHIONS FOR COUNTRY BELLES.—The following appeal to our gallantry pulls very hard:—

"MR. EDITOR: One of the greatest treats you could give your country lady readers, would be to furnish them from time to time, with brief hints as to the *actual* style of fashions in the metropolis. We have, all along, depended for information on this important subject, upon the monthly magazines, all of which profess to give the fashions as worn, but we find out to our dismay, that they pick up their fashions from the Paris and London prints at random—some of them adopted by our city ladies, some not! It thus happens that we country people, who like to be in the fashion, are often subjected to great expense and mortification—relying too implicitly upon the magazine reports. We cause a bonnet or a dress to be made strictly in accordance with the style prescribed in the fashion plate of the magazine, and when we hie away to the city with our new finery, we discover that our costume is so *outrè* that every one laughs at us! Now, should there not be some remedy for this evil?

"We ladies hope you will do something for us in the way of remedying this. You can make up a paragraph, every now and then, on the subject without more trouble than it costs you in writing a critique on a much less important matter. Let us know all about the *real* changes in the 'outer woman' in Broadway and in drawing-rooms. Tell us all about the New York shawls, and New York handkerchiefs, and New York gloves, etc. And, when the fine weather again appears, tell us about the riding-dresses and riding-caps your friends in the city wear, and do not fail to give us an exact account of the kind of *sun-defenders* in vogue, whether they be parasols, shades, hoods, or anything else. * * * * * *

"I subscribe myself, your well-wisher,

"KATE SALISBURY.

"*Belle Grange, Jan.* 29."

We have omitted the bulk of Miss Kate's letter, giving rather too long an account of two or three expensive disasters from being misguided by magazines as to the fashions—but it is easily to be seen that it is a matter that concerns outlay which "comes home to business and bosom." We shall take it into consideration. Our present impression is, that we shall set apart half a column, weekly, bi-weekly, or tri-weekly, devoted to "the fashions by an eye-witness." This, however, immediately suggests a dilemma: There are two schools of taste among the ladies! Some women dress *for men's eyes*, and this style is both striking and economical. Other women (most women indeed), dress for *ladies' approval* only, and this style is studiously expensive, sacrifices becomingness to novelty, and is altogether beyond male appreciation.—*Which style should we shape our report for?*

CANADIAN GOSSIP.—The chief of the Scotch clan, McNab, has lately emigrated to Canada with a hundred clansman. On arriving at Toronto, he called on his newly illustrious namesake, Sir Allan, and left his card as "*The* McNab." Sir Allan returned his visit, leaving as his card, "The *other* McNab." The unusual relish of this accidental bit of fun, has elevated the *definite article* into a kind of *provincial title*, and, in common conversation, the leading individual of a family name is regularly *the*-ified. Among the officers at Montreal there was lately a son of the late celebrated "Jack Mytton," the most game-y sportsman in England. Meeting Sir Allan McNab at a mess-dinner, young Mytton sent wine to him with the message: "*The* Mytton" would be happy to take wine with "The *Other* McNab." We should not wonder if this funny use of the definite article became the germ of the first American title. *The* Tyler! *The* Mrs. Tyler!

This same young Mytton, by the way, inherited his father's adventurous temper, and though the first favorite of Montreal society, he alone, of all the officers, could find no lady willing to sleigh-ride with him. They openly declared their fear of his pranks of driving. One fine day, however, when all the town was on runners, Mytton was seen with a dashing turn-out, and a lady deeply veiled, sitting beside him, to whose comfort he was continually ministering, and to whom he was talking with the most merry glee. It was, to all appearance, a charming and charmed auditor, at least. The next day, there was great inquiry as to who was driving with Mr. Mytton. The mystery was not solved for a week. It came out at last, that in a certain milliner's shop in Montreal had stood a wooden "lay figure" for the exhibition of caps and articles of dress. The despairing youth had bought this, had it expensively and fashionably dressed, and still keeps it at his lodgings (under the name of "Ma'm'selle Pis-Aller") for his companion in sleigh-riding!

WHO ARE THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND?

(*In reply to a question of Fanny Forester's.*)

* * * Your postscript, asking "Enlightenment as to the upper ten thousand" can not be answered with a candle-end of attention. From the "sixes and sevens" of our brain, we must draw a whole "dip," new and expensive, to throw light on *that* matter—expensive, inasmuch as the same length of editorial candle would light us through a paragraph. If adorable "Cousin 'Bel" chance to be leaning over your chair, therefore, beg her to lift the curtain of her auburn tress-aract from your shoulder, and allow the American public to look over while you read.

The upper ten thousand, all told, would probably number one hundred thousand, or more: Not in England, where the upperdom is a matter of ascertained certainty, but in a republic, where every man has his own idea of what kind are uppermost, and where, of course, there are as many "ten thousands" as there are different claims to position. Probably few things would be funnier than for an angel suddenly to request the upper ten thousand of New York to walk up the let-down steps of a cloud, and record their names and residences, for the convenience of the up-town ministering spirits! A hundred thousand, we are *sure*, would be the least number of autographs left in the heavenly directory!

But, till we arrive at the "red-book" degree of definite aristocracy, a newspaper addressed to the "upper ten thousand" embraces a sufficient bailiwick for the most ambitious circulation. There are all manner of standards for "the best people." The ten thousand who live in the biggest houses would define New York upperdom with satisfactory clearness, to some. The ten thousand "safest" men would satisfy others. The educated ten thousand—the religious ten thousand—the ten thousand who had grandfathers—the ten thousand who go to Saratoga and Newport—the liberal ten thousand—the ten thousand who ride in carriages—the ten thousand who spend over a certain sum—the ten thousand "above Bleecker"—the ten thousand "ever heard of"—are aristocracies as others estimate them. And till the *really upper ten thousand* are indubitably defined, there are ninety thousand, more or less, who are in the enjoyment of a most desirable illusion.

No! no!—republican benevolence—the "greatest happiness of the greatest number"—would stop the march of civilization as to aristocracy, where it is. Its progress is through a reversed cornucopia, and the

extreme end is too small for the comfort of the "nation." Meantime, however, the standard of good manners is rather loosely kept, and though the ten "ten-thousands" are all seen to be tolerable, there is a small class who go wholly unappreciated—those who are *unconscious of their own degree from nature, and are only recognisable by the highest standards.* We speak of those who have "no manner"—simply because they would be less refined if they had. There are enchanting women in New York—we ourself know a half-dozen—who are wholly unaware themselves, wholly unsuspected by others, of carrying a mark from nature that in Europe would supersede all questions of origin and circumstances.—English aristocratic society is sprinkled throughout with these sealed packets of nobility from God—one of whom I remember inquiring out with great interest, a single lady of thirty-six apparently, but looking like a distilled drop of the "blood of all the Howards," simple as a tulip on the stem, and said, though obscurely connected, to have refused a score of the best matches of England. These "no manners" that are better than "good manners" walk a republic quite undetected as aristocracy; but, as the persons so born are always beloved (losing only the admiration that is due to them) their benighted state scarce calls for a missionary!

We should not be surprised if there were a pair from this Nature's Upper-dom—

"Two trusty turtles. truefastest of all true,"

—in your own village, dear Fanny Forester!

THE WEST IN A PETTICOAT.

(*By way of declining a communication in hope of a better one.*)

We have been for years looking at the western horizon of American literature, for a star to rise that should smack of the big rivers, steamboats, alligators, and western manners. We have the DOWN EAST—embodied in Jack Downing and his imitators. There was wanting a literary embodiment of the OUT WEST—not, a mind shining *at* it, by ridiculing it from a distance, but a mind shining *from* it, by showing its peculiar qualities unconsciously. The rough-hewn physiognomy of the west, though showing as yet but in rude and unattractive outline, is the profile of a fine giant, and will chisel down to noble features hereafter; but, meantime, there will be a literary foreshadowing of its maturity—abrupt, confiding, dashing writers, regardless of all trammels and fearless of ridicule—and we think we have heard from one of them.

The letter from which we shall quote presently, is entirely in earnest, and signed with the lady's real name. We at first threw the accompanying communication aside, as very original and amusing, but unfit for print—except with comments which we had no time to make. Taking it up again this morning, we think we see a way to compass the lady-writer's object, and we commence by giving her a *fictitious name to make famous* (instead of her own), and by interesting our readers in her with showing her character of mind as her letter shows her to us. She is quick, energetic, confident of herself, full of humor, and a good observer, and the "half-horse half-alligator" impulses with which she writes so unconsciously, may be trimmed into an admirable and entirely original style *by care and labor.*

Miss "Kate Juniper,"* (so we name her), thus dashes, western-fashion, in what she has to say to us:—

"I hate formal introductions. I would speak to you now, and I will see you, when I may, in the Palace of Truth. I am in Godey's Lady's Book with decent compensation, but I want to be published faster than they can do it. I want to write for the Mirror *without pay*, for the sake of 'getting my name up.' I shall ultimately 'put money in my purse' by this course. I have now three manuscript volumes, which good judges tell me are equal to Miss Bremer's. I send you a specimen. I have a series of these sketches, entitled 'The Spirits of the Room.' I can sell them to Godey, but he will be *for ever* bringing them out. I propose to give them to you, if you like them, in the true spirit of bargain and sale, though not in the letter. I will give you as many as will serve my purpose of getting my name known; and then, if success comes, you will hold me by the chain of gratitude, as you now do by that of reverence and affection.

"Will you write me immediately and tell me your thoughts of this thing? Truly your friend."

We can only give a taste of her literary quality by an extract from her communication, the remainder wanting finish, and this portion sufficing to introduce her to our readers. We give it precisely as written and punctuated. She is describing an interview with a travelling lecturer on magnetism, and gives her own experience in neurological sight-seeing:—

"Mark the sequel. I had, on going into the room, lost my handkerchief. A gentleman famed for his wisdom, his powder of seeing as far into the future without the gift of second sight, as others can with it, lent me his, *protem.* I heard the wonderful statements of the 'New School in Psychology' relative to sympathy established by means of magnetized or *neurologized* handkerchiefs, letters, etc. I determined to keep the handkerchief and see if there were enough of the soul *aura* of my wise-acre friend imprisoned in it, to affect me. I did so; I returned to my home in the hotel—to my lonely room; evening shut in; the waiter did not bring me a light; my anthracite burned blue and dimly enough; I bound the magic handkerchief about my brow and invoked the sight of my friend to aid my own. What I saw shall be told in the next chapter.

CHAPTER I.

"I gazed into the dimness and vacancy that surrounded me—I conjured the guardian spirit of the room to come before me, and communicate some of the secrets of his wards. How many hearts, thought I, have beat with joy and sorrow, with hope, and with anguish unutterable in this room. But no guardian spirit appeared, and I began to think that the tee-total pledge of this hotel had really banished all sorts of spirits, neurology to the contrary notwithstanding. I closed my eyes, laid my hand on the bewitching point in my forehead, and lo! my eyes were opened, not literally but neurologically. At first a figure was revealed dimly and indistinctly—gradually its outlines grew more defined, and a graceful young man stood before me. He was enveloped in the folds of an ample cloak, a jewelled hand held it in front, and he stood as if waiting to be known and noted. While gazing on him I found myself endowed with new and marvellous powers—every line of his face had its language, and told me a broad history. His attitude, his hand, the manner in which the folds of his cloak fell about him, constituted a library that I was skilled to read, if I would. Here was the *signatura rerum.* I looked and looked—it was like looking into a library and determining what you shall read, and what you shall leave unread. Some one has said that 'the half is greater than the whole.' This may be a physical, yet not a metaphysical paradox. Here I saw the

* The word "Juniper" is derived from the Latin words "*junior and parere*"—descriptive of a fruit which *makes its appearance prematurely.* We trust Miss Kate Juniper will see the propriety of using this name till she is ripe enough to resume her own.

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last occupant of my room standing before me. I said I will first look at one week of his life. In a moment I beheld him pacing fitfully the room—his thoughts came before me—they were such as these," &c., &c.

Miss Juniper goes on with an account of half a dozen different characters, who (by a very natural vein of revery) she imagines may have occupied the room before her. The specimen we have given simply shows the free *dash* of her pen, and we think we see in it the capability of better things.

Female Stock Brokers, Etc.—A letter from Paris to the London Times describes the stock exchange of Paris (the Bourse) as thronged by female speculators—not less than a hundred in attendance on any one day. To do this, too, they are *obliged to stand in the open square in front of the building*, as they have been excluded from the interior by a special regulation! Every five minutes during the sale of stocks, two or three bareheaded agents rush down the steps of the Bourse to announce to the fair speculators the state of the market; and they buy and sell accordingly.

Fancy a few of the customs of the "most polite nation" introduced into New York! What would "Mrs. Grundy" say of a hundred ladies standing about on the sidewalk in Wall street, speculating in stocks, and excluded by a vote of the stock-brokers from the floor of the Exchange! When will the New York ladies begin to smoke in their carriages, as they do in Paris? When will they wear Wellington boots with high heels? When will they frequent the billiard-rooms and public eating-houses? When will those who are not rich enough to keep house, use "home" only as birds do their nests, to sleep in—breakfasting, dining, and amusing themselves, at all other hours, out of doors, or in cafes and restaurants? When will the more fashionable ladies receive morning calls in the prettiest room in the house—their bed-room—themselves in bed, with coquettish caps and the most *soignée* demi-toilet any way contrivable? Funny place, France! Yet in no country that we were ever in, seemed woman so insincerely worshipped—so mocked with the shadow of power over men. We should think it as great a curiosity to see a well-bred Frenchman love-sick (when he supposed himself alone) as to see an angel tipsy, or a marble bust in tears. This condition of the "love of the country," and the dissipation of female habits, are mutual consequences—so to speak. Men are constituted by nature to love women, and in proportion as women become man-ified they feel toward them as men do to each other—selfish and unimpressible. We remember once asking a French nobleman who was very fond of London, what was the most marked point of difference which he (as a professed love-maker) found between French and English women. The reply was an unfeeling one, but it will be a guide to an estimate of the effect of the different national manners on female character. "The expense of a love affair," said he, "falls on the *man* in France, and on the *woman* in England. English women make you uncomfortable by the quantity of presents they *give* you, and French women quite as uncomfortable by the quantity they *exact* from you." We only quote this remark as made by a very great beau and a very keen observer—the fact that a high-bred man *weighed women at all in such abominable scales* being a good argument (at least) against inviting the ladies to Wall street and the billiard-rooms!

And now let us say a word of what made the letter in the Times more suggestive than it otherwise would have been—Miss Fuller's book on "Woman in the Nineteenth Century."

This book begins with an emblematic device resembling, at first view, the knightly decoration called by our English neighbors a star. On further examination, a garter seems to be included in the figure; but upon still closer view, we discover, within the rays which form the outer border, first an eternal serpent—then the deeper mystery of two triangles—one of light, the other of darkness and shadow. We should not have been thus particular in describing a new decoration, but we conceive that the figure is very significant of the tone and design of the book. It belongs to what is called the transcendental school—a school which we believe to have mixed up much of what is noble and true with much of what is merely imaginary and fantastic. Truth, freedom, love, light—these are high and holy objects; and though they may be sought, sometimes, by modes which we may think susceptible of improvement, we honor those who propose to themselves such objects, according to their aims and not according to their ability of accomplishment. The character and rights of woman form naturally the principal subject of Miss Fuller's book; and we hope it may have an influence in convincing, if not "man," at least some men, that woman was born for better things than to "cook him something good."

The English Premier.—We see a text for the least-taste-in-life of a sermon, in the following touch-up of Sir Robert Peel by the London Examiner:—

"Wanted, a Premier's Assistant:—Our friend *Punch*, who has written some excellent lessons for ministers, 'suited to the meanest capacity,' in words from one syllable to three, by easy upward ascent, should take Sir Robert Peel's education in hand, and teach him how to write a decent note.

"Notwithstanding the proverb to the contrary, a man may do a handsome thing in a very awkward way.

"It was quite becoming and right to give a pension of £20 a year to Miss Brown, but what a note about it is this, with its parenthetical dislocations, and its atrocious style as stiff as buckram:—

"'*Whitehall, Dec.* 24.

"'Madam: There is a fund applicable, as vacancies may occur, to the grant of annual pensions of very limited amount, which usage has placed at the disposal of *the lady* of the first minister. On this fund there is a surplus of £20 per annum.

"'Lady Peel has heard of your honorable and successful exertions to mitigate, by literary acquirements, the effects of the misfortune by which you have been visited; and should the grant of this pension for your life be acceptable to you, Lady Peel will have great satisfaction in such an appropriation of it.

"'I am, &c. Robert Peel.'

"If *Punch* had been over Sir Robert Peel when he wrote this, he would have hit him several sharp raps on the knuckles with his baton, we are quite certain. The model of the note may be in Dilworth, very probably, or even in the Complete Letter-Writer, by the retired butler; but, nevertheless, it is not a true standard of taste.

"Not to mention the clumsy parenthetical clauses so much better omitted, or the long-tailed words so out of place in a note about a matter of £20 a year, Sir Robert Peel has to learn that none but he-milliners and haberdashers talk of their "ladies." Sir Robert Peel, as a gentleman and a prime minister, needs not be ashamed of writing of his *wife*. He may rest quite assured that the world will know that his wife is a lady without his studiously telling it so.

"Foreigners will ask what is the distinction between a gentleman's lady and his wife; whether they are convertible terms; whether there are minister's wives who are not ladies; or whether there are ladies who

are not wives; and why the equivocal word is preferred to the distinct one; and why the wife is treated if it were the less honorable.

"Formerly men used to have wives, not ladies; but in the announcement of births it has seemed finer to Mr. Spruggins and Mr. Wiggins to say that his lady has been delivered than his wife, the latter sounding homely and low.

"But Sir Robert Peel should not be led away by these examples. He is of importance enough in the world to afford to mention his wife in plain, honest, homely old English.

"Any one who is disposed to give lessons in letter-writing can not do better than collect Sir Robert Peel's notes as warning examples. From the Velveteens to Miss Brown's £20 a year, they have all the same atrocious offences of style and taste. It is another variety of the Yellow Plush school.

"It distresses us to see it. We should like to see MissBrown's £20 a year rendered into plain, gentlemanly English.

"As prizes are the fashion, perhaps some one will give a prize for the best translation of Sir Robert Peel's notes into the language of ease, simplicity, and with them, good taste."

Sir Robert's crockery note proves, not that his premiership still shows the lint of the spinning-jenny, but that he employed one of his clerks (suitably impressed with his duty to Lady Peel) to write the letter. We wish to call attention, however, to the *superior simplicity of the taste contended for by the critic*, and to the evidence it gives that extremes meet in the usages of good breeding as in other things—the highest refinement fairly lapping over upon what nature started with. The application of this is almost universal, but perhaps we had better particularize at once, and confess to as much annoyance as we have a right to express (in "a free country") at the affected use of the word *lady* in the United States, and the superfine shrinking from the honest words *wife* and *woman*. Those who say "this is my *lady*, sir!" instead of "this is my *wife*, sir!" or those who say "she is a very pretty *lady*," instead of "she is a very pretty *woman*," should at least know what the words mean, and what they convey to others.

In common usage, to speak of one's *wife* as one's *lady*, smacks of low-breeding, because it expresses a kind of announcement of her rank, as if her rank would not otherwise be understood. It is sometimes used from a dread of plain-spoken-ness, by men who doubt their own manners—but, as it always betrays the doubt, it is in bad taste. The etymology of the plainer words is a better argument in their favor, however. In the Saxon language from which they are derived, *wœpman* signifies *that* one of the conjugal pair who employed the weapons necessary for the defence of the family, and *wif-man* signified the one who was employed at the *woof*, clothing the family by her industry. (The terms of endearment, of course, were "my fighter," and "my weaver!") instead of this honestly derived word (*wife*), meaning the one who has the care of the family, the word *lady* is used, which (also by derivation from the Saxon) signifies *one who is raised to the rank of her conjugal mate!* But, in this country, where the males invariably burrow in trade, while the females as invariably soar out of their reach in the sunshine of cultivation, *few women* are *raised* to the rank of their husbands. It is an injustice to almost any American woman to say as much—by calling her a *lady*.

It is one part, though ever so small a part, of patriotism, to toil for improving the *manners* of the country. If we can avoid the long round of affectations, and make a short cut to good taste by at once submitting every question of manners to the three ultimate standards of high-breeding—*simplicity, disinterestedness*, and *modesty*, it might save us the century or two of bad taste through which older countries have found their way to refinement. Amen!

LETTER TO FANNY FORESTER.

DEAR FANNY: Would your dark eyes vouchsafe to wonder how I come to write to you? Thus it befell:—

You live in the country and know what log-hauling is like—over the stumps in the woods. You have, many a time, mentally consigned, to condign axe and fire, the senseless trunk that, all its life, had found motion enough to make way for every silly breeze that flirted over it, but lay in unyielding immoveableness when poor oxen and horses were tortured to make it stir! If you knew what a condition Broadway is in—what horses have to suffer to draw omnibuses—and how many pitiless human trunks are willing doggedly to sit still to be drawn home to the fire by brute agony—you would see how, while walking in Broadway, I was reminded of log-hauling—then of the country—and then, of course, of Fanny Forester.

Before setting the news to trickle from my full pen let me quote from a book (one that is my present passion), a fine thought or two on the cruelty to animals that has, this day, in Broadway, made me—no better than Uncle Toby in Flanders!

"Shame upon creation's lord, the fierce unsanguined despot:
What! art thou not content thy sin hath dragged down
suffering and death
Upon the poor dumb servants of thy comfort, and yet must
thou rack them with thy spite?
For very shame be merciful, be kind unto the creatures thou
hast ruined;
Earth and her million tribes are cursed for thy sake;
Liveth there but one among the million that shall not bear
witness against thee,
A pensioner of land or air or sea, that hath not whereof it
will accuse thee?
From the elephant toiling at a launch, to the shrew-mouse
in the harvest-field,
From the whale which the harpooner hath stricken, to the
minnow caught upon a pin,
From the albatross wearied in its flight, to the wren in her
covered nest,
From the death-moth and the lace-winged dragon-fly, to the
lady-bird and the gnat,
The verdict of all things is unanimous, finding their master
cruel:
The dog, thy humble friend, thy trusting, honest friend,
The horse, thy uncomplaining slave, drudging from morn
to even,
The lamb, and the timorous hare, and the laboring ox at
plough,
And all things that minister alike to thy life and thy comfort and thy pride,
Testify with one sad voice that man is a cruel master.
The galled ox can not complain, nor supplicate a moment's
respite;
The spent horse hideth his distress, till he panted out his
spirit at the goal;
Behold, he is faint with hunger; the big tear standeth in
his eye;
His skin is sore with stripes, and he tottereth beneath his
burden;
His limbs are stiff with age, his sinews have lost their
vigor,
And pain is stamped upon his face, while he wrestleth
unequally with toil;
Yet once more mutely and meekly endureth he the crushing blow;
That struggle hath cracked his heart-strings—the generous
brute is dead!"

I doubt whether fifty years of jumping toothache would not be a lesser evil, hereafter, than the retribution charged this day against each passenger from Wall street to Bleecker. And, as if to aggravate the needlessness of the sin, the sidewalk was like the sidewalks in June—dry, sunny, and besprinkled with adorable shoppers. With the sides of the street thus

clean and bright, the middle with a succession of pits, each one of which required the utmost strength of a pair of horses to toil out of—the wheels continually cutting in to the axletrees, each sinking of the wheels bringing down the whip on the guilty horses, and, with all the lashing, cursing, toiling and breaking of harness, people (with legs to carry them) remaining heartlessly inside the omnibuses. Oh, for one hour's change of places—horses inside and passengers in harness!

But why break your country heart for sins in Broadway? Think rather of the virtues and the fashions. Large parasols (feminized, from male umbrellas, only by petticoats of fringe and the changeableness of the silk) are now carried between heaven and bright eyes, to the successful banishment of the former. Ladies sit in the shops smoking camphor cigars while their daughters buy ribands. French lap-dogs, with maids to lead them, are losing singularity, as pairs of spectacles. People in the second story are at the level of very fine weather. Literature is at a dead stand-still. The "father of evil" has not yet told us what the next excitement is to grow out of; and meantime (to-night) we are to have an English song from Madam Pico at the Tabernacle.

So you have been ill and are mortal after all! Well! I presume—whatever stays to keep the violets company—"Fanny Forester" goes to Heaven; so you must have your reminders, like the rest of us, that the parting guest is to be looked after. What a to-morrow-dom life is! Eve's fault or Adam's—*to-day* was left in Eden! we live only for what is *to come*. I am, for one, quite sick of hoping; and if I could put a sack of money at my back to keep my heels from tripping, I would face about and see nothing but the *to-day* of the children behind me. (Bless me, how grave I am getting to be!)

Write to me, dear Fanny! As I go to market on this river of ink, write me such a letter as will ride without damage in the two-penny basket that brings this to you.

And now adieu—or rather *au soin de Dieu*—for I trust that the first lark that goes up with the spring news will bid the angels not to expect you, yet awhile. Take care of your health. Yours always.

Madame Pico's Concert.—We should guess that between two and three thousand persons were listeners in the vast hall of the Tabernacle at the concert. The five hundred regular opera-goers, who were apparently all there, were scattered among a mass of graver countenances, and Madame Pico saw combined her two bailiwicks of fashion and seriousness. She seems to be equally popular with both, and her "good-fellow" physiognomy never showed its honest beauty to more advantage. She wore a Greek cap of gold braid on the right-side organ of conscientiousness, and probably magnetized very powerfully the large gold tassel that fell from it over her cheek. The English song was the *qui-vive*-ity of the evening, however, and English, from a tongue cradled in a gondola, is certainly very peculiar! But, preserve us, Rossini-Bellini! After hearing exclusively Italian music from a songstress, the descent to Balfe is rather intolerable. A lark starting for its accustomed zenith with "chicken fixings" would represent our soul as it undertook to soar last night with Balfeathered Pico!—What should make that same song popular is beyond our divining. Most of its movement works directly in the joint between the comfortable parts of the voice, and nobody ever tilted through its see-saw transitions, in our hearing, without apparent distress.

Madame Arnoult made a very strong impression on the audience last night. She sang with more dew in her throat than when we heard her before, and we fancy that the hard enamel of her tones, at that time, was from the bracing up against timidity, and not from the quality of the organ. She has only to draw a check for what popularity she wants, we presume.

Town-Hunger for Poets.—The appetite for live bards (like other scarce meats, commonly liked best when *pretty well gone*) is probably peculiar to old countries. We have stumbled lately on the following letter touching Petrarch, written in 1368, by the Seigneury of Florence, to Pope Urban V.:—

"The celebrity and talent of our fellow-citizen, M. Francesco Petrarca, inspire us with a great desire to attract him back to reside in Florence, for the honor of the city and for his own tranquillity; for he has greatly harassed himself by bodily fatigues and scientific pursuits in various countries. But as he has here no patrimony nor means of support, and little fancy for a secular life, be pleased to grant him the favor of the first canonry vacant in Florence; and this notwithstanding any previous promise, so that no one may be appointed canon in preference to him. And you will ascertain from Pitti in what manner this appointment may be obtained for him in the most ample manner."

How long it will be before Newburyport will send to the governor of Arkansas for Albert Pike—before New Haven will send to Mayor Harper for Mr. Halleck—before Portland will send to President Quincy for Longfellow—before other great cities will send for the now peripatetic ashes of their future honorary urns, and confer on them "appointments in the most ample manner"—we are not prophet enough to know—nor do we know what the locofocos would say to such appointments. We suggest, however, that the poets should combine to vote for Mayor Harper on condition that he inquire what poets New York *needs to have back* "for the honor of the city and their own tranquillity."

Japonica-dom in Italy.—We have often thought that it would amuse, and possibly instruct, New-Yorkers, to know exactly what class of Europeans have, as nearly as possible, their own pretensions to aristocracy, and where such persons "stand," in the way of go-to-the-devil-dom, from the titled classes. There is scarce a man of fortune or fashion in New York who is not what they call in Europe a *roturier*—a man, that is to say, whose position is made altogether by his money. The treatment which a *roturier* gets, therefore, from those above him, presents a fair opportunity for contrasting his value (measured by this scale) with that of a rich, but grandfatherless New-Yorker. Besides other profit in the comparison, it is as well, perhaps, to form a guess as to what sort of a sore the upper ten thousand will make, when they come to a head in Manhattan.

A letter to the Foreign Quarterly Review from a correspondent in Italy, gives an account of the celebration of a scientific anniversary which draws together the accessible celebrities of Europe, and which was held this year in Milan. Incidentally the writer speaks of Milanese society—thus:—

"Yes! the congress, whatever its other claims to consideration may have been, was deficient in 'quarterings,' and was therefore, no company for Milanese noblesse. Nowhere, in Europe, is the effete barbarism of 'castes' more in vigor than at Milan. The result of course, and of necessity, is, that the exclusive there are the least advanced in social and moral civilization of all the great cities of Italy. Will it be

believed that these noble blockheads have a Casino for themselves and their females, to whose festivities the more distinguished of their non-noble fellow-citizens are invited—after what manner does the civilized nineteenth century Englishman think? Thus: *A gallery has been constructed, looking from above into the ball-room. There such more distinguished roturiers (men of low descent), with their families, as the privileged caste may condescend to invite—not to share—but to witness their festivities, being duly fenced in with an iron grating, may gaze through the bars at the paradise that they can never enter.* It is at least something! They may there *see what it is to be 'noble!'* The happy ones, thus permitted to feast their eyes, may, at least, boast to their less fortunate fellow-citizens, of the condescension with which they have been *honored*, and thus propagated, in some degree the blessings of exclusiveness among the ranks of the swinish multitude! *In their happy gallery, at the top of the noble ball-room, they may at least inhale the refuse breath streaming up from noble lungs—delicious gales from Araby the blest.* Surely this is *something.* The wealthy citizens of Milan feel that it is; and they value the so-condescendingly-granted privilege accordingly.

"Yes! the *roturier* citizens of Milan—incredible as it may seem to those whose more civilized social system has given them the feelings of men in the place of those of slaves—*do gratefully and gladly accept these invitations.* Yes! for one of the curses most surely attendant on the undue separation of a privileged caste, is the degradation of *both* parties—the real abasement of the pariah, as well as the fancied exaltation of the noble."

Our readers' imaginations will easily transfer this state of things to New York (fancying one class of rich men inviting another class of men, quite as rich, but with not the same sort of grandfathers, to look at a ball through an iron grating!) but, leaving our friends to pick out the "customers" for the two sides of the grate, we turn to another difference still, between the *nether-graters* and the *mechanics.* There is even a more impassable barrier between these, and it is almost as impassable in England and France as in the more monarchical portions of Europe. A letter from abroad in the Ledger of yesterday, states this phase of social distinction very clearly:—

"The present state of society in France presents, therefore, a new and almost incurable evil—*the entire separation of the capitalists, the merchants and manufacturers, from the laboring portion of the community;* and what is worse, a hostile attitude of these social elements to each other. In Germany, and partly even in England, the interests of the manufacturers and capitalists are parallel with those of the laborers, and kept so by the pressure of a wealthy overbearing aristocracy in Great Britain; while on the continent the industrious pursuits are not yet sufficiently developed to effect the separation. Whenever the laborers (the pariahs) of England make common cause with their employers, or rather, whenever their demands coincide with those of their masters, the aristocracy is generally obliged to yield: but whenever, as in the case of the chartists, the laborers or inferior orders of the industrious section of society demand anything for *itself* which does not agree with the views of their employers, they are perfectly powerless—a mere play-ball, tossed to and fro between the landlords and the cotton-lords.

"In France, as I have observed, the separation of the higher bourgeoisie from those who help them by their labor to amass wealth, is complete; but so powerless is the latter section that it is not only not represented in the chambers, but not even thought or spoken of, except when it is thought necessary to teach it a lesson by putting it down and teaching it obedience. The misery of the laboring classes has not yet found an orator."

We have given, here-above, an attractive nucleus for table-talk and speculation, and we leave it to our friends.

Poets and Poetry of America.—An hour's lecture on this subject by Mr. Poe is but a "foot of Hercules," and though one can see what would be the proportions of the whole, if treated with the same scope and artistic minuteness, it is a pity to see only the fragment. What we heard last night convinced us, however, that one of the most readable and saleable of *books* would be a dozen of such lectures by Mr. Poe, and we give him a publisher's counsel to print them.

After some general remarks on poetry and the uses of impartial criticism, Mr. Poe gently waked up the American poetesses. He began with Mrs. Sigourney, whom he considered the best known, and who, he seemed to think, owed her famousness to the same cause as "old boss Richards"—the being "kept before the people." He spoke well of her poetry abstractly, but intimated that it was strongly be-Hemans'd, and that without the Hemanshood and the newspaper iteration, Mrs. Sigourney would not be the first American poetess. He next came to Mrs. Welby as No. 2, and gave her wholesome muse some very stiff laudation. Mrs. Osgood came next, and for her he prophesied a rosy future of increasing power and renown. He spoke well of Mrs. Seba Smith, and he spent some time in showing that the two Miss Davidsons, with all their merit, were afloat "on bladders in a sea of glory." The pricking of these bladders, by-the-way, and the letting out of Miss Sedgwick's breath, and Professor Morse's, and Mr. Southey's, was most artistically well done.

Of the inspired males Mr. Poe only took up the copperplate five—Bryant, Halleck, Longfellow, Sprague, and Dana. These, as having their portraits engraved in the frontispiece of Griswold's "Poets and Poetry of America," were taken to represent the country's poetry, and dropped into the melting-pot accordingly. Mr. Bryant came first as the allowed best poet; but Mr. Poe, after giving him high praise, expressed a contempt for "public opinion," and for the opinion of all majorities, in matters of taste, and intimated that Mr. Bryant's universality of approval lay in his keeping within very narrow limits, where it was easy to have no faults. Halleck, Mr. Poe praised exceedingly, repeating with great beauty of elocution his Marco Bozzaris. Longfellow, Mr. Poe said, had more genius than any other of the five, but his fatal alacrity at imitation made him borrow, when he had better at home. Sprague, but for one drop of genuine poetry in a fugitive piece, was described by Poe as Pope-and-water. Dana found very little favor. Mr. Poe thought his metre harsh and awkward, his narrative ill-managed, and his conceptions eggs from other people's nests. With the copperplate five, the criticisms abruptly broke off, Mr. Poe concluding his lecture with the recitation of three pieces of poetry which he thought had been mistakenly put away, by the housekeeper of the temple of fame, among the empty bottles. Two of them were by authors we did not know, and the third was by an author whom we have been exhorted to know under the Greek name of Seauton ("gnothi seauton")—ourself! (Perhaps we may be excused for mentioning that the overlooked bottle of *us* contained "unseen spirits," and that the brigadier, who gave us twenty dollars for it, thought it by no means "small beer!")

Mr. Poe had an audience of critics and poets—between two and three hundred of victims and victimizers—and he was heard with breathless attention. He

becomes a desk, his beautiful head showing like a statuary embodiment of discrimination; his accent drops like a knife through water, and his style is so much purer and clearer than the pulpit commonly gets or requires, that the effect of what he says, beside other things, pampers the ear. Poe's late poem of "The Raven," embroidered him at once on the quilt of the poets; but as the first bold traverse thread run across the parallelisms of American criticism, he wants but a business bodkin to work this subordinate talent to great show and profit. We admire him none the less for dissenting from some of his opinions.

Asylum for Indigent Women.—A benevolent friend surprised us, on Saturday, into one of the most agreeable visits we ever made—a visit to an institution of whose existence we were not even aware. We presume that others have shared our ignorance, and that the name we have written above will convey to most readers an idea either vague or entirely novel. Poetry alone would express truly the impression left on our mind by this visit, but we will confine ourself to a brief description in prose.

Our friend informed us, on the way, that an entrance fee of fifty dollars was required, and that the claims of the proposed inmate (as to respectability and such circumstances as would affect the social comfort of the establishment) were decided upon by the board of management. Once there, she has a home for life, with perfect command of egress, absence for visits, and calls from friends, books, medical attendance, occupation, &c. Each inmate commonly adds some furniture to the simple provision of the room.

We entered a large building, with two spacious wings, standing on Twentieth street, near the East river. Opposite the entrance, the door opened into a cheerful chapel, and we turned to the left into a drawing-room, which had all the appearance of an apartment in the most comfortable private residence. We descended thence through warm corridors, to the refectory in the basement, and here the ladies (between fifty and sixty of them) chanced to be taking their tea. We really never saw a pleasanter picture of comfort. The several tables were scattered irregularly around the room, and each little party had separate teapot and table furniture, the arrangements reminding one of a *café* in a world grown old. The gay chatting, the passing of cups and plates, the nodding of clean caps, and the really unusual liveliness of the different parties, took us entirely by surprise—took away, in fact, all idea of an asylum for sickness or poverty. What with the fragrant atmosphere of souchong, and the happy faces, it would have been a needlessly fastidious person who would not have sat down willingly as a guest at the meal.

We looked into the kitchen and household arrangements for a few minutes, finding everything the model of wholesome neatness, and then, as the ladies had returned to their rooms, we made a few visits to them, *chez elles*, introduced by the attendant. Here again, the variety of furniture, the comfortable rocking-chairs, the curtains, and pictures, and ornamental trifles, removed all idea of hospital or asylum-life, and gave us the feeling of visiters in private families. The ladies were visiting from room to room, and those we conversed with assured us that they had everything for their comfort, and were as happy as they well could be—though they laughed very heartily when we expressed some envy of the barrier between them and the vexed world we must return to, and at our wish that we could "qualify" and stay with them. We have rarely had merrier conversation in a call, and we think that this asylum for age holds at least one or two very agreeable women.

But what charity can the angel of mercy so smile upon, as this waiting upon life to its gloomy retiring-door, lighting the dark steps downward, and sending home the weary guest with a farewell, softened and cheerful! God bless the founder of this beautiful charity! Who can hear of it and not wish to aid it? Who has read thus far, our truthful picture, and does not mentally resolve to be one (though by ever so small a gift) among its blest benefactors.

We begged a copy of the last report, and we find that the society, which supports the asylum, has some *eighty* pensioners *out of the house*, and that there is some fear entertained, from the low state of the funds, as to the ability to continue these latter charities. We can not conceive the treasury of such an institution *in want*. We are not authorized to make any appeal to the public, but those who are inclined to give can easily find out the way.

Sacred Concert.—We have once or twice, when writing of musical performers, given partial expression to a feeling that has since been very strongly confirmed—the expediency of addressing music, in this country, to the more serious instead of the gayer classes, for its best support and cultivation. The high moral tone, this side the water, of all those strata of society to which refined amusement looks for support, gives music rather an American rebuke than an American welcome—coming as a pleasure in which dissipated fashionables are alone interested. Italian opera, properly labelled and separated from its needless association with ballet, would rise to the unoffending moral level of piano-music, sight-seeing, concert-going, or what the serious commonly call innocent amusements.

Till lately it has been generally understood that the only hope for patronage of fine music, in New York, was the exclusive class which answers to the court circles of Europe; and, so addressed, the opera has very naturally languished.

The truth is, that the great mass of the wealthy and respectable population of New York is at a level of strict morality, or of religious feelings rising still higher, and any amusement that goes by a doubtful name among moralists, is at once excluded. But music need never suffer by this exclusion, and as the favor of these stricter classes, once secured, would be of inexhaustible profit to musicians, it would be worth while for some master-spirit among them to undertake the proper adaptation of music to moral favor.

Why should the best singers be considered almost profane—was the question that naturally enough occurred to us the other night on hearing the Tabernacle fill, to its vast capacity, with the voice of Madame Pico giving entrancing utterance to Scripture! Here were a thousand lovers of music sitting breathless together, with their most hallowed feelings embarked upon a voice usually devoted to profane uses. Many whose tears flow only at hallowed prompting, listened with moist eyes to the new-clad notes of familiar sacred music—perhaps half-sighing with self-reproach that the enchantment of an opera-singer should have reached such sacred fountains of emotion. Why should not the best musical talent, as well as the more indifferent, be made tributary to religion? Why should not sacred operas be written for our country exclusively? Why should not the highly dramatic scenes and events of Scripture be represented on the stage, and seen with reverence by the classes who have already seen them in their imaginations, during perusal of the inspired volume. And why should not the events of human life, as portrayed in unobjectionable operas, be alternated with these, and addressed to the moral approbation of our refined serious classes?

We believe that this (and *not this alone* of things commonly delivered over to the evil spirit among us) would be willingly taken charge of by the angel of good influences.

We can not give a critical notice of the performances at the sacred concert, as we were unable to remain after the conclusion of the first part, but we heard a single remark which seems to us worth quoting. At the conclusion of Madame Pico's first air, a gentleman, standing near us, observed that it was very odd a foreigner should sing with perfect articulation, while he could scarce understand a word from those who sang in their native tongue! The instrumental music was admirable, and the scenic effect of the female choir (all dressed in white, and getting up with a spontaneous resurrection for the chorus) was at least impressive.

P. S. Just as we are going to press we have received a critique of the concert, speaking very glowingly of Madame Pico, and the

"moist melodious hymn
From her white throat dim,"

"as Aristophanes hath it," of the "deep clear tones of BROUGH, so long lost to us," and "Miss Northall and Mr. Meyer," as having "given full satisfaction."

THE FAMINE AT WASHINGTON.—The city is alive with laughable stories of the distress for bed and provender during the late descent upon the scene of the inauguration.

"As the scorched locusts from the fields retire
While fast behind them runs the blaze of fire,"

the belles and beaux, politicians and travellers, are crowding back to the regions of steady population, aghast at the risks of famine run in the capital of a land of proverbial abundance. The stories are mostly such as would easily be imagined taking place in any country, under the circumstances, but we heard of *one* worth recording—a Yankee variation of an expedient tried some years ago by an Englishman at Saratoga. John Bull, in that instance (it may be remembered), after calling in vain to the flying attendants at the crowded table, splashed a handful of silver into his plate and handed it to a waiter with a request for "a clean plate and some soup." A Massachusetts judge, probably remembering this, drew a gold piece from his pocket last week while sitting hungry at the stripped table at Washington, and tapping his tumbler with it till he attracted attention, laid it beside his plate and pointed to it while he mentioned what he wanted. He was miraculously supplied of course, but, when he had nothing more to ask, he politely thanked the waiter and—*returned the gold piece to his own pocket!*

THE GERMAN CONCERT.—The great wilderness of Pews-y-ism—the boundless Tabernacle—was filled to its remotest "seat for one" on Saturday evening, and a more successful concert could scarcely have been given. The nation cradled away from salt air, showed their naturally fresh enthusiasm for the performances, and it seemed to have an effect upon Madame Pico, for her friends thought she never had sung so enchantingly, as in the second of the pieces set down for her—"*la casta Diva.*" She was applauded to the utmost tension of Mr. Hale's roof and rafters. The German chorus by a score of amateurs was admirably given, and Schaffenburg's piano-music was done to the utmost probable of excellence.

"MINE HOST."—Some time ago, in some speculations on American peculiarities, we commented on the *hotel-life* so much more popular in this country than elsewhere, and the necessity, bred by the manners and habits of our people, that *hotel-keepers* should be well-bred men, of high character and agreeable manners. The trusts reposed in them by their guests, and the courtesy they are called on to exercise, make it almost inevitable that such men should alone be encouraged to assume the direction of hotels. This *tendency of fitness* has lately put the Howard house into the hands of one of our most courteous, capable, and agreeable friends, Capt. Roe, and the public will find that central hotel all that they can require.

THE GEODE.—We remember being pitched for a week into Query-dom, while attending college lectures, by Prof. Silliman's astounding story of the mine in (we think) Meriden, Connecticut—a single cave in which had been found a specimen of almost every known precious stone. It was a kind of *omnibus geode*, and with a boy's imagination, we speculated endlessly on how so many rare gems could have chanced to have come together in this world of loose distribution. We have come, now, however, to the astounding knowledge of a *geode of poetesses*—the centre of which is Fanny Forester—and though there *are* astonishing resemblances between the material and spiritual world, we were not prepared for *this!* Fanny herself, as a prose writer and poetess, has now an assured fame. But, on St. Valentine's day, we received an original Valentine from one of her intimate friends, which was as beautiful poetry as fame wants in her trumpet, and two or three weeks ago we published a most delicious poem from another friend of Fanny Forester's, and here comes a fourth gem which seems to hint (and this is too sad a possibility to trifle upon) that gifted Fanny Forester is beckoned to, from a better world. God send her health with this coming spring—thousands will pray fervently. Here follows a prayer for it, expressed in touching verse by one who seems a familiar friend:—

"TO 'FANNY FORESTER.'

"BY MISS MARY FLORENCE NOBLE.

"Saw you ever a purer light
More still and fair than the harvest moon
When day has died in a shadowless night?
And the air is still as a summer's noon?
No?—*Ah, sweet one, your eyelids shrine*
A light far purer, and more divine.

"Heard you ever the silvery gush
Of a brook, far down in its rocky dell;
And stilled your breath with a tremulous hush,
As its mystic murmurs rose and fell?
'Tis thus I list to the liquid flow
Of your silvery accents, soft and low.

"Yet, sweet 'Fanny,' the light that gleams
'Neath the sweeping fringe of your radiant eyes,
Too purely chaste, and too heavenly seems
To dwell in the glare of our earthly skies;
And, too soft and low your tones have birth
To linger long mid the din of earth

"The sweet brow shrined in your clustering hair
Has gathered a shadow wan, and deep,
And the veins a darker violet wear,
Which over your hollow temples creep;
And your fairy foot falls faint and slow,
As the feathery flakes of the drifting snow.

"'Tis said the gods send swift decay
To the bright ones they love, of mortal birth;
And your angel 'Dora' passed away
In her youth's sweet spring-time, from the earth,
Yet stay, sweet 'Fanny!' your pinions fold,
'Till the hearts that love you now, are cold."

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YANKEE-PARISIAN ARISTOCRACY.—Our agreeable neighbor of the "Etats-Unis" gives a letter from Paris which states that "another rich American is about taking the place of the retiring Col. THORN. Mr. MACNAMARA has opened a superb house in the *rue de la Madeleine*, and is sending out invitations *par milliers*. In the commencement of a fashionable career as an entertainer, a thousand invitations will hardly bring persons enough to form a quadrille. Mr. TUDOR, another American, is just now in that stage where he has commenced *weeding* his saloons!"

The same agreeable letter states that two sisters of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Lady Seymour (the Queen of Beauty at Eglinton), and Lady Dufferin (the Mrs. Blackwood whose songs are well known in this country), have been playing at the English embassy in private theatricals. The characters were nearly all personated by lords and ladies, yet one Baltimore belle sustained the part of "Mary Copp" in the play of Charles the Second—Miss MACTAVISH. The two sisters of Mrs. Norton and the "Undying One" herself, were by much the three most beautiful women we saw abroad—magnificent graces between whom it was hard to choose the most beautiful.

NEWELL'S PATENT LOCK.—Mr. Newell's wonderful lock (one of which costs as much as a pianoforte) is not wholly original. On the world's first washing-day, Monday No. 1, *a human mind* was created on precisely the same principle. Without going into the details either of this lock or a human mind (in either of which we should lose ourself of course) we will simply give the principle of Nature's patent and Mr. Newell's, viz: that the lock is constructed not only to be un-openable to all keys but the right one, but *to become just what that right one makes it*. Newell's lock is a chaos of slides, wards, and joints, till the key turns in it; and it then suddenly springs into order, simplicity, and beauty of construction. Another resemblance to Nature's plastic lock, is *this* feature of Newell's, that *by the slightest change in the key* (provided for by bits inserted at will) *the whole interior responds differently*; so that a bank director, like a mind director, may change his key every day in the year, and (preserving only the harmony between lock and key) will find the lock every day responsive to the change. Fair dealing required, we think, that the proper credit should have been given to the original inventor, and that the patent should be called "*Newell's, after Nature.*"

Having shown the way the invention struck *us*, however, we copy by request what was said of it by the Journal of Commerce:—

"Mr. Newell denominates this new masterpiece of ingenuity, the Parautoptic Toiken Permutation Lock. Parautoptic, being a Greek word, signifying preventive of an internal inspection, and toiken meaning walled, hence the name. This lock has been named after its peculiar properties. Phosphoric or other light may be introduced into it in vain in order to view its interior construction. The tumblers being separated from the essential actional parts of the lock, which constitute its safety, by a perpendicular wall of solid steel forming two distinct and separate chambers in the same, thus counteracting all burglarious designs. The front chamber will, on close inspection, either by phosphoric light or reflection, exhibit nothing but solid walls of steel or iron. This lock is susceptible of an infinity of changes from thousands to millions, enabling the possessor to change or vary it at pleasure, simply by transposing or altering the bits in the key, before using it to lock the door, in a manner which is truly surprising. It therefore follows that a person may make himself a different lock every moment of his life, if such be his disposition, thereby frustrating the skill of the maker, and placing him on a footing with the merest novice. We are, therefore, fully persuaded of its being the ultimatum of lock-making, and sincerely congratulate the inventor of this admirable contrivance, in thus being able to counteract so effectually the various plans and schemes of burglars and pick-locks, and we feel warranted in stating that after due inspection, all those connected with banking institutions, and the public generally, will adopt it at once as preferable to all others, for the safe-keeping and protection of their property."

THE NEW YORK "ROCHER DE CANCALE."—To dine *tête-à-tête* with a friend, in Paris, or to give a dinner party, you must go to the above-named renowned restaurant, where have dined, probably, all the gentlemen now existing. Private room, faultless dinner, apt and prompt service, and reasonable charges, constitute the charm, and all this we are to have (or so says that communicative "little bird in the air") at the corner of Reade st., in the new Maison Lafarge. That "unrecognised angel," Signor Bardotte, is to be the *chef des details*, and, in partnership with him, a gentleman well fatigued with travel and experience is to act as partner. Of course we would much rather record the establishment, at the same corner, of an asylum for unavoidable accomplishments, but since luxury *will* cut its swarth, we like to see the rake with a clean handle.

THE MISSES RICE AND THE BEARS.—The Portland Advertiser states that in a secluded part of Oxford county, called "The Andover Surplus," there reside two female farmers, who occupy a few acres, and "do their own chores," hiring male help only for haying and harvesting. Out in the woods lately with the ox-team, cutting and drawing winter's wood, one of the Misses Rice was attracted by the barking of the dog at a hollow tree. One of the young ladies was absent for the moment, and the other chopped a hole in the tree and came to a *bear-skin!* Nothing daunted at the sight, she gave a poke, and out scrambled bruin, whom she knocked down and despatched. A *second* bear immediately made his appearance, and she despatched *him!* A *third* bear then crept from the tree, and the same axe finished *him!* This, Miss Rice considered a good morning's work, for there is a two-dollar bounty on bears, and the skins and grease are worth five dollars, at least. We should like to see Miss Rice, of the "Andover Surplus!"

INCONSTANCY MADE ROMANTIC.—"The Countess Faustina" (the new book now in everybody's hands) is the first novel we remember to have read, the whole burthen of which is a glorification of inconstancy in love! The heroine is charmingly drawn—the model of divine women—but after quite innocently using up all that was most loveable in *two* men and deserting them, she gets tired of a *third*, and goes into a convent to finish the story! The lovers are all described as worthy of a deathless passion, and the love on both sides, while it lasts, is of the loftiest lift and devotion, but the countess has the little peculiarity of liking no love except *love in progress*, and she deserts, of course, at the first premonishing of the halt of tranquillity. The following passage, descriptive of her enlightening her last love as to the coming break-off, will show how neatly she wrapped up the bitter pill:—

"'Be silent,' she exclaimed, when I was about to answer her, 'be silent! Does not the water-lily

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know its time, rises to blossom from the water, and then returns back into its depths, satisfied, tranquil, with a treasure of sweet recollections? Flowers know when their time is passed, and man tries, all he can, not to be aware of it. This year with you, Mario, was the height of my blossoming!'

"'You love me no longer,' I exclaimed bitterly.

"'Fool!' she replied, with that ecstatic smile which I never saw on any brow but hers, 'have you not touched the tabernacle of my heart? Is not my son yours? No, Mario! I love you; I have loved nothing so much; I shall never love anything *after* you—but, *above* you, God! My soul has squandered itself in such transports of love and inspiration with yours, that all it can ever meet in this region will be but a repetition, and perhaps an insipid one. We have so broken up my heart in searching for its treasure, that the gold mines are probably exhausted, before the sad certainty comes upon us.'

"'Faustina!' I know not in what tone I said this, but she sank trembling into my arms, and said very, very softly,

"'Oh, if you are angry, I shall not have the courage to open my heart to you!'

"I knew I ought not to alarm her, and I embraced her tenderly, and inquired what she thought of doing.

"She replied, 'I will close the mine! If there is any valuable metal within, it may rest quietly in the depths. And above I will plant flowers.'

"'But what can—what would you do?' I inquired with terrible anxiety.

"'Belong entirely to God, and enter a convent!' she replied," &c., &c.

Six months of convent-life sufficed to finish the Countess Faustina, who "discovered too late" (says the narrator) "that, during our life, we can but look, like Moses, *toward* the promised Canaan" (of a man worth being constant to) "but never reach it!" It strikes us this is a naughtyish book—at least, if, as we read in Spenser:—

"there is no greater shame
Than lightness or inconstancy in love."

The book is a mark of the times, however. It makes no mention of Fourierism, but we doubt whether its sentiments would have been ventured upon in print, if Fourier principles had not insensibly opened the gates. It is no sign that principles are not spreading, because everybody writes against them, and because few will acknowledge them. We see by various symptoms in literature, that the mere peep into free-and-easy-dom given by the discussion of Fourier tenets, has left a leaning that way. There is no particular Fourierism, that we know of, in the two following pieces of poetry, but they fell from that same *leaning*, we rather fancy. We copy the first from our sober and exemplary neighbor, "The Albion":—

"No! the heaven-enfranchised poet
Must have no exclusive home,
But (young ladies, *you* should know it)
Wives in scores his hair to comb.
When the dears were first invented,
One a-piece Fate only gave us,
Wiser far two kings demented—
Solomon—and Hal Octavus.

"Doctors' Commons judge severely,
My belief to reason stands;
Any dolt can prove it clearly,
With ten fingers on his hands.
Smiles and glances, sighs and kisses
From one wife are sweet—what then?
That amount of wedlock's blisse
Take, and multiply by ten.

"Laughing Jane and sparkling Jessy
Shall the morning's meal prepare,
Brilliant Blanche and bright-eyed Bessy
Mid-day's lunch shall spread and share;
Ann and Fan shall grace my dinner,
Rose and Laura pour my tea;
Sue brew grog, while Kate, sweet sinner,
Lights the bedroom wax for me.

"Monk! within thy lonely cell,
What wouldst give to greet a bride?
Monckton bids thee forth to dwell
With a dozen by thy side.
Poet! in your crown one wife
Shines a jewel, past a doubt,
But in ten times married life,
Mind your jewels don't *fall out!*"

The next instance comes from the very heart of holier-than-thou-dom—the exemplary state of Maine. The St. Louis Reveille declares it to be a "well-authenticated fact which occurred at Holton, in Maine."

"In old New England, long ago,
When all creation travelled slow,
And naught but trackless deserts lay,
Before the early settlers' way,
A youth and damsel, bold and fair,
Had cause to take a journey where
Through night and day, and day and night,
No house would greet their wearied sight;
And, thinking Hymen's altar *should*
Precede their journey through the wood,
They straightway to a justice went,
By love and *circumstances* sent!
The justice—good old honest pate—
Said it was quite unfortunate,
But at that time he could not bind
These two young folks of willing mind,
For his commission—sad to say—
Had just expired—but yesterday!
Yet, after all, he *would* not say
That single they should go away;
And so he bade them join their hands
In holy wedlock's happy bands,
And 'just a little' he would marry—
Enough, perhaps, to safely carry—
As they were in connubial mood—
'*Enough to do them through the wood!*'"

Missionary Eyelids.—At No. 75, Fulton street, a large emporium has lately been opened for the sale of the plant propagated from the cut-off eyelids of the first Christian missionary to China—in other words, for the sale of tea! One of the partners of this establishment (the Pekin tea company) has written a charming little pamphlet, called a "Guide to Tea-Drinkers," in which he gives the following true origin of the wakeful properties of tea:—

"Darma, the son of an Indian king, is said to have landed in China in the year 510 of the Christian era. He employed all his care and time to spread through the country a knowledge of God and religion, and, to stimulate others by his example, imposed on himself privations of every kind, living in the open air, in fasting and prayer. On one occasion, being worn out with fatigue, he fell asleep against his will, and that he might thereafter observe his oath, which he had thus violated, he *cut off his eyelids*, and threw them on the ground. The next day passing the same way, he found them changed to a shrub (tea) which the earth never before produced. Having eaten some of its leaves he felt his spirits much exhilarated, and his strength restored. He recommended this aliment to his disciples and followers. The reputation of tea increased, and from that time it continued to be generally used."

The pamphlet goes on to state the properties of the different kinds of tea, describing Pekoe as the best of teas (qu?—hence the prevailing of the *Pico tease* over Borghese's), and declares it to be peculiarly agreeable (Pekoe tea) to poets and ladies—as follows:—

"The warmth conveyed to the stomach of man by tea-drinking at his various meals, becomes essential to him, nor would the crystal steam of the poet suffice for the healthy powers of digestion in the artificial state of existence in which we are placed. A learn-

writer declares that tea is particularly adapted for the ordinary beverage of young women, and the individual who, until the day of her marriage, has never tasted wine or any fermented liquor, is the one who is most likely to fulfil the great end of her existence—the handing down to posterity a strong and well-organized offspring."

A visit to this emporium is well worth curiosity's while, and tea can there be bought in large or small quantities, and in prices much below those of grocers.

Women in their June.—The early decay of female beauty, consequent on neglect of physical education and the corroding dryness of our climate, has given an American value to the immature April and May of female seasons, and a corresponding depreciation to the riper June. The article which we copy below, from the Brooklyn Star, expresses, we believe, the opinion of the best judges of these exotics from a better world, and emboldens us to express a long-entertained belief that the most loveable age of unmarried woman's life commences, at the earliest, at *twenty-five*, and lasts as long after as she shows no diminution of sensibility, and no ravages of time. Women improve so much longer than men (improve by the loving and suffering that spoils men), that we wonder they have never found an historic anatomist of their later stages. We suggest it to pens at a loss. Here follow our contemporary's opinions:—

"My dear sir, if you ever marry, marry an old maid—a good old maid—who is serious, and simple, and true. I hate these double-minded misses, who are all the time hunting after a husband. I tell you that when a woman gets to be twenty-eight, she settles into a calm—rather she "anchors in deep waters, and safe from shore." There never was a set, or class, or community of persons, so belied as these ancient ladies. Look upon it as no reproach to a woman that she is not married at thirty or thirty-five. Above all, fall not into the vulgar notion of romances, and shallow wits—unlearned in women's hearts, because they never had the love of a true woman—that these are continually lying in wait to catch bachelors' hearts. For one woman who has floated into the calm of her years, who is anxious to *fix* you, I will find you fifty maidens in their teens, and just out, who lay a thousand snares to entrap you, and with more cold-blooded intent—for whether is worse, that one of singleness of purpose should seek to lean on you for life, or that one should seek you as a lover, to excite jealousy in others, or as a last resort.

"Marry a healthy, well-bred woman, between twenty-eight and thirty-five, who is inclined to love you, and never bewilder your brains with suspicions about whether she has intentions on you or not. This is the rock of vanity upon which many a man has wrecked his best feelings and truest inclinations. Our falseness, and the falseness of society, and more than all, the false and hollow tone of language upon this subject, leave very little courage for a straightforward and independent course in the matter. What matter if a woman likes you, and shows that she does, honestly, and wishes to marry you?—the more reason for self-congratulation but not for vanity. What matter if she be young or not, so she be loveable? I won't say what matter if she be plain or not—for everybody knows that that *is no* matter where love is, though it may have some business in determining the sentiment. I don't know what has led me into this course of remark. The last thing I should have expected on sitting down to write, is, that I should have fallen into a lecture on matrimony. I am not an old maid myself, yet; but I have a clearer eye to their virtues than I have had, and begin to feel how dignified a woman may be 'in her loneness—in her loneness—and the fairer for that loneness.' You may think it is bespeaking favor and patience with a vengeance."

Refined Charities.—Our readers were made aware, a few days since, that we had received very great pleasure from a visit to an institution hitherto unknown to us—the "Asylum for Aged and Indigent Ladies." That so beautiful a charity, conducted with so happy a method, should never have come to our knowledge, struck us as probably a singular chance in our own hearsay—but we find that others, as likely to be interested in it as ourself, were equally in the dark, and one lady (quite the most active Dorcas of our acquaintance) took our account to be an ingenious *device to suggest* such an institution! That a large two-winged building, with a sculptured tablet set in front, stating its purpose, and so filled that it might be taken up to heaven by its "knit corners," like the sheet full of living things let down to the apostle on the housetop—that such a building, with such a purpose, should exist unsuspected in one of the streets of New York, is somewhat a marvel. But we were not prepared for two such surprises! We have since discovered another charity that was wholly unknown to us, as delicate, if not as poetically beautiful, and we begin to think that the old saying is true—ministering spirits *do* walk the earth, unrecognised in their tender ministrations, and

"The tears that we forget to note, the angels wipe away."

Our second discovery is of an institution called the "Ladies' Depository—*intended for the benefit of those persons who have experienced a reverse of fortune, and who can not come before the public, while, at the same time, they may, from necessity, wish to dispose of useful and ornamental work, if it could be done privately, and to advantage.*" The institution supports a store for the sale of needlework, &c., and any one of its twenty-five managers may receive an application and give a "permit" to the lady in want—*this one manager alone the possessor of the secret of the lady's wants and mode of supplying them.* Work, drawings, &c., are thus purchased by the society's funds, and sold by the hired saleswoman of the society, and a veil is thus hung between delicacy and the rude contact of open want—a veil which prevents more pain, probably, than the food which prevents only bodily suffering.

This beautiful charity has now been in existence twelve years, and by its tenth report (we have no later one) we find that fourteen hundred dollars were paid out for work in the twelve months preceding. This sum is not large, and it shows that the subscriptions to the funds of the society are less liberal than could be desired. We should think that the bare knowledge of the existence of such societies as this and the one beforementioned, would start streams of gift-laden sympathy toward them, and we think they but need wider publicity. We are not authorized to mention in print the names of the treasurer or directresses, but the report lies on our table, and we shall be happy to give the information to any individual applying at our office.

We copy the following astounding intelligence from a Montreal paper:—

"Annexation of the State of Maine.—After all that has been said of Texas and Oregon, and the desire entertained by the people of the United States to enlarge their territory by the acquisition of immense tracts, it will surprise many, and add much to the protocols that will be issued, to learn that *the state*

of Maine, disgusted with slavery and repudiation, and feeling a community of interests with those of north of forty-five degrees, has petitioned her majesty Queen Victoria to readmit her to the old family circle of John Bull, where property is respected, and where there is neither vote by ballot, Lynch law, slavery, nor repudiation.

"It is generally surmised that his honor, Judge Preble is charged with this delicate mission, and that the petition will be sent through his excellency Lord Metcalfe, by the next steamer, though the ostensible ground of his honor's visit to Montreal is the railroad to Portland; and it is evident that if the admission is agreed on, and is prompt and immediate, *all* the stock will be at once subscribed by the home government, and presented to the new confederation.

"Part of New Hampshire, Vermont, and that portion of New York bordering on the St. Lawrence, will, it is thought, follow this laudable example.

"N. B. No STATE THAT HAS REPUDIATED NEED APPLY."

We were born in Portland, and by annexation, as above, are likely to turn out a "a Britisher from the provinces!" President Polk is to lose us—Queen Victoria is to have us! Lucky we were presented to her majesty while we were a republican court-eligible—before we sank, that is to say, from a "distinguished foreigner" into a provincial editor! We should never have had formal certainty of having lodged exclusively for the space of a minute, in the queen's eye, had Maine annexed herself before we were brought to the notice of "Gold Stick in Waiting." *So* much, at least, it was better to have been temporarily a Yankee!

There is one other difference to be considered, while we are measuring the matter at the top—we cease to be a competitor for the presidency! Our glorious fifteen millionth of capability for "No. 1" drops from us as treason to Victoria! We are reduced to the prospect of *dying the inferior of Louis Philippe* (!) without the benefit of a doubt. We become also, *doubtless*, the inferior of all the titled gentlemen catalogued in the "red book," many of whom, till Maine was annexed, welcomed us to walk into their houses, without mentally seeing us pass under the yoke over the door. We are to unlearn "Yankee Doodle," and learn "God save the Queen." We are to call this half-savage country "The States," and keep the birthdays of the queen's annuals. We are to glory in standing armies, national debt, and London fog and porter, and begin to hesitate in our speech, and wear short whiskers. The change in our prayer-book is not much. We are to do our ciphering in pounds, and that will plague us! We are to be interested in Canada politics and Lord Metcalfe's erysipelas. We are to belong to a country where births are published, as the first sign that people know all about you, and that you must *stay put.* (This last strikes us as the worst part of it.) We are to pass for an Englishman on our travels, in the states and elsewhere, and that is agreeable, because our suavity will be unexpected. The larger features of our metamorphosis we omit for future consideration—but, as far as these personal ones go, we fear we had a better chance as a Yankee! We *were* what we could make ourselves—we *are to be* what others make us. Queen Victoria, on the whole, will oblige us by *not* laying her hands on our *Maine!*

A FUTURE PASSION, IN THE EGG.—We have had a book for some time, that is destined to be an American passion. Once read, it infatuates—for it expresses in a brief and beautiful figure every possible poetic feeling, and will do for the heart, what the single japonica does to the dress—give the finishing expression, no way else so felicitously effective. Those who make love before this book gets into use, will work like savages with arrows before the discovery of gunpowder. Those whose best thoughts die in birth, for lack of recognition and ready-made clothing, will wonder how they were ever comfortable without it. Our Cumberland correspondent spent a whole letter, wondering why we, who were constantly quoting the book, had never written a critique upon it. Our reason for not doing so—or rather for first making our readers thoroughly alive to its beauty by extract—is indirectly given in the book itself, in the chapter called "Indirect Influences." See how exquisitely it is done:—

"Behold those broken arches, that oriel all unglazed,
That crippled line of columns creeping in the sun,
The delicate shaft stricken midway, and the flying buttress,
Idly stretching forth to hold up tufted ivy:
Thinkest thou the thousand eyes that shine with rapture on a ruin,
Would have looked with half their wonder on the perfect pile?
And wherefore not—but that *light hints, suggesting unseen beauties,*
Fill the complacent gazer with self-grown conceits?
And so, the rapid sketch winneth more praise to the painter,
Than the consummate work elaborated on his easel:
And so, the Helvetic lion caverned in the living rock
Hath more of majesty and force, than if upon a marble pedestal.

"Tell me, daughter of taste, what hath charmed thine ear in music?
Is it the labored theme, the curious fugue or cento—
Nay—rather the sparkles of intelligence flashing from some strange note,
Or the soft melody of sounds far sweeter for simplicity?
Tell me, thou son of science, what hath filled thy mind in reading?
Is it the volume of detail where all is orderly set down
And they that read may run, nor need to stop and think;
The book carefully accurate, that counteth thee no better than a fool,
Gorging the passive mind with annotated notes?—
Nay—rather the half-suggested thoughts, the riddles thou mayst solve,
The fair ideas, coyly peeping like young loves out of roses,
The quaint arabesque conceptions, half-cherub and half-flower,
The light analogy, or deep allusion, trusted to thy learning,
The confidence implied in thy skill to unravel meaning mysteries!
For ideas are ofttimes shy of the close furniture of words,
And thought, wherein only is power, may be best conveyed by a suggestion:
The flash that lighteth up a valley, amid the dark midnight of a storm,
Coineth the mind with that scene sharper than fifty summers."

The book of which this exquisite passage is a part, is called "proverbial philosophy." It is by Martin Farquhar Tupper, of Christ church, Oxford, and an American edition of it has lain in the bookstores for two years, wholly unsaleable! It can afford to "bide its time," and *mean*-time, we shall enrich our readers with it, bit by bit.

ARGUMENT FOR SEDAN CHAIRS.

"MR. EDITOR: You stand accredited as the ready friend of luxurious elegance, the happy mingler of those foreign ingredients, the *utile* with the *dulci.* My dear sir, why have you never said a word in favor of the SEDAN-CHAIRS? The very name carries one back to the days of Pope and Addison; to the routs,

and masquerades and Ranelagh of London, in the 'reign of wits.' Even Cowper celebrates it:—

"'Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariot and *sedans*, know no fatigue
But that of idleness.'

"It is an Italian *seggietta;* and thus defined by an old writer: 'a kind of chaire used in Italy to carrie men and women up and downe.' It seems to have emigrated to London from Sedan, the birthplace of Turenne. Dryden used it for the *lectica* of the Romans:—

"'Some beg for absent persons, feign them sick,
Close mewed in their *sedans* for want of air,
And for their wives present an empty chair.'

"Were you ever in one? Then you will agree that it is as necessary in Broadway as a gondola in Venice. Think of Pope's 'two pages and a chair.' Our thousand and one idlers, who are too ragged to beg, and too poor to keep a cab, might flourish their poles to some purpose in front of St. Paul's—a better class of *chairmen* than some we wot of.—They need not have so heavy a load, nor so great a peril, as those who, according to Swift, helped in the Trojan horse:—

"'Troy *chairmen* bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks, impatient to be freed,
Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying *chairmen*, run them through.'

"The new police would defend the glass from any roystering blood, who, as Prior sings:—

"'Breaks watchmen's heads and chairmen's glasses
And thence proceeds to nicking sashes.'

Opposition may be expected: there was such at the cab-epocha. But who can even name a cab, without ignominy. Think of a trundling box—a packing-case on wheels—surmounted by a top-heavy Milesian, enthroned on a remnant of Chatham-street-great-coat, forcing you along sidewise by a series of thumps, and then, with a paroxysm that tries every ball and socket, dumping you on the trottoir! Our semi-tropical climate demands a protection from the sun: something emulating the oriental palanquin; a parasol which shall preclude fatigue and dust, as well as sunlight—which shall transport the delicate woman with the gentlest conceivable carriage, and into the very hall of the stately mansion. What, prithee, can answer these conditions but the *sedan-chair?* I already see you in one, peering through the sky-blue curtain, as you swim through your evening survey. The corporation will at once adjust a bill of rates; the thing is done. "LUNARIUS."

We have been but in one city where sedans were in use—Dublin. *What struck us*, in using them (and that is what the reader cares most to know, we presume) was the being *shut up* where it was warm and dry, and *let out* where it was warm and dry. The sedan is a small close carriage—an easy chair enclosed by windows—carried on poles by two men. They come into your drawing-room if you wish, shut you up in a carriage by the fireside, and carry you, without the slightest jar or contact with out-of-doors, *into* the house where you are to dine or dance—no wet sidewalk and no gust of cold wind, snow, or rain! They are cheaper than carriages because men are easier kept than horses, and as a sedan-chairman can also follow some other trade in the daytime, we should think it would be good economy to introduce them to New York. Many a delicate woman might then go to parties or theatres with a quarter of the present risk—to lungs or head-dress!

PRINCE'S GARDENS.—We have received an immense catalogue of the fruit-trees, plants, flowers, vines, and berries, comprised in this ark of vegetation at Flushing, and we should think from the account of Prince's gardens, and the prodigal variety of this catalogue, that the establishment would be better worth visiting than any object of curiosity in the neighborhood. It is now in the hands of the third generation of descendants from the original founder—no slight marvel of constancy of pursuit in *this* country!

But we have found a singular pleasure in this catalogue—no less than a perfect feast upon the *names and descriptions* of the fruits and flowers! It reads like a directory of some city of fairies, with a description of the fairy-citizens written out against their names. We can fancy a delightful visiting-list of people answering to these descriptions of fruits and flowers. Here are a few of the characters:—

Different APPLES are described as—"flesh stained with red, perfumed;" "snow-white flesh, musky sweet;" "fair, beautiful, pleasant flavor, sprightly;" "tender, juicy, keeps well;" "remains juicy till late;" "red flesh, a curiosity," etc., etc. Different *pears* are described as—"rich, sugary, delicious aroma;" "most splendid, extra delicious, none more estimable, grows vigorously, bears soon;" "beautiful, aromatic, bears young, greatly esteemed;" "rich, musky;" "excellent, slow to yield fruit;" "thin skin, sweet, very good;" "new native variety, estimable, handsome;" "very large, skin shining, flesh crisp, agreeable flavor, excellent," &c. Different *peaches* are described as—"oval, splendid, luscious;" "estimable, foliage curled, peculiar;" "waxen appearance, globular, delicious flavor," &c. Different *grapes* are described as—"large, estimable, vigorous;" "sweet, firm, thick skin, hangs long, monstrous clusters;" "monstrous fox variety;" "Willis's large black;" (?) "sprightly, pure for wine," etc. Different *roses* are called by name and described—"formidable red;" "glory of the reds;" "insurmountable beauty;" "new Dutch virgin's blush;" "sombre agreeable;" "Watson's blush;" "red prolific;" "pale rose, deep centre;" "deep rose, very robust;" "bluish violet, superb, singular;" "bright pink, flaked with scarlet;" "pubescent yellow flowering;" "white quilled;" "extra magnificent;" "splendid, full, double-shaded blush, monstrous size," etc., etc.

Such names and definitions, of *anything*, were enough to bring one to Flushing, and Mr. Prince may look out for us very early in May, catalogue in hand, to see beauties he has described so glowingly! We trust the list of adjectives we have put so venturesomely close together in our cool columns will not explode in type, with spontaneous combustion!

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.—The following query may be answered briefly enough by quoting only European usage, but the propriety of an American variation occurs to us, and we will write a line on the subject—first giving the suggestive note:—

"SIR: My friend N., usually a well-informed, though rather an obstinate individual, is about to travel, and asked me for a letter of introduction to a friend abroad. The letter is written, and is submitted to his perusal, after which he hands it back to be *sealed*, insisting that the rule is inflexible that *all* letters should be sealed. I refuse to affix the wax, holding that a letter of introduction should be open.

"We leave the question to your decision. As my friend N. can not sail until the question is decided, an early decision will oblige him and your humble servant, "B."

With very ceremonious people, and ceremonious notes of introduction, it is usual to affix a seal upon the outside of the letter, leaving it to be read and

fastened by the bearer, before delivery. If the letter extends beyond the mere stating of who the bearer is, and the desire that he should be kindly received, or if it treats of other matters, it is given sealed. Either mode is perfectly allowable, for if the bearer objects to a sealed letter, he can ask the contents when he receives it. It is more common, however, to give it unsealed.

Briefly, now, to the point we are coming to: letters of introduction, in this country, should be addressed to the *women* and not to the *men*, and should go more into details of what the bearer is and what is his errand of travel, and *therefore should be sealed.* We have long been aware of a prevailing impression that Americans treat letters of introduction with a very uncivilized inattention, and *so they do*—because the etiquetical and hospitable cares of American families *are in charge of the wife*, and the husband is very likely to stick the letter into a pigeon-hole of his desk, and forget all about it. The *wife* in America does *all* the ornamental. To see a rich man come down the steps of his own house (almost anywhere "up town") you would take him to be a tradesman who had been in to collect a bill. To see the wife follow, you would at once acknowledge that she looked as though she lived in the house, and fancy that she was probably annoyed to see *that man* pass out by the front door! From making himself a *slave* to keep his wife a *goddess*, the American loses all idea of the propriety of looking like a mate for his wife, and he unconsciously ceases to take any care of the civilities to which his own manners give so little value, and neglects all persons who have not had the tact to be presented first to the ornamental moiety. It should be an *American usage*, therefore, growing out of the inferiority of the husband's breeding to the wife's, that letters of introduction should be addressed to the *woman.*

Of course, as she has no opportunity to inquire into the bearer's position or habits, these should be more minutely set down, and the letter *should be sealed.*

"Findings."—We see advertised continually certain commodities called "findings," which we understand are what hatters and shoemakers require *besides peltry and leather.* There are *findings* for newspapers, too—what the editors require besides leaders and news—and it may gratify our subscribers to know, that out of the weary slip-slop which we commonly scribble after making up the Mirror's leaders and news, our contemporaries supply themselves with the greater part of their ornamental "findings." Like every other editor, we are in the habit of giving a line or two occasionally, in the body of our paper, to the wares of our most liberal advertisers, and it appears that even this wastage of business notices is considered spice enough for other papers to be seasoned with. The Boston Transcript spices its little sheet very often with these parings of our daily apple. Here is part of a letter which contains a touch:—

"The leading articles in the Mirror and Commercial Advertiser for the last day or two have been devoted to the all-engrossing topic, *the spring style of hats.* After admitting that 'knowingness could no further go' than Beebe & Costar went, Willis winds up thus: 'For ourself and ten thousand other workies *whom we could name*, the sadder model of Orlando Fish—timid, proper, and thoughtful—is perhaps more appropriate.' This passage has produced a great sensation in dandy-dom. The Fish party are in raptures, and could hug Willis to their very bosoms; 'the opposition' is in a fury. Nobody can tell what the result may be. Willis dare not venture out, it is thought without a body-guard of Fishites. There are, moreover, many surmises with regard to the character of the 'ten thousand other workies' whom Mr. Willis 'could name.' Some think that he means to be witty, and alludes ironically to the "*upper ten.*" This is a great mystery.

"The constituent elements of 'japonica-dom' and 'dandy-dom' may be seen daily in Broadway, between the hours of twelve and three. All the beauty above Bleecker street wanders at that time down as far as the Park, hazarding even the contamination of the vulgar crowd, in the hope of securing an appetite for dinner. The liveried lacqueys, who oscillate upon a black board behind the carriages of our republican nabobs, sport their gayest trappings: I had the pleasure of seeing one yesterday in a drab 'cut-away' with gold lace and yellow facings, and white silk stockings with purple velvet smalls! What is this great country coming to? We Gothamites do sometimes make ourselves ridiculous, by aping what as a people we profess to despise. It is rumored that a deputation of English 'small-potato' baronets may be expected in this city next summer; and that the object of their transatlantic mission is, to establish an aristocratic nucleus among our '*upper ten thousand.*' A 'herald's college' has already been set on foot; and I have heard that it enjoys considerable patronage. It is proposed to build wings on either side of 'the up-town opera-house'—the one to be assigned to this 'herald's college,' and the other to the 'university of fashion,' of which Mr. Willis is to be president. Some say that Colonel Webb has applied for the vice-presidency, but I can not vouch for this.

"The chief feature of the Broadway Journal is a defence by Mr. Poe of his attack upon Longfellow, &c. It is as stupid as might be expected from a man who used to 'do up' such very small prosodial criticisms for Graham's Magazine. Mr. Poe comes down rather severely on Willis—he therefore has probably discontinued his services at the Mirror office."

One mistake in the above: Mr. Poe left us *some time before* writing in the Broadway Journal, and *to edit* that journal; and he never offended us by a criticism, *nor could he*, except by personalities, in which he never indulges.

Schiller and Goethe.—Mr. Calvert of Baltimore has given us, as translator, a most agreeable collection of gossippy letters—the undress of two great minds, of the age just closed behind us. What we most wish to comment on, however (the book speaks for itself), is Mr. Calvert's own—the preface, in which he indignantly and most properly rebukes the last orator of the "Phi Beta Kappa Society," for a short-sighted and illiberal attack on the memory of Goethe. We found it difficult, at the time, to restrain an outbreak of disgust, but the oration was not published for some time, and we were unwilling to take ground upon a newspaper report of it. Meantime, our natural alacrity at forgetting disagreeable things dropped it out of memory. We are not sorry that a condemnation of it is now recorded in a book that must live.

Mr. Calvert puts the truth thus forcibly: "How little outward testimony survives about Shakspere; but whoso can read his poetry, may get a knowledge of the man *surer and more absolute than could have been gotten even from the fullest contemporaneous opinions.* As the tree is known by its fruit, we know that the parent of the Shaksperian progeny must have been a man in whom, in close alliance with a kingly intellect, dwelt, as well the virtues that ennoble, as the graces that beautify and the affections that sweeten life. Into whatever errors an ardent temperament may have drawn him, they dim not the lucent image of him, fixed in our minds by study of his works; nay, we presume not to wish them uncommitted, *lest*

an attempt to better such a bounteous gift from God, should mar, but by a tittle, *the original proportions of one, the sum of whose life has been to the world an unmeasurable benefaction.* When a bad man's brain shall give birth to an Iphiginea, a Clara, a Mignon, you may pluck pomegranates from Plymouth rock, and reap corn on the sands of Sahara.

"On a formal public occasion (the Phi Beta Kappa oration at Cambridge in 1844), a blind and most rude assault has been made on one of the mightiest of the dead, whose soul lives on earth, and will for ages live in the exaltation of the loftiest minds. *Out of stale German gossip, out of shallow wailings of prosaic critics, shallower clamors of pseudo-patriots, uncharitable magnification of common failings*, were compounded calumny against one of the foremost men of the world, and the most honored man of a people rich in virtue and genius."

Quite aside from the defence of Goethe, we think there is an obvious presentment here of the *continual* manner of treating all kinds of eminence and celebrity, *here, in our own country, and at this present hour.* As the proverb says :—

"Thankfully take refuge in obscurity,
For, if thou claimest merit, thy sin shall be proclaimed upon the housetops!
Consider them of old, the great, the good, the learned;
Did those speed in favor? were they loved and admired?
Was every prophet had in honor? and every deserving one remembered to his praise?
It were weariness to count up noble names neglected in their lives,
The scorned, defamed, insulted, but the excellent of the earth.
For good men are the health of the world, valued only when it perisheth.
Living genius is seen among infirmities wherefrom the commoner are free,
And there be many cares, and man knoweth little of his brother!
Feebly we appreciate a motive, and slowly keep pace with a feeling.
Yet, once more, griever at neglect, hear me to thy comfort:
Neglect? O LIBEL ON A WORLD, WHERE HALF THAT WORLD IS WOMAN!
No man yet deserved, who found not some to love him!
O, woman! self-forgetting woman! poetry of human life!
Many a word of comfort, many a deed of magnanimity,
Many a stream of milk and honey pour ye freely on the earth!"

STEWART'S STABLE ECONOMY.—We covet three things in the Arab's condition—his loose trousers, his country without fences, and his *freedom to live with his horse.* That we have once had the centaur variety in the human race, men-quadrupeds, and have once known horseflesh as "flesh of our flesh," the natural longing to prance, when we first get into the open air after long confinement, is but one of many evidences. In a mere notice of a book, however, we have no leisure to trace back a problem of physiology. We merely wish to convey to such of our enviable readers as can resume the centaur (by loving and living with a horse in the country), the treasure they have in a book which shows them how to make their life (the horse half of it) a luxury instead of an endurance, and to give our own five years' enjoyment in breaking, petting, and improving horses, by aid of this same book, as experienced commendation. We had the English edition of Stewart's books on horses, but the Appletons have republished the "Stable Economy," with "notes adapting it to American food and climate," by Mr. Allen, the able editor of the Agriculturist, and it is now an invaluable *vade-mecum*, for all men who have the luxury of a stable.

We can not help repeating that a *visitable* stable, with friends in it in the shape of horses—with horses in it one has himself broken and trained—a stable to which the ladies like to go after breakfast, and where a gentleman can throw on his own saddle and bridle, and gallop off, without needing first to find his groom—that this is the next best luxury our country affords, *after* ladies' society. (Horses, that is to say, before politics or stocks, under male discussion.)

The stable at Gordon castle (approachable by a covered passage from the principal hall) was a frequent resort for the ladies after breakfast; and we have seen women, the highest in rank at the English court, going in and out of the stalls, patting the favorites they were to ride later in the day, and discussing their beauty with the simplicity and frankness of Arabs in the desert. While we are building country-houses and forming habits in America, it is well to know *all* the luxury we can enjoy in rural life, and no one should build stable, or own horse, without consulting the excellent directions for stabling and using the horse, in this book of Stewart's.

GRUND'S LETTERS FROM EUROPE.—In Godey's Lady's Book for April we find one of these best epistles of the day, and (to tell the truth) we read them with very little satisfaction, for they leave us with a want to go where they are written. The April number of Godey is principally the work of unwedded quills (no less than *ten* misses numbered among the contributors!), but we have read it with great satisfaction, and felicitate our old friend upon the brilliancy of his maiden troop. Godey is the pioneer of magazines, and he has a tact at collection and selection, which has put him where he is—safe at high-water mark in enduring prosperity. Success to him.

By-the-way—though we have no room to expatiate on the several papers in this number—the "Sketch of Joseph Bonaparte" is capital. Is that by a "miss" too?

And apropos, Godey! What a vile word "miss" is, to express the sweetest thing in nature! Why should the idol of mankind be called a "miss?" Why should the charming word *heifer* be degraded to the use of kine? We say "degraded," for it once served ladies as a synonym for the proudest of virgin sweethearts. Ben Jonson, in his play of the "Silent Woman," thus writes a speech for his hero:—

"But heare me, faire lady, I do also love her whom I shall choose for my *heifer*, to be the first and principal in all fashions."

The derivation of the word *heifer* is so complimentary! It comes from two Anglo-Saxon words, which signify "to step superbly," as *a young creature who has borne no burthens.* With this explanation, we trust our friend Godey will no longer hesitate to advertise his fair contributors as the bright lights of HEIFERDOM—disusing henceforth, for ever, the disparaging epithet of *misses.*

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR'S ROOM.

NEW YORK, FRIDAY, *March* 21.

To a lady-friend in the country: I am up to the knees in newspapers, and write to you under the stare of nine pigeon-holes, stuffed with literary portent. Were there such a thing (in this world of everythings) as papyral magnetism, you would get a letter, not only *typical* in itself, but typical of a flood in which my identity is fast drowning. Oh, the *drown* of news, weighed unceasingly—little events and great ones—against little more than the trouble of snipping round with scissors! To a horrid death—to a miraculous preservation—to a heart-gush of poesy—to a marriage—to a crime—to the turn of a political crisis—to flashing wit and storied agonies—giving but the one

invariable first thought—"*Shall I cut it out?*" Alas, dear beauty-monarch of all you survey!—your own obituary, were I to read it in a newspaper of to-morrow, would speak scarce quicker to my heart than to those scissors of undiscriminating circum-cision! With the knowledge that the sky above me was enriched, as Florence once was, by the return of its long-lost and best model of beauty, I should ask, with be-paragraphed grief—"will her death do for the Mirror?"

But you are alive to laugh at me—alive to be (is your lip all ready for a curl?) the "straw" for me, drowning, to catch at! I write to you, to-day, to vary routine! Happy they who can see but one face when they write! I am trying hard to see only yours—trying hard, by mental recapitulation of eyes like fringed inkstands, passionate nostrils, and chin of indomitable calm, to forget the vague features of my many-nosed public. Oh, the dread loss of one-at-a-time-ativeness! Oh, the exile to the sad land of nominative plural! Oh, the unprized luxury of seeing but little, and seeing that little for yourself!

But—this is a letter from town, and you want the gossip. Spring is here—getting ready to go into the country. The dust and shutter-banging of the tempestuous equinox, have, for three days, banished the damageables from Broadway, and I know not the complexion of the spring fashions, now four days old. I was in a gay circle last night where some things were talked of—hm!—let me remember—Mrs. Mowatt's forthcoming comedy was one topic. Do you know this Corinne of the temperate latitudes? An exact copy, in marble, of her neck and head, would show you a Sapphic bust of most meaning and clear-lined beauty, and there is inspiration in the color of her living eyes and in the prodigal abundance of her floral hair. All this beauty she wastes and thinks nothing of—busied only with the *lining* of a head, which some tropical angel fashioned as he would have turned out a magnolia. She has genius, and her lamp burns *within*. But it takes more than genius to write comedy, and more than beauty (though it *should not*) to give it success, and I tremble for the lovely dramatist. The excitement about it is great—the actors all like their *roles*—the stage-manager says it is good—the public are wishing to be pleased and will flock to the experiment—and with all my heart, I pray for a "house" continually "brought down." I enclose you a sketch of the plot from the New World of this morning:—

"The subject is well chosen. Fashion—that is, the effort to show off dazzlingly in society—is, in this country, a fact of sufficient body and consistence to afford material for an original comedy—and the incidents and peculiarities of manner and character attending the effort, are often abundantly ludicrous and grotesque to make the comedy laughable. The 'glass of fashion,' held fairly up in New York, will show some amusing scenes, quite new to the stage.

"The characters of the piece are selected and grouped, we think, with character and judgment. An uneducated woman of fashion, driving her husband into dishonesty and crime by her crime and extravagance—a pretended French count, who knows, at least, all the *police* courts of Europe very thoroughly—a clever French waiting maid, who finds in the said count an old acquaintance—a negro valet of all work rejoicing in a scarlet livery, and much inclined to grandiloquence—a rich old farmer, from Cattaraugus, carrying the moral of the piece, and no small part of its humor, stoutly on upon his broad shoulders—a Fanny-Forester-like country girl, transplanted into the city from Geneva, to work out the plot, and get the good luck of the catastrophe—these are the main personages. An old maid—a small poet—a solemn dandy, styled Fogg—a confidential clerk called Snobson, and clearly belonging to the large family of Snobs—a walking gentleman, and a young coquette, are thrown in as make-weights. Here is certainly a goodly dramatic array.

"The dialogue is written with taste and spirit. It has few passages of what is called 'fine writing,' but it embodies enough of wit, and fancy, and observation, to keep the attention of the reader constantly and pleasurably excited. A riged criticism, resolved upon fault-finding, might say that the conclusion of this piece is too clearly apparent from its commencement, and that the action moves too slowly through the first three acts. But admitting all this, the comedy certainly has great merit, and, if well brought out, will have a run. We believe that its first night will be greeted by a large audience, and we most cordially bespeak for it the favorable consideration to which it is, in every regard, entitled."

Forrest's fate among the London Philistines is another matter of chat. The Macready critics are down upon him—Foster of the Examiner, Macready's bull-dog, heaviest and foremost. This was to have been expected, of course. The gravelly bottom of Macready's throat has been forced upon the English, for so long, as the only sarcophagus of Shakspere, that the bringing of the dry bones to life, in an open mouth, and the marring of the sexton's vocation, was not submitted to without a grumble. An English critic predicts that Forrest "will play down the grumblers yet," and I trust he will do so. He is the kind of man to say with old Chapman:—

> "Give me the spirit that on life's rough sea
> Would have his sails filled with lusty wind,
> Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
> And his rapt ship run on her side so low
> That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs air."

He is twenty times the man, and the actor, that Macready is, and the English will find out his mark if he stay long enough. Meantime they are enchanted with Miss Cushman, who, the Examiner says, is a "feminized caricature of Macready's physiognomy." I like her, by the way, and rejoice in her success as much as I wish a better appreciation of Forrest.

What else shall I tell you? The Mirror's wondrous "rise and progress," profitably and firmly seated, after less than six months of industrious existence, is a marvel that even your beauty may rejoice in—for it will bring me to your feet (by paying the expenses of transit) when the summer comes over us. Where are you going to *Baden* it this summer? At Saratoga? I like that place, because you can there, and there alone, be an island in a sea of people. Where there are fewer, you are added to the continent of sociability, and have no privileges. Shall we say the last week in August?

Bottom of the page. Scarce room to write myself Yours.

An Idea for Tattersall's.—There are luxuries which rich men forego, not for the *money* but for the *mind* they cost. Hundreds of people in this city, for instance, could very well afford a carriage, but they can not afford the trouble of buying horses, the care of looking after grooms, nor the anxieties inseparable from horse-owning in this country of perpetual new servants. In England this want is provided for by the system the livery-stable keepers call *jobbing*. Lady Blessington's two or three different equipages for instance, are allowed to be the prettiest and best appointed in London. Yet she owns neither carriages, horses, nor harness. She pays a certain sum *per annum* to be provided with what she wants in the way of equipages, and keeps only her own coachman

and footmen. A new carriage is furnished whenever wanted, and of whatever style is wanted (the jobber finding no trouble probably in disposing of the one given up) and a sick or lame horse is replaced immediately from a stable where the first blood and shape are alone kept. Her ladyship thus knows precisely what her driving is to cost her for the year, and transfers to the jobber all the risk, anxiety, and trouble.

A wealthy New-Yorker, a day or two since, made a very handsome offer to a livery-stable keeper to furnish him a carriage on this same plan, and the offer was refused. But, though a single customer of this kind might be troublesome, *combination* (that great secret of luxurious economies) might "make it answer." Twenty nice carriages, let out to private gentlemen at $1,000, or $1,500 a year each, might be looked after by one jobber well versed in horseflesh, and his taste and experience would turn out better equipages than could be got up by private individuals. The twenty stables now kept up would be combined in one (this in itself, no small saving) and the rich man might be driven in better style, for less money than it now costs him, and—better than all—*without the vexatious care, vigilance and anxiety of keeping a private carriage.*

P. S. We can safely say that we are entirely disinterested in the proposed arrangement!

Graham for April.—The equinox brought us such detestable weather, that instead of our usual two hours' airing of brains under a hat, we lay on our back yesterday afternoon and read "Graham." How does the man get so many good things! Grund, Fanny Forester, Mrs. C. H. Butler, Wm. Lander, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Osgood, Mr. Peterson—all have written their best for this number. Our friend Fanny's story of "Nickie Ben" seems to us particularly fresh, bright, and original. Mr. Grund's letter from Paris is full of intelligence, and among other things, he thus speaks of Eugene Sue and his two tasters:—

"He lives now, by the product of his industry, in princely style; but his enjoyments are troubled by the constant fear of being poisoned by his political and religious adversaries. He has, therefore, contracted an intimate friendship with *two large, beautiful Newfoundland dogs*, who are his constant dinner and breakfast companions, and who always *eat first of every dish* that is brought on the table. If these judges of gastronomy pronounce in favor of it, by first eating a large quantity, with apparent relish, the author of "The Mysteries" and "The Wandering Jew" himself partakes of it without farther scruple. He believes dogs much more faithful than men, and the sagacious instincts of a regular Newfoundlander superior to the science of chymists and physicians."

Poor dogs! Considering that they would doubtless have been wagging their tails in Paradise, but for Adam's transgression, it seems hard to make them die, for a human master, *besides!*

But, to turn to the first leaf—lo! the brigadier! There he stands, looking as amiable as if he had just nabbed a flying thought for a song, his smile a little more rigid, however, and his phiz a little thinner than his accommodating wont. The picture is enough like him, notwithstanding, for all "business purposes." *We* think him better looking than the artist has "*done*" him, and this we request the ladies (who sing his songs) to allow for. The magazine opens with a critical biography, exceedingly well done, and (the brigadier below stairs playing salesman) we see nothing to prevent our quoting a note of our own to the writer:—

New York, *Feb.* 1, 1845.

My Dear Sir: To ask me for my idea of General Morris is like asking the left hand's opinion of the dexterity of the right. I have lived so long with the "brigadier," known him so intimately, worked so constantly at the same rope, and thought so little of ever separating from him (except by precedence of ferriage over the Styx), that it is hard to shove him from me to the perspective distance—hard to shut my own partial eyes, and look at him through other people's. I will try, however, and as it is done with but one foot off from the treadmill of my ceaseless vocation, you will excuse both abruptness and brevity.

Morris is the best known poet of the country by acclamation, not by criticism. He is just what poets would be if they sung, like birds, without criticism; and it is a peculiarity of his fame, that it seems as regardless of criticism as a bird in the air. Nothing can stop a song of his. It is very easy to say that they are easy to do. They have a momentum, somehow, that is difficult for others to give, and that speeds them to the far goal of popularity—the best proof consisting in the fact that he can, at any moment, get fifty dollars for a song, unread, when the whole remainder of the American Parnassus could not sell one to the same buyer for a shilling.

It may, or may not, be one secret of his popularity, but it is a truth—that Morris's heart is at the level of most other people's, and his poetry flows out by that door. He stands breast high in the common stream of sympathy, and the fine oil of his poetic feeling goes from him upon an element it is its nature to float upon, and which carries it safe to other bosoms, with little need of deep diving or high flying. His sentiments are simple, honest, truthful, and familiar; his language is pure and eminently musical, and he is prodigally full of the poetry of everyday feeling. These are days when poets try experiments; and while others succeed by taking the world's breath away with flights and plunges, Morris uses his feet to walk quietly with nature. Ninety-nine people in a hundred, taken as they come in the census, would find more to admire in Morris's songs than in the writings of any other American poet; and that is a parish in the poetical episcopate, well worthy a wise man's nurture and prizing.

As to the man—Morris my friend—I can hardly venture to "burn incense on his mustache," as the French say—write his praises under his very nose—but, as far off as Philadelphia, you may pay the proper tribute to his loyal nature and manly excellences. His personal qualities have made him universally popular, but this overflow upon the world does not impoverish him for his friends. I have outlined a true poet, and a fine fellow—fill up the picture to your liking. Yours, very truly,

N. P. Willis.

We get, from literary fledglings, at least one letter *per diem*, requesting detailed advice on the *quo modo* of a first flight in prose or poesy. We really suppose we have, or are to have, an end to our life, and we like to economise time. So we publish a letter, which we once had occasion to write, and which *must* serve as a circular—a letter which we recorded in our diary when it was written—recorded with the following preface:—

There lies before me now, upon my table, a letter of three tolerably compact pages, addressed to a young gentleman of —— college, who is "bit by the dipsas" of authorship. His mother, a sensible, plain, farmer's widow, chanced to be my companion for a couple of days, in a stage-coach, and while creeping over the mountains between the Hudson and the Susquehannah, she paid my common sense the compli-

ment of unburthening a very stout heart to me. Since her husband's death, she has herself managed the farm, and by active, personal oversight, has contrived "to make both ends so far lap" (to use her own expression), as to keep her only boy at college. By her description, he is a slenderish lad in his constitution, fond of poetry, and bent on trying his fortune with his pen, as soon as he has closed his thumb and finger on his degree. The good dame wished for the best advice I could give him on the subject, leaving it to me (after producing a piece of his poetry from her pocket, published in one of the city papers) to encourage or dissuade. I apprehended a troublesome job of it, but after a very genial conversation (on the subject of raising turkeys, in which she quite agreed with me, that they were cheaper bought than raised, when corn was fifty cents a bushel—greedy gobblers!), I reverted to the topic of poetry, and promised to write the inspired sophomore my views as to his prospects. Need I record it?—that long letter affects me like an unsigned bank-note—like something which might so easily have been money—like a leak in the beer-barrel—like a hole in the meal-bag! It irks me to lose them—three fair pages—a league's drift to leeward—a mortal morning's work, and no *odor lucri* thence arising! I can not stand it, Mrs. ———, and Mr. Sophomore ———! You are welcome to the autograph copy, but faith! I must print it. There is a superfluity of adjectives (intended, as it was, for private perusal), but I will leave them out in the copy.

Thus runs the letter:—

Dear Sir: You will probably not recognise the handwriting in which you are addressed, but by casting your eye to the conclusion of the letter, you will see that it comes from an old stager in periodical literature; and of that, as a profession, I am requested by your mother to give you, as she phrases it, "the cost and yield." You will allow what right you please to my opinions, and it is only with the authority of having lived by the pen, that I pretend to offer any hints on the subject for your guidance. As "the farm" can afford you nothing beyond your education, you will excuse me for presuming that you need information mainly as to the *livelihood* to be got from literature.

Your mother thinks it is a poor market for potatoes, where potatoes are to be had for nothing, and that is simply the condition of American literature (as protected by law). The contributors to the numerous periodicals of England, are the picked men of thousands—the accepted of hosts rejected—the flower of a highly-educated and refined people—soldiers, sailors, lords, ladies, and lawyers—all at leisure, all anxious to turn a penny, all ambitious of print and profit; and this great army, in addition to the hundreds urged by need and pure literary zeal—this great army, I say, are before you in the market, offering their wares to your natural customer, at a price for which you can not afford to sell—*nothing!* It is true that by this state of the literary market, you have fewer competitors among your countrymen—the best talent of the country being driven, by necessity, into less congenial and more profitable pursuits; but even with this advantage (none but *doomed authors* in the field) you would probably find it difficult, within five years after you graduated, to convert your best piece of poetry into a genuine dollar. I allow you, at the same time, full credit for your undoubted genius.

You naturally inquire how American authors live. I answer, by being *English* authors. There is no American author who *lives* by his pen, for whom London is not the chief market. Those whose books sell *only* in this country, make scarce the wages of a day-laborer—always excepting religious writers, and the authors of school-books, and such works as owe their popularity to extrinsic causes. To begin on leaving college, with legitimate book-making—writing novels, tales, volumes of poetry, &c., you must have at least five years support from some other source, for until you get a name, nothing you could write would pay "board and lodging;" and "getting a name" in America, implies having first got a name in England. Then we have almost no professed, mere authors. They have vocations of some other character, also. Men like Dana, Bryant, Sprague, Halleck, Kennedy, Wetmore, though, no doubt, it is the first wish of their hearts to devote all their time to literature, are kept, by our atrocious laws of copyright, in paths less honorable to their country, but more profitable to themselves, and by far the greatest number of discouraged authors are "broken on the wheel" of the public press. Gales, Walsh, Chandler, Buckingham, and other editors of that stamp, are men driven aside from authorship, their proper vocation.

Periodical writing seems the natural novitiate to literary fame in our country, and I understand from your mother that through this lies your chosen way. I must try to give you as clear an idea as possible of the length and breadth of it, and perhaps I can best do so by contrasting it with another carcer, which (if advice were not always useless) I should sooner advise.

Your mother's farm, then, consisting of near a hundred acres, gives a net produce of about five hundred dollars a year—hands paid, I mean, and seed, wear and tear of tools, team, &c., first subtracted. She has lived as comfortable as usual for the last three or four years, and still contrived to lay by the two hundred and fifty dollars expended annually on your education. Were you at home, your own labor and oversight would add rather more than two hundred dollars to the income, and with good luck you might call yourself a farmer with five hundred dollars, as the Irish say, "to the fore." Your vocation, at the same time, is dignified, and such as would reflect favorably on your reputation, should you hereafter become in any way eminent. During six months in the year, you would scarce find more than an hour or two in the twenty-four to spare from sleep or labor; but in the winter months, with every necessary attention to your affairs out of doors, still find as much leisure for study and composition as most literary men devote to those purposes. I say nothing of the *pabulum* of rural influences on your mind, but will just hint at another incidental advantage you may not have thought of, viz.: that the public show much more alacrity in crowning an author, if he does not make bread and butter of the laurels! In other words, if you are a farmer, you are supposed (by a world not very brilliant in its conclusions) to expend the most of your mental energies (as they do) in making your living; and your literature goes for an "aside"—waste-water, as the millers phrase it—a very material premise in both criticism and public estimation.

At your age, the above picture would have been thrown away on myself, and I presume (inviting as it seems to my world-weary eyes) it is thrown away now upon you. I shall therefore try to present to you the lights and shadows of the picture which seem to you more attractive.

Your first step will be to select New York as the city which is to be illustrated by your residence, and to commence a search after some literary occupation. You have a volume of poetry which has been returned to you by your "literary agent," with a heavy charge for procuring the refusal of every publisher to undertake it, and with your pride quite taken out of you, you are willing to devote your Latin and Greek, your acquaintance with prosody and punctuation, and a very middling proficiency in chicography (no offence—your mother showed me your autograph list of bills for the winter term)—all this store of accomplishment

you offer to employ for a trifle besides meat, lodging, and apparel. These, you say, are surely moderate expectations for an educated man, and such wares, so cheap, must find a ready market. Of such stuff, you know that editors are made, and in the hope of finding a vacant editorial chair, you pocket your MSS., and commence inquiry. At the end of the month, you begin to think yourself the one person on earth for whom there seems no room. There is no editor wanted, no sub-editor wanted, no reporter, no proof-reader, no poet! There are passable paragraphists by scores—educated young men, of every kind, of *promising* talent, who, for twenty dollars a month, would joyfully do twice what you propose—give twice as much time, and furnish twice as much "copy." But as you design, of *course*, to "go into society," and gather your laurels as they blossom, you can not see your way very clearly with less than a hay-maker's wages. You proceed with your inquiries, however, and are, at last, quite convinced that few things are more difficult than to coin uncelebrated brains into current money—that the avenues for the employment of the *head, only*, are emulously crowded—that there are many more than you had supposed who have the same object as yourself, and that, whatever fame may be in its meridian and close, its morning is mortification and starvation.

The "small end of the horn" *has* a hole in it, however, and the bitter stage of experience I have just described, might be omitted in your history, if, by any other means, you could be made small enough to go in. The most considerable diminution of size, perhaps, is the getting rid, for the time, of all idea of "living like a gentleman" (according to the common acceptation of the phrase). To be willing to satisfy hunger in any clean and honest way, to sleep in any clean and honest place, and to wear anything clean and honestly paid for, are phases of the crescent moon of fame, not very prominently laid down in our imaginary chart; but they are, nevertheless, the first indication of that moon's *waxing*. I see by the advertisements, that there are facilities now for cheap living, which did not exist "when George the Third was king." A dinner (of beef, bread, and potatoes, with a bottle of wine) is offered, by an advertiser, of the savory name of G——— for a shilling, and a breakfast, most invitingly described, is offered for sixpence. I have no doubt a lodging might be procured at the same modest rate of charge. "Society" does not move on this plane, it is true, but society is not worth seeking at any great cost, while you are obscure, and if you'll wait till the first moment when it would be agreeable (the moment when it thinks it worth while to caress you), it will come to you, like Mohammed to the mountain. And like the mountain's moving to Mohammed, you will find any premature ambition on the subject.

Giving up the expectation of finding employment suited to your taste, you will, of course, be "open to offers," and I should counsel you to take any that would pay, which did not positively shut the door upon literature. At the same wages you had better direct covers in a newspaper office, than contribute original matter which costs you thought, yet is not appreciated; and in fact, as I said before with reference to farming, a subsistence not directly obtained by brain-work, is a material advantage to an author. Eight hours of mere mechanical copying, and two hours of leisurely composition, will tire you less, and produce more for your reputation than twelve hours of intellectual drudgery. The publishers and booksellers have a good deal of work for educated men—proof-reading, compiling, corresponding, &c., and this is a good step to higher occupation. As you moderate your wants, of course you enlarge your chances for employment.

Getting up in the world is like walking through a mist—your way opens as you get on. I should say, that with tolerable good fortune, you might make by your pen, two hundred dollars the first year, and increase your income a hundred dollars annually, for five years. This, as a literary "operative." After that period, you would either remain stationary, a mere "workey," or your genius would discover "by the dip of the divining rod," where, in the well-searched bowels of literature, lay an unworked vein of ore. In the latter case, you would draw that one prize in a thousand blanks of which the other competitors in the lottery of fame feel as sure as yourself.

As a "stock" or "starring" player upon the literary stage, of course you desire a crowded audience, and it is worth your while, perhaps, to inquire (more curiously than is laid down in most advices to authors) what is the number and influence of the judicious, and what nuts it is politic to throw to the groundlings. Abuse is, in criticism, what shade is in a picture, discord in harmony, acid in punch, salt in seasoning. Unqualified praise is the death of Tarpeia, and to be neither praised nor abused is more than death—it is inanition. *Query*—how to procure yourself to be abused? In your chymical course next year, you will probably give a morning's attention to the analysis of the pearl, among other precious substances, and you will be told by the professor, that it is the consequence of an excess of carbonate of lime in the flesh of the oyster—in other words, the disease of the sub-aqueous animal who produces it. Now, to copy this politic invalid—to learn wisdom of an oyster—find out what is the most pungent disease of your style, and hug it 'till it becomes a pearl. A fault carefully studied is the germ of a peculiarity, and a peculiarity is a pearl of great price to an author. The critics begin very justly by hammering at it as a fault, and after it is polished into a peculiarity, they still hammer at it as a fault, and the noise they make attracts attention to the pearl, and up you come from the deep sea of obscurity, not the less intoxicated with the sunshine, because, but for your disease, you would never have seen it.

With one more very plain piece of counsel, I have done. Never take the note of any man connected with literature, if he will cash it for fifty per cent.

BREAKFASTS AND THE QUARTERLY.—Mr. Lockhart can never do harm except indirectly. His assertions and his criticisms are taken with more than the "grain of salt." Mr. Cooper may have a private quarrel with him for some of his ungentlemanly phraseology, but for the literary part of the criticism on "England," it will stand in the place of a good advertisement to the book, and there ends all its good and evil. In the following passage, however, a blow (most unwise and most injurious) is struck at one of the pleasantest usages of English hospitality:—

"We suspect that Mr. Cooper will not think Mr. Rogers's breakfasts quite so admirable, nor the other twenty so transcendantly agreeable, when he learns that it is by no means usual to invite strangers to breakfast in London, and that such breakfasts are generally given when the guest is one about whose manners, character, or social position, there is some *uncertainty*—a breakfast is a kind of *mezzo-termine*, between a mere visit and the more intimate hospitality of a dinner. It is, as it were, a state of probation."—*Quarterly Review for October.*

As the great organ of the tory party in England, the Quarterly might fairly be taken by a foreigner as an authority upon a point of English manners. The consequence follows, that he can not be invited to breakfast without fair ground to presume it an insult. Shots have been exchanged upon slighter ground. At the

best, a suspicion is thrown upon this mode of hospitality which deprives it entirely of its easy and confidential character; and that it is an injury to society which could only be corrected by the publication of a correct portrait of Mr. Lockhart. No one after seeing it would credit any assertion he might make upon a subject involving a knowledge of good-fellowship.

The editor of the Quarterly *looks* his vocation better than any man it has been my fortune to see. In his gait and voice there is a *feline* resemblance which is remarkable. It is impossible for a human being to be more like a cat. To aid the likeness, he is slightly parry-toed, and when you see him creeping along Pall Mall on his way to the club, you can not avoid the impression that he is *mousing*. In his person he is extremely thin, and, but for his mouth, Lockhart would look like a gentleman. In that feature lies a whole epitome of the man. The lips are short, and of barely the thickness of the skin, and habitually drawn in close against the teeth. To this feature, which resembles somewhat the mouth of a small purse, all the countenance seems subordinate. The contraction pulls upon every muscle of his face, and upon every muscle is stamped the malice of which his mouth is the living and most legible type.

This description of the man is very *apropos* of his opinions of breakfast. I presume he was never asked to an unceremonious breakfast in his life. Would any one in his senses begin his day by sitting down opposite to such a face for a couple of hours? Not willingly, I should think.

I presume every Englishman except the editor of the Quarterly will agree that to ask a stranger to breakfast is much more flattering than to invite him to dinner. Engagements to breakfast, indeed, are almost always made *at* dinner. The reply to a letter of introduction is usually a card and an invitation to dine. If your host is pleased with you, nothing is more common than for him to say at parting, "You have been so engrossed that I have scarce spoken to you—come and breakfast with me to-morrow at nine." You accept, and you improve on acquaintance into a friend. In a snug library, all ceremony put off, the mind tranquil and sincere, you enter upon a different class of subjects, more familiar, more confidential. The attention of your host is more undivided, and your conversation leads you to make engagements for the day, or the evening; and thus a man with whom you might have discussed the corn-laws or the new opera, forty times, across the glare of a dinner-table, and only known at last as a talker of commonplaces, becomes a pleasant friend, perhaps an intimate companion.

I have not the Quarterly Review by me at this moment, but, if I do not mistake, the breakfasts with the poet Rogers, described by Mr. Cooper, furnish the text for Mr. Lockhart's "new light" upon this subject. I am happy to have it in my power to set our countrymen right upon the estimation in which Cooper is held by that polished and venerable amphytrion. It was kindly and complimentarily done of Mr. Rogers to talk a great deal of a compatriot, of whose talents he justly supposed every American should be proud. I was enjoying (according to Mr. Lockhart) the *equivocal* honor of breakfasting with him—an honor which, questionable or not, I shared with one of the most distinguished foreigners then in England. This latter gentleman professed the highest enthusiasm for the works of Cooper, and took pains to draw out the venerable poet on the subject of his personal manners, conversation, &c. A handsomer eulogium of an absent author I never heard. Mr. Rogers admired the bold independence of his cast of mind, and spoke in the highest terms of him as a gentleman and a friend. I can not, if it were proper, quote the exact words he used; but, subtract from this praise all you please to fancy might have been said in kindness or compliment to a compatriot, there was still enough left to gratify the self-love of the most exacting.

If Mr. Lockhart had ever been similarly honored, he would have excused Mr. Cooper for dwelling complacently on the "breakfasts in St. James's Place." Rogers has lived in the very core of all that is precious or memorable of two ages of English wit, literature, and politics, himself oftenest the bright centre around which it gathered. His manners are amenity itself, his wit is celebrated, his powers of narration delightful. With all this he seems to forget his own fame and himself, and never to have known envy or ill-will. As he sits at that small breakfast-table, his head silvery white, the bland smile of intellectual enjoyment upon his lips, talking or listening with equal pleasure, and with the greatest tact and delicacy, alternately drawing out the resources of his guests, and exhibiting modestly his own, he is a picture of tranquil, dignified, and green old age, which it were a pity to have travelled far and not seen. I felicitate Mr. Cooper on the possession of his esteem and friendship. I please myself with remembering that I have seen him. I pity Mr. Lockhart that the class of entertainments of which this is one, is reserved for those whose faces will not "spoil the cream."

Between butchering for Fraser and dissecting for the Quarterly, Mr. Lockhart may have derived a sufficient revenue to "give dinners;" but he forgets that more amiable literature is not so saleable, and that his brother authors are compelled to entertain strangers *at breakfast*. Taboo that meal, and, good heavens! what becomes of the "great army of writers" in London, who, over "tea and toast," in their quiet lodgings, give the admiring pilgrim of literature a feast of reason—one alone worth all the dinners of May fair?

What becomes of younger sons, and callow orators, and lawyers in the temple, who, over red herrings and coffee, let the amused guest into the secrets of their *menus-plaisirs*, and trenching a half-crown, at the most, upon their slender pockets, send him away delighted with their gay hospitality. Breakfasts! What would you know of authors and artists without breakfasts? You see but half the man in his works. Would you rather breakfast with Chantrey in his studio, and hear him criticise his own marble, or dine with him at Lord Lansdowne's, and listen to his *bavardage* upon fly-fishing? Would you rather see gentle Barry Cornwall, smothered and silent, among wits and lordlings at "miladi's," or breakfast with him in his crammed library in St. John's Wood, and hear him read one of his unpublished songs, with the tears in his eyes, and the children at his knee, breathless with listening? Would you rather meet Moore, over a cup of tea, in the shop-parlor at Longman's, in Paternoster row, or see him at one of the show-dinners of this publishing Mecenas, at his villa in Hampstead? Out upon the malicious hand that would sow distrust and suspicion in these delightful by-paths of hospitality!

An author is always a double existence, and it is astonishing how different may be the intellectual man from his everyday representative. Lockhart, the author of Valerius, Adam Blair, and the Life of Sir Walter Scott, is a splendid and delightful intellect—no one can deny it. Mr. Lockhart, the gentleman who looks as if he had a perpetual inclination to whistle, and who *does* the *bourreau* for the Quarterly, is an individual I should rather meet anywhere than—at breakfast. Heaven send him a relaxation of his facial muscles, and a little charity to leave the world with.

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A Spring Day in Winter.—A spring day sometimes bursts upon us in December. One scarcely knows whether the constant warmth of the fire, or the fresh sunny breathings from the open window, are the most welcome. At such a time, the curtains swing lazily to the mild wind as it enters, and the light green leaves of the sheltered flowers stir and erect themselves with an out-of-door vigor, and the shuffled steps and continued voices of the children in the street, have the loitering and summer-like sound of June. I do not know whether it is not a cockney feeling, but with all my love for the country, fixed as it is by the recollections of a life mostly spent in the "green fields" I sometimes "babble of," there is something in a summer morning in the city, which the wet, warm woods, and the solitary, though lonely haunts of the country do not, after all the poetry that has been "spilt upon them" (as Neal would say), at all equal. Whether it is that we find so much sympathy in the many faces that we meet, made happy by the same sweet influences, or whatever else may be the reason, *certes*, I never take my morning walk on such a day, without a leaping in my heart, which, from all I can gather by dream or revelation, has a touch in it of Paradise. I returned once, on such a day, from an hour's ramble after breakfast. The air rushed past my temples with the grateful softness of spring, and every face that passed had the open, inhaling expression which is given by the simple joy of existence. The sky had the deep clearness of noon. The clouds were winnowed in light parallel curves, looking like white shells inlaid on the arched heavens; the smooth, glassy bay was like a transparent abyss opening to the earth's centre, and edging away underneath, with a slope of hills, and spires, and leafless woods, copied minutely and perfectly from the upper landscape, and the naked elms seemed almost clothed as the teeming eye looked on them, and the brown hills took a teint of green—so freshly did the summer fancies crowd into the brain with the summer softness of the sunshine and air. The mood is rare in which the sight of human faces does not give us pleasure. It is a curious occupation to look on them as they pass, and study their look and meaning, and wonder at the providence of God, which can provide, in this crowded world, an object and an interest for all. With what a singular harmony the great machine of society goes on! So many thousand minds, and each with its peculiar cast and its positive difference from its fellow, and yet no dangerous interference, and no discord audible above the hum of its daily revolution. I could not help feeling a religious thrill, as I passed face after face, with this thought in my mind, and saw each one earnest and cheerful, each one pressing on with its own object, without waiting or caring for the equally engrossing object of the other. The man of business went on with an absorbed look, caring only to thread his way rapidly along the street. The student strided by with the step of exercise, his lips parted to admit the pleasant air to his refreshed lungs, and his eye wandering with bewildered pleasure from object to object. The schoolboy looked wistfully up and down the street, and lingered till the last stroke of the bell summoned him tardily in. The womanish school-girl, with her veil coquettishly drawn, still flirted with her boyish admirer, though it was "after nine," and the child, with its soiled satchel and shining face, loitered seriously along the sidewalk, making acquaintance with every dog, and picking up every stone on its unwilling way. The spell of the atmosphere was universal, and yet all kept on their several courses, and the busy harmony of employment went steadily and unbrokenly on. How rarely we turn upon ourselves, and remember how wonderfully we are made and governed!

Evanescent Impressions.—I have very often, in the fine passages of society—such as occur sometimes in the end of an evening, or when a dinner-party has dwindled to an unbroken circle of choice and congenial spirits, or at any of those times when conversation, stripped of all reserve or check, is poured out in the glowing and unfettered enthusiasm to which convivial excitement alone gives the confidence necessary to its flow—I have often wished, at such times, that the voice and manner of the chance and fleeting eloquence about us could be arrested and written down for others beside ourselves to see and admire. In a chance conversation at a party, in the bagatelle rattle of a dance, in a gay hour over coffee and sandwiches *en famille*, wherever you meet those whom you love or value, there will occur pieces of dialogue, *jeux d'esprit*, passages of feeling or fun—trifles, it is true, but still such trifles as make eras in the calendar of happiness—which you would give the world to rescue from their ephemeral destiny. They are, perhaps, the soundings of a spirit too deep for ordinary life to fathom, or the gracefulness of a fancy linked with too feminine a nature to bear the eye of the world, or the melting of a frost of reserve from the diffident genius—they are traces of that which is fleeting, or struck out like phosphorus from the sea by irregular chance—and you want something quicker and rarer than formal description to arrest it warm and natural, and detain it in its place till it can be looked upon.

The First Feeling of Winter.—How delightfully the first feeling of winter comes on the mind! What a throng of tranquillizing and affectionate thoughts accompany its first bright fires, and the sound, out of doors, of its first chilling winds. Oh, when the leaves are driven in troops through the streets, at nightfall, and the figures of the passers-by hurry on, cloaked and stooping with the cold, is there a pleasanter feeling in the world than to enter the closed and carpeted room, with its shaded lamps, and its genial warmth, and its cheerful faces about the evening table! I hope that I speak your own sentiment, dear reader, when I prefer to every place and time, in the whole calendar of pleasure, a winter evening at home—the "sweet, sweet home" of childhood, with its unreserved love and its unchanged and unmeasured endearments. We need not love gayety the less. The light and music and beauty of the dance will always breed a floating delight in the brain that has not grown dull to life's finer influences; yet the pleasures of home, though serener are deeper, and I am sure that the world may be searched over in vain for a sense of joy so even and unmingled. It is a beautiful trait of Providence that the balance is kept so truly between our many and different blessings. It were a melancholy thing to see the summer depart with its superb beauty, if the heart did not freshen as it turned in from its decay to brood upon its own treasures. The affections wander under the enticement of all the outward loveliness of nature, and it is necessary to unwind the spell, that their rich kindness may not become scattered and visionary. I have a passion for these simple theories, which I trust will be forgiven. I indulge in them as people pun. They are too shadowy for logic, it is true—like the wings of the glendoveer, in Kehama, gauze-like and filmy, but flying high withal. You may not grow learned, but you surely will grow poetical upon them. I would as lief be praised by a blockhead as be asked the reason.

The Poet Shelley.—Shelley has a private nook in my affections. He is so unlike all other poets that

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I can not mate him. He is like his own "skylark" among birds. He does not keep ever up in the thin air with Byron, like the eagle, nor sing with Keats low and sweetly like the thrush, nor, like the dove sitting always upon her nest, brood with Wordsworth over the affections. He begins to sing when the morning wakes him, and as he grows wild with his own song, he mounts upward,

"And singing ever soars, and soaring ever singeth;"

and it is wonderful how he loses himself, like the delirious bird in the sky, and with a verse which may be well compared for its fine delicacy with her little wings, penetrates its far depths fearlessly and full of joy. There is something very new in this mingled trait of fineness and sublimity. Milton and Byron seem made for the sky. Their broad wings always strike the air with the same solemn majesty. But Shelley, near the ground, is a very "bird in a bower," running through his merry compass as if he never dreamed of the upward and invisible heavens. Withal, Shelley's genius is too fiery to be moody. He was a melancholy man, but it was because he was crossed in the daily walk of life, and such anxieties did not touch his imagination. It was above—far, far above them. His poetry was not, like that of other poets, linked with his common interests; and if it "unbound the serpent of care from his heart," as doubtless it did, it was by making him forget that it was there. He conceived and wrote in a wizard circle. The illiberal world was the last thing remembered, and its annoying prejudices, gall him as they might in the exercise of his social duties, never followed over the fiery limit of his fancy. Never have we seen such pure abstraction from earthliness as in the temper of his poetry. It is the clear, intellectual lymph, unalloyed and unpolluted.

An Author's Judgment of his own Works.—It is a false notion that the writer is no judge of his own book. Verses in manuscript and verses in print, in the first place, are very different things, and the mood of writing and the mood of reading what one has written, are very different moods. We do not know how it is with others, but we open our own volume with the same impression of strangeness and novelty that we do another's. The faults strike us at once, and so do the beauties, if there are any, and we read coolly in a new garb, the same things which upon paper recalled the fever of composition, and rendered us incapable of judgment. As far as I can discover by others' experience and my own, no writer understands the phenomena of composition. It is impossible to realize, in reading, that which is to him impassioned, the state of feeling which produced it. His own mind is to himself a mystery and a wonder. The thought stands before him, visible to his outward eye, which he does not remember has ever haunted him. The illustration from nature is often one which he does not remember to have noticed—the trait of character, or the peculiar pencilling of a line in beauty altogether new and startling. He is affected to tears or mirth, his taste is gratified or shocked, his fancy amused or his cares beguiled, as if he had never before seen it. It is his own mind, but he does not recognise it. He is like the peasant-child taken and dressed richly; he does not know himself in his new adornments. There is a wonderful metamorphosis in print. The author has written under strong excitement, and with a development and reach of his own powers which would amuse him were he conscious of the process. There are dim and far chambers in the mind which are never explored by reason. Imagination in her rapt phrensy wanders blindly there sometimes, and brings out their treasures to the light—ignorant of their value, and almost believing that the dreams when they glitter are admired. There are phantoms which haunt the perpetual twilight of the inner mind, which are arrested only by the daring hand of an overwrought fancy, and like a need done in a dream, the difficult steps are afterward but faintly remembered. It is wonderful how the mind accumulates by unconscious observation—how the teint of a cloud, or the expression of an eye, or the betrayal of character by a word, will lie for years forgotten in the memory till it is brought out by some searching thought to its owner's wonder.

Frost.—It is winter—veritable winter—with *bona-fide* frost, and cramping cold, and a sun as clear and powerless as moonlight. The windows glitter with the most fantastic frost-work. Cities, with their spires and turrets, ranks of spears, files of horsemen—every gorgeous and brilliant array told of in romance or song, start out of that mass of silvery tracery, like the processions of a magic mirror. What a miraculous beauty there is in frost! What fine work in its radiant crystals! What mystery in its exact proportions and its manifold varieties! The feathery snow-flake, the delicate rime, the transparent and sheeted ice, the magnificent ice-berg moving down the sea like a mountain of light—how beautiful are they all, and how wonderful is it, that, break and scatter them as you will, you find under every form the same faultless angles, the same crystalline and sparkling radiation. It sometimes grows suddenly cold at noon. There has been a heavy mist all the morning, and as the north wind comes sharply in, the air clears and leaves it frozen upon everything, with the thinness of palpable air. The trees are clothed with a fine white vapor, as if a cloud had been arrested and fixed motionless in the branches. They look, in the twilight, like gigantic spirits, standing in broad ranks, and clothed in drapery of supernatural whiteness and texture. On close examination, the crystals are as fine as needles, and standing in perfect parallelism, pointing in the direction of the wind. They are like fringes of the most minute threads, edging every twig and filament of the tree, so that the branches are thickened by them, and have a shadowy and mysterious look, as if a spirit foliage had started out from the naked limbs. It is not so brilliant as the common rime seen upon the trees after a frozen rain, but it is infinitely more delicate and spiritual, and to me seems a phenomenon of exquisite novelty and beauty.

The Closing Year.—It is a melancholy task to reckon with the departed year. To trace back the curious threads of affection through its many-colored woof, and knot anew its broken places—to number the missing objects of interest, the dead and the neglected—to sum up the broken resolutions, the deferred hopes, the dissolved phantoms of anticipation, and the many wanderings from the leading star of duty—this is indeed a melancholy task, but, withal, a profitable, and, it may sometimes be, a pleasant and a soothing one. It is wonderful in what short courses the objects of this world move. They are like arrows feebly shot. A year—a brief year, is full of things dwindled and finished and forgotten. Nothing keeps evenly on. What is there in the running calendar of the year that has departed, which has kept its place and its magnitude? Here and there an aspirant for fame still stretches after his eluding shadow—here and there an enthusiast still clings to his golden dream—here and there (and alas! how rarely) a friend keeps

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his truth, and a lover his fervor—but how many more, that were as ambitious, as enthusiastic, as loving as these, when this year began, are now sluggish, and cold, and false? You may keep a record of life, and as surely as it is human, it will be a fragmented and disjointed history, crowded with unaccountableness and change. There is nothing constant. The links of life are for ever breaking, but we rush on still. A fellow-traveller drops from our side into the grave—a guiding star of hope vanishes from the sky—a creature of our affections, a child or an idol, is snatched from us—perhaps nothing with which we began the race is left to us, and yet we do not halt. "Onward—still onward" is the eternal cry, and as the past recedes, the broken ties are forgotten, and the present and future occupy us alone.

There are bright chapters in the past, however. If our lot is capricious and broken, it is also new and various. One friend has grown cool, but we have won another. One chance was less fortunate than we expected, but another was better. We have encountered one man's prejudices, but, in so doing, we have unexpectedly flattered the partialities of his neighbor. We have neglected a recorded duty, but a deed of charity done upon impulse, has brought up the balance. In an equable temper of mind, memory, to a man of ordinary goodness of heart, is pleasant company. A careless rhymer, whose heart is better than his head, says:—

> "I would not escape from memory's land,
> For all the eye can view;
> For there's dearer dust in memory's land,
> Than the ore of rich Peru.
> I clasp the fetter by memory twined,
> The wanderer's heart and soul to bind."

It was a good thought suggested by an ingenious friend of mine, to make one's will annually, and remember all whom we love in it in the degree of their deservings. I have acted upon the hint since, and truly it is keeping a calendar of one's life. I have little to bequeath, indeed—a manuscript or two, some half dozen pictures, and a score or two of much-thumbed and choice authors—but, slight as these poor mementoes are, it is pleasant to rate their difference, and write against them the names of our friends, as we should wish them left if we knew we were presently to die. It would be a satisfying thought in sickness, that one's friends would have a memorial to suggest us when we were gone—that they would know we wished to be remembered by them, and remembered them among the first. And it is pleasant, too, while alive, to change the order of appropriation with the ever-varying evidences of affection. It is a relief to vexation and mortified pride to erase the name of one unworthy or false, and it is delightful, as another gets nearer to your heart, with the gradual and sure test of intimacy, to prefer him in your secret register.

If I should live to be old, I doubt not it will be a pleasant thing to look over these little testaments. It is difficult, now, with their kind offices and pleasant faces ever about one, to realize the changes of feeling between the first and the last—more difficult still to imagine, against any of those familiar names, the significant asterisk which marks the dead—yet if the common chances of human truth, and the still more desperate changes of human life, continue—it is melancholy to think what a miracle it would be if even half this list, brief and youthful as it is, should be, twenty years hence, living and unchanged.

The festivities of this part of the year always seemed to me mistimed and revolting. I know not what color the reflections of others take, but to me it is simply the feeling of escape—the released breath of fear after a period of suspense and danger. Accident, misery, death, have been about us in their invisible shapes, and while one is tortured with pain, and another reduced to wretchedness, and another struck into the grave beside us, we know not why or how, we are still living and prosperous. It is next to a miracle that we are so. We have been on the edge of chasms continually. Our feet have tottered, our bosoms have been grazed by the thick shafts of disease—had our eyes been spirit-keen we should have been dumb with fear at our peril. If every tenth sunbeam were a deadly arrow—if the earth were full of invisible abysses—if poisons were sown thickly in the air, life would hardly be more insecure. We can stand upon our threshold and see it. The vigorous are stricken down by an invisible hand—the active and busy suddenly disappear—death is caught in the breath of the night wind, in the dropping of the dew. There is no place or moment in which that horrible phantom is not gliding among us. It is natural at each period of escape to rejoice fervently and from the heart; but I know not, if others look upon death with the same irrepressible horror that I do, how their joy can be so thoughtlessly trifling. It seems to me, matter for deep, and almost fearful congratulation. It should be expressed in religious places and with the solemn voice of worship; and when the period has thus been marked, it should be speedily forgotten lest its cloud become depressing. I am an advocate for all the gayety that the spirits will bear. I would reserve no particle of the treasure of happiness. The world is dull enough at the best. But do not mistake its temper. Do not press into the service of gay pleasure the thrilling solemnities of life. I think anything which reminds me of death, solemn; any time, when our escape from it is thrust irresistibly upon the mind, a solemn time; and such is the season of the new year. It should be occupied by serious thoughts. It is the time to reckon with one's heart—to renew and form resolutions—to forgive and reconcile and redeem.

MIDNIGHT.—The bell struck as the word was written! Twelve—and how many-toned in the human ear are the measured strokes that have proclaimed it. The well and contemplative, the sick and restless, the reveller hailing it as the empress of the hours, and the patient and solemn watcher by the dead, counting it on his vigil, and shuddering at the dreadful silence it makes audible—sleepless ambition starting from its waking dream, and sleeping guilt blessedly aroused from its nightmare of detection—with what a different voice and meaning do the tremulous and lengthened cadences of that same bell fall upon the different ears that listen to them! Yet it is so with everything about us—and the boldest and best lesson of philosophy is that which teaches us that outward circumstances have no color of their own—that the universe is within us—that the eye sees no light or shadow, and the ear hears no music or jar, and the senses receive no impression of pain or pleasure, but as the inward eye is light or shaded, the inward ear attuned or discordant, and the inward sense painful or pleasurable. It is a glorious creed—for by it, he who governs his own soul holds the key of the universe. Its colors are put on at his bidding, its music wakes at his desire, and its magnificent changes, arbitrary and omnipotent as they seem, take form and pressure from the small, still thought in his bosom! Yet how difficult it is! How true, that "he who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." To put down at will the manifold spectres of thought—to suppress fear and discouragement, and sadness that comes up uncalled—to lay a finger on the lip of complaint, and seal up a tear in its cell, and press down, with a stern fetter, the ungovernable nerve of unrest—to "lay commandment" on a throb-

bing pulse, and break the wings of a too earnest imagination, and smother, in their first rising, the thousand impatient feelings that come out of time and season—this it is that the anchorite in his cell, and the master spirit in his career, and the student, wasting over his lamp, may pray, and wrestle, and search into many mysteries for—in vain!

In my days of idleness (a habit, by-the-by, which should be put down as a nervous complaint in the books) I occupied, for some nine hours in the day, a window opposite a city-clock. It was a tolerable amusement, between breakfast and recitation, to watch the passing of the hours, "hand over hand." I thought then, as I think now, that the great deficiency in the construction of the human mind, is the want of something on the principle of the stop-watch, to suspend its operations at will—but it is no slight relief, since I must think, to have a dial-plate, or a nail in the wall, or any object that it is no trouble to see, to serve as a nucleus to thought. By-and-by, with the force of habit, the dial became necessary. I could not think tranquilly without it. My pulses beat sixty in the minute. My imagination built by the hour—nine—ten—twelve castles a day, as the lectures interfered more or less with my repose.

In the course of time, I fell into the habit of musing on the circumstances dependant on the arrival of the hours, and as my mood happened to be gay or gloomy, I pondered, with the strong sympathy of unoccupied feelings, on the happiness or misery they brought. If it was a bright sunny forenoon in May, and the eggs had been well boiled at breakfast, the striking of the clock—say twelve—stirred a thousand images of pleasure. The boys just leaping out of school, the laborer released from his toil, the belle stepping forth for a promenade, the patient in the interval of his fever—all came up in my imagination, and their several feelings, with all the heightening of imagination, became my own. If the weather was hot, on the contrary, or the professor had bored me at lecture, or if my claret was pricked at dinner, I suffered the miseries of an hospital. There goes the clock—say four! Some poor fellow now, at this very moment, is baring his limb to the surgeon—the afternoon is at the hottest, and the sick are getting restless and weary—some hectic consumptive, fallen, perhaps, into a chance sleep, is waked, by the troublesome punctuality of his nurse, to take his potion—it is the hour the dying man is told he can not survive. Every misery imaginable under the sun rose in phantoms around me, and I suffered and groaned under the concentrated horrors of them all. It serves to show how the mind is its own slave or its own master. And so, having arrived at the moral, with your leave, dear reader, for it is "past one," I will to bed. Good night!

Snow.—The black, unsightly pavement, every stone of which you know with as cursed a particularity as the chinks in the back of your fireplace, covered with white. The heavy-wheeled carts, which the day before shook the ground under you, and split your ears with their merciless noise, replaced by sleds with musical bells, driven swiftly and skilfully past. The smoked houses, with their provokingly-regular windows and mean doors, that have disturbed the sentiment of grace in your fancy every walk you have taken for months, all laden, and tipped, and frosted into lines and surfaces of beauty; faultless icicles hanging from the eaves of the shutters, and sparkling crystals of snow edging every projecting stone—magic could not exceed it! If the horn of Astolpho had been blown from the cupola of the state-house, and the whole city had run mad, things could not have looked more strangely new and delightful. And the sleighing—other people like it, and for their sake I blessed Providence for another item. I like it myself—for the first mile. But with the loss of sensation in our feet and hands, I have a trick of growing very unhappy. I am content, after one ride, with seeing a sleigh through a parlor-window.

Eight o'clock—how merrily the sleigh-bells ring to-night! One comes into hearing as another is lost, and the loud, laughing, and merry voices of the gay riders come up to my retired room in the veriest contrast to my own quiet occupation. How more than solitude it separates one from humanity, to live in the midst of the gay world and take no part in its enjoyments! An eremite in the crowd is the only contented solitary. In the midst of the heaviest sadness the heart feels in this wretched world, the form of distant pleasure is beautiful. We must live near that treacherous dame to know how sorrows lurk in her shadow. Break down the imagination as you will, and bind it by the most relentless memories to your sick heart, it will steal away to scenes you had thought forgotten, and come back fired with their false beauty, to tempt you to try their winning flatteries once more. It is only by knowing that you can call gayety at any moment to your side, that you can quite forget it; and the studious tenant of a garret, to whose solitude the mingled murmur of a city comes constantly up—who can abandon his books whenever the fancy takes him, for the crowd, and enter and throng on with it after its fleeting lure—is the only man who, with youth and the common gifts of Providence, can heartily despise it.

And he—if contrast is (as who will deny that has followed after the impossible spirit of contentment, till hope is dead within him)—if contrast is, I say, the only bliss in life—then does he, the scholar in the crowd, live with a most excellent wisdom. He is roused from communion with a spirit whose immortal greatness has outlived twenty generations, by the passing mirth of a fool whose best deed will not live in the world's memory an hour. He sits and pores upon an eternal truth, or fires his fancy with heavenly poetry, or winds about him the enchantments of truth-woven fiction, or searches the depths of his own sufficient heart for the sublime wisdom of human nature, and from the very midst he is plucked back to this every-day world, and compelled to the use of faculties in which a brute animal equals or surpasses him! One moment following the employment of an angel, the next contending with meanness and cunning for his daily bread—now kindled to rapture with some new form of beauty, and now disgusted to loathing with some new-developed and unredeemable baseness in his fellow-men. What contrast is there like this? Who knows so well as a scholar the true sweetness of surprise? the delightful and only spice of this otherwise contemptible life—*novel sensation?*

Change.—How natural it is, like the host in the rhyme, to

"Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest!"

How true a similitude it is of every change, not only of time and season, but of feeling and fancy. I have just walked from the window where I stood looking upon the two elms that have refreshed my eye with their lively verdure the summer long, and the adventurous vine, overtopping our neighbor's chimneys, that was covered but a week ago with masses of splendid crimson and scarlet, and with the irresistible regret I feel always at the decay of nature powerful within me, I have seated myself at the fire, with a gladness in the supplanting pleasures of winter, that brings with it, not only a consolation for the loss, but an immediate for-

getfulness of the past. "Nothing," says Goethe, "is more delightful than to feel a new passion rising when the flame that burned before is not quite extinguished, as, when the sun sets, we turn with pleasure to the rising moon." Who would give a fig for friendship! Who would waste golden hours in winning regard! Who, with this lesson before him, would do aught but look well to his reckoning with heaven, and turn in upon his own soul what time and talents are left to him after! It is a bitter philosophy to learn. The outward world is my first love, and, with all my disappointment, it is difficult at first to set up a new altar for the inner. I would not be ascetic; neither would I be so happy that, like Polycrates, I must throw my ring into the sea that I may have something to lament; but I believe he has the true *savoir vivre*, who, believing fully in the world's unprofitableness, is willing to be amused by it, and who, conversant with its paths and people, has better places and friends (solitude and his books) to which he can enter and shut the door to be at peace.

WINTER TRIP TO NAHANT.—The old chronicler, Time, strides on over the holyday seasons as if nothing could make him loiter. It may be a hallucination, but a winter's day, spite of the calendar, is as long to me as two summer ones. I do not feel the scene pass. There is no measure kept on my senses by its evenly-told pulse. The damp morning, and the silent noon, and the golden twilight, come and go; and if I breathe the freshness of the one, and sleep under the repose of the other, and gaze upon the beauties of the third, why, the end of existence seems answered. Labor is not in harmony with it. The thought that disturbs a nerve is an intrusion. Life's rapid torrent loiters in a pool, and its bubbles all break and are forgotten. Indolence is the mother of philosophy, and I "let the world slide." I think with Rousseau, that "the best book does but little good to the world, and much harm to the author." I remember Colton's three difficulties of authorship, and Pelham's flattering unction to idleness, that "learning is the bane of a poet." The "mossy cell of peace," with its

> "Dreams that move before the half-shut eye,
> And its gay castles in the clouds that pass,"

is a very Eden; and, of all the flowers of the field, that which has the most meaning is your lily that "toils not, neither does it spin;" and of all the herbs of the valley, the

> "Yellow lysimacha that gives sweet rest,"

has the most medicinal balm. I am of the school of Epicurus. I no longer think the "judicious voluptuousness" of Godwin dangerous. Like the witch of Atlas, I could "pitch my tent upon the plain of the calm Mere," and rise and fall for ever to its indolent swell. And speaking of idleness (I admire Mochingo's talent for digression—"Now thou speakest of immortality, how is thy wife, Andrew")—one of the pleasantest ways of indulging that cardinal virtue used to be by an excursion to Nahant. Establishing myself unostentatiously upon the windward quarter of the boat, to avoid the vile volatile oils from the machinery—Shelley in one hand, perhaps, or Elia, or quaint Burton—(English editions, redolent in Russia, and printed as with types of silver)—with one of these, I say, to refresh the eye and keep the philosophic vein breathing freely, the panorama of the bay passes silently before my eye—island after island, sail after sail, like the conjurations of a magic mirror. And this is all quiet, let me tell you—all in harmony with the Socratic humor—for the reputable steamer Ousatonic (it distresses me daily that it was not spelt with an H) is none of your fifteen-milers—none of your high-pressure cut-waters, driving you through the air, breathless with its unbecoming velocity, and with the fear of the boiler before your eyes—but with a dignified moderation, consistent with a rational doubt of the integrity of a copper-kettle, and a natural abhorrence of hot water, she glides safely and softly over her half-dozen miles an hour, and lands you, cool and good-humored, upon the rocky peninsula, for a consideration too trifling to be mentioned in a well-bred period. And then if the fates will me an agreeable companion (I wish we had time to describe my *beau-ideal*), how delightful, as Apple island is neared, with its sweep of green banks and its magnificent elms—every foot of its tiny territory green and beautiful—how delightful to speculate upon the character of its eccentric occupant, and repeat the thousand stories told of him, and peer about his solitary cottage to catch a glimpse of his erect figure, and draw fanciful portraits of his daughter, who, the world says, for the sixteen years of her sweet life, has had only the range of those limited lawns, which she may ramble over in an hour—and, as the boat glides by, to watch the fairy isle sleeping, if the bay is calm, with its definite shadow, and looking like a sphere, floating past in the air, covered with luxuriant verdure. It is but a brief twelve miles from Boston to Nahant, and the last four stretch out beyond the chain of islands, upon the open sea. To a city-bred eye and fancy there is a refreshing novelty, added to the expanding influence of so broad a scene, which has in it a vigorous and delightful stimulus. The mind gets out of its old track. The back-ground of the mental picture is changed, and it affects the whole. The illimitable sky and water draw out the imagination to its remotest link, and the far apart and shining sails, each covering its little and peculiar world, and sped with the thousand hopes of those for whom its lonely adventurers are tracking the uncertain sea, win on the mind to follow them upon their perilous way, and breathe for them the "God speed" of unconscious interest. It is a beautiful and magic sight to see them gliding past each other on their different courses, impelled by the same invisible wind, now dark with shadow, and now turning full to the light, and specking the horizon, like the white birds careering along the edge of its definite line. The sea grows upon you as you see it more. The disappointment felt at first in its extent wears away, as you remember its vast stretch under those blue depths, which your eye can not search; and the waste of its "untrampled floor," and the different depths at which the different spoils of the sunk ships have balanced and hung, and the innumerable tribes who range their own various regions of pressure, from the darkest caverns to the thin and lighted chambers at its surface, all come step by step upon the mind, and crowd it with a world of wondering speculation. It is delightful to sit with the agreeable companion spoken of, and with the green waves heaving about us, to indulge in these wayward and unprofitable imaginations. It is a splendid range for a wild-winged thought—that measureless sea! I love to talk of its strange mysteries. I love to go down with one who will not check me with cold objections, and number and shape out its inhabitants. With such a fellow-wanderer, I have found palaces that surpass Aladdin's, and beings to whom the upper and uncondensed water has a suffocating thinness. But these are idle speculations to the world's eye, gentle reader, and should be reserved for your private ear. We will go, some summer afternoon, and talk them over together on the deck of that same deliberate steamer. You have no idea how many things are untold of the deep sea—how many dreams of it

an idler man than yourself will weave out of its green depths in his after-dinner musings.

Sir Philip Sidney.—"Gentle Sir Philip Sidney," says Tom Nash, in two sweetly-flowing sentences of his Pierce Penniless, "thou knewest what belonged to a scholar; thou knewest what pains, what toil, what travel, conduct to perfection; well couldst thou give every virtue his encouragement, every art his due, every writer his desert, 'cause none more virtuous, witty, or learned, than thyself. But thou art dead in thy grave, and hast left too few successors of thy glory; too few to cherish the sons of the muses, or water those budding hopes with their plenty, which thy bounty erst planted."—"He was not only of an excellent wit," relates, in his own confused and rambling way, the eminent antiquarian John Aubrey, who was born not more than forty years after Sidney's decease, "but extremely beautiful; he much resembled his sister, but his hair was not red, but a little inclining, viz., a dark amber color. If I were to find fault in it, methinks it is not masculine enough; yet he was a person of great courage."* "He was, if ever there was one," says another writer, "a gentleman finished and complete, in whom mildness was associated with courage, erudition mollified by refinement, and courtliness dignified by truth. England will ever place him among the noblest of her sons; and the light of chivalry, which was his guide and beacon, will ever lend its radiance to illume his memory. He died at the age of thirty-two, and if the lives of Milton and Dryden had not been prolonged beyond that period, where would have been their renown?"

Glorious Sidney! It stirs the blood warmly about one's heart to think of him. It is somewhat late in the day, I know, to eulogize him; but his bright honor and his beautiful career, are among my earliest historical recollections, and I have remembered it since with the passionate interest that in every one's mind burns in, with an enamel of love, some one of the bright images presented in boyhood. You have some such idol of fancy, I dare answer for it, reader of mine—some young (for young he must be, or affection stiffens into respect)—some young and famous, and withal courtly, and perhaps "beautiful," winner of a name. It is Gaston de Foix, perhaps, with his fierce thirst for glory (the pictures of him by the old masters are models of manly beauty), or the fourth Henry, with his temper of romance (the handsomest man in his kingdom), or (if you loved your classics) Alcibiades (you forget, of course, that he was a voluptuary), or the generous Antony ("Shakspere's" rather than the historian's), or Hylas, or Endymion, or Phæton (he cleared the first few planets in fine style), or some other *formosus puer* adored and sung by the glorious old bards upon the shores of Tiber or Ilissus. He rises to your mind as I mention it—a figure of graceful youth, the slight and elegant proportions of the boy, just ripening into the muscular fulness of manhood—his neck rising with a free majesty from his shoulders, and his eye kindling with some passing thought of glory, answered by the proud and deliberate curving of his lip, and the animated expansion of his nostril. You see him with your mind's eye—the classic model and classic dream of your scholar-days, when the sound of the leaves in the tree over you had the swell of an hexameter in your ear, and your thoughts came in Latin, and a line of Homer sprung to your lips in your involuntary soliloquies. Ah! those were days for dreams! Who would not let slip the straining grasp of manhood—be it at wealth, fame, power—anything for which he is flinging his youth and gladness, and all his best treasures, behind him—to be once more the careless dreamer that he was—to lie once more upon a hill-side, and forget everything in the unquestioned and unshadowed blessedness of a boy!

* Very much the description of Shelley.

Death-Love and Warning.—It was getting toward midnight when a party of young noblemen came out from one of the clubs of St. James street. The servant of each, as he stepped upon the pavement, threw up the wooden apron of the cabriolet, and sprung to the head of the horse; but, as to the destination of the equipages for the evening, there seemed to be some dissensions among the noble masters. Between the line of coroneted vehicles, stood a hackney-coach, and a person in an attitude of expectancy pressed as near the exhilarated group as he could without exciting immediate attention.

"Which way?" said he whose vehicle was nearest, standing with his foot on the step.

"All together, of course," said another. "Let's make a night of it."

"Pardon me," said the clear and sweet voice of the last out from the club; "I secede for one. Go your ways, gentlemen!"

"Now, what the deuse is afoot?" said the foremost, again stepping back on the sidewalk. "Don't let him off, Fitz! Is your cab here, Byron, or will you let me drive you? By Jove, you sha'n't leave us!"

"But *you* shall leave *me*, and so you are not forsworn, my friend! In plain phrase, I *won't* go with you! And I don't know where I shall go; so spare your curiosity the trouble of asking. I have a presentiment that I am wanted—by devil or angel—

'I see a hand you can not see.'"

"And a very pretty hand it is, I dare swear," said the former speaker, jumping into his cab and starting off with a spring of his blood horse, followed by all the vehicles at the club-door, save one.

Byron stood looking after them a moment, and raised his hat and pressed his hand hard on his forehead. The unknown person who had been lurking near, seemed willing to leave him for a moment to his thoughts, or was embarrassed at approaching a stranger. As Byron turned with his halting step to descend the steps, however, he came suddenly to his side.

"My lord!" he said, and was silent, as if waiting for permission to go on.

"Well," replied Byron, turning to him without the least surprise, and lookingly closely into his face by the light of the street-lamp.

"I come to you with an errand which perhaps—"

"A strange one, I am sure; but I am prepared for it—I have been forewarned of it. What do you require of me? for I am ready!"

"This is strange!" exclaimed the man.—"Has another messenger, then—"

"None except a spirit—for my heart alone told me I should be wanted at this hour. Speak at once."

"My lord, a dying girl has sent for you!"

"Do I know her?"

"She has never seen you. Will you come at once—and on the way I will explain to you what I can of this singular errand; though, indeed, when it is told you, you know all that I comprehend."

They were at the door of the hackney-coach, and Byron entered it without further remark.

"Back again!" said the stranger, as the coachman closed the door, "and drive for dear life, for we shall scarce be in time, I fear!"

The heavy tongue of St. Paul's church struck twelve as the rolling vehicle hurried on through the now lonely street, and though so far from the place whence they started, neither of the two occupants

had spoken. Byron sat with bare head and folded arms in the corner of the coach; and the stranger, with his hat crowded over his eyes, seemed repressing some violet emotion; and it was only when they stopped before a low door in a street close upon the river, that the latter found utterance.

"Is she alive?" he hurriedly asked of a woman who came out at the sound of the carriage-wheels.

"She was—a moment since—but be quick!"

Byron followed quickly on the heels of his companion, and passing through a dimly lighted entry to the door of a back-room, they entered. A lamp, shaded by a curtain of spotless purity, threw a faint light upon a bed, upon which lay a girl, watched by a physician and a nurse. The physician had just removed a small mirror from her lips, and holding it to the light, he whispered that she still breathed. As Byron passed the edge of the curtain, however, the dying girl moved the fingers of the hand lying on the coverlet, and slowly opened on him her languid eyes —eyes of inexpressible depth and lustre. No one had spoken.

"Here he is," she murmured. "Raise me, mother, while I have time to speak to him."

Byron looked around the small chamber, trying in vain to break the spell of awe which the scene threw over him. An apparition from the other world could not have checked more fearfully and completely the worldly and scornful under-current of his nature. He stood with his heart beating almost audibly, and his knees trembled beneath him, awaiting what he prophetically felt to be a warning from the very gate of heaven.

Propped with pillows, and left by her attendants, the dying girl turned her head toward the proud, noble poet, standing by her bedside, and a slight blush overspread her features, while a smile of angelic beauty stole through her lips. In that smile the face reawakened to its former loveliness, and seldom had he who now gazed breathlessly upon her, looked on such spiritual and incomparable beauty. The spacious forehead and noble contour, still visible, of the emaciated lips, bespoke genius impressed upon a tablet all feminine in its language; and in the motion of her hand, and even in the slight movement of her graceful neck, there was something that still breathed of surpassing elegance. It was the shadowy wreck of no ordinary mortal passing away—humble as were the surroundings, and strange as had been his summons to her bedside.

"And this is Byron?" she said at last, in a voice bewilderingly sweet even through its weakness. "My lord! I could not die without seeing you—without relieving my soul of a mission with which it has long been burthened. Come nearer—for I have no time left for ceremony, and I must say what I have to say—and die! Beautiful," she said, "beautiful as the dream of him which has so long haunted me! the intellect and the person of a spirit of light! Pardon me, my lord, that, at a moment so important to yourself, the remembrance of an earthly feeling has been betrayed into expression."

She paused a moment, and the bright color that had shot through her cheek and brow faded, and her countenance resumed its heavenly serenity.

"I am near enough to death," she resumed—"near enough to point you almost to heaven from where I am; and it is on my heart like the one errand of my life—like the bidding of God—to implore you to prepare for judgment. Oh, my lord! with your glorious powers, with your wondrous gifts, be not lost! Do not, for the poor pleasures of a world like this, lose an eternity in which your great mind will outstrip the intelligence of angels. Measure this thought—scan the worth of angelic bliss with the intellect which has ranged so gloriously through the universe; do not, on this one momentous subject of human interest—on this alone be not short-sighted!"

"What shall I do?" suddenly burst from Byron's lips in a tone of agony. But with an effort, as if struggling with a death-pang, he again drew up his form and resumed the marble calmness of his countenance.

The dying girl, meantime, seemed to have lost herself in prayer. With her wasted hands clasped on her bosom, and her eyes turned upward, the slight motion of her lips betrayed to those around her that she was pleading at the throne of mercy. The physician crept close to her bedside, but with his hand in his breast, and his head bowed, he seemed but watching for the moment when the soul should take its flight.

She suddenly raised herself on the pillow. Her long brown tresses fell over her shoulders, and a brightness unnatural and almost fearful kindled in her eyes. She seemed endeavoring to speak, and gazed steadfastly at Byron. Slowly, then, and tranquilly she sank back again upon her pillow, and as her hands fell apart, and her eyelids dropped, she murmured, "Come to Heaven!" and the stillness of death was in the room. The spirit had fled.

The breaking of the silver cord is the first tone from the life-strings of genius, which is answered only in vibrations of affection. This truth, indeed, is touchingly shadowed forth in the accompaniments of death. The dark colors in the drapery of life, are dropped in the weaving of the shroud. The discords of music are rejected in the melody of the dirge. The praise upon the marble is the first tribute written without disparagement, and the first suffered without dissent. It is this new relation of the public to a great name—this completed and lucent phase of a light in literature—which seems to make a posthumous recast of criticism one of the legitimate departments of a review. Like the public feeling, the condition and powers of criticism toward an author's fame, are essentially changed by his death. His personal character, and the events of his life—the foreground, so to speak, in the picture of his mind, are, till this event, wanting to the critical perspective; and when the hand to correct is cold, and the ear to be caressed and wounded is sealed, some of the uses of censure, and all reserve in comparison and final estimate, are done way.

It is time for the reviews to take up, on this ground, the character and writings of Hillhouse. The author of Hadad, the most finished and lofty poem of its time, should have been followed, within a year after his death, by a new and reverential appreciation, and living, as he did, in a learned and literary circle of friends, a biography, at least, was looked for, out of which criticism might shape a fresh monument to his genius. Such men as Hillhouse are not common, even in these days of universal authorship. In accomplishment of mind and person, he was probably second to no man. His poems show the first. They are fully conceived, nicely balanced, exquisitely finished—works for the highest taste to relish, and for the severest student in dramatic style to erect into a model. Hadad was published in 1825, during my second year in college, and to me it was the opening of a new heaven of imagination. The leading characters possessed me for months, and the bright, clear, harmonious language was, for a long time, constantly in my ears. The author was pointed out to me, soon after, and for once, I saw a poet whose mind was well imaged in his person. In no part of the world have I seen a man of more distinguished mien, or of a more inborn dignity and elegance of address. His person was very

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finely proportioned, his carriage chivalric and high-bred, and his countenance purely and brightly intellectual. Add to this a sweet voice, a stamp of high courtesy on everything he uttered, and singular simplicity and taste in dress, and you have the portrait of one who, in other days, would have been the mirror of chivalry, and the flower of nobles and troubadors. Hillhouse was no less distinguished in oratory. There was still remembered, at the time of the publication of Hadad, an oration pronounced by him at the taking of his second degree—an oration upon "the Education of a Poet," gloriously written, and most eloquently delivered. His poem of "the Judgement," delivered before the "Phi Beta Kappa Society," added in the same way to his renown, as did a subsequent noble effort of eloquence, to which I listened myself, with irresistible enchantment.

Hillhouse had fallen upon days of thrift, and many years of his life which he should have passed either in his study, or in the councils of the nation, were enslaved to the drudgery of business. His constitution seemed to promise him a vigorous manhood, however, and an old age of undiminished fire, and when he left his mercantile pursuits, and retired to the beautiful and poetic home of "Sachem's Wood," his friends looked upon it as the commencement of a ripe and long enduring career of literature. In harmony with such a life were all his surroundings—scenery, society, domestic refinement, and companionship—and never looked promise fairer for the realization of a dream of glory. That he had laid out something of such a field in the future, I chance to know, for, though my acquaintance with him was slight, he confided to me in a casual conversation, the plan of a series of dramas, different from all he had attempted, upon which he designed to work with the first mood and leisure he could command. And with his high scholarship, knowledge of life, taste and genius, what *might* not have been expected from its fulfilment? But his hand is cold, and his lips still, and his light, just rising to its meridian, is lost now to the world. Love and honor to the memory of such a man.

BACHELOR BOB'S DISCOVERIES.

"Sad were the lays of merry days,
And sweet the songs of sadness."

"Come!" said Bachelor Bob, as he hitched his chair closer to the table, "quite alone, half past twelve, and two tumblers of toddy for heart-openers, what say you to a little friendly inquisition into your mortal felicity? You were the gayest man of my acquaintance ten years ago; you are the gravest now! Yet you swear by your Lares and Penates, that (up to the lips as you are in care and trouble) you never were so happy as in these latter days. Do you swear this to me from a 'way you have' of hanging out trap for the world, or are you under a little innocent delusion?"

Bob's hobby is the theory of happiness. Riches and poverty, matrimony and celibacy, youth and age, are subjects of contemplation to Bob, solely with reference to their comparative capacity for bliss. He speculates and talks about little else, indeed, and his intercourse with his friends seems to have no other end or aim than to collect evidence as to their happiness and its causes. On this occasion he was addressing a friend of mine, Smith, who had been a gay man in his youth (a merry man, truth to say, for he was in a perpetual breeze of high spirits), but who had married, and fallen behindhand in his worldly affairs, and so grown careworn and thoughtful. Smith was rather a poet in a quiet way, though he only used poetry as a sort of longer plummet when his heart got off soundings. I am indebted to Bob for the specimens of his verse-making which I am about to give, as well as for the conversation which brought them to light.

"Why," said Smith, "you have stated a dilemma with two such inevitable horns that argument would scarcely help me out of it. Let me see, what proof can I give you that I am a happier man than I used to be, spite of my chapfallen visage?"

Smith mused a moment, and reaching over to a desk near his elbow, drew from its private drawer a book with locked covers. It was a well-filled manuscript volume, and seemed a collection of prose and verse intermixed. The last page was still covered with blotting-paper, and seemed recently written.

"I am no poet," said Smith, coloring slightly, "but it has been a habit of mine, ever since my callow days, to record in verse all feelings that were too warm for prose; sometimes in the fashion of a soliloquy (*scripta verba*), sometimes in verses to the dame or damsel to whom I was indebted for my ignition. Let me see, Bob! we met in Florence, I think?"

"For the first time abroad, yes!"

"Well, perhaps that was my gayest time; certainly I do not remember to have been anywhere more gay or reckless. Florence, 1832, um—here are some lines written that summer: do you remember the beautiful Irish widow you saw at one of the *casino* balls? addressed to her, flirt that she was! But she began all her flirtations with talking of her sorrows, and, if she tried you on, at all—"

"She didn't!" interrupted Bob.

"Well, if she had you would have been humbugged with her tender melancholy, as I was. Here are the verses, and if ever I 'turned out my lining to the moon,' they are true to my inner soul in those days of frolic. Read these, and then turn to the last page and you will find as true a daguerreotype of the inner light of my moping days, written only yesterday."

'Tis late—San Marc is beating three
As I look forth upon the night;
The stars are shining tranquilly,
And heaven is full of silver light;
The air blows freshly on my brow—
Yet why should I be waking now!

I've listened, lady, to thy tone,
Till in my ear it will not die;
I've felt for sorrows not my own,
Till now I can not put them by;
And those sad words and thoughts of thine
Have breathed their sadness into mine.

'Tis long—though reckoned not by years—
Since, with affections chilled and shocked,
I dried a boy's impassioned tears,
And from the world my feelings locked—
The work of but one bitter day,
In which were crowded years of pain;
And then I was as gay, again,
And thought that I should be for aye!
The world lay open wide and bright,
And I became its lightest minion,
And flew the wordling's giddy height
With reckless and impetuous pinion—
Life's tide, with me, had turned from shore
Ere yet my summers told a score.

And years have passed, and I have seemed
Happy to every eye but thine,
And they whom most I loved have deemed
There was no lighter heart than mine;
And, save when some wild passion-tone
Of music reached the sleeping nerve,
Or when in illness and alone
My spirit from its bent would swerve,
My heart *was* light, my thoughts *were* free,
I *was* the thing I seemed to be.

I came to this bright land, and here,
Where I had thought to nerve my wings
To soar to a more lofty sphere,
And train myself for sterner things—
The land where I had thought to find
No spell but beauty breathed in stone—

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had spoken. Byron sat with bare ... r on— arms in the corner of the coach; ... wakes with his hat crowded over his ey... y breast, some violet emotion; and it ... nce breaks stopped before a low door in ... suppressed, river, that the latter found ... madness who came out at ... y brain alway— "Is she alive?" ... hpparensy to be gay, "She was ... only sweet in sadness! ... om my lips to-night have come ... at have for years been sealed and dumb. By...

It was but yesterday we met,
We part to-morrow. I would fain
With thy departing voice forget
Its low, deep tone, and seal again
My feelings from the light of day,
To be to-morrow only gay!
But days will pass, and nights will creep,
And I shall hear that voice of sadness
With dreams, as now, untouched by sleep,
And spirits out of tune with gladness;
And time must wear, and fame spur on;
Before that victory is re-won!

And so farewell! I would not be
Forgotten by the only heart
To which my own breathes calm and free,
And let us not as strangers part!
And we shall meet again, perhaps,
More gayly than we're parting now;
For time has, in its briefest lapse,
A something which clears up the brow,
And makes the spirits calm and bright—
And now to my sad dreams! Good night!

"What a precious hypocrite you were for the merriest dog in Florence!" exclaimed Bob, as he laid the book open on its back, after reading these lines. "*You* feel that way! *credat Judæus!* But there are some other poetical lies here—what do you mean by 'we met but yesterday, and we part to-morrow,' when I know you dangled after that widow a whole season at the baths?"

"Why," said Smith, with one of his old laughs, "there was a supplement to such an outpouring, of course. The reply to my verses was an invitation to join their party the next morning in a pilgrimage to Vallambrosa, and once attached to that lady's *suite—va pour toujours!* or as long as she chose to keep you. Turn to the next page. Before coming to the verses of my more sober days, you may like to read one more flourish like the last. Those were addressed to the same *belle dame*, and under a continuance of the same hallucination."

Bob gravely read:—

My heart's a heavy one to-night,
Dear Mary, thinking upon thee—
I know not if my brain is right,
But everything looks dark to me!
I parted from thy side but now,
I listened to thy mournful tone,
I gazed by starlight on thy brow,
And we were there unseen—alone—
Yet proud as I should be, and blest,
I can not set my heart at rest!

Thou lov'st me. Thanks, oh God, for this!
If I should never sleep again—
If hope is all a mock of bliss—
I shall not now have lived in vain!
I care not that my eyes are aching
With this dull fever in my lids—
I care not that my heart is breaking
For happiness that Fate forbids—
The one sweet word that thou hast spoken,
The one sweet look I met and blessed,
Would cheer me if my heart were broken—
Would put my wildest thoughts to rest!
I know that I have pressed thy fingers
Upon my warm lips unforbid—
I know that in thy memory lingers
A thought of me, like treasure hid—
Though to my breast I may not press thee,
Though I may never call thee mine,
I know—and, God, I therefore bless thee!—
No other fills that heart of thine!
And this shall light my shadowed track!
I take my words of sadness back!

"What had that flirting widow to do with the gentle name of Mary?" exclaimed Bob, after laughing very heartily at the point blank take-in confessed in these very solemn verses. "Enough of love-melancholy, however, my dear Smith! Let's have a look now at the poetical side of care and trouble. What do you call it?"—

THE INVOLUNTARY PRAYER OF HAPPINESS.

I have enough, oh God! My heart, to-night,
Runs over with the fulness of content;
As I look out on the fragrant stars,
And from the beauty of the night take in
My priceless portion—yet myself no more
Than in the universe a grain of sand—
I feel His glory who could make a world,
Yet, in the lost depths of the wilderness
Leave not a flower imperfect!
Rich, though poor!
My low-roofed cottage is, this hour, a heaven!
Music is in it—and the song she sings,
That sweet-voiced wife of mine, arrests the ear
Of my young child, awake upon her knee;
And, with his calm eye on his master's face,
My noble hound lies couchant; and all here—
All in this little home, yet boundless heaven—
Are, in such love as I have power to give,
Blessed to overflowing!
Thou, who look'st
Upon my brimming heart this tranquil eve,
Knowest its fulness, as thou dost the dew
Sent to the hidden violet by Thee!
And, as that flower from its unseen abode
Sends its sweet breath up duly to the sky,
Changing its gift to incense—so, oh God!
May the sweet drops that to my humble cup
Find their far way from Heaven, send back, in prayer,
Fragrance at thy throne welcome!

Bob paused a moment after reading these lines.

"They seem in earnest," he said, "and I will sooner believe you were happy when you wrote these, than that you were sad when you wrote the others. But one thing I remark," added Bob, "the devout feeling in these lines written when you are happiest; for it is commonly thought that tribulation and sadness give the first religious tinge to the imagination. Yours is but the happiness of Christian resignation, after all."

"On the contrary," said Smith, "nothing makes me so wicked as care and trouble. I always had, from childhood, a disposition to fall down on my knees and thank God for everything which made me happy, while sorrows of all descriptions stir up my antagonism, and make me feel rather like a devil than a Christian."

"In that case," said Bob, taking up his hat, "good night, and God prosper you! And as to your happiness?"

"Well, what is the secret of my happiness, think you?"

"Matrimony," replied Bob.

THE END.

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